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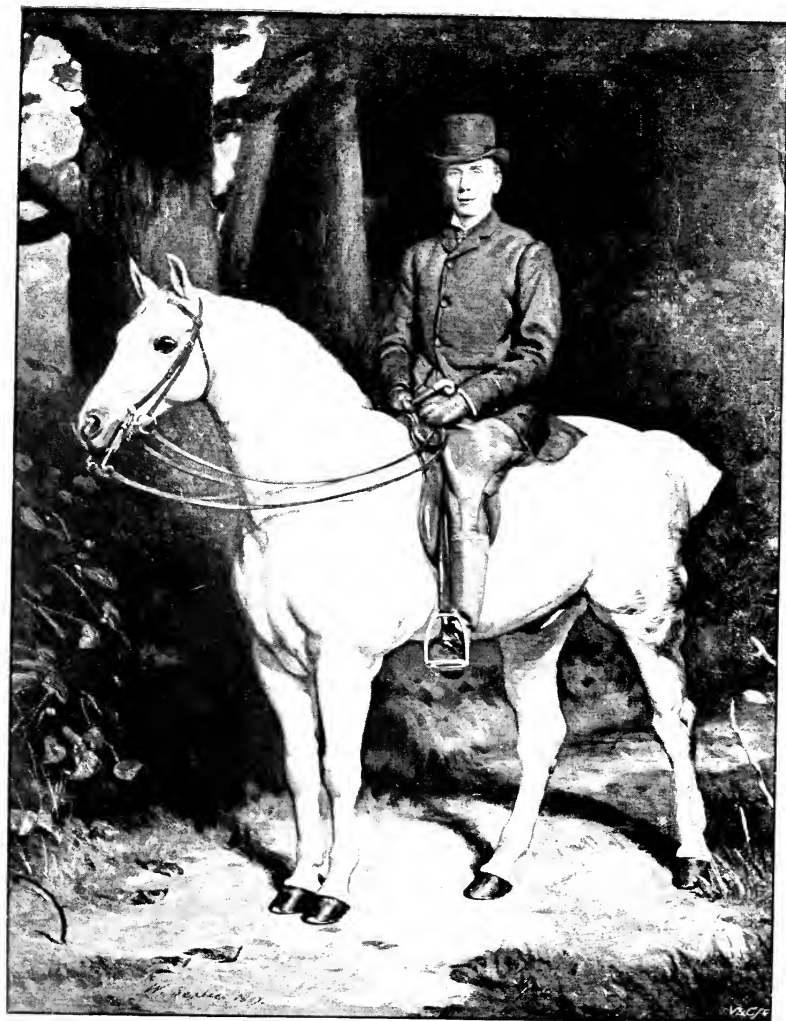
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KINGSCLERE

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JOHN PORTER
ON HIS FAVORITE COB, JACK.
From the Painting by W. Sextie.

BY
JOHN PORTER

EDITED BY BYRON WEBBER



WITH 19 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
AND OTHERS

SECOND EDITION

LONDON

1896

TO HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, K.G.

THIS WORK IS BY PERMISSION
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IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF MANY FAVOURS

BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT

JOHN PORTER

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

As simple chronicler and amanuensis, my own part in the present volume appears to ask for a few words of explanation. From the beginning I have been made to feel that mine was a task of some difficulty. I had, of course, to fully set down all that John Porter said spontaneously for himself. That was easy. Although he would be the last man in the world to lay claim to a literary style, he possesses one of admirable lucidity. He says what he has to say with directness and graphic force. But 'on their own merits modest men are dumb,' and it became necessary again and again, as the book was being compiled and written, to compel him to say more. The arts of the interviewer had to be employed without mercy, and the author's almost invincible reluctance to figure prominently in the narrative had to be set ruthlessly at defiance. Not that even the thus completed design stands quite as it was shaped for passing through the press. On the other hand—as, for example, in the final chapter—I, on my own part, not without a protest on the part of John Porter, have presented him as I am sure those who

know him and Park House will feel that he and his family ought to appear. The collateral contributions to the individual history, which occur in narrative and notes, were, it is submitted, necessary to make the work fairly complete. It was said, when he had been for that period before the public as a trainer, that 'the history of John Porter for the past twenty-five years was the history of the British Turf.' That which was true in the statement eight years ago has, I need scarcely observe, acquired distinctly additional force since.

I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without giving expression to the extreme pleasure which my collaboration with John Porter has from first to last afforded. It has been during mornings on the Downs, and forenoons and afternoons in the office (or library), that, with the agreeable interruptions of 'stable,' we have put the book together. To me its pages are pregnant with the most charming associations. In short, 'Kingsclere' and the household at Park House are, and will ever remain, a delightful memory.

BYRON WEBBER.

May 1896.

go'—Doyle's delight and the Admiral's indignation—Removal to Park House, and sickness in the stable—Illness of Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve—Blue Gown's persistent health—'The Old Toll-house; or, the Defeat of the Touts'—John Porter's communicative companion, 'who knew Hawley and Wells and Porter'—The parcel from W. H. Smith & Son's—Disclosure and *dénouement*. 31

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KINGSLERE

CHAPTER I

John Porter's boyhood—Rugeley and 'Hedgeford'—'All for horses'—Alderman Copeland and Walters, his trainer—Tom Ashmall, a schoolfellow—Marlow and Whitehouse—Palmer, the Porters' family doctor—Letter and anticipatory anecdote of the notorious poisoner—Palmer's trainer—Porter engaged as light-weight by 'Honest John Day' at Michel Grove—Horses: Rataplan, Nabob, and the flying Virago, Porter's special charge—Anecdotes of Virago—A perilous journey and an appalling dream—Virago's magnificent double victory at Epsom—Turning-point in a potential jockey's career—Removal to Findon—William Goater and Mr. Padwick—Story of Merry Hart—With The Ranger to Paris—Lord Strathmore's opinion—Fordham's delight—Gardening—Farewell to Findon—A delightful memory.

JOHN PORTER was born at Rugeley in Staffordshire on March 2, 1838. He passed prosperously through the ordinary ailments and perils which beset infancy and boyhood, and with the exception of having been once fished out of a brook, and once missing by the space of a few minutes premature burial beneath a falling wall, he was never at that period in any apparent danger of summary dismissal from the world. John's father, who had had some early connection with the law, destined the robust youth for a legal career; but this idea was abandoned when it was

perceived that the boy was 'all for horses.' From Rugeley to Hednesford (locally, 'Hedgeford') is but a step, and we must take it to find the very beginning of John Porter's association with the Turf. Hednesford was rough, and an American might have deemed some of the inhabitants rather 'tough,' in his sense of the term, but it was a sporting community out and out. It was the headquarters of an important training district, and belonged more or less to 'the country' of several packs of hounds. Those who are familiar with the history of the Turf for the past fifty years need scarcely be reminded that for long after 1838 Hednesford held its own among English training grounds, while the country is hunted thereabouts to-day. Alderman Copeland, whose colours, 'blue and white stripe,' were as popular as they were frequently seen in the 'forties and 'fifties, trained at Hednesford, and Walters, the Alderman's trainer, taking a friendly and sympathetic interest in the boy, permitted him the run of the stables. Not that John ever neglected, or had any truant desire to absent himself from, school. The schoolmaster was an old-fashioned pedagogue named Brittan, a worthy man and a conscientious teacher, who received a number of the better class of boys as day pupils in his own house at a place called Hitching Hill. John's recollections of his comparatively uneventful schooldays are altogether pleasant. The schoolmaster at home and the schoolmaster abroad were, as frequently happens, different persons. On duty, and after he and kindly Mrs.

Brittan had made the lads warm and comfortable—the motherly solicitude of the dame being especially appreciated on wet and wintry mornings—‘master’ was all austerity and strict attention to study. After school *was* ‘after school’ to him, as well as to his scholars. John remained at his studies, where, thanks to the educational method of excellent Mr. Brittan, he was thoroughly grounded in all the essentials of a good plain education for a period of six years. While there he made friendships which exercised a marked influence on his subsequent career, and were only severed by death. One of his schoolfellows was Tom Ashmall, whose father, a country squire, resided at an old ancestral mansion called Fairwell Hall. Tom Carr, another Hednesford trainer, was Ashmall’s uncle. John often spent his holidays at Fairwell Hall, and together the lads would make excursions to Carr’s, so that, as Porter expresses it, ‘even in those early days I was among racehorses.’ The jockeys whom he became acquainted with at that time—there were never very many regularly located at Hednesford—were Charles Marlow and George Whitehouse. He also got to know Flintoff, the trainer, and Bradley, a well-known trainer of steeplechasers. Among the horses he most distinctly remembers are Chanticleer and King Cole, especially the latter, ‘the first horse he was ever put across.’ Charles Marlow was one of the famous jockeys of his time. Among other records of him in the pages of ‘The Druid’ there is one in which he and King Cole are amusingly

associated. In one of his swiftly vivid sketches of the characteristics of jockeys of the period 'The Druid' says that 'Marlow was a very nice, but not perhaps a brilliant, horseman, with good hands, very patient, and a most resolute mode of riding his races out. "A race is never won till you're past the post," was his invariable motto; and hence he always persevered while there was an ounce of squeezing powder left. Few but him could have brought home the Knight of Avenel in the Port, or landed Eltheron and Phlegethon at Ascot. Still, his style, like his seat, was not firm and close; and his set-to was so high that he often seemed to have the horse's head as well as his own in his hands.'

In the history of racing, as well as in the chronicles of crime, the name of William Palmer, the poisoner, is inseparable from Rugeley, in which town he resided and practised as a medical man. Rugeley, indeed, had so much cause to loathe the man and the crime which made the town notorious that we were gravely and circumstantially informed of an effort that was made on behalf of the inhabitants to get the name of the place changed. It is a good story, and ought therefore to be true, that when Lord Palmerston was waited upon by a deputation of the protesting inhabitants, he suggested that 'Palmerston' would be an appropriate substitute. Palmer was the Porters' family doctor. He was accounted very clever in his profession, and, with his cheery, companionable manner, was popular with both patients and friends, of whom he had an

extensive local circle. Inasmuch as there will be no further occasion to mention him, it may be remarked in this place that some years after Porter had finally left Rugeley, he was paying his annual visit to the old people, when he had occasion to pass Palmer's surgery gate. The doctor observed and detained him, and, after a chat about Yellow Jack, Coroner, Loup Garou, and other horses in which he was interested, said 'he was sorry to hear that Cook was dead,' and then invited Porter 'to join him at lunch.' John declined the invitation, as he was going for a ride. Thereupon Palmer asked him to oblige him by taking a note to Saunders, his trainer, to inform the latter of Cook's death; which Porter did. That day at the family dinner the death of Cook was discussed, and John's father expressed 'his belief that there was something wrong.' With this anecdote, by the way, an extract from a letter of Palmer's may be given showing to what desperate extremities the poisoner was at that time driven for want of money. He writes to a gentleman who was well known to the Porter family as follows: 'Will you please go with the bearer to Mr. —, and ask him to send me 5*l.* if he has it. If not, ask him to please to borrow it. Tell him it is [words illegible] of necessity, as you know. Tell him how I am situated, and also that I will do as much for him in return the first opportunity I have. I know he can borrow it for me if he will. He shall have it back as soon as I have money for you, which I hope will not be longer than a week; or else I am sure I must

go to jail. God bless you! Do all you can for me. I must have the 5*l.* somehow or other.'

To resume the narrative. John Porter's school-days furnish few stories of boyish scrapes and adventures. It was 'horses' from the beginning, albeit none of his remembrances of the nobler animal have displaced from his mind's eye a certain quaint old donkey which he and Tom Ashmall used to ride along a gravel path; never, however, without being rubbed off against a wall or a grindstone—answering to the starting and winning posts—during the uproarious operation. Morland might have painted pictures from Porter's vivid recollections of the besom-makers from Cannock Chase, with the 'lengths of ling' packed round the donkeys' bodies, and the charcoal-burners who followed their calling in the same neighbourhood. These pictorial memories, with the wonderful 'echo tree,' the overwhelming of the wall of Hagley Park by a mighty flood which is a fearsome tradition in those parts to this day—a catastrophe, already referred to, which occurred but a few minutes after John had passed the spot on his way from school—comprise all the reflections of incidents which at this distant period colour the remembrance of those happy days.

Shortly after he left school for good and all a step was taken which was remarkable for starting him in what proved to be the business of his active life. Saunders (who trained for Palmer) had succeeded Carr, and the Porters' business bringing young John into closer connection with the stable,

he, allowed by the elders his own way in the matter, entered into a sort of independent service with Saunders for master, on a plain and simple verbal agreement. This arrangement continued for about twelve months, and may be described as John Porter's apprenticeship. Among the good horses which were then in the stable were Goldfinder, (Palmer's horse), Hobbie Noble, and Doubt. At the termination of the period named the subject of this narrative was attracted by an advertisement in the 'Racing Calendar,' to the effect that J. B. Day ('Honest John') had a vacancy in his stable for a light-weight. He promptly replied to this, to him, alluring 'wanted,' and having given an account of his experience and qualifications, was immediately engaged. The contracting parties conferred together at Michel Grove, the youth drew out his own indentures in proper legal form, and the two signatures were appended to the document. The term of service was three years. At that ~~time~~ 'Honest John' trained for Mr. Padwick, and the stud, which was somewhat extensive, included Lascelles, Trickness, Scythian (who won the Chester Cup), and Rataplan. John often rode Rataplan, and his remembrance of Stockwell's famous brother is that of a big coachy chestnut, in disposition docile and lazy, and 'rather flat in his heels.' Then there was Nabob, a black horse, high on the leg, and the renowned Virago. Of this mare Porter retains a vivid recollection, and with abundant cause. She was his special charge, and it might almost have

been said that 'he was always with her.' He had a trying experience and a great fright when she went to York, with him in constant attendance, to run in the Great Northern and Flying Dutchman handicaps. During the journey down the ventilator of the van, a piece of perforated metal of about a foot square, blew off, and left the mare exposed to a dangerous draught. He placed a cushion over the aperture, and kept it there without moving until the completion of the journey. He felt very nervous as the train dashed under the bridges lest she should take fright; but, thanks to her extreme docility, York was reached without a mishap. It was reported at York that 'she was to be poisoned.' Whether the rumour was well or ill founded, every precaution was taken to defeat the nobblers. John Day and William Goater sat up all night with Virago, and Porter himself slept in the box with her. In order to make a certainty of it—to defend her at the last extremity in the event of any enterprising miscreant entering the box 'in the dead waste and middle of the night'—the boy threaded his wrist through the strap of the mare's muzzle, and then, making himself a bed in the litter, addressed himself to slumber. He slept, and dreamt, and in his dreams was yet attending on Virago. He imagined that she had been poisoned. He saw distinctly the poor creature quivering with agony, and the froth of the deadly poison dropping from her muzzle, and then, gently drawn to his feet, as she herself got up after a tranquil night's rest, he

found, to his enormous relief, that it was all a dream. When Virago, again at York, was run into and a hind leg cut she was unable to do any work between that meeting and Newmarket. However, she warmed up to her work in the race, and won in a canter. Porter has no hesitation in giving it as his opinion that Virago was the best mare at all distances that ever trod the turf. He questions the accuracy of the description of her adopted by 'The Druid,' namely, 'the roach-backed Virago.' She had great length and power, and as to any striking peculiarity in 'shape and make,' all you could justly say of her, neither more nor less, was that she had 'the regular mare's head and neck.' Looking back over the animals that have passed through his hands, Porter considers it remarkable that the two finest of them all, Virago and Ormonde, should have become roasters. Oulston and Yellow Jack, the historical 'second,' were also of the Michel Grove company. Porter, in recalling the last-named celebrity, is reminded of a horse of more recent date, namely Matchbox, who, like Yellow Jack, 'was not quite good enough.'

The Michel Grove stud also included Little Harry and St. Hubert. During his service there Porter rode in all the trials, and occasionally sported silk in public, albeit Wells (who could ride 6 st.) was the recognised stable jockey. The bother about St. Hubert causing the retirement of 'Honest John' and the transfer of Mr. Padwick's horses to the care of William Goater (previously head lad

to John Day) at Findon, Mr. Padwick made arrangements with Porter to remove to the latter place in his especial interest. He took up his residence at Mr. Padwick's house. At Findon, notwithstanding his youth, he was appointed to a responsible position. He fed the horses, kept the books, was paymaster, and, in short, saw to everything. Whatever may have been said of Mr. Padwick by others, John Porter always found him a kind and considerate employer, one of the least suspicious men in the world, and one whom it was a constant pleasure to serve. Porter's recollections of William Goater are grateful and admiring. He (to quote the words of the subject of this biographical sketch) 'was an excellent stableman and a sound trainer, although, perhaps, a little too severe; a good and honourable man, faithful to his employers, and most kind to me.' In recalling those days he adds, 'Findon in more than one respect proved the turning-point of my career.' For example, he went to Epsom to ride Virago in the Metropolitan, but that marvellous mare winning the City and Suburban (both races took place on the same day), she put up the penalty and let in Wells. It was a battle between Danebury and Findon, and the circumstances of it made the conflict one of the most remarkable on record. The two races were run on the Thursday, and we read that 'in the City on Tuesday morning Virago opened in immense force, and as little as 2 to 1 was taken about her until the advance of Marc Antony,

who, introduced at 8 to 1, closed, after a large outlay, at 4 to 1 taken, 5 to 2 being offered against the mare. On Wednesday, at the City rendezvous, the eagerness of Marc Antony's supporters for the City and Suburban slightly prejudiced the position of Virago, and at the close there was little to choose between them, 7 to 2 being taken about each.' When the numbers appeared on the telegraph board on the day, as little as 6 to 4 was taken about Virago, Mr. Howard (the owner) and a great many of his friends at the same time backing her at 20 and 25 to 1 for the double event. The Danebury party nevertheless swore by Marc Antony, 'young John Day' declaring that 'nothing but a flyer' could beat him. Virago proved to be that flyer. Virago, 3 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb., was first, with Marc Antony, 3 yrs., 5 st. 1 lb., second, the verdict being, 'won in a canter by three lengths.' Carrying 6 st. in the Great Metropolitan, including the 5 lb. winning penalty, Virago won cleverly by a length, Muscovite, 5 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb., being second. The City and Suburban was run over the last mile and a quarter of the New Derby course, and the Great Metropolitan embraced a distance of 'two miles and a quarter, to start from the winning-chair.' They took 10 to 3 about Virago, first favourite, for the second race, and 5 to 1 about Muscovite. The confidence of the public in this great mare was unbounded. They took 5 to 1 about her at Epsom for the Great Northern Handicap, which she won. She

headed the list of winning horses in that year (1854) with 10,070*l.*, Andover (who had won the Derby) coming next with 7,095*l.*, and Boiardo, another three-year-old, third with 4,700*l.* To sum up her deeds in another way, Mr. Howard's ch. f. Virago, by Pyrrhus the First, out of Virginia, ran eleven times as a three-year-old, and was only beaten once, in the County Plate at the York August Meeting, when they laid 2 to 1 on her. With Virago's splendid double victory at the Epsom Spring Meeting in 1854 John Porter's hopes and ambition as a jockey waned. His disappointment there engendered different aspirations. He sported silk afterwards, it is true, but not with any further intention of making jockeyship his career.

One of the most remarkable horses in the Findon stud was Merry Hart, a three-year-old by Fallow Buck out of Joyful, the property of the Earl of Westmorland. He ran eight times in 1863, and was credited once with the barren victory of a walk-over. Merry Hart was bred by a Lincolnshire farmer, and had never had a collar on him, or been 'managed' in any way, when he was taken in hand at Findon. However, he once came very near rewarding the trainer for all the trouble which had been taken to break him, and that was when he finished second to Catch-'em-Alive in the Cambridgeshire. The respective weights were—Catch-'em-Alive, 4 yrs., 7 st.; Merry Hart, 3 yrs., 5 st. 12 lb. Won by a head. After the race it was found that the scales

had been tampered with, thereby preventing the winner from drawing the proper weight. In the following year Merry Hart, 4 yrs., 7 st. 6 lb., compensated owner and stable for their disappointment by winning the City and Suburban from a big field, and at the handsome price of 20 to 1.

No owner saw more of the ways and work of the subject of this page of early biography than the late Lord Westmorland. Porter reckons him among his first, his kindest, and most appreciative friends. Hearing that Mr. Savile was in want of a trainer, Porter waited on his Lordship, and said he thought of applying for the berth; whereupon Lord Westmorland adjured him to 'do nothing of the kind,' adding, 'I have something else much better than that in store for you.' The advice of Lord Westmorland was followed, and Porter remained on at Findon. It fell to his lot as manager to accompany The Ranger to Paris to superintend that comparatively famous horse's starting in the Grand Prix (the first year it was run), with James Goater as the jockey. The horse was stabled under the same roof as Lord Strathmore's Saccharometer. Those who recollect The Ranger are aware that in the slow paces his action was anything but taking. When Lord Strathmore saw him on the course the day before the engagement, he remarked to Porter, rather scornfully, 'Why, the beggar cannot even trot! Ignoring this not over-intelligent disparagement, Porter replied, 'Never mind that, my Lord; *he can eat.*' It was well known to the English contingent

that Saccharometer had gone off his feed, and was being ineffectually tempted and coddled with carrots and other stable dainties. Unquestionably, The Ranger went a bit short in his trotting paces ; horses frequently do that who are all right when they begin to gallop. Porter recalls the tremendous excitement which the race caused among the multitude, and Fordham's unbounded delight at The Ranger's defeat of Lord Clifden. This was no more than natural. Fordham had ridden Lord Clifden in the Derby when Macaroni did him by a head (and for the St. Leger John Osborne was substituted ; in both the Derby and the St. Leger The Ranger ran unplaced). It was, therefore, a sweet revenge for Fordham to see Lord Clifden, with the substituted jockey on his back, unable to get nearer than fifth—and such a fifth!—for this was how they finished : The Ranger first, La Toucques second, Saccharometer third, Donnybrook fourth, and Lord Clifden fifth. Won by a length, two lengths between second and third, a length between third and fourth, and two lengths between fourth and fifth. Lord Strathmore admitted afterwards, in talking over the race with Porter, that if The Ranger was a defective trotter, he could gallop. At this distant period one fact in connection with the race stands forth distinctly, and that is, The Ranger's hardiness and unimpaired enjoyment of the contents of the manger. The journey by land and water did not put him about in the least, and he had never once to be 'ticed' with unusual food. Therefore he met the French

horses on equal terms, while he had his English rivals at a disadvantage. Shortly after the Grand Prix of 1863 John Porter's ten years' service at Findon came to an end. He had during his intimate and highly responsible connection with the Goater stable established himself firmly in the esteem of owners and others by a manifest pride in his business, and unwearied attention to its every detail, the smallest as well as the greatest. It was at Findon he first indulged in his inherent passion—for with him it is nothing less—for gardening. (Captain Hawley Smart once said of him, 'that if you started the subject of gardening in John Porter's hearing the horse galloped clean out of the conversation.') He rented a small enclosed garden in the village, and employed every hour of his leisure which was undevoted to a tenderer occupation in cultivating it. He grew everything—flowers, fruit, vegetables—and practically mastered an art the love of which has strengthened with his capacity to pursue it ever since. As to the produce—well, as he says himself, 'I gave the stuff away.' Findon, indeed, is to him a delightful memory. His place with William Goater, who from first to last showed him the greatest kindness and consideration, was the very best of places. He parted with employer and place with heartfelt regret.

CHAPTER II

Death of Manning—Porter's introduction to Sir Joseph Hawley by the Earl of Westmorland—'Why, you are only a boy!'—The 'boy's' journey with the Baronet to Cannon Heath—Joint inspection of the stables, and engagement of Porter as trainer—Remarks on the lucky Baronet's previous Turf career—His extremely limited stud—St. Alexis: a case of restoration—Bedminster—A rosy trial—Another not quite so rosy—'Well, Annesley, what do you think of the scenery now?'—Serious illness of Porter at Doncaster—The Baronet's characteristic kindness—Letters—The strange story of Satyr—'You are a nice horse to put I on!'—No hedging possible, but the cripple won.

IN the year 1863 George Manning, Sir Joseph Hawley's trainer, who had been in failing health for some time, died. It was, no doubt, the assurance, founded on medical opinion, that Manning was hopelessly past recovery which Lord Westmorland had in his mind when he advised John Porter to take no steps with regard to the vacancy which Mr. Savile was reported desirous of filling. Porter was preparing to start to Liverpool with some of Lord Westmorland's horses when his Lordship said, 'You had better call and see Sir Joseph Hawley in London on your way.' Accordingly, he repaired to 34 Eaton Place, sent in his name, and was presently ushered into the library. On perusing the letter of introduction which Lord Westmorland had duly provided, Sir Joseph deliberately looked the bearer

over, and at the end of his apparently somewhat amused inspection said, 'Why, you are surely not the John Porter mentioned here? You are only a boy.' 'The boy,' without deeming it desirable to say anything about his age, declared that he was the person referred to, and at the same time assured Sir Joseph, with modest firmness, that he would not regret it if he placed his horses under his—'the boy's'—care. The actual words were, 'Give me the chance, Sir Joseph, and I think I can manage them.' 'Very well,' replied the Baronet. 'I understand you are going to Liverpool; call on me here on your return.' Possibly further inquiries were made in the meantime—the object of them is unable to say, but thinks it extremely likely—and in due course the youthful applicant for the important post of private trainer to Sir Joseph Hawley paid his second visit to Eaton Place. That was on the Saturday in the same week. Without further parley Porter was laconically desired to be ready to accompany his future master to Cannon Heath 'the day after to-morrow.' They journeyed into Hampshire, and together made an inspection of the stables at Cannon Heath, which, with the adjoining premises, the trainer, whose phrenological bump of 'order' is abnormally developed, found in a deplorable condition—weeds flourishing all over the yards, cobwebs hanging about the stables, and the mangers looking as if they had not been washed out since the day they were first used. This unsatisfactory state of things did not, of course, represent poor Manning's habitually

careful method of management. He was an excellent trainer, and had been a good servant to Sir Joseph Hawley, who thought highly of him. His long illness had prevented him from giving his personal attention to the work he had previously seen to, and the place had consequently fallen into disorder. The Baronet and 'the boy' talked matters over, and the latter, convincing Sir Joseph that he could properly manage the establishment and train the horses, an engagement was entered into there and then. In shaking hands with Porter, who had already planned in his own mind a radical system of reform, Sir Joseph said, 'In a week or ten days I will run down again, and see how you are getting on.' The new broom went to work, but not unimpeded. The head lad, who remained in the stable, 'put his back up,' and had to be told that if he wished to retain his situation he must simply obey orders. There was only going to be one master there. Sir Joseph Hawley paid the promised visit within the time that had been named, and, after going over the place and silently noticing, not only the general cleanliness and tidiness of the entire establishment, but also certain alterations which the young trainer had already introduced, said, 'Well, I think you'll do.' In the meantime Porter had taken unto himself a wife. The young couple took up their abode in the house at Cannon Heath in which Mrs. Manning, the widow of the former trainer, by the kindness of the Baronet, yet had temporary quarters.

Sir Joseph Hawley had already achieved big things on the Turf. *Vibration*, *Venus*, and *The Bishop of Romford's Cob* appeared in 'Weatherby' opposite to his name as early as 1844; but before that year he had yachted in the Mediterranean and raced in Italy, he and his confederate, Mr. J. M. Stanley, having run a few platers at Florence. There was joint-ownership between Sir Joseph and Mr. Stanley in later years. In fact, they owned *Teddington* together. With *Miami*, *Aphrodite*, and *Teddington*, not to mention other winners, Sir Joseph earned for himself the title of 'the lucky Baronet,' and as he was a plucky backer as well as a sound judge—possessing, in short, all the qualities of a famous sportsman—it is not surprising that Sir Tatton Sykes was anxious to see him. 'We, however,' writes 'The Druid,' 'never remember him (Sir Tatton) asking us so earnestly to try and point anyone out to him as Sir Joseph Hawley, whom he looked upon as quite the Turf hero of the day.' Sir Joseph's friends commiserated with him when he gave Mr. Gully close upon 3,000*l.* for *Mendicant*, who broke down; but she afterwards became the dam of *Beadsman*, and on the female side the founder of the Baronet's illustrious stud. Sir Joseph, unjustly aspersed over the running of *Breba*, a deceiver, who cost him more money than she cost all her other backers put together, and falsely accused of having run two horses in the race for the Doncaster Cup when *The Ban* won, and Mr. Morris's *Vatican*, alleged to be his, was

fifth, withdrew from the Turf in disgust, and the greater part of his stud went to the hammer. Curiously enough, Mendicant could not be sold, as the reserve price, 500 guineas, was not reached. Sir Joseph was fully exonerated over The Ban business, the decision of the tribunal representing the Jockey Club being that the Doncaster 'Stewards committed an error in allowing Vatican to run, he having been entered in Sir Joseph Hawley's name, and if he had come in first Mr. Morris would not have been entitled to the cup.' The official investigators were, however, 'satisfied that a *bona-fide* sale of Vatican to Mr. Morris took place previous to the race.' That 'good Friday' at Doncaster when Aphrodite won both the Park Hill and Doncaster Stakes, Clincher a handicap plate, Teddington walked over for the Don Stakes, and the Cup fell to The Ban, answered to the Baronet's farewell to the English Turf from 1851 to 1855. He proceeded to Italy, and again, in a small way, raced there. John Day was his trainer for a couple of years when he resumed operations at home. Then he went to Cannon Heath, with George Manning, who had for some years been head lad to Percy at Pimperne, as trainer. It is only necessary to mention Beadsman, FitzRoland, and Musjid to show how, under restored conditions, 'the lucky Baronet' renewed his form.

The small stud in the possession of Sir Joseph Hawley when Porter commenced to train for him included Argonaut, Asteroid (broken down and done

for), and St. Alexis. This was in July 1863. At Doncaster in that year he won for Sir Joseph two small races—the first he tried for—with Washington and Columba—little fish, but under the circumstances ‘exceeding sweet,’ and a lucky beginning for the cherry jacket in the new hands. It was, however, with St. Alexis that Porter was enabled to first show his new master a taste of his quality. This delicately constituted son of Stockwell and Mendicant, with his highly nervous and excitable temperament, had run badly the year before. Even Lord Glasgow, proverbially unfortunate in matchmaking, had defeated St. Alexis with one of his, while the horse had been nowhere in Caractacus’s Derby, and last in the Prince of Wales’s Stakes at Ascot. Moreover, he had lost heart and was apparently good for nothing. Such, at any rate, was the owner’s opinion, but the trainer was persuaded that he had good reason to think otherwise. Porter began by riding St. Alexis about as a hack, and as man and horse got to know each other mutual confidence was established, and the hitherto impracticable St. Alexis put on condition and confidence, his nervousness disappeared, and he became as tractable as a well-educated collie. When requested to sanction the entry of St. Alexis for the Great Eastern Handicap at Newmarket, Sir Joseph Hawley said, ‘What is the use? He is not a bit of good. Besides, if he were, he won’t try a yard.’ Assured that the horse was not by any means the nervous, erratic creature he had been, and that he might be implicitly relied

on to try, the owner not only gave his consent, but had 'fifty on,' just by way of good-humouredly backing his trainer's opinion. St. Alexis (4 yrs., 7 st. 4 lb.) justified Porter's judgment and hopeful forecast by winning the handicap from Queen Elizabeth (4 yrs., 6 st. 9 lb.) by three-parts of a length, Juliet (aged, 6 st. 7 lb.), one of 'Tommy Hughes's yearlings,' being third. Welland was favourite at 5 to 1, St. Alexis starting at the remunerative price of 16 to 1.

We now come to the story of a very remarkable horse, and although part of it invades the record of succeeding years, it had, perhaps, best be related right off the reel. For that matter it is a complete tale in one chapter, and might be dropped anywhere within the compass of these pages. In the autumn of 1863 a colt by Newminster out of Secret, by Melbourne, the joint property of Sir Joseph Hawley and Lord Annesley, came under Porter's care. He had been bought as a yearling out of Mr. Cookson's lot at Doncaster, the price being 880 guineas. This same animal was Bedminster—already so named. He was tried to be a good one, and in fact proved it, at the two-year-old stage of his career, when he defeated the mighty Gladiateur in the Prendergast. This was after he had, the day before, made a hack of Mr. Naylor's Biondina in a 300 sovs. Sweepstakes, which was reduced to a match between them, over the Bretby Stakes course. On the following day they took as little as

6 to 4 about the old-fashioned-looking Frenchman, Bedminster starting at 7 to 1. Siberia was second, beaten a length, while Longdown and Gladiateur, a head behind Siberia, made a dead-heat of it for third place. Bedminster started first favourite—7 to 2 against—for the Two Thousand, Gladiateur's price being what Bedminster's had been in the Prendergast. As racing goes and is (sometimes not too logically) reckoned up, there was a plausible reason, apart from his two-year-old record, for the popularity of Bedminster. Argonaut, 6 yrs., had won the City and Suburban carrying 8 st. 11 lb., and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket with 9 st. on his back, and Argonaut was the trial horse. Undoubtedly his victory in the City and Suburban was extraordinary. He was giving The Grinder (3 yrs., 6 st. 2 lb.), whom he defeated by a head, a lump of weight. Naturally, although they knew they had a good game horse in Argonaut, the stable were not at all sanguine, and as a matter of fact he started at the somewhat outside price of 25 to 1; but he brought it off, and, following that achievement by putting up a 7 lb. penalty and beating Diomed, 4 yrs., 6 st. 9 lb., by a neck, with a tremendous field behind, over the Rowley Mile, it was not surprising, perhaps, that the public crowded on to Bedminster for 'The Guineas.' Well, as we have stated, Argonaut had been the trial horse. The trial itself took place on April 27, 1865, and was as follows :

ONE MILE

Bedminster, 3 yrs. (Wells), 8 st. 13 lb. . . .	1
Merry Wife, 4 yrs. (Morgan), 7 st. . . .	2
Argonaut, 6 yrs. (Payter), 10 st. 6 lb. . . .	3

Won by two lengths; the same between second and third.

After 'the question,' which was put very early in the morning on Cannon Heath Downs, in the presence of Sir Joseph Hawley, Lord Annesley, and the trainer, with as many sleepless birds of the touting flock as were lucky enough to chance upon the worm, the stable thought they were in possession of a certainty. Alas! for those rosy anticipations. Bedminster never did so well again. He was simply at his very best on that fine, promising morning. It was the greatest moment of his life. His subsequent running was pounds short of the Two Thousand trial. He was put through the mill again in view of the Derby, but the strain of the second test settled him, for he broke down. Bedminster as remembered and appraised by his trainer was a delicate horse of the true Newminster type, and was radically unsound. It may be mentioned in passing, that Sir Joseph Hawley and Lord Annesley were witnesses of the second, as they had been of the first, trial. On the latter occasion his Lordship was in high spirits, and on his way to the ground gave glowing expression to his appreciation of the loveliness of the morning, the balminess of the air, the beauty of the scenery, and, above all, the magnificent view which, under the circumstances, that part of the

Cannon Heath Downs afforded. He said it was beyond everything pleasant and exhilarating to be able to ride freely about, and have your horse tried upon those delightful downs. When the trial was over, and Bedminster had collapsed, hopelessly lame, Sir Joseph drily observed, 'Well, Annesley, what do you think of the scenery now?'

The trainer himself broke down badly the same year, at Doncaster, under a severe attack of typhoid fever. He, however, was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of an excellent physician, and was carefully nursed. Thanks to the skill and care of Dr. Schofield, Porter made a good recovery, although it was Christmas before that was complete and he was again about his business. Among the many acts of thoughtful and even tender kindness on the part of Sir Joseph Hawley which Porter recalls is a circumstance which occurred at Doncaster during the earliest stage of the illness in question. The patient was lying motionless in bed, with his eyes closed and apparently asleep, when Sir Joseph entered the room. The sufferer was quite conscious of what was going on; he could hear distinctly, and through his half-closed eyelids discern objects clearly enough, albeit he was unable to move or utter a word. Sir Joseph, evidently persuaded that the sick man was sleeping, paced gently up and down at the foot of the bed, and muttered to himself as he passed, 'I wonder if he has any money with him?' With these words he emptied his note-case, and laid the contents upon the bed. Then, no doubt recollecting

that he had quite impoverished himself, he withdrew one of the notes and left the remainder of the bundle, to the amount of 55*l.*, at the disposal of the patient. Thereupon he withdrew from the room as quietly as he had entered. Sir Joseph Hawley's considerate kindness did not end there—indeed, it never ceased, John Porter is proud and happy to remember, until death severed their long and friendly association. The following letters, which were written by the Baronet to Mrs. Porter at that anxious period, tell their own kindly tale :—

‘I have just seen your husband, and also the doctor, and I have no hesitation in saying that I think your husband is decidedly better this morning, and the doctor assures me that he is in no danger, and that he is not anxious about him, but his recovery will be tedious. He does not think there will be any chance of his leaving Doncaster for ten days. He is in a very comfortable lodging, and a most particularly nice, attentive woman is looking after him ; in fact he could not be better if he was at home at Cannon Heath. He has the advantage of having a very *clever* doctor, and I assure you he is most *perfectly well* looked after. Wells will be at Cannon Heath, and will tell you what I have arranged about the horses. I beg you not to fret and be anxious about him. All will do well.’

‘I am very sorry to hear that your husband still continues so ill, but the doctor always told me it must be tedious. I had a letter from the doctor to-day, in which he gives me a favourable account. I hope Porter will not worry about the horses, as they will do well. The only ones that are of the slightest consequence, as you know, are sent to Dover, so I

have no fear but all will go on well. Write to me constantly, and let me know how your husband is going on. I shall be here for another week. The doctor assures me in his letter to-day there are no unfavourable symptoms, and I have no doubt in the course of a week or so Porter will be able to be removed. Hoping this letter will find your husband much better, I remain, &c.'

'I am truly delighted to hear that your husband's illness has at last taken a favourable turn. . . . I should strongly recommend you, as soon as he is well enough, to move him to the seaside for a few days, as he could gain more in strength there in that time than he would in a month at home. I leave this place to-morrow, therefore, when you write to me, direct to me in Eaton Place. I told you in my first letter that he had a most attentive, kind nurse, and I am glad to hear your corroboration. Write soon.'

The following is in reply to a letter from Porter himself, who had recovered sufficiently to resume correspondence with Sir Joseph Hawley :—

'I am delighted to see your handwriting again, as that proves to me how much better you are. I am going to Dover's to-morrow, and to Cannon Heath on Friday. I saw from the first your illness must be tedious, and that made me send some of the horses to Dover, as I thought it would be too much of a charge for Harry. . . . I shall write again on Saturday. Do not fret about the horses ; and I shall do nothing to the back yard till you return. Now, take my advice—the moment you can move from Doncaster, go to the seaside somewhere. You will regain your strength ten times as quick there as you would at Cannon Heath. Ask the doctor if I am not right. Write to me if you want money and tell me where you are going.'

As will be gathered from the foregoing letters, in order to relieve the invalid while he was slowly approaching convalescence of all anxiety respecting the horses, they were removed to Dover's, and remained with that trainer until the commencement of 1866.

The Palmer may be said to have been in many respects Sir Joseph Hawley's most remarkable horse at that time. Before, however, we deal with The Palmer, there is the story of Satyr to be related, one of the most extraordinary in Porter's experience, and more even than the account of the rise and fall of Bedminster entitled to a separate niche in the narrative. Satyr, 2 yrs. old (by Marsyas out of Diomedea), entered to be sold for 100*l.*, won a plate at Newmarket. He was heavily backed by the stable; indeed, Mr. T. E. Walker afterwards informed Porter that they won 7,000*l.* on the race. Sir Joseph Hawley, who was second with Red Shoes, claimed Satyr, and Lord Westmorland claimed the second. Satyr ran a dozen times as a two-year-old, occasionally in the best company, but he was a disappointing animal. For his new owner he ran third in the Spencer Plate at Northampton, carrying 6 st. 12 lb. (Mr. Pitt, 4 yrs., 7 st. 13 lb., first, and Miller's Maid, 5 st. 12 lb., third), and he won a handicap at Ascot in the following May. However, putting this and that together, at home and abroad, the stable were led to believe that in Satyr they had a good thing for the Cambridgeshire; in fact, they satisfied themselves that they could win. All hopes, however,

of his success in that race were destroyed by his breaking down. It was then thought that he might be patched up for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot. Satyr was carefully prepared for that race, and a week before the meeting was tried. In the course of the trial he fell head over heels and shot the jockey out of the saddle, got up again, galloped headlong for a couple of miles, and was then recovered, an utterly woeful wreck of a horse. He was so dead-lame it was with extreme difficulty they could assist him home. In addition to sustaining other injuries of a miscellaneous character, he had sprung both suspensory ligaments. Getting the horse anything like right for Ascot with the brief time at the trainer's disposal before the meeting was a notion that was not for a moment entertained. However, the best was made of a bad job. The broken-down cripple was immediately taken in hand, and treated literally day and night. Fomentations at the proper time and in the proper place, applications of iced water, and, finally, when he could move about a bit, the gentlest walking exercise, comprised the treatment, pursued, however, with no idea of his making more than the very slowest recovery. Sir Joseph Hawley, nevertheless, having backed Satyr to win him a large stake at Ascot, gave orders that the horse should be taken thither, in order to give the owner a chance of hedging some of his money. Accordingly, Satyr's name appeared among the arrivals at the Royal Heath. The morning before

the race for the Hunt Cup he was brought out for a short canter, with quaint Jem Adams in the saddle. After going about a hundred yards Jem pulled up, exclaiming, 'You are a nice horse to put I on! You'll fall down and break my neck.' Under the circumstances it was not surprising that Sir Joseph Hawley found it impossible to hedge a single penny of his bets. Well, Satyr (4 yrs., 8 st. 1 lb.) was started; to say as the forlornest of forlorn hopes would be to grossly overstate the opinion of the stable and everybody else in the know. Yes, he was started, and he won the Royal Hunt Cup in a canter. The judge's verdict was a length in front of Eastley (3 yrs., 5 st. 12 lb.), one of the hottest of hot favourites. The betting was remarkable, measured by the result. It was 5 to 4 against Eastley; 7 to 1 against Master Willie (4 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb.), a neck behind Eastley, third; and 10 to 1 against Satyr. Sir Joseph Hawley was thus compelled, in spite of himself, to come off a handsome winner. Horses of all sorts, shapes, and colours win races, the crippled as well as the sound being returned victors, but it may be doubted whether the annals of the Turf furnish a more astonishing instance of 'the glorious uncertainty of racing' than is supplied by the Royal Hunt Cup, 1868. Satyr, although a cripple to the end of his career, won other races.

CHAPTER III

Sir Frederick Johnstone's first association with the stable—The game and unchangeable Xi—The two-year-olds, Rosicrucian, Blue Gown, and Green Sleeve—A big wager—A trial, and a race—Huxtable's unspeakable surprise—The prologue (at a former Ascot) of the Blue Gown drama at Doncaster—The weighing-out trick : 'touch-and go'—Doyle's delight and the Admiral's indignation—Removal to Park House, and sickness in the stable—Illness of Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve—Blue Gown's persistent health—'The Old Toll-house ; or, the Defeat of the Touts'—John Porter's communicative companion, 'who knew Hawley and Wells and Porter'—The parcel from W. H. Smith & Son's—Disclosure and *dénouement*.

ANOTHER remarkable horse, although of a very different stamp, which came to school at Cannon Heath about this period was Xi. He was purchased conjointly by Sir Joseph Hawley and Sir Frederick Johnstone of old John Osborne. Porter, apart from other considerations, recalls the circumstance with extreme pleasure, inasmuch as it first associated him as trainer with Sir Frederick, the valued patron whose horses are now under his care. Xi was a colt by General Williams out of Lambda. He was purchased in 1866. Sir Joseph Hawley was very fond of the horse. In writing to Porter at the time the latter was approaching convalescence the Baronet says, 'I have bought a beautiful two-year-old, Xi. He is one of the best-looking horses I ever saw. Dover will look after him until you

come back to Cannon Heath.' Xi won a great many races in 1867, 1868, and 1869—all prosperous seasons for the stable—and was one of the most trustworthy horses that Porter has ever trained. His performances in public never varied in the least from his 'examinations' at home. So far, so good. But Xi possessed qualities in a trial which, in the trainer's experience, have rarely been equalled, much less surpassed. A test with Xi engaged in the operation, no matter what weight he carried or what distance he galloped, was, so far as he was concerned, absolute. In the beginning of 1867 Sir Joseph Hawley's stud, which at no period of Porter's management was numerous, included The Palmer (3 yrs.), Xi (6 yrs.), Satyr (3 yrs.), and Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, and Green Sleeve, two-year-olds. There was also a filly called Cottyto in the victorious group. It was the year of Hermit's sensational Derby, the Derby which was run in a snowstorm and won by an infirm, scarcely convalescent, and therefore generally discredited, horse, who started at what might be considered hopeless odds. The more striking incidents associated with that memorable race belong more appropriately to other histories than they do to the career of John Porter, but Sir Joseph Hawley figured in connection with the race in a manner which proved what a thorough sportsman he was. He had a bet of 50,000/., even, with Mr. Chaplin—The Palmer against Hermit, one to win. For what appeared to him to be conclusive reasons, 20,000/., of that 50,000/.

was hedged, which left the Baronet a loser of a handsome fortune by the transaction. But they raced and wagered heroically in those plunging days! The Palmer afterwards won some good races, notably the Liverpool Autumn Cup, beating Knight of the Garter, See Saw, and others; but in the opinion of Porter he was never a tip-topper. He was a powerful bay, in shape long and low, and with rather a coarse head.

The Newmarket Autumn Meetings of 1867 were something to be remembered by the Cannon Heath stable and the followers of the cherry and black. So many brilliant victories in the same class, each following close upon the heels of the other, had, perhaps, never fallen to the share of a single stable before. It is Porter's custom to proceed to Newmarket with his horses immediately before the first of the three meetings, and to remain at headquarters until the final fall of the curtain. He is, as it were, for the time being a Newmarket trainer. Before going thither in 1867 the three famous—the 'historical'—horses that have been mentioned were put through the mill, with the following result:—

THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE

Rosicrucian, 2 yrs., 8 st. 4 lb.	1
Green Sleeve, 2 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb.	2
Blue Gown, 2 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb.	3
Xi, 4 yrs., 9 st. 8 lb.	4

Won by a length; five lengths between second and third, and a length between third and fourth.

They were then taken to Newmarket, and on the Wednesday of the Houghton Meeting Xi and The Earl ran a significantly interesting match over the Bretby Stakes Course (three-quarters of a mile) on the terms and with the result here given :—

Xi, 4 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb. 1

The Earl, 3 yrs., 7 st. 9 lb. 2

Betting : 55 to 50 on The Earl. Won by a head.

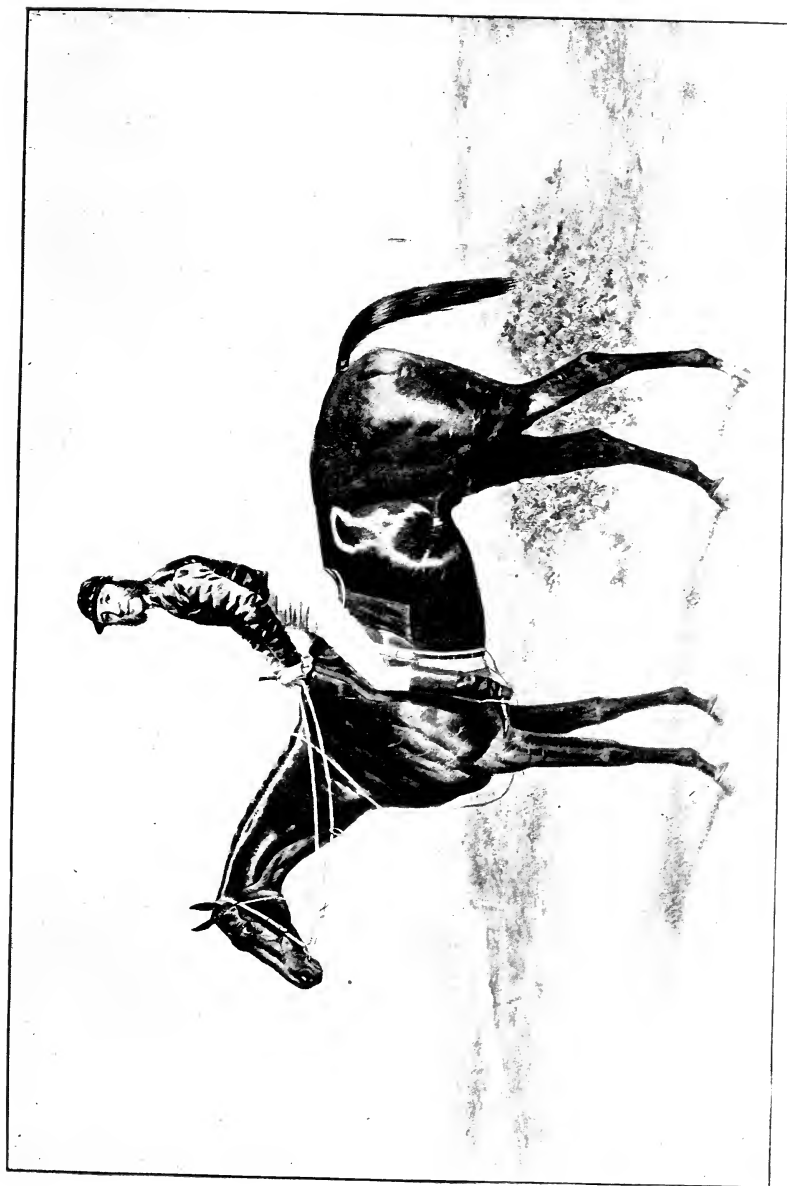
Without overloading this portion of these pages with conveniently accessible details, it may be remarked that Sir Joseph Hawley literally swept the board at Newmarket, winning the Clearwell with Blue Gown, running first and second in the Middle Park Plate with Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve, and securing the Prendergast with Green Sleeve, and the Troy and the Criterion with Rosicrucian. Even Cottyto, by long-chalks the worst two-year-old in the stable, was returned a winner. When the limited extent of Sir Joseph Hawley's stud is taken into consideration, the number and splendour of these successes appear extraordinary indeed. Kenyon and Huxtable rode for the stable in the Middle Park Plate. After the race Porter, who had in the saddle been an accompanying spectator of the proceedings, cantered up to the rider of Rosicrucian, and said, 'Well, Huxtable, how did he carry you?' 'Oh!' replied the jockey, with airy confidence, 'I won in a canter by about six lengths.' When Porter informed him that Green Sleeve had beaten 'Rosi' the mortification of poor Huxtable

was unspeakable. As Porter remarks in telling the story, 'he nearly fainted.' Huxtable was not the first jockey by many who, running wide on the R. M., the most deceptive of courses, had misjudged the position of the judge's eye. Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian, as will have been inferred, ran on their merits, Sir Joseph Hawley advisedly omitting to declare to win with either of the pair. The renowned and unfortunate Lady Elizabeth, about whom the short price of 11 to 10 was eagerly taken, was fifth in the race, Formosa being fourth, close up to Lady Coventry, who was third. Green Sleeve beat Rosicrucian by a head, and the third was two lengths off.

To the Ascot Summer Meeting of that year, allusion to which has been omitted until more important Newmarket was dealt with, a reference must be made. Briefly, Sir Joseph Hawley there got back all his Derby losses and a good bit over, thanks to Rosicrucian and Blue Gown. 'Rosi' won a maiden plate on the first day, beating Charnwood, an equal favourite, and a big field; while Blue Gown defeated a hot favourite in Grimston for the Fern Hill Stakes. Although the stable had representatives running in other races (for example, The Palmer appropriately waited upon Hermit in the St. James's Palace Stakes), they were of small account.

It now appears necessary, in order to present with what may be termed dramatic completeness the Baronet's place in the history of that exciting season, to go back to a previous Ascot—the Royal

Heath of the year before. Everybody who is familiar with the more sensational incidents which have occurred on the Turf during the past twenty-five or thirty years will remember the disqualification of Blue Gown for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster in the week of Achievement's defeat of Hermit in the St. Leger. The incident, which was essentially unprecedented in the chronicles of the national sport, was the crowning result of a carefully matured plan, for the mainspring of which one must look to one of the official reports in the 'Racing Calendar.' The 'return' of the Sunning Hill Stakes, on p. 98 of the volume for 1866, reads innocently enough; but thereby hangs a tale, or, rather, the portentous beginning of the story of the Champagne Stakes of 1867, and of the Derby which followed in due course. The Sunning Hill Stakes was awarded to Baron Rothschild's Hippia, Sir Joseph Hawley's Fakir (Wells) being placed second, and Satyr third; but it was Mr. H. Savile's D'Estournel that had passed the winning-post first, beating Hippia by a head. Morris, the rider of Hippia, objected to D'Estournel for cannoning against him, and the case having been heard after the next race, the following decision was given: 'The opinion of the Stewards is that Hippia is entitled to the stakes, but no blame is attached to John Doyle, who rode D'Estournel. (Signed) Cork, W. G. Craven, H. J. Rous.' Inasmuch as Wells was third in the race—he finished a length behind the leading pair, and 'saw it all'—he was the most weighty witness at the hearing of the



BLUE-GOWN, WINNER OF THE DERBY.

RIDDEN BY J. WELLS.

objection. Doyle, at all events, attributed his losing the award to Wells's evidence, unquestionably correct as that evidence was. D'Estournel was a pig of a horse to ride. 'Rogue!' exclaimed Custance on one occasion, when he was asked what he thought of D'Estournel—'he's no rogue. But I can tell you what he is. He is an (adjectived) fool.' Doyle had got him home first, anyhow, and landed a mild sort of *coup*, for the handsome deceiver had started at 10 to 1, and the jockey himself no doubt had a bit on. Altogether it was a sorry come-down, and, refusing to be solaced by the fact that the Stewards had held him personally blameless in the matter, the discomfited jockey 'swore an oath, or something as good,' that he would be revenged on the witness who had done him. After giving Wells the length and the rough side of his tongue, which was North Riding Yorkshire, his name notwithstanding, Doyle closed the account between them for the time being with the threat, 'I'll have you yet, Brusher!' Doyle kept his word. *He had.*

Wells, in common with many other jockeys, not excluding Doyle himself (set a thief to catch a thief), was addicted to the habit of pressing his toe upon the ground, with the apparently innocent desire of momentarily steadying himself in the scale—literally, a touch and—go! It was 'useful,' and had, no doubt, served the turn of certain adroit practitioners on many occasions, in the presence of an unsuspecting clerk of the scales, when they happened to be 'a bit over' the prescribed weight.

At Doncaster, in the September of the season which followed the utterance of Doyle's vow at Ascot, Wells weighed out for Blue Gown in the Champagne Stakes—weighed out, be it observed, 'that way,' with a 'touch and—go'; and Doyle, who had laid his plans for the startling disclosure which followed, had scanned the operation with a careful, if malign, eye. Blue Gown, on whom they laid odds of 2 to 1, came in first, with Virtue, ridden by Snowden, next. On entering the room to weigh in and be passed by the clerk, Wells dropped one of his small saddlecloths. Doyle, who had grimly stuck to his victim's heels, thereupon exclaimed, 'Here! you weighed out with this cloth; weigh in with it.' The exclamation was like a match to a train of gunpowder. It was evident to the spectators—some of whom were, no doubt, in the know—who crowded up to the barrier, that something unusual was in progress. Before, however, the extreme importance of the business could be realised, the clerk of the scales, at the instigation of the owner of Virtue, the second in the race, ordered Wells to remain in the scale, and remove his feet from the ground. Doyle had kept his word. That was *his* innings. A trial of the excess, brief but solemn, and carried out amid a silence which could be felt, proved that Wells was more than two pounds over weight, and Blue Gown was thereupon disqualified and the race awarded to the mare. Admiral Rous, who was present, lost his temper. It may be said, indeed—for such a loss

was not entirely unprecedented—that until that moment the reigning Dictator of the Turf had seldom been seen more like an admiral afloat, with ‘punishment’ for some flat mutineer impending. Nevertheless, angry as he was, he refused to be blinded to the fact that Sir Joseph Hawley was in danger of being still further given away. On all sides he was urged to keep the jockey in the scale until it was ascertained how much extra weight Wells had actually carried; but the Admiral repelled this disingenuous advice with righteous scorn. ‘No!’ he exclaimed, ‘it would be doing an injustice to Sir Joseph Hawley to permit such a thing.’ Then, striking Wells on the back, he cried, ‘Get out! I am disgusted with you.’ That part of the incident closed. Doyle had had his revenge. The exact information, which the spectators of the disqualification vainly clamoured for, may now be supplied. The unlawful excess which Blue Gown carried in the race was 5 lb., making the full weight 9 st. 1 lb.

The weighing out was not witnessed by Porter, owing to a thunderstorm. He had given orders that the horse should leave the stable, but, calculating that the storm would be of short duration, he borrowed a pony from Mr. Axe, the veterinary surgeon, and, cantering back, prevented Blue Gown from leaving his box as early as had been arranged, in fact not until the storm had abated. There was a great crowd, and Porter rode along with the horse to save him from being run into. When he

returned to the room he inquired if Wells had weighed out, and was informed by Mr. Manning, the clerk of the scales, that he had. Porter, to his intense mortification and disgust, was a witness of Wells's second ignominious withdrawal from the scale. The disqualification of Blue Gown cost the owner the round sum of 4,000*l.* When the crushed and shamefaced Wells presented himself before Sir Joseph Hawley, which, to do the jockey justice, was immediately after the occurrence, the Baronet said, 'I can't talk to you here. Come to me next Monday in town.' Wells's account of the interview was brief but graphic. He said to Porter, 'John, I lost more weight in half an hour than I ever did wasting in all my life.' His punishment took the form of a temporary withdrawal of the Baronet's jacket and cap. Wells did not again wear Sir Joseph Hawley's colours until he carried them on Xi in the match (already referred to) against The Earl (Cannon), which he won, after a brilliant finish, by a head. This was one of the finest races he ever rode.

During the winter of 1867 and 1868 Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve were attacked with influenza, a misfortune which was attributed by the trainer to the sweating of the new stables at Kingsclere, whereto they had been prematurely removed. Blue Gown, who stood between the pair, was, however, neither sick nor sorry. As for the influenza, or, indeed, any other malady which was going about, you could not have given it to him if you had tried; while for

clearing out the manger as often as it was filled (and it was impossible to repeat the latter operation too often) he was a fair champion. Rosicrucian's and Green Sleeve's cases were serious, and gave Porter cause for sleepless anxiety. Mr. Mannington, the well-known veterinary surgeon, whose practice lay chiefly among blood-stock, was summoned, and his treatment, which comprehended the insertion of setons in the throat and chest, strictly followed. The seton was employed as a final resource, in the hope of subduing the obstinate cough that hung about the pair so persistently. As a matter of fact, the setons were not withdrawn from Rosicrucian until within three weeks of his running in the Two Thousand. Under the circumstances it was plainly impossible to get the horses fit, or anything like fit, to run in the Guineas. Although the public had known all along that Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve were amiss, and appreciated the trainer's difficulty in bringing them fully conditioned to the post within the short time at his disposal, they were not to be stalled-off on the day of the race, but made Green Sleeve a hot favourite. She started at the short price of 5 to 2 against. Formosa and Moslem made a dead-heat of it for first place, and St. Ronan finished a bad third, with Green Sleeve next.

In reference to one of the most sensational Derbys on record, namely, that of Lady Elizabeth—for it will always be remembered as Lady Elizabeth's Derby and (in the Napoleonic sense) the Marquis of Hastings's 'Waterloo'—it is only

necessary in the present narrative to refer to Sir Joseph Hawley's part in the fray. He—to somewhat anticipate events—declared to win with either Rosicrucian or Green Sleeve, in preference to Blue Gown, the reason being that he had backed the three to win him large stakes. He hedged his Blue Gown money simply because the horse was the worst animal of the three, and, as a matter of fact, he won comparatively little on the race. Blue Gown—to go back to Newmarket—did not figure in the Two Thousand, but he had run in the Biennial Stakes at the Craven Meeting, and been beaten a neck by The Earl. That, however, was not his form. His plates had been put on so tight he ran practically lame. At the First Spring he picked up, very easily, two little races. Public interest in the Derby increased to an enormous extent after the Two Thousand, and was naturally divided between the Danebury and Kingsclere stables. The running at the Newmarket Craven, which, through the defeat of Blue Gown by The Earl, appeared to supply a line to the appraisers of public form, together with the overthrow of Green Sleeve in the Guineas, afforded commentators in the sporting press abundant material for discussion, and the arguments poured forth were ingenious, exhaustive, and long-drawn-out. Porter, however, doubts whether, in any instance, sufficient importance was ascribed to the fact that Green Sleeve was yet on the sick-list, or that Blue Gown was lame when The Earl got a neck in front of him in

the Biennial. The trainer's extensive and peculiar knowledge of the animal which is under his care is always, for him, 'a bit in hand'; and in reference to the impending Derby of 1867, Porter is inclined to think that he knew rather more than his critics. It is necessary, sometimes, to re-state a hackneyed truism, and this, to the subject of the present narrative, appears to be an appropriate occasion for such a repetition.

Everything pointed to the certainty of an important trial taking place at Kingsclere before the unusually eventful day. There have been Derbys won by horses which ran untried—there will be occasion to discuss at least one such Derby before these pages of Turf history are complete; but, what with the upsetting of all two-year-old form in consequence of the best of the Baronet's three going dead amiss, the daily improvement of the yet unrestored pair, and Blue Gown's form in relation to them, which had finally to be ascertained, a determining trial was, of course, felt to be necessary, and was duly arranged. Kingsclere and the neighbourhood swarmed with touts. John Porter never remembers to have been more beset by members of the motley and unscrupulous fraternity than he was then. It could not be said that the news of the inevitable test got wind, because not a soul save Sir Joseph Hawley, his trainer, and eventually, just prior to its being brought off, the head lad, were cognisant of the day and hour of the intended business. But the touts had, with unsurprising saga-

city, agreed among themselves that a trial must inevitably take place before the Derby, and they had vowed to each other that, let it occur when it might, they would be there to see. Sir Joseph Hawley, who himself naturally objected to being touted, arranged with Porter to be on the ground early in the morning, but not to previously approach Kingsclere by the accustomed route. Overton on the one side of the Downs, and Newbury on the other, were incessantly watched, while Kingsclere itself, with, of course, Park House, was kept under sleepless surveillance. The plan agreed upon was for the Baronet to avoid alighting, as usual, at Overton, but to go on to Whitchurch, where it was hoped and believed he would not be recognised. Guess the Baronet's horror when, on giving up his ticket at the latter station, he was accosted with, 'Can I have the honour of taking you, Sir Joseph?' The applicant for a fare was the proprietor of a pony-trap, who had formerly been postboy at the inn at Stockbridge. Making the best of it, Sir Joseph hired the vehicle, and inasmuch as he was the only passenger for Whitchurch by that particular train, and the old postboy was merely plying for hire, all went, so far, well. Sir Joseph was driven part of the way on to the Downs, and then he dismissed his charioteer.

And now, as the novelist would say, we must shift the scene to Kingsclere. At that time there was an old tollhouse standing on the Overton Road—the ramshackle edifice was but recently razed to the

ground—distant about half a mile, on the Downs side, from the Kingsclere stables. It was necessary for Porter to pass through the tollhouse gateway with his horses in order to reach his training-ground. For this privilege he compounded with the collector by paying him an annual rent. Several touts had established themselves thereabouts, and performed unremitting sentry duty during the prevalence of daylight, off and on. It is shrewdly conjectured that the watchers had also devised a code of signals. On the night before the trial, of which, by some means best known to themselves, they had got 'the office,' they induced the tollkeeper, for a consideration, to allow them to take temporary possession of his habitation. Providing themselves with liquid and other refreshments, obtained from the Swan Inn in the village, and some packs of cards, they arranged to make a jolly yet wideawake night of it. But it happened that the other and principal parties to this extraordinary trial were equally wideawake. The touts were under the eye of an alert observer, one of Porter's most trustworthy servants, who kept his master fully informed of all that was going on. Said he, on that fateful night when those 'jolly companions, every one,' were at the high tide of their nocturnal enjoyment, 'If you like, sir, I can make every one of them safe. There's a chain and staple outside the door, and a padlock would do the job.' Consent was, of course, cheerfully given, and 'the job' was done. Porter, avoiding the tollhouse altogether, took the horses by a bridle-

path across the fields, went thereafter 'roundly to work,' met Sir Joseph Hawley on the way, and the trial took place unwitnessed by a single tout. All the time the watchers were under padlock and key, and when Sir Joseph and Porter returned with the horses, of course by way of the old tollhouse, they were regaled with the sight of the enraged prisoners engaged in the act of removing a window-frame, they having apparently made the direful discovery that exit by the door had been made impossible. To say that the language which was used by the frustrated spies, especially when they recognised Sir Joseph Hawley, and concluded that 'it was all over,' was unfit for publication would be to flatter their vocabulary.

And now for the trial itself, one of the most remarkable of the many recorded in the chronicles of Kingsclere :

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER

Rosicrucian, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	1
Blue Gown, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	2
The Palmer, 4 yrs., 9 st. 10 lb.	3

Won by a neck ; two lengths between second and third.

The Two Thousand was run on April 28, the above-named trial took place on May 12, and the Derby itself occurred on the 27th of the latter month. It was in the course of their return to Park House, when they naturally discussed the marked improvement which had taken place in Rosicrucian, that Sir Joseph Hawley communicated his intentions to

Porter. He said: 'I shall start all my horses, and if Blue Gown is the best on the day he will win; but I declare to win with either of the other two.' In fact, as Porter himself expresses it, Blue Gown was started for the benefit of the public. Wells, who had the choice of mounts, decided to ride the 'Gown.' His sturdy partner in the Champagne Stakes had never been otherwise than sound and well. They knew each other; and no doubt the jockey concluded, not without some cause, that he was the best judge of how much he had in hand when he got home first at Doncaster. Besides, if he could win on Blue Gown, would not that be a glorious sequel to the Doncaster mishap, and a perfect condonation of the offence?

After the trial, some visionary account of which was, no doubt, evolved by the discomfited spies, and despatched to their multitude of clients, the Derby was more talked about than ever. Members of the trainer's family were frequently compelled, in railway carriages and other public places, to hear John Porter and his business canvassed, and invariably by persons who referred to him as though they knew and had been on intimate terms with him from his earliest boyhood. On one occasion Mrs. Porter, after enduring with extreme annoyance a conversation relating to her husband's business and intentions until she could bear the infliction no longer, effectually silenced the inventive chatterers by simply informing them that she was—Mrs. John Porter. It was, however, reserved for John himself to play

the leading part, albeit a silent one, in the most amusing of these little comedies, in which the intentions of Sir Joseph Hawley, the strictly private opinions of the Baronet's trainer, Wells's views, and in short all the secrets of the Kingsclere stable, were canvassed. Porter was suffering from a sore throat, for which, although he was assured that it was in nowise serious, he was locally advised to consult a London specialist and undergo a slight surgical operation. Accordingly he went to London for the purpose of consulting Sir Duncan Gibb. On his way from Waterloo he called upon his old friend Mr. W. Faux, the manager of the library department of Smith & Son's, and arranged to have a parcel of books handed to him at the railway station for the return journey. Sir Duncan Gibb performed the operation, and then enjoined his patient to provide himself with a small quantity of ice to suck upon the road home, and thereby reduce the risk of inflammation. In due time Porter ensconced himself in a corner seat of a carriage bound for Overton, and proceeded to treat himself according to the doctor's orders by paying sedulous attention to the contents of his bag of ice. Under the circumstances taking part in a conversation, except in the most laconic fashion, was on his part impossible. The parcel of books from Smith & Son's, it is necessary to remark, was not forthcoming when the train started. For some distance Porter's sole companion—a carefully groomed, well set-up, and military-looking gentleman in an opposite seat—perused his sporting

paper in silence. Then he spoke, and it did not surprise his auditor in the least that his remarks had reference to the—well—the inevitable subject. In fact, John had been humorously expecting it, and wondering 'what particular line of country' his companion would take. He began: 'My friend Hawley has three horses engaged in the Derby.' Porter nodded and nibbled his ice. The statement was unimpeachable. It defied denial. But 'my friend Hawley'! ('Who is this friend of Sir Joseph's?' said Porter to himself. 'I don't know him, at any rate.') 'Yes,' continued the trainer's communicative companion, 'Sir Joseph tells me, and so does John Porter, that they fancy Rosicrucian is the best, but Wells, the jockey, who is also an intimate friend of mine, fancies Blue Gown.' That ended the conversation, or rather the soliloquy, for Porter, busy with his ice, made no remark. When the train reached Woking the expected parcel of books was handed into the carriage by the guard. Upon the outside of the package was inscribed, in bold and legible characters, '*John Porter, Esq., Park House, Kingsclere.*' The next moment was intense. The gentleman who was on such extremely friendly terms with Sir Joseph Hawley, John Porter, and Wells, looked over the top of his newspaper furtively, but with perceptibly widening eyes, and read, or rather devoured, the address on the parcel. On arriving at Farnborough he discharged himself somewhat precipitately from the carriage, and walked at a swift rate a short distance

along the platform. Turning sharply round he retraced his steps, re-appeared at the door of the compartment wherein Porter had remained seated, and exclaimed : ' Don't you think, sir, that I am the biggest fool you ever met in your life ? ' A good-tempered rejoinder, which denied the querist the championship he had claimed, closed the incident.

CHAPTER IV

Filching the trainer's good name—An artfully knavish Turf adviser—The wrongful heir—A curiosity in Turf prophecy: a Silas Wegg who dropped into poetry—Important trials, and an unread riddle—Why Pero Gomez was beaten—Wells that day not Wells—A thunderstorm which lost the Oaks—A marvellous Kingsclere year—Rosicrucian and Blue Gown at their greatest—'Why, I could not tell you how good Blue Gown was!'—Sir Joseph Hawley's failing health—The relations between owner and trainer—The Baronet's uniform kindness and consideration—'One of the best friends I have had.'

A DIGRESSION may be permitted here. It has been Porter's fate to have his name and position fraudulently taken in vain on several occasions. Two diverse instances of this enterprise on the part of the knaves of the pack appear deserving of citation. 'The Aristocratic Tout,' writing in the 'Licensed Victuallers' Gazette,' chanced to run imitative knave number one to earth, as he relates, in the following manner:

'Early in the present season a neighbour of mine, from a motive of curiosity, answered the following advertisement which appeared in the "Daily Telegraph":

"**REQUIRED,** the services of a gentleman to manage a City office. Would be required to travel to the Continent once a week. Address Continent, &c."

‘Well, there was nothing much in the advertisement, although my friend had his suspicions, but there was a great deal in the reply, which I will reproduce, merely premising that the letter-paper was headed with the address of Mr. John Porter, but of the word “Park” the first three letters had been torn away, leaving the final letter “k”—a bait which might have excited the cupidity of many inquiring mugs but for the indifferent orthography of the composition which was headed by this respectable address :

k House, Kingsclere, Hants, Saturday.

“Dear Sir,—I regret that owing to the gross carelessness of a clerk, your application addressed to ‘Continent,’ with others, were only seen by me *whilst on a visit here* for a week or two. The appointment you then applied for is of course now provided for (*sic!*). In the course of a month or so several additions will be made to the Continental office, and a gentleman for special duty between London and Paris. We may then give your letter consideration. No security will be required in these cases, but the very best of references are necessary ; you will, however, be expected *to have some little knowledge of Turf details, practices, and phrases*, and I would advise you to purchase the ‘Practical Turfite,’ which is published privately, and circulated amongst professional people. It can only be obtained from Mr. — [here an address in the City is given], who will refuse to supply you unless you mention my name. There is no necessity for you to take a yearly subscription, ‘two guineas,’ one for half-year will answer your purpose, One Guinea. If you carefully study the information contained therein, as well as the accounts, advice, and suggestions, you should be fairly well posted, and if at any interview *I find you as intelligent as your letter suggests* we

may give you *something*. Any change of address you can forward to me, but do not trouble further *unless your character is unquestionable*. Yours truly — [here follows an address in the neighbourhood of Clapham]. P.S.—You must understand if you have to go to Holland it is a very quiet place.”

‘Enclosed was a note requesting Mr. — to “kindly allow Mr. — to subscribe for a half-year for the ‘Practical Turfite’ on ordinary terms.”’

The next was a police court case, and, but for the imagination which the vulgar rascal displayed in the concoction of a bogus will, might have been passed over unnoticed. But in respect of that audacious exploit the exploit was uncommon, ranking in fiction with Captain Kearney in ‘Peter Simple,’ who ‘made his will and devised sundry *châteaux en Espagne* for the benefit of those concerned,’ and, in fact, with ‘pore Sir Roger’ (an impostor not altogether unknown in Hampshire), who invented and placed the estates to which he declared he was the rightful heir in the wrong counties.

‘Robert Boorer, twenty-five, *alias* James Porter, a young man who was employed as a groom and a coachman by a music-hall agent, was charged at the Westminster Police Court, before Mr. D'Eyncourt, with obtaining money by fraud and false representations from Henry Pope, an omnibus conductor, and others. The wife of Pope deposed that in the early part of 1888 the prisoner was a lodger in her husband's house in Dorset Place, Pimlico. He said his name was Porter, and represented himself as the nephew of Mr. John Porter, the racehorse trainer of “Newmarket.” In the

month of June, at which time he owed 10*l.* for board and lodging, he stated that his uncle, Porter, had died and left him a fortune. He showed a number of letters on deep mourning note-paper purporting to be written by "Mr. G. W. Lewis, Q.C.," to the effect that his (prisoner's) presence was urgently required at Newmarket to settle his late uncle's affairs. He also exhibited a fictitious will, which set out that the testator left his estates and racehorses to James Porter (himself), subject to an interest to his sister Dorothea, to be paid when she was twenty-one. The value of the estates was stated to be 17,870*l.*, and the will concluded, "Signed before the executors, Matthew Dawson and Sir Geo. Chetwynd, both of Newmarket, gentlemen." Annexed to the document was a schedule or catalogue of the horses and other property which the prisoner said had been sent to him by his lawyers, and this list was headed "Kingsclere Stable." It included 139 mares in foal, 45 yearlings, 20 geldings, broughams, mail phaetons, 207 patent collars, 14 fields, comprising 394 acres, 3 roods, 2 perches, three fields of new hay, three cornfields, and cattle, poultry, &c. The Popes, believing all the prisoner's representations, advanced him 5*l.* in order to go to Newmarket to look after his property. Mr. George Gardner Leader, solicitor, deposed that he was closely connected with Mr. John Porter, trainer, of Kingsclere, and acted professionally for him. He had never seen the prisoner before, and Mr. Porter was alive and well that morning. Robert Boorer, *alias* James Porter, was committed for trial, and subsequently convicted at the London County Sessions.'

A rich crop of the curiosities of Turf prophecy might be gathered from the articles which appeared in the newspapers, sporting and general, immediately prior to Blue Gown's—or Lady Elizabeth's

—Derby. A more than commonly inspired forecast, written by a prophet in a fine frenzy, appears to demand rescue from the columns of the daily journal which it inflamed. It ran, not to say rushed, on thus :

‘Expressing a final opinion as to what Judge Clark may say when the telling moment arrives, let me fancy the preliminary canters over, and the candidates for England’s greatest prize are seen wending their way through the paddock with Mr. M’George awaiting their arrival at the gate. Excitement is now at its highest pitch, and thousands and thousands are almost breathless at the sound of “They’re off!” for fear the “All right” should not be passed by Mr. Manning in favour of their blue riband representative. Preceded by one or two false starts, the flag falls with the pioneers for Danebury, Kingsclere, and Newmarket rushing to the front ere the top of the hill is gained, and we may picture Cock of the Walk for Lady Elizabeth, Green Sleeve for Blue Gown, Pace for Speculum, and King Alfred for Suffolk, all in the van before the mile post is reached. At that point the pace is so great that the rubbish is disposed of, and, tearing down for Tattenham Corner, the leaders in turn give way in favour of their more trustworthy stable companions. Fairly in the straight, nearer and nearer grows the strife and louder swell the shouts. “Sir Joseph” cry the “upper ten,” “Lord Hastings” scream the touts. Within a quarter of a mile of home the favourite takes her place on the whip hand with two of the “cherry” representatives hugging on the rails, and Daley, as with Hermit last year, biding his time most patiently in the middle of the course. The distance is reached, and Paul Jones, Orion, and the Duke’s colours fail in their attempt to overhaul the leaders. At the lower

end of the stand enclosure the four great horsemen of the day are singled out, Custance and Wells hard on the Kingsclere pair, and Fordham, with a "Lord Clifden" eye on Daley, preparing for a final rush.

'The shouts are fearful, for the struggle's close,
 And no one knows how strong he'll get the dose ;
 Now, Hawley frown
 On poor Blue Gown,
 For, in spite of private spins,
 The best mare since Blink Bonny's year—
 'Tis LADY ELIZABETH wins.

'Thus, then, my *five months'* verdict remains unchanged ; and as I have persisted all through the piece that the favourite would win the Derby if well on the day, I must finish as I began with

'LADY ELIZABETH	First
SUFFOLK	Second.'

The foregoing ebullition is dated 'Epsom, Tuesday,' the day before the Derby.

To resume, Rosicrucian was pretty well done with for that season—the season, by the way, that Satyr won the Royal Hunt Cup—under the extraordinary circumstances already related. In recalling 1868, while refreshing his memory by turning over the pages of the 'Calendar,' Porter cannot refrain from dwelling on the form which proved how wonderfully good those two-year-olds were. Xi won the Queen's Stand Plate, giving three stone all but a pound to Abstinence (2 yrs., 6 st. 9 lb.), beating her a length and a half, and Blue Gown won the Gold Cup by four lengths at Ascot, King Alfred being two lengths off, third, while The Palmer carried off the Liverpool Cup, beating

Knight of the Garter, as already referred to. The stable, although yet, as it had constantly been, limited in extent, maintained a high, if not the highest, standard of quality. By comparison it will almost suffice to mention the two-year-olds, Morna and Pero Gomez. Then there was another good horse in Siderolite, who developed into a good stayer; but we shall hear more of him further on. Morna won the Champagne, beating Belladrum, who was second, and Pero Gomez won the Middle Park, and the Criterion, after a dead heat with Wild Oats. Scottish Queen was second to Pero Gomez in the Middle Park Plate, and Pretender third. There were two trials in anticipation of the races in question which should perhaps be recorded. The first, which took place on September 1, was as follows :

SIX FURLONGS

Morna, 2 yrs., 7 st. 4 lb.	1
Pero Gomez, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb.	2
Xi, 4 yrs., 10 st. 4 lb.	3

Won by two lengths ; the same between second and third.

The second trial, which came off just before the Middle Park Plate, was as follows :

SIX FURLONGS

Pero Gomez, 2 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	1
Morna, 2 yrs., 9 st. 0 lb.	2
The Palmer, 4 yrs., 10 st. 7 lb.	3

Won by a neck ; the same between second and third.

In reference to the Cambridgeshire, in which Blue Gown carried top weight—namely 9 st.—Porter is of opinion that although the horse did not win, he deserved more credit than was ascribed to him for his performance. There was a long delay at the post ; he was, under his crushing weight, in at nearly all the attempts to get away ; and yet he finished second to that good three-year-old See Saw, to whom he was conceding 12 lb.

Sir Joseph Hawley had purchased Lictor (4 years, by Lambton out of Parasol) of Sir John Astley, and that useful horse became a member of the stud in 1869. Useful indeed ! Lictor was, with Xi, the best and most trustworthy horse of his rare stamp Porter ever had through his hands. His 'answer' to 'the question' could, like Xi's, be implicitly relied on. There was a Derby trial some time in the spring which Porter vaguely remembers, but of which he has preserved no record. It was one of those false—or, at any rate, perplexing—investigations into form which constitute part of the experience of every seasoned master of the art of training racehorses. 'Something went wrong with the works,' and therefore the affair was considered of no account and has since been forgotten. If, however, that vague ghost of a futile trial has ceased to trouble the memory of the trainer of Sir Joseph Hawley's uncommon stud, the real test which followed, and of which a record has been preserved, is yet to him, as it was on its occurrence to the mystified owner, an unsolved problem. The



PERO GOMEZ, WINNER OF THE LEGER.

RIDDEN BY J. WELLS.

J. PORTER.

trial took place on May 20, 1869, in the presence of the Baronet and Porter, with, of course—for no secret was made of the transaction—many outlying but uninvited spectators in watchful attendance. It was as follows :

ONE MILE AND A HALF

Lictor, 4 yrs., 7 st. 1 lb.	1
Morna, 3 yrs., 7 st. 8 lb.	2
Blue Gown, 4 yrs., 9 st. 11 lb.	3
Pero Gomez, 3 yrs., 8 st. 9 lb.	4

Won by two lengths ; ten lengths between second and third ; and four lengths between third and fourth.

Wells rode Blue Gown and Jem Adams Pero Gomez, two stable boys being upon the others. Neither Sir Joseph Hawley nor Porter could read the riddle of that astounding trial, and the jockeys could give them no clue to its solution. Nothing which occurred subsequently helped to clear up the mystery, and to this day it is impenetrable. May 20 was too near the date of the Derby (which took place on the 26th) to afford a chance of re-trying Morna and Pero Gomez ; therefore the usual preparations were advanced for sending them to Epsom, although it was a forlorn hope. It was possible that the trial had been all wrong—trials occasionally are ; but, at any rate, the Kingsclere outlook wore a gloomy aspect. Pretender, ridden by John Osborne, defeated Pero Gomez by a head, the betting being 11 to 8 against the winner and 11 to 2 against Sir Joseph Hawley's colt. It was so close a finish that

many experienced spectators of the race thought that Pero Gomez had won. The horse was carelessly ridden when he ought to have been got through, and was seriously interfered with by a horse of Teddy Brayley's (Duke of Beaufort) in coming round Tattenham Corner. In a word, it is John Porter's abiding persuasion that if Wells had ridden with greater confidence and resolution, the verdict of the judge would have been reversed.

Although, for reasons which have been assigned, the stable were more than dubious with regard to the Derby, Morna had beaten Pero Gomez so far in a canter in the trial, they felt certain that she would secure the Oaks. Again was disappointment their doom. A tremendous thunderstorm broke over the course while the mares were at the post, and as the thoroughbred is quite as nervous under such a visitation as man, and is necessarily more at its mercy, Porter attributes the defeat of a highly organised and frightened animal to the storm. Pero Gomez (to dismiss him for the present) afterwards won the Doncaster St. Leger 'cleverly'—with, however, plenty in hand—while Pretender ran unplaced, and he also carried off the Doncaster Stakes, Pretender second, half a length, and the third, Typhon, three lengths behind the Derby winner.

In talking over the events of that wonderful Kingsclere year, Porter is roused to a pitch of enthusiasm when he recalls the achievements of Blue Gown and Rosicrucian. 'Why, I could not tell you how good Blue Gown was! At Goodwood,

in the Craven Stakes, he met Vespasian—Blue Gown, 9 st. 6 lb., and Vespasian, 9 st. 9 lb. He beat him by a head. The same week Vespasian won the Duke of Richmond's Plate, carrying 9 st. 7 lb., and the Chesterfield Cup with 10 st. 4 lb. on his back. Then there was Rosicrucian. He won the All-Aged Stakes (six furlongs) at Newmarket two years in succession, proving what a horse he was for speed. He beat Vespasian at a mile, which was Vespasian's best course. He won the Ascot Stakes carrying 8 st. 12 lb., and *walked past the post!* He followed this up by winning the Alexandra Plate (three miles), conceding 7 lb. to Musket, who was considered one of the best stayers of modern times. You rarely find a horse like Rosicrucian, possessing all the great qualities, namely—generosity, game-ness, speed, and staying power.' Lictor has been mentioned. In referring again to that useful servant, most invaluable in trials (for employment in which he was purchased) no matter what the distance, from a T.Y.C. to a mile and upwards, his winning the Liverpool Cup may be included amongst the exploits of the stable in 1869.

Sir Joseph Hawley's failing health prevented him in the year succeeding from participating with the accustomed relish in the business of his favourite sport. His name figures but seldom in the list of winning owners during that season. Rosicrucian, now five years old, easily won the Prince of Wales' Stakes at the Epsom Spring, carrying 9 st., the top weight, the Craven at Newmarket, a Plate at 'head-

quarters'—the First Spring—the Craven at Goodwood, beating Vespasian, with whom he was running on equal terms, and carrying off the York Cup. Agility, 3 yrs., 7 st. 4 lb., came in first, beating Rosicrucian by a head; but Wells objected to Agility on the ground of a jostle, and the Stewards, after investigation, decided that the jostle was proved and that Rosicrucian was the winner of the Cup. Agility was a good deal more than 'smart,' as her victories that year proved. Rosicrucian's final victory that season was in the All-Aged Stakes at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting. Reduced to a match between him and Formosa, Siderolite (4 yrs., 8 st. 10 lb.) won the Gold Vase at Ascot, the mare, carrying 2 lb. more, being beaten by a length. A Queen's Plate at Lewes, another at Lichfield also, with a couple of bloodless victories, fell to the share of this son of Asteroid and Aphrodite. 'Prince Pless's Blue Gown' obtained winning brackets once out of six attempts in 1870, the horse being returned twice in the 'Calendar's' list of winning horses, first as M. André's, for receiving forfeit, and then, as owned by Prince Pless, when he won a handicap plate—top weight, of course—at the Newmarket Houghton.

During John Porter's connection with Sir Joseph Hawley as his private trainer 'they never had a wrong word.' He was constantly kind and considerate, and took the warmest personal interest in the trainer, in whom he reposed unswerving confidence, and also in the welfare of every member of

his family. This same kindly consideration he displayed in a multitude of ways, both in and out of business. His first inquiry when he visited Cannon Heath or Kingsclere, and he was a frequent and informal visitor, was not after the horses, but the health of Mrs. Porter and the children. He was a splendid sportsman of the true Corinthian order, and, winner or loser, was equally imperturbable. In Bedminster's year he and his brother called at Tadworth on their way to the course. They found Porter in the stable with Bedminster's legs in the fomenting pail. The Baronet made no inquiries about the horse—what he saw was sufficient—but asked after Wells. Porter told him that the jockey was in bed with a hot tile on his stomach; he was suffering from cramp. Sir Joseph humorously remarked that his prospects of winning the Derby looked particularly bright and rosy, seeing that his horse had no legs under him and the jockey was sick. 'However,' he added, 'never mind. Let us have lunch.' Accordingly a table was improvised in the stable, the cloth spread, certain baskets unpacked, and a luncheon heartily discussed. The alliance between owner and trainer in the case of the Baronet and his trainer was indeed complete. The latter thought and wrought for him early and late, far more than he would have done for himself, because he felt that it was impossible to do too much for an employer who never for a moment questioned or doubted the policy or wisdom of a single thing he did. They would argue matters over of course, but

always in a friendly, companionable manner, as two men should whose purpose and interests were identical. When a point of difference did arise, which was seldom, Sir Joseph Hawley was invariably the first to give in. On occasions when the stable had been beaten, it was the Baronet who came forward to sympathise with Porter and explain away the failure before the trainer could find words to express his own regret and, generally, his less plausible excuse. If poor Wells were living his testimony to the memory of Sir Joseph Hawley would no doubt be as whole-souled and as pregnant with affectionate admiration as that of Wells's life-long friend and comrade, John Porter. No one could have behaved more magnanimously under excessively trying circumstances than Sir Joseph Hawley did to Wells. How many owners would have borne what he did, and still retained the reckless jockey in his service? As to Sir Joseph Hawley's qualities as an owner, John Porter, than whom no man in the world had a better opportunity of knowing, says, 'He was a fine judge of racing, the very best hand at putting horses together I ever met with, and one of the straightest I ever knew. He played the game—small blame to him!—like a sportsman. As he himself used to say, "He was not going to take 3 to 1 about any of his horses when he ought fairly to have had 10 to 1." His stud was a marvel. Look at the few horses he bred—seldom more than five or six a year; and he never had more than ten or a dozen going at one time.

I felt,’ said Porter, ‘when I was at the graveside of Sir Joseph Hawley, that I had seen the last of a splendid pillar of the Turf, and parted from one of the very best friends I had had in the whole course of my career.’

CHAPTER V

Vagabond's City and Suburban—Walter and his 'Kingsclere Racing Circular' at 'The Swan'—The trial of Vagabond—Effect of the report on the betting—The scratching of Vagabond and King Cophetua—The libel on Sir Joseph Hawley in the 'Sporting Times'—Meeting of Sir Joseph Hawley and Dr. Shorthouse—Additions to the Kingsclere stable—Isonomy—An extraordinary trial—Isonomy 'great' and Fernandez 'good'—All 'going' the same to Isonomy—Porter ceases to train for the owner of Fernandez—Lord Stamford joins the stable

BEFORE referring to the libel on Sir Joseph Hawley which appeared in the 'Sporting Times' (a full account of which and the circumstances connected therewith will be found in the Editor's notes), when that journal was under the genial yet aggressive control of the original proprietor and editor, the late Dr. Shorthouse (those who best knew the Doctor are aware that he was a curious mixture of big-hearted geniality and Cobbett-like aggressiveness) —it is necessary to state the plain facts of 'the provocation.' The City and Suburban, 1869, was won by Alpenstock, who ran also in the Metropolitan at the same meeting. Sir Joseph Hawley had accepted with Vagabond, 3 yrs., 6 st. 2 lb., for the City and Suburban, and the colt was tried as follows :

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER

Vagabond, 3 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb.	1
The Palmer, 5 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	2
Blue Gown, 4 yrs., 9 st. 13 lb.	3
King Cophetua, 3 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb.	4

Won by a length ; a neck between second and third, and four lengths between third and fourth.

At that time the notorious Walter, the son of the landlady of the Swan Inn, Kingsclere, was 'managing' an impudently fraudulent Discretionary Investment Scheme, in connection with which he published a sheet of four pages called 'The Kingsclere Racing Circular.' He advertised extensively in the sporting journals, forged and garbled 'opinions of the press,' invented winners of immense stakes by his 'system,' and otherwise employed every nefarious dodge which a shrewd conception of the unquestioning greed of his gullible dupes—whose name was legion—and a cunning, but utterly knavish, brain could devise. Such 'information' as could be wormed out of a corrupted stable boy or two in the Kingsclere stable (there is a black sheep or dark-complexioned lambkin in every flock) he no doubt occasionally obtained, and, as was discovered before the suborned youngster was found guilty and sent about his business, paid for. On leaving school Walter had been placed with a chemist and druggist at Newbury ; but honest employment of any description was distasteful to him, therefore he abandoned the pestle and mortar

and returned to Kingsclere, and became an ill-conditioned loafer. Walter was always 'a bad egg,' as the phrase goes. On one occasion Porter came home after seeing the horses at work, and was informed that the young ruffian had assailed a female member of the household with a torrent of foul language. 'Master,' furious for once, jumped upon his hack, caught the blackguard in the road, and gave him a horsewhipping, without abatement, over a T.Y.C.—full measure!

There was no telegraph station at Kingsclere in 1869, and the touts had therefore to wire their 'information' abroad from Overton or Newbury. Walter had collected his troop of assistants, mounted them, and placed them at different points of the road to carry the message forward when the trial was over. Porter saw the fellow in his shirt-sleeves on a hack, waiting for the verdict, and also when he was galloping off to despatch the news of the result. So much for the tout and his band of toutlings. That the 'intelligence' itself, such as it was, had an influence on the betting market goes without saying. The intelligence of a trial, however obtained, or not obtained at all but a piece of fraudulent invention, will always produce that effect. And yet it is not usual for a trainer to make known even to a limited circle of his friends, much less to the spies, the relative weights at which the trial horses run. However, the trial in question took place, and a report of it communicated through the channels of information which Walter controlled, and, whether

on that account exclusively or not, Vagabond came with a rush in the market. It is curious to note, in passing, Vagabond's advance. On Friday, March 19, he was quoted in 'the market returns' at 20 to 1; on Monday, the 22nd, at 100 to 7; on Wednesday, the 24th, at 5 to 1; and the next day at 3 to 1, with 9 to 4 'taken with a start.' On the day last named he was backed at 8 to 1 for the Great Metropolitan (6 st. 9 lb.) and 100 to 8 for the Chester Cup (5 st. 9 lb.). In the chronicle of the market, referring to March 29, the day before the City and Suburban, we read that 'the announcement of the scratching of The Parson for the City and Suburban which greeted members on their arrival from the city, although altogether unexpected, was a mere fleabite compared to the notice posted on the board shortly before four o'clock, to the effect that Vagabond and King Cophetua had been struck out to Messrs. Weatherby at 3.10 P.M.' It can be well conceived what a revolution was caused by a 5 to 2 candidate going out without the slightest warning, and this proved the signal for some gigantic wagering. There is no necessity to give the history of the horse to the end. It may, however, be mentioned that Vagabond ran unplaced in the Great Metropolitan, starting third favourite at 4 to 1. As to the trial of Vagabond, neither Sir Joseph Hawley nor Porter thought the result flattering. They both, however, thought the horse had a fair chance of winning the City and Suburban. When, however the Baronet found that Vagabond

had been made first favourite without his having backed him for a single penny he determined to scratch him from the race. To settle once for all a point concerning which there may yet be doubts, the public grossly overrated Vagabond, who was never anything but a moderate horse. A description of Walter's system of swindling, and an account of his career will be found in the Appendix.

Although strongly urged by his friends to prosecute the 'Sporting Times,' and while he himself was persuaded that he could not suffer such an atrocious libel on his honour to pass unchallenged, Sir Joseph Hawley was deeply grieved at the severity of the sentence which was passed on Dr. Shorthouse, and used his utmost endeavours to obtain a mitigation of the Doctor's punishment. He personally waited upon the Home Secretary, and implored him to curtail the term of imprisonment, but without avail. It was, Porter is convinced, a matter of deep and lasting regret to Sir Joseph Hawley that his strenuous efforts to procure the release or mitigation of the excessive sentence passed on the editor of the 'Sporting Times' altogether failed, the more especially as he was aware from the commencement of the proceedings that Dr. Shorthouse himself was not the writer of the libel. One of the first race meetings which Dr. Shorthouse attended on his release was his favourite Epsom. Porter happened to be standing at the foot of the steps in the little paddock when Dr. Shorthouse approached, and said, 'Porter, where is Sir Joseph Hawley? I want to see him.'

He was informed that the Baronet was in the Stewards' Stand, and might appear at any moment. Presently Sir Joseph came down, whereupon the Doctor, removing his hat and bowing profoundly, said, 'I admire you, Sir Joseph. No man in England except yourself would have had the courage to prosecute me. Let us shake hands.' They shook hands, and were good friends ever afterwards. Dr. Shorthouse died June 13, 1883.

Some time prior to his death the Baronet had allowed his trainer to undertake the training of a few horses the property of other owners. Messrs. T. E. Walker and F. Gretton were the earliest additions. Mr. John Gretton was the next. One of the first of the notable horses which renewed the Kingsclere traditions was Pageant, by Elland out of Panoply, a gelding which Mr. F. Gretton purchased from Mr. Gomm. He had up to that time won a great many minor races, both as a two and three-year-old, and had had several different owners. Under the new schoolmaster he won two Doncaster cups, the Brighton Cup, and twice won 'the Cup' itself at Chester. These performances embraced several seasons, for he was a good 'old un,' and ran on. Mr. F. Gretton had a horse called Monk—by Hermit out of Thursday. That horses prefer some courses, and therefore do better upon them than they do on others, is well known. It is equally certain that horses often repeat in public their disappointing trials. Monk, for example, was tried for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood (in 1877), and failed (swerving in it)

by about a length. Mr. F. Gretton attributed this to the severity of the course, and remarked at the time, 'If that had been at Goodwood he would have won.' Well, Monk ran at Goodwood, and failed in the race (he finished second to Herald) precisely as he had done in his trial. It occurs to Porter to mention by the way a comparatively recent illustration of a horse's liking for a particular course—one amongst many which might be submitted. Son of a Gun, who won twice at Liverpool, was a stone better there than he was when he ran over Newmarket Heath.

In the year 1876 Porter purchased for Mr. F. Gretton at the Yardley sale a yearling by Sterling out of Isola Bella for the sum of 360 guineas. That colt was afterwards named Isonomy, and became one of the best and stoutest horses that ever faced a flag. Stout himself, he has transmitted the quality to his progeny, as has been proved in his sons, Common and Isinglass. As a two-year-old, during which period he ran very little—but thrice in fact, his solitary victory being a Nursery at the Newmarket First October—Porter was afforded daily evidence of his essentially great character. He was sound and hardy, with a constitution of iron, perhaps just a wee bit excitable in temperament, and, as was frequently shown, to him every description of going was alike. John Porter glows with enthusiasm when he speaks of Isonomy. 'Why, when he won the Manchester Cup, you could not have put a pickaxe into the ground; while at York he had to gallop



ISONOMY.

through a quarter of a mile of swamp.' They did not run him, after the two-year-old period, until his Cambridgeshire was at hand, and then he was tried at Newmarket, the Second October Meeting, over the Cambridgeshire course. Concerning both trial and race there is something to be said. The former, which was perfectly open and naturally did not take place unwitnessed by 'neighbouring eyes,' came out as follows :

CAMBRIDGESHIRE COURSE

Ancient Pistol, 3 yrs. (Graves), 6 st. 7 lb.	. 1
Isonomy, 3 yrs. (Fordham), 8 st. 5 lb.	. 2
Harbinger, 4 yrs. (T. Cannon), 8 st. 9 lb.	. 3
Singleton, 3 yrs. (Huxtable), 7 st. 0 lb.	. 4

Won by a neck ; six lengths between second and third,
and two lengths between third and fourth.

It will be remembered, by the backers of the horse to their satisfaction, that Isonomy started at the outside price of 40 to 1. Why was this? The obvious answer, not altogether uninspired by the evidence of the uninvited spectators of the trial, is that Isonomy had not emerged triumphantly from 'the mill.' But, there are trials and trials. Porter drove up in a fly with Mr. Gretton, and as they passed down by the side of the Cambridgeshire Course to the Birdcage, they scanned the track to see that it was clear. Satisfied that there were no obstacles in the way, the jockeys were weighed out, and owner and trainer were driven rapidly back to the winning post. As they proceeded, they found to

their consternation that during their absence at the Birdcage two of the upper rows of 'dolls' had been placed across the course. The horses had then gone to the post, and there was scarcely time for Porter and Mr. Gretton to jump out of the trap and remove the two centre 'dolls' before the quartette got home. The upper row of 'dolls' was left standing. At the finish, closing a most unsatisfactory test, Fordham and the others were pulling up. Needless to observe that the trial, such as it was, left a wide margin for guesswork. It, at all events, prevented Mr. Gretton from backing his horse as he would otherwise have done, although he did land 40,000*l.* on the race. There were no fewer than thirty-eight runners in that particular Cambridgeshire, which Isonomy (3 yrs., 7 st. 1 lb.) won by two lengths. Speaking generally of Isonomy, Porter assigns no small part of the horse's extraordinarily successful career to the fact that he was not over-raced as a two-year-old; and, by the way, it is remarkable that the Cambridgeshire was his only race at three. The trainer has strong views on the folly of racing young horses during their most tender period, as other pages of this volume testify. The stable record of 1879 is largely monopolised by the exploits of Isonomy, who, with Westbourne, kept Kingsclere most prominently in the winning list. A mere recital of Isonomy's performances discloses his greatness. He, now four years old, won the Gold Vase at Ascot, beating Silvio (5 yrs.) by half a length, and also the Gold Cup at the same meeting—the latter by a

couple of lengths—with *Insulaire* and *Touchet* vainly toiling on in the rear. After securing the Goodwood Cup—by three lengths—beating *The Bear* and others, he conferred further distinction on the Sussex fortnight by easily capturing the Brighton trophy. They laid 10 to 1 on him for the latter race.

At York he called forth a *Knavesmire* edition of 'the Yorkshire cheer' by cantering home a victor—by eight lengths—in the Great Ebor Handicap, with 9 st. 10 lb. on his back, having to carry his burthen—as Porter has already remarked in proof that all kinds of going were the same to him—over, not to say through, a quarter of a mile of a course more than fetlock deep. He was defeated once, not fairly and squarely, with room to do his best, but through being knocked over by his stable companion, *Westbourne*, and by *Dresden China*. This was in the *Cesarewitch*. Mr. F. Gretton had backed *Westbourne* to win him 50,000/., and had also backed *Isonomy* for a little. Porter feels certain that but for the accident which befell *Isonomy* he would have carried his 9 st. 10 lb. to victory. *Westbourne* was in the *Cambridgeshire* and was made first favourite, but inasmuch as the owner was unable to obtain the price he wanted and felt that he had a right to have, the pen was put through the horse's name, and the owner ran him in the *Newmarket Derby* instead. That race he won by three lengths, defeating *Lancastrian* and three others. This was a sweetener to Mr. Gretton, who landed a single bet of 7,000/., to 4,000/.. In 1880 the glorious

career of Isonomy was continued, albeit he ran but twice. He won the Manchester Cup when, as has been mentioned, the going was as hard as bricks, carrying 9 st. 12 lb., and giving The Abbot, who had been third in the Two Thousand, no less than 42 lb. ! Truly a marvellous achievement. Finally he was victor in the race for the Gold Cup at Ascot, beating Chippendale by a length, with Zut, two lengths off, third. This closed Isonomy's splendid running career, one that has perhaps never been surpassed for exhibiting all the fine and powerful qualities which are embodied in a truly magnificent racehorse. Altogether, Isonomy piled up for Mr. F. Gretton in bets and stakes upwards of one hundred and ten thousand pounds.

Fernandez, 3 yrs., another son of Sterling and Isola Bella, came to the front concurrently with Isonomy's farewell of the Turf to go to the stud in 1880. He may be summed up in the simple but expressive phrase, employed in its first intention, 'a good horse.' Neither more nor less. He won the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, and was afterwards defeated by Bend Or, who had just carried off the Derby. Critics of condition, who are so often down upon the poor trainer for bringing a horse to the post palpably unfit to run, might take a lesson from the defeat of Fernandez. It was never intended to run him at Ascot ; consequently, he was not wound up to appear there. But the owner is paramount, and when orders were received from Mr. Gretton to the effect that Fernandez was to be pulled out to meet

Bend Or, there was no alternative but to comply. However, unfit as the horse was, and nobody knew that better than John Porter himself, he was only beaten a head by the Derby winner. Then followed the Cambridgeshire, which should—and would—have been his if, to put it popularly, he had had a clear course. As it happened, however, although he was giving Lucetta (4 yrs.) 14 lb. and the year, he finished but half a length behind the mare. Fordham, who was never the man to submit frivolous objections, lodged one immediately after the race on the ground of a cross. It was an exciting scene. The predominant feeling was signified in the accustomed manner, and it was striking enough. Odds were freely laid that Fordham got the race. The case was heard by the Stewards at the end of the day's regular business, and, after a prolonged sitting, the stakes were awarded to the winner. Mr. F. Gretton had Prestonpans and Fernandez in the Liverpool Cup, which race the former won. The gap between the sentence just written and that which follows might, perhaps, be otherwise and more fully filled. It is, however, quite sufficient to state that Porter ceased to train for the owner of Fernandez with the termination of the season, and during the winter his stud of eighteen good-looking horses were transferred to Alec Taylor's, and not one of them succeeded in subsequently winning a race. Mr. John Gretton, who until then had trained a few horses at Kingsclere, remained, and soon after Lord Stamford placed his stud in Porter's care.

CHAPTER VI

Beaudesert and his bowed tendon—A too confident purchase—‘Passed as sound’—Geheimniss : her astonishing gift of speed—Whipper In : an extraordinary tell-tale—A wonderfully strong stable—A Two Thousand Trial—A double claim on Archer—The Derby trial of St. Blaise—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales’s first visit to Kingsclere—Was St. Blaise a lucky horse?—The trial good enough to win nine Derbys out of ten—Charles Wood’s masterly riding of St. Blaise—Reasons for losing the Grand Prix—Accident to Reprieve—‘A line’ for St. Simon—Mr. Cloete—Purchase of the Casuistry colt—Troublesome to train—Sale and re-sale of Paradox—Scratched for the Cambridgeshire—Porter ceases to train for Mr. Cloete

IN this place it is appropriate to mention that in the autumn of 1878 Lord Alington requested Porter to train Beaudesert for him for the Derby. His lordship at that time had a few horses at the Percys’. Beaudesert had been purchased after the Middle Park Plate, in fact after the Houghton Meeting in 1878, from Lord Anglesey, the price being 5,000 or 6,000 guineas. The colt was brought to Porter at Mrs. Aldcroft’s stables for inspection. He had cloths on his legs. Upon removing these the trainer, to whom the most responsible and anxious task incidental to a person in his profession had been assigned, observed that Beaudesert was afflicted with a bowed tendon, probably one of the most serious infirmities which a horse can sustain,

seeing that the ligament in question is one of his principal supports. Porter immediately sent for Lord Alington, and his lordship and Sir Frederick Johnstone came together. On their attention being called to the blemish, Barrow, the Newmarket veterinary surgeon, who had passed Beaudesert as sound, was summoned to the conference. That well-known authority was reminded that Beaudesert had been purchased conditionally on his passing him as sound, whereupon Barrow replied that the horse had won the Middle Park Plate and his being sound or not did not matter—or words to that effect. Although Porter urged Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone to obtain further veterinary advice, they felt that, inasmuch as they had purchased the colt subject to Barrow's certificate, and the veterinary 'authority' had duly 'passed' him, they were bound to accept the situation. 'But,' to repeat the narrator's natural exclamation, 'fancy passing the horse—any horse—without first removing his bandages!' As Porter had anticipated and foretold, the first good gallop Beaudesert was given as a three-year-old broke him down: the bowed tendon gave way.

Lord Stamford made a lucky beginning at Kingsclere in 1881 by purchasing Geheimniss (a daughter of Rosicrucian and Nameless) of Tom Cannon for 2,000*l.* Otherwise his lordship had few horses, and they of no great account. Geheimniss, who as a two-year-old 'won everything,' was perhaps one of the speediest animals at

six furlongs that ever trod the turf. She carried off the Oaks, and was second for the St. Leger; but it was her one great gift of extraordinary speed which landed her on each occasion, as she had no pretensions whatever to stay either course. When she was defeated in the Fern Hill Stakes at Ascot by Lord Rosebery's Narcissa, it was not on her merits, for she had jumped the road. On the death of the trainer, Percy, Lord Alington's and Sir Frederick Johnstone's horses were removed to Kingsclere, and eventually, on the retirement from business of Robert Peck, the Duke of Westminster's, these owners, with Lord Stamford and Mr. John Gretton, comprising the stable. Porter is happy to think that the only gap which has occurred in the association which was thus formed was caused by the lamentable death of Lord Stamford in 1883.

Among the horses now at Kingsclere was St. Blaise. He came into the hands of the new schoolmaster after running (in 1882) moderately well as a two-year-old. One of his most noteworthy exploits was winning the Troy Stakes at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting. Porter's opinion of St. Blaise, from first to last, is that he was a good, without being a great horse. The accession of the Duke of Westminster's stud of yearlings, and of his horses in training, taxed the resources of Kingsclere to the utmost, and kept the head of what was now, perhaps, the most extensive establishment of the kind in England incessantly



GEHEIMNIS, WINNER OF THE OAKS.
JOCKEY T. CANNON.

employed. But he found himself and Park House quite equal to the strain. Amongst the additions were Whipper In and Shotover. On becoming familiar with Whipper In, Porter was impelled to admit that he was the most admirable trial horse he had ever possessed, or was ever likely to possess Superior to Xi, as a test of other 'form,' and better than Lictor. He was the trustworthy tell-tale over all courses ; the key to the stable for five successive seasons, in fact up to the year 1886. 'He tried everything,' every distance up to a mile and a half, and never made the ghost of a mistake. A consideration of the remarkable strength of the stable at this time, which will be readily recognised in the respective ages of the horses mentioned, points to the following group : St. Blaise (2 yrs.), Shotover (3 yrs.), Whipper In (3 yrs.), and Geheimniss (3 yrs.). Take Shotover to begin with. She was a beautiful but extremely delicate mare, who exhibited small promise, at the commencement of her career, of becoming as good as she eventually proved. To put it otherwise, there was nothing about her that looked like the making of a Two Thousand or Derby winner. However, she carried off both prizes, and thereby started that brilliant succession of victories on the Turf which John Porter was enabled to achieve for the Duke of Westminster. In view of the Two Thousand there was a trial at Kingsclere on April 18, 1882, which came out as follows :

ONE MILE

Incendiary, 5 yrs., 9 st. 0 lb.	1
Locksley, 3 yrs., 7 st. 0 lb.	2
Shotover, 3 yrs., 9 st. 0 lb.	3
Sindar, 5 yrs., 9 st. 0 lb.	4

Won by a neck ; a head between second, third, and fourth.

Shotover won the Two Thousand in a canter ; beating Marden and Quicklime. She started at 10 to 1. In the One Thousand she was beaten a neck by St. Marguerite, with Nelly third. Although she had won the Two Thousand so easily, she was so delicate that 'all was out,' and she needed a longer interval of rest than would have been required by a mare of even average stamina to enable her to keep fit for the fillies' race two days after. As a matter of fact, she had not recovered from the effects of the first gallop, albeit she had not been called upon for anything like a severe effort, and that accounted for the defeat in the second. But she beat Quicklime again in the Derby, for which Bruce was a hot favourite. She won the Ascot Derby, and, after a walk-over at the same meeting, there was her engagement in the St. Leger to re-awaken the anxiety of the trainer and the speculations of his sleepless critics. That race, from a public as well as from the stable point of view, was fraught with unusual interest. As it happened, Kingsclere was left at the last moment without a jockey for either Geheimniss or Shotover. It had all along been expected that Archer, who had been regularly

riding for the stable, would pilot Shotover, the Duke of Westminster possessing a claim on his services. But inasmuch as it was well known that Geheimniss was the better of the pair, Lord Falmouth (also Archer's regular employer), in accordance with established practice if not according to what may be roughly termed the unwritten law of the Turf, considered that the jockey ought to be placed at his disposal. Under the circumstances, there was no alternative but to yield, and in the result the popular idol rode Dutch Oven—who won, Geheimniss being second and Shotover unplaced. The latter mare, however, won the Park Hill Stakes the same week in a common canter. She was beaten at Newmarket by Lord Rosebery's Kermesse and Nellie (who ran a dead-heat for first place); to the latter mare she was conceding 10 lb. It was a fine race on the part of the three. Shotover, at four years old, was made favourite for the City and Suburban (8 st. 9 lb.), but was nowhere in the race. Constitutionally she was never so well, and in condition she was as perfect as her most exacting backers could have possibly desired 'on the day'; but alas! she had turned out to be a jade and would not try. In bidding adieu to Shotover and Geheimniss there is little or nothing to be added to what has already been said about their respective qualities. They were both gifted with fine speed, but neither was a stayer. In the year 1882 the stable managed to pick up stakes amounting to 22,117/.

There were some good ones at Kingsclere in the succeeding year (1883). They included the two-year-olds Sandiway, Duke of Richmond, and Reprieve (the last-named the property of Lord Grosvenor, who had purchased her of Matthew Dawson). St. Blaise, who naturally absorbed a good deal of the trainer's attention, had wintered into a big gross horse, who, it was feared, could not be got sufficiently fit for the Two Thousand. To add to Porter's difficulty, for the greater part of the time available the training ground was wet and heavy. Nevertheless, as far as the limits of prudence permitted, the colt was sent along in his work, and on April 12 he was tried over the appointed course, with the following result :

ONE MILE

Whipper In, 4 yrs., 7 st. 13 lb.	.	.	.	1
St. Blaise, 3 yrs., 8 st. 13 lb.	.	.	.	2
Incendiary, 6 yrs., 8 st. 13 lb.	.	.	.	3

Won by a length and a half; six lengths between second and third.

This trial, which, if it testified to nothing else, proved how backward the horse was yet in condition, was naturally thought 'not good enough.' It is, however, a record, and in relation to subsequent proceedings can scarcely be regarded as unimportant. However, as to trials, there was another, which took place on April 29, which is eminently deserving of an independent place in the present chronicle, inas-



SHOTOVER, WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND AND DERBY.
RIDDEN BY T. CANNON.

much as it proved how true the previous running of Geheimniss had been.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER

Geheimniss, 4 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	.	.	.	†
Shotover, 4 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	.	.	.	†
Locksley, 4 yrs., 6 st. 12 lb.	.	.	.	3

A dead heat between the two mares! Locksley finished three lengths behind.

The Derby trial of St. Blaise, who had meanwhile put in a lot of strong work and had begun to shape himself for business to the increasing satisfaction of his trainer, was memorable, inasmuch as it was the occasion of the first visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Kingsclere. It is appalling to conceive what might have been made of that Royal visit if the touts on the one hand, and the New Journalists (female as well as male) on the other, had got scent of the Prince's simple undertaking! As it fortunately happened, His Royal Highness was enabled to run down into Hampshire and invade the Kingsclere Downs with just as much privacy, as he would have enjoyed in making an informal morning call. He took the 9 A.M. train from Waterloo, like any ordinary passenger, to Overton, at which station Porter had a fly waiting, and was forthwith driven on to the Downs. The Prince was received, according to previous arrangement, by Lord Alington, Sir Frederick Johnstone, and Porter, who were waiting with the horses, and hacks upon which to mount the witnesses of the trial. No time was

lost in getting the field of five to the post, and the foreshadowing race came off with the following result :

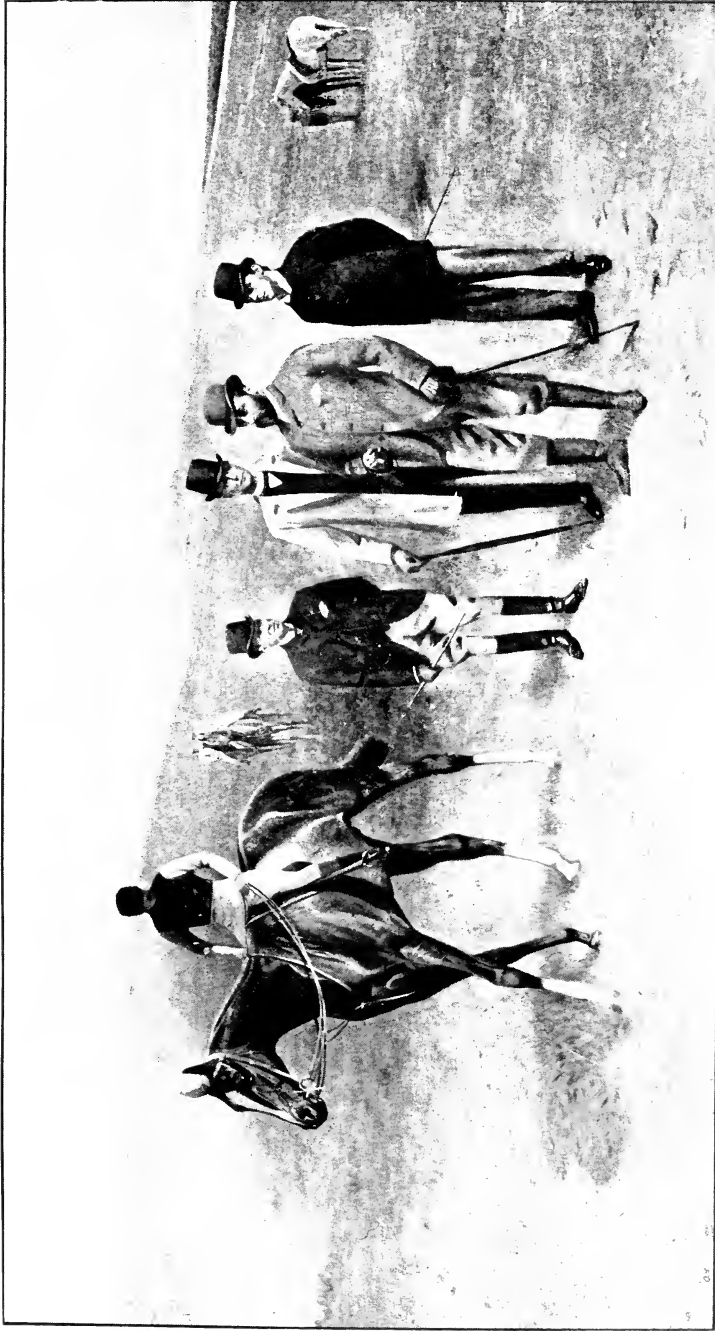
ONE MILE AND A HALF

St. Blaise, 3 yrs., 8 st. 6 lb.	1
Incendiary, 6 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb.	2
Shotover, 4 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	3
Geheimniss, 4 yrs., 9 st. 5 lb.	4
Energy, 3 yrs., 8 st. 5 lb.	5

Won by two lengths ; four lengths between second and third, and a head between fourth and fifth.

The sportsmanlike friendliness, the *camaraderie* of the trial, was not its least interesting feature. There is an etiquette in such matters which is not seldom enforced when a number of owners share the services of a single trainer. It will be observed that 'all went in,' irrespective of exclusive ownership, in order that the investigation might be as thorough as was possible under the circumstances. After the trial H.R.H. the Prince of Wales lunched at Park House, and was then conducted by Porter over the stables. He made an exhaustive inspection—as is his wont—of the establishment, and expressed the warmest admiration of what he saw. That admiration was destined to bear practical proof of a nature flattering to the creator of Kingsclere later on.

It was said when St. Blaise won the Derby, which he did by a neck from Highland Chief—Galliard, the favourite, being half a length behind, third—that he was 'a lucky horse.' Well, that

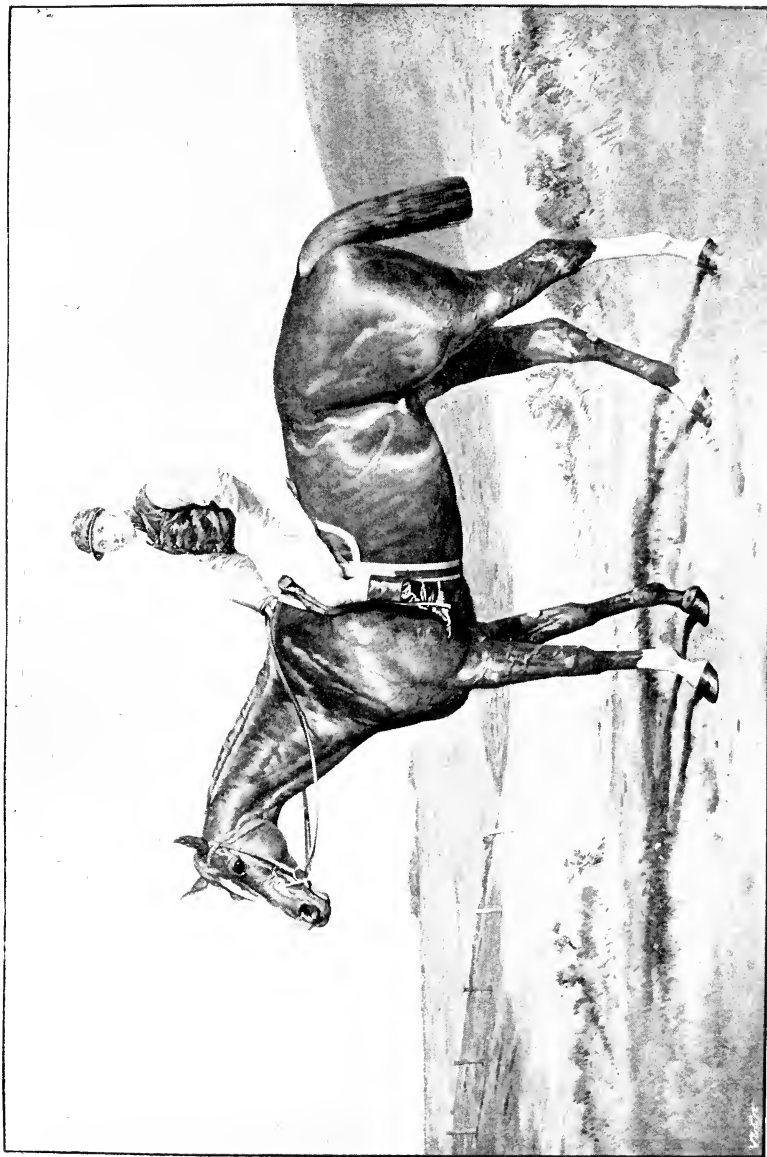


J. PORTER, LORD ALLINGTON, SIR F. JOHNSTONE,
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
TRIAL OF ST. BLAISE.

might be. Every winner of the Derby is lucky to win. But Porter's contention is—and who that has intelligently considered the subject can deny its force?—that such a trial as we have recited pointed to the winner's pulling off nine Derbys out of ten. Without dwelling on any other feature, it may be pointed out that St. Blaise was a good bit in front of the winners respectively of the previous Derby and Oaks, and was beating them, they carrying less than weight for age. Men who had lost their money, and others whose reputation for foresight was impaired by the result, scrupled not to declare that certain of the horses behind the winner did not try. 'It was ever thus!' And what *is* the character of a jockey after all—to the base coiners of such reckless aspersions? One wonders what such persons would have said if they had been familiar with the ins and outs of the preliminary 'Kingsclere Derby.' Of one thing we may assure ourselves, and that is, assuming their intelligence, they would have been on the winner to a man! No horse could have been ridden more admirably than St. Blaise was by Charles Wood. He took skilful and courageous advantage of 'just an opening' at Tattenham Corner, and that advantage he never relinquished. It was a splendid race, and a display of masterly horsemanship to be remembered. St. Blaise was taken to France and lost the Grand Prix by 'half a neck,' Frontin lowering his colours. He was not at his best on that day. He had 'a Derby in him,' and he was not, like The Ranger, as fit after as

before his journey across the Channel, or as ready for his corn. The French horses engaged in the Grand Prix have their English rivals at a disadvantage to begin with. They are 'native, and to the manner born.' All they have to do is to walk from their training quarters on to the course—a course with which they are familiar (another point in their favour)—and do their best, perfectly conditioned for the task. It was rather too bad to bring St. Blaise back to Ascot to run him over one of the severest courses (the Swinley) in England. Under the circumstances he was asked to perform an impossibility, and the effort settled him. He never recovered from the effects of his race with Ladislas (the Leger winner, Ossian, second), to whom he was conceding 10 lb. He severely sprained the muscles of his forearm and permanently impaired his action. To dismiss St. Blaise as a moderate horse, as many have done, is sheer nonsense. Without going the length of calling him great, on his best form and day it would have taken a very great horse indeed to stretch his neck.

Whipper In was very useful in 1883. He won the Great Cheshire Handicap, the Kempton Park July Handicap, and the Manchester July Handicap. Neither was Geheimniss idle, as she picked up stakes to the amount of 1,837*l.* The two-year-olds were Sandiway (by Doncaster out of Clémence), Duke of Richmond (originally Bushey, by Hampton out of Preference), and Reprieve (by Queen's Messenger out of Prowess), the last named of which



ST. BLAISE, WINNER OF THE DERBY.

RIDDEN BY CHARLES WOOD.

belonged to Lord Grosvenor, who bought her cheap at 2,000*l.* The 'moving accidents' by rail and road to which the travelling thoroughbred in training is liable was illustrated in the case of Reprieve. While on the way from the railway station to the course at Four Oaks she was knocked down by a cab and a good deal shaken, though happily not seriously injured. She was compelled, however, to miss her afternoon's engagement. Next day she came out and won the big race, the Great Midland Foal Plate. She afterwards won the National Breeders' at Sandown, and the South of England Great Breeders' Two-year-old race at Lewes, winning altogether that season stakes of the value of 5,168*l.* Sandiway, a real good filly, won the Acorn Stakes at Epsom, the Findon and Nursery at Goodwood, and the Prendergast and Troy at Newmarket. The sum of 3,737*l.* represented her victories. Duke of Richmond (who supplied coincidence collectors with an apt instance by securing the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood) was a clinker. He ranks with the highest tried two-year-olds that have passed through John Porter's hands. As an example of what he did at home, the following trial, which took place on July 25, is given :

THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE

Duke of Richmond, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb.	1
Whipper In, 3 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb.	2
Sandiway, 2 yrs., 8 st. 0 lb.	3

Won by a neck ; three lengths between second and third.

A noteworthy performance of the Duke of Richmond's was his match for 500*l.* with St. Simon at Newmarket over the Bretby Stakes Course. St. Simon and 'the Duke' were carrying equal weights, and the former won by three-quarters of a length. 'It opened my eyes to the qualities of St. Simon,' was Porter's comment on a performance which, in consideration of Duke of Richmond's ascertained form at home, was extraordinary. In stakes that season the Kingsclere stable amassed 21,742*l.*

Cambusmore (by Doncaster out of Strathfleet), who arrests attention in opening a review of the results of 1884, was a most useful three-year-old, who won a lot of money. The St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, the Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket, the Thirty-sixth Triennial Stakes at Newmarket comprised the sum of his winning account, which amounted to 3,856*l.* Sandiway trained on right enough, and did fairly well; but in the one 'classic race' (the One Thousand Guineas), which had read to the stable a certainty for the mare, she was unlucky. She won the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, the Nassau at Goodwood, and the Newmarket Oaks, but she had to lower her colours to Lambkin in the Doncaster St. Leger. There were, however, manifest causes for the defeat. She was knocked about and 'disappointed' in the race, or the result might have been the other way. Her winnings amounted to 3,267*l.* Duke of Richmond

had to put up with what, comparing racing with election returns, the defeated party at the polls call 'moral victories.' He accomplished prodigious things, but they did not count. He was not engaged in the Derby, and therefore had to take his chance in certain of the leading handicaps. In one of these, the Royal Hunt Cup, he put in a remarkably fine performance, running second to Acrostic (4 yrs.), 6 st. 4 lb., with 8 st. on his back. He (carrying 7 st. 11 lb.) was in the same place in relation to Energy (8 st. 9 lb.), who was tremendously fast—at the time perhaps the speediest horse in training. He ran another second (8 st. 10 lb.) to Sweetbread (9 st. 3 lb.) in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. Whether or not his severe seconds under heavy burthens ruined his temper, Duke of Richmond became an arrant rogue. Whipper In did wonderfully well in 1884, as a reference to the record shows—the Kempton Park Easter Handicap, the Babraham Stakes at Newmarket, the Combermere Handicap at Chester, the Beaufort Handicap at Newmarket July, and the September Handicap at Manchester, amounting to 2,203*l.*, being placed to his credit. This, too, was the most brilliant year in the running career of the fleet Geheimniss. She passed the post, it is true, second for the Crawford Plate at the Newmarket Craven, which prize was won by The Prince, but it was the fastest finish many old stagers, John Porter himself included, had ever witnessed in

all their experience of great racing. The pair raced together, at a tremendous pace, every inch of the last quarter of a mile. Geheimniss won the Westminster Cup at Kempton, carrying 10 st. 3 lb., and defeating Lowland Chief, 9 st. 3 lb., by half a length. This was one of the mare's most magnificent victories. The pair waited on each other until just within a quarter of a mile of home, and then set themselves going in a manner which those who witnessed the struggle for mastery can never forget. The All Aged Stakes and Queen's Stand Plate at Ascot, and the Stockbridge Cup, in which she gave 5 lb. to Energy and defeated him by three lengths, were notable achievements, and, with her other winnings, made the amount in stakes gained by Geheimniss 2,470*l.*

Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, who had meanwhile joined the stable, made his mark with Cherry (by Sterling out of Merry Duchess), whom he had purchased of Mr. R. S. Evans for 2,000*l.* With her he won the Kempton Grand Prize, the Epsom Grand Prize, and walked over for the Knowsley Dinner Stakes at Liverpool, representing a round sum of 4,779*l.* Match Girl, remarkable afterwards as the dam of Match Box, did moderately well in 1884, and the same season the stable boasted a fast two-year-old in a colt by Nuneham out of Rebecca, the property of Mr. John Gretton. The colt was very fast indeed at five furlongs. A couple of uncommonly good two-year-olds, namely Luminary

(by Beauclerc out of Stella, by High Treason) and Paradox (by Sterling out of Casuistry) next claim attention. The former was the property of Lord Alington. The year before (1883), the late Captain Bowling, a very dear friend of John Porter's, was with him attending the sale of the Yardley yearlings. In the course of their joint inspection of the young things, they were both impressed by the good looks of a son of Sterling and Casuistry, and they resolved, if he went for anything like a monkey, to buy him. The colt was knocked down to Captain Bowling's bid of 450 guineas, and was taken to Kingsclere to be trained. It had not escaped the careful and comprehensive notice of Porter that, for all his good looks, this strong sturdy colt with his longish pasterns had coarse curby hocks, and might be troublesome to train. But there was capital stuff and the undeniable breeding to work upon, therefore the partnership venture and responsible task of making the colt ready for his engagements were cheerfully undertaken. As Porter had apprehended, the youngster gave him a lot of trouble. In point of fact, he found it impossible to enter regularly on the anxious and difficult business of training Paradox—as he was afterwards happily named—until the autumn of his two-year-old period, when he was put into regular work with the object of starting him for the Middle Park Plate. He was tried on October 3, with the following result :

SIX FURLONGS

Casuistry colt, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	.	.	.	1
Rebecca colt, 2 yrs., 8 st. 0 lb.	.	.	.	2
Whipper In, 5 yrs., 9 st. 0 lb.	.	.	.	3
Reprieve, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	.	.	.	4
Siren, 5 yrs., 8 st. 0 lb.	.	.	.	5

Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third, three lengths between third and fourth, and two lengths between fourth and fifth.

This being a singularly high trial, the Duke of Westminster expressed a desire to purchase the colt, and a bargain was struck, his grace becoming the owner. The price was 6,000*l.* The Middle Park Plate (for which the Casuistry colt and Cora were equally first favourites) was won by Melton by half a length, Xaintrailles and the Casuistry colt making a dead heat of it for third. Being a bit 'calfish,' the Kingsclere champion whipped round at start and never quite got up again. His next race was the Dewhurst Plate, which he won in a canter by three lengths, Cora being second and Xaintrailles, four lengths behind, third. He was showing immense improvement every time he ran, and abundantly confirming the high opinion which Porter had formed of his capacity, even before the revelation afforded by the trial. But he was a horse with a wearying propensity to develop infirmities, and he presently gave his trainer additional trouble. When he came home after the Newmarket Meeting, Porter discovered that splints had formed close under the knee, which prevented him from bending his leg.

Ossidine, a blister which had been applied to many another cripple with almost miraculous results, was tried upon Paradox, and effected a cure. After running in the Middle Park Plate the colt was sold to Mr. Cloete, in whose name he subsequently ran. In order to complete the Paradox chapter it will be convenient to pass from 1884—in which year, by the way, the stable winnings amounted to 29,531*l.*—to the following year, pausing at April 30, 1885, when there occurred a Two Thousand and Derby trial which ranks amongst the most remarkable preserved in the chronicles of Park House. It was as follows :

ONE MILE

Paradox, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	1
Whipper In, 6 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	2
Cambusmore, 4 yrs., 9 st. 0 lb.	3
Farewell, 3 yrs., 8 st. 0 lb.	4
Metal, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	5

Won easily by half a length ; a head between second and third, two lengths between third and fourth, and four lengths between fourth and fifth.

This was a good, and the judges thereof considered a thoroughly conclusive, trial. Farewell subsequently won the One Thousand, beating a large field. Well, in the foregoing effort Paradox gave her 21 lb. and defeated her by three lengths. It ought to be mentioned here that Paradox, on whom they laid three to one for the Two Thousand, only succeeded in defeating Crafton by a head. This and the victory of Farewell in the Ladies' Guineas (to

take another dip into the future) went to show, with the light cast upon the Two Thousand by the home trial, that it could not be Paradox's running. The fact was the horse did not really run the race for more than a quarter of a mile, if he ran it as much. And this is the explanation of the apparent mystery. All the circumstances of that sensational battle proved how easily calculations based upon a carefully set and accurately run trial may be overthrown by a false run race. The bare result proved satisfactory, but the squeak was too narrow to be pleasant. Paradox ought to have been driven along for much more than a quarter of a mile. Proof up to the hilt that the jockey did wrong in waiting with the horse was afterwards supplied. Not to unduly anticipate matters, let us come to the Derby, for which, by-the-by, there was no further trial. The Blue Riband was lost by the adoption on the part of the jockey of the very tactics which had nearly lost the Two Thousand. It was to all intents and purposes Archer's Derby. He had a good horse under him, it is true, but there was one better in the race, and it was The Tinman's 'head' that won. That same head of his landed him victor in many a hard-fought fray, but never more brilliantly than on that memorable occasion. He was familiar with Paradox; knew the horse's peculiarities down to the ground, no one better, and he rode, *by keeping away*, to beat him. On the other hand, this was one of Webb's 'fine rode' races. There is not, and never could be, a

syllable breathed against Webb, who is a skilled artist ; but, in the race in question, Archer came at the right moment with one of his meteor rushes, and caught him napping. Paradox was a slug and wanted sending along, and sending along almost from start to finish. Had this been done, the jockey keeping at it, he would probably have won by three or four lengths. These, at any rate, are John Porter's maturely considered views, and such is his unalterable opinion. Paradox then went to France, and won the Grand Prix very easily by a length. He afterwards won the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood, giving that good horse, Royal Hampton, who had been third in the Derby, 10 lb. ; also the Champion Stakes at the Newmarket Second October ; and the Free Handicap Sweepstakes at the Houghton meeting. The last named was an extraordinary performance, seeing that he gave King Monmouth—the same age—a stone and beat him in a canter by a length.

Paradox was entered for the Cambridgeshire, and was handicapped at 8 st. 12 lb., the top weight, which Porter was persuaded the horse could have carried to victory. However, the policy of the owner does not always agree with that of his trainer, and there was a disagreement in this instance. It will be remembered, first, that he was made a favourite for the race, and secondly that he was scratched. As to the withdrawal of the horse—concerning which the racing public and their organs, the sporting journals, freely expressed strong dis-

approval—the trainer of Paradox is disposed to say very little. It is, however, part of ‘a plain, unvarnished tale’ that Paradox was uninterruptedly doing regular ‘Cambridgeshire’ work, and was never better or fitter to run than he was during the latter part of his preparation for the last great handicap of the season. The earliest intimation which the trainer had of the scratching of Paradox he received from Mr. Cloete himself. That gentleman, who had been absent in Mexico, called at Weatherby’s office immediately on his arrival in London, scratched the horse, and journeyed by the next ensuing train to Kingsclere, where he informed Porter of what he had done. In plain, emphatic, and forcible terms the trainer pointed out the grave mistake which Mr. Cloete had made. The horse had been backed by other patrons of the stable; he was a public favourite—although all along there had been plenty of ‘laying money’ in the market—and he was well and fit to run. The explanation which Mr. Cloete gave in reply to this straightforward remonstrance was to the effect that he had not seen the weights until he reached New York. There and then he formed the opinion that the horse had no chance. Porter ceased to train for Mr. Cloete at the end of that season, and the horses were sent to Marsh. Paradox died at Mr. Cloete’s stud-farm of inflammation of the bowels. A horse that was last in the trial on April 30, 1885, may be referred to by way of rounding off the narrative. Metal, the animal in question, was afterwards sold to go to India, where he won the Viceroy’s Cup.

CHAPTER VII

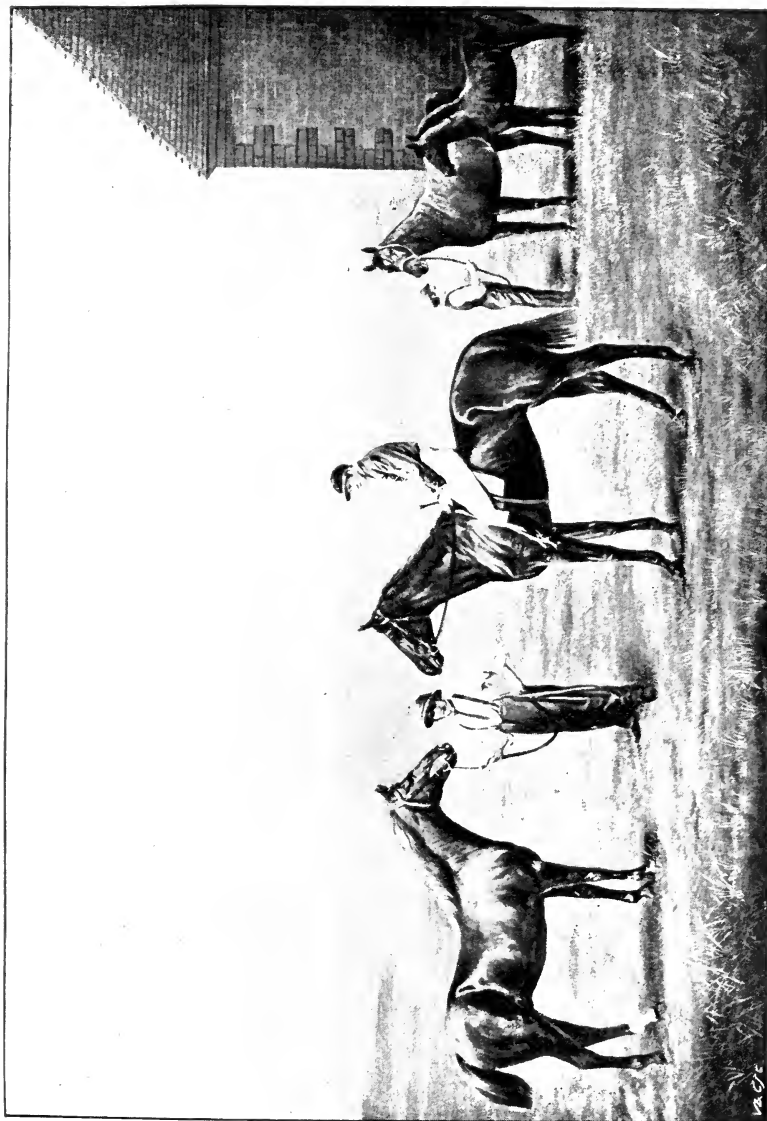
The greatest horse of the century—Ormonde stripped for the first and only time in a trial—Kendal, Whipper In, and Whitefriar in ‘the question’—Ormonde’s races his trials—Minting and Ormonde meet for the first time—John Porter and Matthew Dawson at Newmarket—The confidence of Minting’s trainer—Viney’s in-subordination at the post—Had ‘to make running for Ormonde’—Ormonde’s wonderful performance in the Free Handicap—A more interesting match than The Dutchman’s with Voltigeur declared off—Ormonde’s winning balance—‘Useful’ Candlemas compared with Ormonde—The Prince of Wales joins the stable—John Porter and Matthew Dawson at Ascot—Porter far from sanguine—Ormonde a roarer, and yet a mightier victor than ever—Ormonde summoned to a Jubilee Reception at Grosvenor House—The cabman’s unbelief—Ormonde goes to the stud—Departs for Argentina—His return, reception of his old trainer, and final departure for America.

‘THE greatest horse of the century.’ This has been said of a number of equine heroes of the hour, and will be repeated of great horses in the future as long as racing shall be the national sport of England. And with equal truth, because an exact comparison of the predominant flyer and stayer of one period with the champion of another period is impossible.

They may talk of Flying Childers, or the speed of
Harkaway,
Till your fancy it bewilders, as you list to what they say.

But let the boast of the songster occur where it may, disputants will always be ready to question any such

supremacy, and brag in turn of their hero of the Turf. How many of 'the greatest horses of the century' have been glorified in the pages of 'The Druid'? How many more have taken their place in the annals since death withdrew the pen from his fingers and left the chronicle unfinished? The king dies and the king reigns. One thing, however, may be said, and will safely challenge denial, and it is that of all the horses that have for the past thirty or forty years attracted the world's attention, Ormonde was the most wonderful. They never knew how good he was at home, while his extraordinary achievements abroad were unexampled. And yet the story of Ormonde's magnificent career may be written in two simple sentences. He won all his engagements. And he ran practically untried. From the moment Ormonde came into Porter's hands the trainer was convinced that the son of Bend Or and Lily Agnes was a great horse. He was a fine, free, tireless mover, he went to work in his gallops as though he liked it, he was gentle to handle, and he did unflinching justice to the contents of the manger. In short, although he was allowed to come on in his own natural way, not being forced or hurried in the least, he gave the trainer no trouble whatever. As to his being tried—well, a few words in reference to a stable companion, while disposing of him, will throw some light on that question. The stable companion referred to was Kendal, 2 yrs., by Bend Or out of Windermere, and he had, as Mr. Joseph Osborne remarks in 'The Horse-



BEND OR.

ORMONDE
WITH ARCHER.

LILY AGNES.

breeders' Handbook,' 'a short but brilliant Turf career,' which commenced at Chester in 1885 with his winning the Mostyn Plate. He was second to Saraband in the New Stakes at Ascot, with some capable 'company' behind him. At Stockbridge he won the Post Sweepstakes of 700 sovs., beating Mephisto and Volta; and he followed up this victory by winning the July Stakes at Newmarket, beating Mephisto, St. Alvere, St. Mirin, and others. At Goodwood he won the Ham Stakes, and at York the Great Breeders' Convivial, very easily. He went off a bit in the autumn, and therefore failed to secure the Rous Memorial at the First October Meeting, which prize must have been his if he had been fit and well. He came home on the following Tuesday, and on October 7 there was a trial which resulted as follows :

SIX FURLONGS

Kendal, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	1
Ormonde, 2 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb.	2
Whipper In, 6 yrs., 9 st. 6 lb.	3
Whitefriar, 2 yrs., 9 st. 6 lb.	4

Won by a length; a length between second and third, and two lengths between third and fourth.

Ormonde was stripped for the first time on this occasion, and he was not very fit. On the basis of this rudimentary rough-up, he was started in the Post Sweepstakes (Bretby Stakes course) in preference to the Middle Park Plate, and he won. No doubt the spin at home, such as it was, had woke

him up a bit. There were but three runners, and one of them, Warbler, did not count for anything at all. This was significantly disclosed by the betting. The other, however, Modwena, a daughter of Galopin (also a Derby winner), and Mowerina came to the fray with a somewhat brilliant record. She had won the Breeders' Plate at the Newmarket Second Spring, the first time of asking, the Home-bred Sweepstakes at Stockbridge, the Chesterfield at the Newmarket July, the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby, and the Buckenham Post (Produce) Stakes at headquarters at the First October. Small wonder, therefore, that they laid 11 to 10 on Modwena. Ormonde's price was 5 to 4 'against.' Archer, whose destiny it was to ride the great horse in nearly all his engagements—kings together!—landed him easily a length in front of the favourite. There was established 'class' enough, as far as it went, in the two previous victories of Mephisto, who, at a difference of a point in the betting, disputed second favouritship with Oberon—'dark,' but with the best of the weights—when Ormonde was stripped again for the Criterion, but the favourite, on whom this time they laid 6 to 4 freely, had a way of making all 'class' of that description look foolish. He galloped home an easy victor, three lengths in front of Oberon, while Mephisto passed the post a bad third. The fame of a flyer on the Turf rolls up and increases like the proverbial snowball. It was evident to judges who saw the race for the Criterion that Ormonde was a horse in a thousand. His next

and only remaining performance as a two-year-old was still more extraordinary. This was his victory in the Dewhurst Plate. It was, perhaps, only natural, considering that Ormonde was already challenging another public favourite for the place of popular idol, that they should lay 11 to 4 on him; but he met a strong field, and in taking 100 to 14 about Miss Jummy (thrice a winner, and with the Clearwell to her credit) and 100 to 9 about Gay Hermit (who had beaten Modwena) backers had reason on their side. Johnny Whimple, too, who had won the Great Midland Foal Plate at Four Oaks, was also in attendance, and had some supporters who took 33 to 1 about him. In attendance, indeed! Ormonde treated them all alike, the three penalised winners which have been mentioned as well as the others, and cantered home a winner by four lengths, the stable taking second money with Whitefriar. Perhaps it was as well he ran but thrice in his two-year-old period, and yet he accomplished all he was asked to do with such splendid ease—was on every occasion that he ran so much within himself—one can forgive those who think it almost a pity he did not run oftener, for he could not have well failed to clear the board. His wintering at Kingsclere gave the purveyors of reports from that particular training quarter a long holiday. Similarly, he set the most carefully analytical writers of winter articles on the Derby a comparatively easy task. If the pair who had won all their engagements had only met, that task would have been simpler. Not

that there was not a fertile field left for speculation. The manner in which Ormonde had won his races counted on the one hand ; the fact that the rival he had yet to meet had carried off the 'classic' two-year-old prizes demanded more than respectful attention on the other. Ormonde went on at Kingsclere as heretofore, never giving his trainer cause for a moment's anxiety, and with the disappearance of winter the approaching race for the Two Thousand Guineas excited increasing interest in the sporting world. In that race Ormonde and Minting had to meet for the first time.

With the Two Thousand Guineas impending, Porter, in accordance with his regular custom, went to Newmarket the Saturday before the race. At exercise next morning he came across Matthew Dawson, who, in the course of their friendly conversation, gave unstinted expression to the confidence which he felt in Minting. He said he thought the son of Lord Lyon was a horse distinctly beyond the average. It was only natural that Minting's trainer should extol his charge, and, considering the distinguished horses which Matthew Dawson had had through his hands and his extensive professional knowledge and experience, his opinion was entitled to the highest respect. As to Ormonde there was a circumstance which was not referred to, and that was his not having been tried. He was never tried as a three-year-old at all. They knew at home that he was all right—'was galloping like a lion over everything'—and that was sufficient. The



ORMONDE, WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND, DERBY, AND LEGER.
(IN TRAINING.)

Minting stable were not singular in their confidence. The Saraband party were equally flattered by their estimate of the outlook. Such a race as Ormonde's Two Thousand admits of little description. It was essentially an Eclipse exploit. He won the whole of the way in a manner which scattered all the stable tactics, all the trainers' orders which had been issued for the direction of his rivals in the field, to the winds. To ensure a strong-run race for the Kingsclere flyer, Viney, who was on Ormonde's stable companion, Coracle, was adjured 'to come on as fast as ever he could.' As it chanced, that exemplary jockey never had so much as 'a look in.' He showed no alacrity in getting down to his horses, and when he was within about fifty yards of the starting post he stopped, to the extreme annoyance of Lord Marcus Beresford, who sternly commanded him to make haste and take his proper place with the rest of the field. 'What is the use of me coming down there,' exclaimed Viney, 'if I have to make running for *Ormonde*?' If this act of temporary insubordination was culpable, there was reason in it from the mutineer's point of view, as the sequel proved. In point of fact, he never made any of the running, and he was certainly done with before he had gone fifty yards. Ormonde took despotic command of the situation, sped forward—'galloped over everything'—on his own independent account, and won in a canter by a couple of lengths.

Ormonde won the Derby, as the Two Thousand

had foreshadowed, but how? There was no thought of a trial after the Newmarket exploit; in fact, the idea of seriously trying Ormonde at home never crossed the mind of his trainer from the time the horse set himself going in public. The great, grand, illimitable creature was always ready! The story of the Derby, like that of every one of his victories, admits of brief recital. He won by a length and a half, disposing of The Bard (a good game, little horse, but out-classed, who was second) as he had shaken off Minting at Newmarket. The unbounded volume of 'the Yorkshire cheer' was discharged with a vengeance when Archer flashed in first for the St. Leger, with St. Mirin, four lengths off, second. The Yorkshiremen love a great horse, naturally in their heart of hearts rejoicing in the triumph of a home-bred one, but they fairly worshipped Ormonde. They laid 7 to 1 on him for the St. Leger. There is a monotony of monarchy in the chronicle of his subsequent deeds. They laid 25 to 1 on him for the Great Foal stakes at Newmarket, and he more than justified the immense confidence of his backers by cantering in a winner by three lengths: Mephisto (40 to 1 against) being second. Trainers and other equestrians are no longer suffered to finish outside the cords parallel with the field, but what is the use of a rule if it cannot be broken and the infraction winked at? At all events, a rule was broken when John Porter, mounted on his gallant grey, 'good old Jack,' galloped along in front of the flyer, as the latter

was 'walking over' cheered by the crowd, who cried 'Go on, John! You'll be beaten!' The odds on him mounted by leaps and bounds as he sped on his victorious way. It was no less than 100 to 1 for the Champion Stakes at the Second October Meeting, for which Archer carried 3 lb. over-weight. But what of that? The pair, Archer and Ormonde, obliged 'the gallery' with the semblance of a race with Oberon and by only winning by a length. At the Houghton Meeting he put in a great performance, giving no less than 28 lb. to Mephisto in the Free Handicap Sweepstakes, and winning by eight lengths. They only laid 7 to 1 on him on that occasion; the difference in the weights was so crushing. But what did he care for any such disparity? Weight or distance was all the same to Ormonde. It was not in human—that is to say, not in sporting—nature to permit this phenomenon to pursue his invincible course unchallenged. A number of matches were discussed, in the old fashion, 'across the walnuts and the wine,' at Newmarket and elsewhere, but chiefly at headquarters, where matches are mostly made. The Duke of Westminster was nothing loth, and Porter, like Barkis, 'was willin'.' The nearest approach to a meeting designed, if that were possible, to lower the colours of Ormonde assumed the shape of a sweepstakes of a thousand sovereigns each, half-forfeit, Across the Flat. This course, it may be explained in passing, is one mile two furlongs and seventy-three yards in length.

Ormonde (3 yrs.), 8 st. 10 lb. ; Melton (4 yrs.) 8 st. 10 lb., and The Bard (3 yrs.) 8 st. Ormonde was undertaking to give the winner of the previous Derby a year, and the second in his own Derby 10 lb. This, one conceives, could not have failed to prove the most sporting event in the great horse's superb career. It would have recalled the most splendid exploits of the old Corinthian days. Lord Hastings and Robert Peck, however, thought discretion the better part of valour and paid forfeit, and the sporting world were prevented from witnessing another 'Dutchman' and Voltigeur scene of excitement—another 'Dutchman' victory, but not, it is confidently believed, by the older horse. Ormonde then, bearing his blushing honours thick upon him—and they were thick!—went into winter quarters. In pausing for a moment at this, the close of his three-year-old period, it may be noted that at two years of age he won 3,008*l.*, and at three 21,552*l.*

Candlemas (by Hermit out of Fusee, a member of Lord Alington's aptly named stud) was very useful, and deserves honourable mention in these recollections. He won the Epsom Grand Prize (in 1886), beating Sir Hamo and St. Mirin; and the Zetland Biennial at the Newmarket First October, beating Button Park by a couple of lengths. His balance at the bankers amounted to three thousand odd. Then there was Whitefriar (by Hermit out of Lady Blanche), who was a good horse, but cursed with a vile temper. Reverting for a moment to

Candlemas, it may be mentioned that he was second in the Eclipse Stakes to Bendigo, St. Gatien being third. Now Ormonde could have given Candlemas 21 lb. and won. It was Whitefriar's temper that delayed the start so long.

It was in 1886 that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales joined the stable. The Prince, however, had hitherto been no stranger to Kingsclere, having paid several visits to Porter's and made himself familiar with the schooling and management pursued at Park House. His Royal Highness's first visit, an event of unusual sporting interest, has been described elsewhere in these pages. Sir James Mackenzie attached himself to Kingsclere about the same time. Counterpane (by Hermit out of Patchwork) and Lady Peggy (by Hermit out of Belle Agnes), a couple of two-year-olds, were his Royal Highness's representatives. They both won. Counterpane secured a Maiden Plate at Sandown, Lindisfarne, three lengths off, second. Her next appearance in public ended her brief life. After passing the post unplaced in the Stockbridge Cup she fell down dead, stricken with heart disease. Lady Peggy won a Maiden Plate at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting. Sir James Mackenzie had a rather useful horse in Upset (3 yrs., by See Saw out of Fair Vestal), who, in addition to other races, won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. In the autumn of that year (1886) the Duke of Westminster purchased St. Mirin of Mr. Stirling Crawford. The stable won in stakes in 1886 the sum of 30,425/.

We have now arrived at 1887, which proved another great season for the Kingsclere Association. Amongst the more distinguished of the horses in training were Ormonde, Orbit, Ossory, Savile, Friar's Balsam, and Mon Droit. Before touching on the two-year-olds at Kingsclere—quite a remarkable lot, with one or two that were top sawyers—let the King's head re-appear in the memorial. In spite of all rivalry, and some of that was both powerful and brilliant, Ormonde retained the allegiance of an idolatrous public as 'the horse of the century.' He won the Rous Memorial at Ascot, over a course whose severity is proverbial, in a canter by six lengths, giving no less than a stone and eleven pounds to Kilwarlin (Kilwarlin subsequently won the St. Leger, after being left at the post). It was alleged before the race that there was not a horse in England who could concede Kilwarlin the weight and stretch his neck, let alone win. But Ormonde had a habit of ruining calculations of that description. A more popular idol than ever because of that 'impossible' victory, he maintained the pride of place by his next achievement. This was in the sensational Hardwicke Stakes at the same meeting, undoubtedly one of the most exciting races ever witnessed. Porter was not over and above sanguine before the race. To tell the truth, he was troubled with the fear of the infirmity whose unmistakable symptoms he had observed about the time of the St. Leger the year before. In speaking of it to-day, he declares that it was the most grievous dis-

appointment in racing he had ever experienced. 'If the horse had broken down I should not have cared, for we might have patched him up again: but a roarer—Ormonde a roarer! All his prospects of a great future at the stud destroyed! It was too sad for words.' Well, a short time before the horses were saddled for the Hardwicke, Porter met Matthew Dawson, who said, 'I shall beat you to-day.' There had been occasions when such a cheerily confident prediction would have provoked a corresponding retort, but the foreboding mind of the trainer of Ormonde kept him silent. It seemed no fitting occasion for an interchange of good-humoured badinage. The impending issue was too grave. In his heart of hearts he feared that his friend Matthew Dawson was likely to turn out a true prophet. 'How *could* Ormonde, handicapped as the horse was by his growing infirmity, beat Minting over that course? The feat appeared impossible. Ormonde won! Won, too, in despite of his being hampered by Phil, who struck into him at the turn and cut his leg severely, and after almost carrying the horse for a long way. The excitement caused by that prodigious performance will never be forgotten by those who were present, and who, as it were, shared in it—and who could help but cheer? It was a proud moment for the Duke of Westminster, who led the horse back into the paddock after his victory, and who seemed reluctant to part with him. Proud, too, with a feeling of unspeakable sadness, was Ormonde's trainer, John Porter, for he of all men best knew what a great

thing the horse had done. It is noteworthy that Tom Cannon rode Ormonde in all his three final engagements. At Ascot John Osborne fought it out in that tremendous finish on Minting.

That was the year of Jubilee, the fiftieth of the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria ; and Ormonde, as was becoming on the part of such an equine monarch, figured in the celebration. In sober seriousness, when the Duke of Westminster desired Ormonde to be dispatched from Kingsclere to a reception—a Jubilee function in London, at Grosvenor House, Porter ventured to advise his grace to ride him in the Royal Procession! The notion, daring as it seemed, was not dismissed in a word, the more especially as the trainer assured the Duke that the horse ‘would go as quiet as a sheep,’ but eventually an ‘at home’ at a garden party in Mayfair was preferred. The trainer’s son, George, was charged with the conveyance of the illustrious visitor, and the morning of the reception day he and Ormonde left Kingsclere for Waterloo. The horse was quietly unboxed at the railway station, walked deliberately across Westminster Bridge, and (the requisite permission having been previously obtained from the authorities, street and other traffic being stopped), ‘passed’ through the parks to his destination without an adventure. Yes, there was one. A cabman of an inquiring turn of mind and with an eye for a grand horse, discerning something uncommon under the clothing, put the usual



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER K.G.

question: 'Hullo, gov'nor, what have you got there?' The matter-of-fact reply 'Ormonde' was too much for cabby. He was nonplussed for want of a crushing objurgation. All he said was, 'Garn! Who are you a-gettin' at?' Conjecture is left to busy itself with the nature of the reception of Ormonde by the distinguished party of guests who had been invited to meet him in the gardens of Grosvenor House. He was fed with sugar and flowers (orchids probably), and otherwise regaled with the daintiest of inequine viands; he made himself agreeable to everybody; and then, the reception over, he went back to Kingsclere as contentedly as he had left. His last race was a holiday gallop for the Imperial Gold Cup at the Newmarket July Meeting, when they laid 100 to 3 on him. He won it by a couple of lengths, with his stable companion Whitefriar second, and Lord Hastings's Lovegold, in remotish attendance, third.

As the fact falls in conveniently here, it may be stated that at that time Ormonde was under regular treatment for roaring. The well-known sporting writer, signing himself Nathaniel Gubbins, in describing a visit which he paid to Kingsclere, after crediting Porter with the mild assurance that Ormonde had 'as much electricity in him as would light a town,' says, 'Anon we return to our Ormonde, to see the process of galvanizing the horse of the century. Two applications, each of five minutes' duration, are given daily, and the force is increased or diminished as needs be. It takes five human beings to conduct

the important operation. Little "Nipper" holds the machine, Viney twitches the horse's nose, Mr. Porter junior ("my son George"), and Gallantry apply the current, and Marlow holds the charge's head. He stands it like a lamb, and to judge from the expression of his eyes, seems to like it rather than otherwise. I am told, however, that on occasion he will resent the operation, and only last Friday, the day before his "reception" at Grosvenor House, in the absence of the "twitch"—not applied that day as an experiment—he "went for" Cartwright, whom he seized by the arm, without doing material damage, however.'

Ormonde in training was a magnificent horse, possessing all the most striking features of symmetry and strength.¹ He had splendid limbs and immense power. In disposition and temper he was faultless, being generous and gentle. But for his unfortunate malady he might 'have gone on for ever.' Alas! that deplorable disease made all the difference in the world. On the subject of the 'remedies' and palliatives applied to Ormonde, Porter is emphatic indeed. 'Electricity?—yes, everything within and I might almost say without the range of veterinary practice was tried, but none of it was of the least use. I have no faith whatever in any form of treat-

¹ 'It is in his middle piece that he is so much the superior of Ormonde, and he has not the long back and somewhat flat-sided appearance of that horse, which detract no little from his good looks, and which caused a famous Yorkshire trainer to say in our hearing, when the horse was being saddled for the Leger, "He looks like a d— great coach horse," adding to himself, as Archer mounted, "I wish I had one like him."'—*In the North Countree*.

ment. All the so-called cures are failures. Once a roarer, always a roarer. Let the horse alone! I have never known a single instance in all my experience of an animal afflicted as Ormonde unhappily was, being either cured or substantially relieved.'

Ormonde went to the stud at Eaton in November 1887, and in his first year he became the sire of Orme and Goldfinch, two first-class horses. He was let to Lord Gerard the second year, but was so ill as to be incapable of service. He was then sold to Captain England, who represented Count Beaucoup in the transaction, for 12,000*l.* The Count subsequently parted with the horse for 30,000*l.*, for such a purchase an amazing sum of money! The sale of Ormonde by the Duke of Westminster caused, as Porter remarks, a good deal of talk, but he does not think that any of the commentators on the transaction gave the noble owner sufficient credit for the high principles which actuated him in reluctantly permitting himself to relinquish possession. 'The Duke was dead against breeding happy-go-lucky from roarers. If he had kept Ormonde at the stud some of the best mares in England would have been sent to him, with every prospect, judging from common experience, of his offspring spreading the disease.'

On another view of the subject it is quite an open question with Porter whether a horse afflicted with the disease which unfitted Ormonde for the stud in England can be cured by permanent removal to another climate. Then, the further and more

important point arises—Will a roarer, assuming that emigration shall have cured him of his infirmity, beget roarers? When Ormonde was brought from Argentina to England his old friend and school-master made a pilgrimage to Netley, and interviewed him in his box. The meeting afforded lively satisfaction to the visitor, who found his former comrade apparently perfectly well and certainly well-looking. Evidently the climate of Argentina had agreed with him. One of the many accounts of the re-meeting of Porter and Ormonde, which went the rounds of the press, has probably by this time taken an imperishable place in collections of anecdotes compiled to illustrate the docility and intelligence and gratitude, and so forth, of the noble animal who is so very useful to man. It is a pity to have to knock down a pretty piece of fiction with a hard fact, but let truth prevail. Ormonde's reception of his former trainer and constant friend was the reverse of conciliatory. If the climate of the Argentine had preserved his good looks, his sojourn in that summer land had somewhat soured his naturally sweet temper. In short, he received his old trainer as if he owed him a grudge, and was resolved to lose no time in wiping out the debt. He 'went for' Porter as soon as the latter entered the box. They met for the last time at Goodwood, where Ormonde, at the Duke of Richmond's stables, held a levée prior to his departure, under new ownership (having been re-sold to a syndicate) to his final exile in America.

CHAPTER VIII

A trial of Friar's Balsam—A great week for Kingsclere at Goodwood—Why and how the Portsmouth barber followed the stable—The accident to Friar's Balsam—What really occurred—Orbit—Ormuz, the stable slave—Purchase of the son of Springfield and Sanda—He (Sainfoin) sold to Sir James Miller with contingencies—Sainfoin's Derby no fluke—Two unlucky horses—The Baron de Hirsch's horses at Kingsclere—A neglected sire—'Do we want stayers?'—The slow coming of Common—He 'wanted time'—The trial for the Guineas—The oracular opinion of Newmarket—Common's races—Views on taking such slowly maturing horses out of the trainer's hands at the end of their three-year-old career.

OF Orbit, 'who was only moderate,' Ossory, and one or two others in the stable, a few words presently. It will be convenient here, by way of preface to another important chapter in the annals of Kingsclere, to mention a couple of trials which took place in 1887. Each of them was designed to test the capabilities of Friar's Balsam (by Hermit out of Flower of Dorset). The first occurred on May 21, and was as follows :

SIX FURLONGS

Friar's Balsam, 2 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	.	.	.	1
Mon Droit, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	.	.	.	2
The Rose, 2 yrs., 7 st. 4 lb.	.	.	.	3

Won by a length ; four lengths between second and third.

Again on October 6, before the Middle Plate, there was a trial which resulted as under :

SIX FURLONGS

Orbit, 2 yrs., 7 st.	1
Spot, 3 yrs., 8 st. 4 lb.	2
Friar's Balsam, 2 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb.	3
Mon Droit, 2 yrs., 9 st. 11 lb.	4
Ossory, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb.	5

Won by a length ; half a length between second and third, and the same between third, fourth, and fifth.

Here Friar's Balsam was giving Orbit (who afterwards won the Eclipse Stakes) 2 st. 4 lb., and Spot (who had previously won the Chesterfield Cup) his year and 14 lb. 'In my opinion,' to quote the trainer's words, 'a very high trial indeed.' Friar's Balsam, who was a really great two-year-old, won all his engagements at that age. They included the New Stakes at Ascot, where he beat Seabreeze (penalised)—who afterwards won the Oaks and St. Leger—the Hurstbourne Stakes at Stockbridge, the July Stakes at Newmarket (again beating Seabreeze), the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, and the Middle Park and Dewhurst, both of which, it may be said, brought out uncommonly small fields. In the Middle Park, Hazlehatch was second, beaten a length and a half, and Seabreeze, two lengths off, third. Mon Droit, a daughter of Isonomy and In Bounds, the property of the trainer, won races in all sorts of company, his two most distinguished successes being in the Rous Memorial at Goodwood,

and the Great Breeders' Convivial Stakes at York. Orbit, one of the 'Ors' bred by the Duke of Westminster, a son of Bend Or and Fair Alice, won a couple of nursery handicaps, and the Doveridge Stakes at Derby. This last was his most noteworthy performance, although the company was not very gay. Ossory, a brother of Ormonde, ran once and won. That solitary performance was, however, the Criterion Stakes at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting. His home reputation and the prestige of the stable combined to make him a hot favourite—they laid 2 to 1 on him—which position he justified by beating the French filly by three-quarters of a length, Johnny Morgan finishing an indifferent third. The best performance of Spot (by Springfield out of Dot) has been mentioned in relation to the trial prior to the Middle Park Plate.

Savile (3 yrs., by Hampton out of Lilian), one of the Duke of Westminster's, won the Dee Stakes at Chester, the Knowsley Dinner Stakes at Liverpool, and the Goodwood Cup, after a dead-heat with St. Michael. In the deciding heat, when they laid 6 to 5 on Savile, the latter won by three-quarters of a length. 'Follow Kingsclere' would not have been a bad tip for the ducal meeting of 1887, when the stable was in wonderful form, as the following list will show: Stewards' Cup, Upset; Richmond Stakes, Friar's Balsam; Chesterfield Cup, Spot; Rous Memorial, Mon Droit; Goodwood Cup, Savile; and the Molecomb, Friar's Balsam (w.o.). The three cups, and the three biggest two-year-old

ances. Almost a clean sweep of the board, and all the events useful to backers.

Porter recalls with a smile a circumstance connected with the Goodwood meeting in question. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales invited him to join the party on board the Royal yacht for the purpose of witnessing the naval review. Rooms being difficult, not to say impossible, to obtain in Portsmouth, John was put up for the night at the shore quarters of Captain Curzon-Howe, which were over a hairdresser's shop. The enterprising perruquier made himself acquainted with the name and profession of the Captain's guest, and was profoundly impressed therewith. 'Mr. John Porter, the Kingsclere trainer!' If that was not 'a straight tip,' 'a moral,' 'a cert,' what more could a confiding backer of Fortune's omens desire? At any rate, the hairdresser determined to follow the guidance of the finger of fate and have something on every one of the Kingsclere horses at Goodwood. He did, cumulatively. Porter met one of the officers of the Royal yacht at Goodwood, who informed him that the hairdresser's rapture, and so forth, in consequence of his prosperous speculation, had reached such a pitch, he had become temporarily incapacitated from pursuing his habitual calling. When last heard of he had abandoned shaving—for a time—to his customers' intense relief.

To follow the advice of the circus manager in the well-known story, and get to the horses, we find that in 1887 Candlemas won the Royal Stakes

(Handicap) at Sandown Park Second Summer, and the Autumn Cup at the succeeding meeting of the same Club. The Shrew (2 years, by Springfield out of Vex) was a busy winner that year. The Maiden Plate at Ascot ('a favourite race of mine,' is Porter's complacent comment), the Stockbridge Foal Stakes, the Princess of Wales's Cup at the Newmarket July, the Brighton Jubilee Cup, and the Rangemore Stakes at Derby. Kingsclere won that season 26,434*l*.

The year 1888 proved very eventful, and was not devoid of a Kingsclere 'sensation.' Some time before the Two Thousand Friar's Balsam became, from no apparent cause, exceedingly irritable, and difficult to clean and dress in the stable. A bridle was therefore put on to dress him, the boy holding the rein in his hand while he rubbed the horse down. On one occasion, while this operation was being performed, the youngster, instead of throwing the rein upon the horse's neck when he turned him over, allowed it to trail along the ground. The horse trod upon it, plunged violently, and splintered the bone of his under jaw. The injury was caused by the bit's coming with the jerk right on to the bone. An abscess formed, and the horse began to waste. Thanks to the palliatives which had been applied, Friar's Balsam was partially restored on the day of the race (for which he started at the odds of 3 to 1 on), but he was not free from pain, and he was afraid to face his bridle. Many theories, more or less wide of the truth, were ad-

vanced to account for the running of Friar's Balsam—he finished fifth—but these are the facts. The horse was operated upon, and a piece of diseased bone removed from the splintered jaw, but it was not until the autumn that he recovered. He was nearly 'himself again' when he won the Champion Stakes at Newmarket, defeating Minting by half a length.

Orbit won the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, and the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, beating his stable companion Ossory. They finished first and second, the winner taking 10,000*l.* and Ossory 500*l.* The Duke of Westminster happened to be paying a quiet visit to Kingsclere when his trainer arrived home with the news. Orbit also won the Zetland Biennial at the Newmarket First October Meeting. Ossory's successes comprised the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, a 'divide' for the St. James's Palace Stakes at the same meeting, after a dead heat with Galère, the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York, and the Royal Stakes at Newmarket. These two moderate animals—not within a stone of the top class—had wonderful luck. Their winnings together amounted to 15,538*l.* A couple of two-year-olds belonging to Mr. John Gretton, namely, Melior and Apollo, were amongst the best of the coming-on division. The stable won that season in stakes the sum of 24,476*l.*

In looking back to the period of 1888–89, comparing notes and refreshing his memory, Porter is impelled to refer to Ormuz (by Bend Or out of

Douranee). He considers him one of the most useful horses he ever had. He was the slave of the stable for five years, leading the horses in their gallops, trying them—in short, doing everything within the capacity of a never-ending, still-beginning, willing horse of all work. In 1889 he beat Amphion in the Free Handicap Stakes at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, on whom they laid odds. There was a very useful sort of horse named Kingfisher, albeit he had a stain in his pedigree, in the stable at the same time. At 5 years old he won the Esher Stakes (handicap) carrying 8 st. 12 lb. Of the notable two-year-olds at Kingsclere in 1889, Blue Green, Sainfoin, Rightaway, Gay Hampton, and The Saint were the pick. The last-named (by Peter out of Miss Mannering) showed what sound stuff he was made of by keeping on his legs in training well on to the 'aged' period of his existence. But this is 'heading the fox.' Blue Green (by Cœrulëus out of Angelica) won twice, the Criterion and 'a divide' with Vermillion after a dead-heat for the Houghton Stakes falling to his share at the last meeting at headquarters. Rightaway (by Wisdom out of Vanish) was the property of Mr. W. M. Low, who had joined the stable about this time. The colt won several races, the most important being the Great Breeders' Convivial Produce Stakes at York, and the Clearwell at Newmarket. Gay Hampton (by Hampton out of Rosy Morn), another of Mr. Low's, won the Craven Stakes at Newmarket. The stout and

sturdy Saint, to whom allusion has been made, carried off the Kempton Park International Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes and the Abbey Stakes at Sandown.

Sainfoin (by Springfield, out of Sanda), a horse that subsequently made a distinguished name in the Turf World, was one of the Hampton Court yearlings. Porter attended the sale, and after a look round, met Sir Robert Jardine, who said, 'Have you seen anything you like, John?' In reply Porter said he rather fancied the Springfield-Sanda colt. They repaired to the box together, and agreed 'that he was a good-looking one.' Sir Robert thereupon said he thought he should buy him. 'Well,' observed Porter, 'I rather thought of buying him for myself, but it would be no use my bidding against you, Sir Robert.' 'Very well,' was the rejoinder, 'you buy him, John, and we'll have him together, and you shall take him to Kingsclere to train.' In the result the colt was knocked down to Porter's bid of 550 guineas, and taken home. He only ran once as a two-year-old, and that was for the Astley Stakes at Lewes, which he won easily by a length. He started at the outside price of 8 to 1. Commencing his three-year-old career, which was brief, and for a horse not by any means in either the Ormonde or the Common class, rather brilliant, he won the Esher Stakes in a common canter. This, albeit a handicap, came out in the calculation as a rather big performance. At any rate it attracted attention, and Sir James Miller,

who had at that time just commenced racing, showed unusual judgment by expressing a wish to purchase Sainfoin. As Porter could do nothing in the matter without consulting his partner, he requested Sir James Miller, in the meantime, to make an offer for the horse, pointing out at the same time that Sainfoin was engaged in the Dee Stakes at Chester, the Derby, and other races. The intending purchaser said he was willing to give 6,000*l.* for Sainfoin, and half the value of the Derby if he won. On conferring with Sir Robert Jardine, the latter left the matter entirely at Porter's disposal, and the horse thereupon changed hands. Sainfoin, it may be remarked, resembled Ormonde in so far as he was never tried for the Derby. His races were his trials. He ran in Sir James Miller's colours in the Dee Stakes, reduced to a match between him and the Duke of Beaufort's Bull's Eye, to whom, under the conditions, he was giving 1 st. 2 lb., and won by half a length. As to the Kingsclere outlook in the Derby that year, well, Porter was the reverse of sanguine. He thought, on the rough doctrine of Derby chances, that Sainfoin had a good fair 'look in,' but no more. The unexpected occurs often enough in the experience of a trainer, but, like the majority of those who had weighed up the race, he was persuaded that Surefoot could not lose. As to backing Sainfoin, well, he took six ponies about him, once. They laid 95 to 40 on Mr. Merry's colt, and took 100 to 15 about Sainfoin, who won the Derby by three-quarters of a

length, Le Nord, who had been second to Surefoot in the Two Thousand, being again in that place, Orwell and Surefoot (who was fourth) finishing together 'in a bunch.' Le Nord afterwards finished 'nowhere' in the Grand Prix. To pursue the thread of the story so far as it concerns Sainfoin, it may be pointed out that Derby form has a way of vindicating itself, which is often more surprising to even the average observer than it ought to be. No doubt many of the backers of Surefoot and others regarded Sainfoin's defeat of Mr. Merry's champion as a sort of fluke. Well, the pair met again at Ascot in the Hardwicke Stakes, over the Swinley course, perhaps the most severe mile and a half in England. On that occasion they backed Sainfoin against the field, and took 2 to 1 about Surefoot.

Although that grand horse, Amphion, conceding 16 lb. for his year, won the race by a length, Sainfoin was second, four lengths in front of the favourite for the Derby, thereby proving, as far as repeated public running can prove anything at all, that the finish for the Blue Riband of 1890 was no fluke. As to the character of his competitors, measured through him or otherwise, according to the taste or fancy of the appraiser, Porter has nothing to say. About Sainfoin this. He was good, honest, and useful, but about 10 lb. beneath the highest class.

Going back to 1889, and taking up one or two dropped threads in the narrative, it may be mentioned that Gay Hampton had been done with after he

carried off the Craven. It was a case of Hobson's choice, for he turned out a terrible 'thief,' and a savage. The name of Bena (by Petrarch out of Siren) occurs in the winning chronicle, and demands more than mere citation. This filly, the property of Lord Alington, won the Excelsior Breeders' Foal Stakes at Leicester, and the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood—that is to say, she ran a dead heat with the late Lord Calthorpe's Cushat and divided the stakes. The winnings of the stable in 1889 amounted to 17,238*l.*

Sainfoin, Blue Green, and Gonsalvo were the most prominent three-year-olds at Kingsclere in 1890. Sainfoin has been dealt with. Blue Green and Gonsalvo were unlucky horses. Rightaway, 3 yrs. (by Wisdom out of Vanish) was the speediest of the lot, but he was unfortunately unsound. They laid 2 to 1 on him for the Bickerstaffe Stakes at the Liverpool Spring Meeting, and he won the race in a canter by a couple of lengths. Blue Green (was there ever a more unlucky customer?) was out nine times in 1890, and was victorious but once. He was second to Alloway in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, when he was giving the winner 10 lb. This, after his third in the Two Thousand to Surefoot and Le Nord, and second, beaten a head by Memoir, in the Newmarket Stakes, 'the Frenchman' a bad third. His solitary victory was brilliant. He defeated Grand Prior by a short head in the 37th Triennial at Ascot, the winner carrying 9 st. 1 lb., and the second 8 st. 3 lb. A loyal believer in the

horse, who had never permitted him to run without his 'fiver' on, was heard to say on this occasion that 'Blue Green had only one fault; his head was not big enough.' Then came the St. Leger, in which he was again second (to Memoir), followed by the Great Foal Stakes, wherein he again suffered defeat by a head. He completed the season's performance by placing a couple of thirds to his credit.

The late Baron de Hirsch, who had joined the stable in May 1889, was comprised among the winning owners of 1890. Except Vasistas (by Idus out of Veranda), who had won thrice in France, his successes including the Grand Prix, the Baron sent nothing of importance to Kingsclere. Merry Go Round II. and Erica were little, if anything, above plating form. They both failed, the latter making no fewer than seven ineffectual attempts 'to catch the judge's eye.' Vasistas in 1889 had fallen short of justifying his French reputation. He figured with varying encouragement and unvarying failure in the Cesarewitch, the Liverpool Autumn Cup, and the Manchester November Handicap. To bring him, however, within the season under immediate notice it may be observed that, out of nine appearances in public as a four-year-old, the most remarkable was when he finished second to Tyrant (5 yrs., 7 st.) in the Chester Cup, he carrying 8 st. 7 lb.; four lengths between them. To finish with Vasistas, once for all, it is worthy of record that he won the Chester Cup the following year (1891) when carrying 8 st. 3 lb., defeating Tommy Tittlemouse by a couple of lengths.



ORKMONDE, WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND, DERBY, AND LEGER.
(FIRST YEAR AT THE STUD)

Howe, 1911, 2/26

He won three handicaps in 1892. Vasistas was a moderate horse, slow but sure. He had but one pace, which he maintained from end to end. In fact he could keep at it for a week. Although 1890 was not one of the great years for the stable, the winnings amounted to 23,727*l*.

Having, for the purpose of completing the account of a horse to which no further reference is necessary, leapt over a year or two, we recur to 1891, and pause at the name of Gonsalvo, now four years old. This stoutly bred son of Fernandez and Chérie was entitled to the epithet 'a pretty fair horse,' in a year of extraordinary flyers, but he was perhaps more than that. He ran third to Morion and Queen's Birthday in the Gold Cup at Ascot, but at the same meeting he rewarded Mr. John Gretton by winning the Alexandra Plate (Barmecide second), and again defeated Barmecide for the Goodwood Cup. How is it, Porter wonders, that Fernandez has been so neglected at the stud? There is no stouter blood in the world, and his offspring repeat the qualities of the sire. 'It may be,' Mr. Porter suggests, with a touch of good-humoured cynicism, in which there possibly lurks a grain of truth, 'that breeders don't want stayers.'

The year 1891 was the year of the great horse Common, not only at Kingsclere, but in the recollection of every lover of the national sport, who delights to dwell on the achievements of the heroes of the Turf. He won the triple crown, yet, unlike Lord Lyon and other similar victors, he

could boast of no two-year-old 'brackets.' The son of Isonomy and Thistle was one of those great, big, awkward, unfurnished youngsters, that cannot with safety be trained for their two-year-old engagements. If ever a colt 'wanted time,' as the expressive phrase has it, he did. There was plenty of him—rather too much of him perhaps—but he was angular and overgrown, with weak-locking joints, which to the superficial eye appeared as if they would never stand work. Common was the stamp of animal that, in view of his lineage and prospects, his possibilities in fact, is a source of ceaseless trouble to the trainer. Unremitting patience, the gentlest treatment, and the slow development of his latent qualities, gradually produced the desired effect. Every difficulty was in turn surmounted, and though as a trained three-year-old he appeared light, all apprehension as to his ability to accomplish the tasks which awaited him had disappeared by the time he had to be despatched to Newmarket to fulfil his first engagement. That, it is scarcely necessary to observe, was in the Two Thousand. Before sending him to headquarters he was tried with two very moderate animals (as will be seen) as follows :

ONE MILE

Common, 3 yrs. (Webb), 9 st. 7 lb.	.	.	1
Gay Minstrel, 3 yrs. (Griffiths), 8 st. 0 lb.	.	.	2
Gone Coon, 3 yrs. (G. Barrett)	.	.	3

Won by half a length ; two lengths between second and third



COMMON, WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND, DERBY AND LEGER

Although he won in a canter, and was giving the second twenty-one pounds, the trying tackle was so moderate, that the opinion formed of his chance of winning the Two Thousand was anything but sanguine.

Newmarket is notorious for its reluctance to admit that there can be anything good or good-looking in 'the stranger.' On the other hand, all the Newmarket geese are swans or swan-like. For once in a while, however, the critics of a Two Thousand candidate appeared to have good reason for their opinion when they said, as they satirically did, that Common was well named. That, however, was before the race. Handsome is that handsome does. The French colt, Gouverneur, whose private reputation had preceded him, was made a hot favourite at 5 to 4, Peter Flower was second in demand at 3 to 1, 13 to 2 was taken about Orvieto, while Common's price was 9 to 1. To the amazement of 'Newmarket,' Common won, as some of the disappointed critics vowed with more bitterness than truth, in a common canter by three lengths, the favourite finishing nowhere. He was not tried again between the Newmarket and Epsom Summer Meetings, but meanwhile Gouverneur had renewed the confidence of his party by winning the Grande Poule des Produits at the Paris Spring Meeting. It rained drenchingly enough on the Derby day, both before the race, when the horses were at the post, and while they were running, to encourage a half-expectant hope in the breasts of those who had

abstained from standing the favourite that the weather and the going would beat him. They were disappointed. The dark Dorcas made no show whatever, and as for Gouverneur, he got no nearer than second, two lengths behind Common, who proved himself as capable of going the pace in soft ground as he had done upon hard. To borrow the reporter's graphic phrase, 'the odds of 11 to 10 on were never in doubt.' They laid 40 to 1 on him for the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, reduced to a match with Barbatello, and he won just as he liked. As to the Eclipse Stakes, which was won by Surefoot, Gouverneur second, and Common third, there is this to be said. A worse course for Common could not have been chosen. As a matter of fact, he only raced for about five furlongs, and then he was beaten for speed by both Surefoot and Gouverneur. Put the three together at the same weights on a fairly straight course, affording Common the liberty which he required to let himself out from the beginning in order to do justice to his commanding stride and pace, and what would have been the result? Common won the St. Leger easily by a length, and was sold immediately after the race to Sir Blundell Maple, M.P., for 15,000*l.* It was a great price, and not easily withstood. On Sir Blundell Maple's part, purchasing the horse at that moment was, in view of the stud career of the triple winner, sagacious. Nevertheless, Porter thinks it a great pity that Common was not allowed to run again another year.

He was perfectly sound, and, although he had filled out and 'furnished' considerably, there was room for further improvement. Porter has no doubt that if he had been kept in training he would have proved himself one of the greatest Cup horses of modern times. He was above the average of Derby and St. Leger winners. Generally it is to be regretted that such horses are not trained on. Owners should not be so keen on selling them, instead of running them through their career. It is scarcely fair to the trainer. At any rate, there is not much encouragement for one who, after developing the good qualities of a horse, especially of a horse which in the beginning has been most difficult to train, to have the animal taken away from his schoolmaster when he is in a condition to be made fit to eclipse all his previous exploits. It is admitted, of course, that, with the fees for service so high, it is more surely profitable to put a horse like Common to the stud at the end of his three-year-old engagements than to keep him running on. But, nevertheless, Common's incomplete racing record is to be regretted. Porter anticipates a distinguished history for him at the stud, he is so stoutly bred on both sides. His family will no doubt both race and stay.

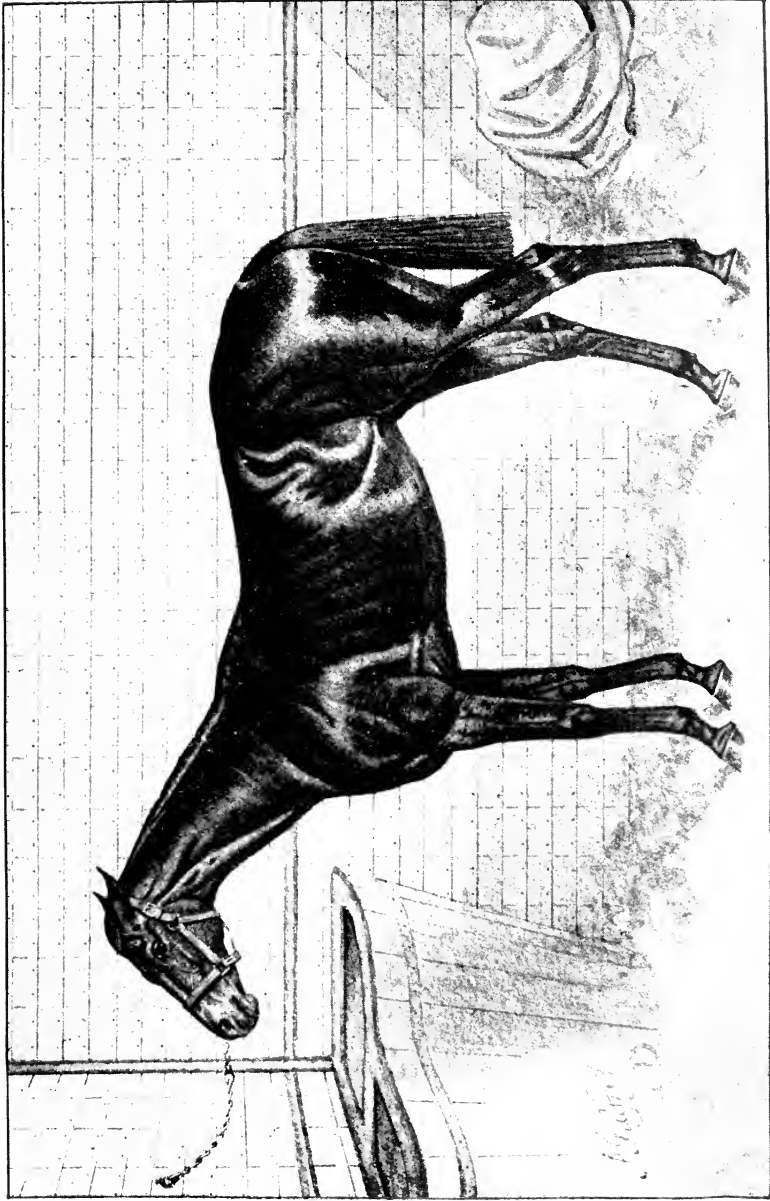
CHAPTER IX

A splendid quartette—La Flèche—A record price for a yearling—The Prince of Wales's excellent judgment—Undeclared at two years old—Ought to have won the Derby—A question of jockeyship—The mare's other races—Orme: a late blossom—Orme, La Flèche, and Watercress 'together'—The poisoning of Orme—Discovery of the symptoms—Veterinary and other opinions—The voluminous horse-dentist—A vexed and heated controversy—Offer of a reward for the apprehension of the poisoner—The Press, serious and humorous, on Orme—The horse's restoration and splendid victories—Orme's place in the St. Leger accounted for—The second Eclipse, 'the greatest race of his life'—Matchbox not a tip-topper—The unfortunate Bullingdon.

THERE were four wonderfully fine two-year-olds at Kingsclere in 1891, namely Goldfinch, Orme, La Flèche, and Windgall. 'Pretty hot, weren't they?' remarks John, as he glances off the book of winnings in which the quartette are credited with 17,222*l.* in stakes. 'Pretty hot,' indeed! Take Goldfinch first. This happily named son of Ormonde and Thistle began by winning the Kempton Park Biennial. He followed up his initial success by carrying off the New Stakes at Ascot, and then suffered his only defeat, an honourable one, being done by a head by Flyaway in the July Stakes at Newmarket. 'Brilliant, but unsound.' When he ran in the July he was virtually a broken-down animal. To end with him, as he ended in the Two

Thousand the following year, he was patched-up when he started for 'the Guineas.' There was, it may be mentioned parenthetically, another promising youngster in Watercress, albeit his solitary appearance in the Rous Memorial at Newmarket, for which he started first favourite, was a disappointment to the stable. Windgall, by Galliard out of Windsor, was unable to get nearer than third on his first appearance in the Althorp Park Stakes at Northampton. Porter would reckon him comparatively about 12 lb. behind Orme and La Flèche. Nevertheless, he won the Spring Two-Year-Old Plate (value 2,684*l.*) at Kempton, beating the favourite, The Smew, by a head, and the Breeders' Plate at the Newmarket Second Spring. In 1892 he won the Newmarket October Handicap (3 yrs., 8 st.) by a length from His Honour, 3 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb., Thessalian, 3 yrs., 8 st. 3 lb., being third. They took 5 to 4 about him at the post. He also secured the Liverpool Autumn Cup (8 st. 2 lb.), beating Ermak (4 yrs., 8 st. 5 lb.) by a short head. George Barrett rode the winner, and M. Cannon the second, while Lady Rosebery, aged, 9 st. 1 lb. (J. Watts), was third, a neck behind the pair. It was a fine display of jockeyship all round. Here again Windgall started first favourite. He was second to Nunthorpe for the Liverpool Summer Cup, beaten by a head, and second to Rusticus in the Leicestershire Royal Handicap, again defeated by a head, when, in the opinion of his trainer, he ought to have won in a canter. Unaccountable then, Porter has

not had any cause to vary his view or mitigate his surprise since. Windgall was fourth in the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton, but at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting he was second in the Old Cambridgeshire Handicap, giving 1 st. 10 lb. to Pensioner, and again only beaten by a head. Had he not run in the October Handicap, he might have pulled off the Cambridgeshire, and La Flèche could have hardly lost the Cesarewitch, therefore the double event was on the cards. This brings us to La Flèche. The sum paid for this yearling, five thousand five hundred guineas, at the time the record price, was enormous, and to many shrewd judges appeared out of all reason. The purchase of thousand and even two thousand guinea yearlings appeared quite ordinary occurrences of the sale ring in comparison. It should properly be mentioned that it was solely on the judgment of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales that Baron de Hirsch bid as high for the prettily named daughter of St. Simon and Quiver. Neither Lord Marcus Beresford nor John Porter would have felt justified in advising the Baron to go so far, although they were agreed that she was a beautiful filly and the cream of the bowl. It was a plucky thing on the part of Baron de Hirsch to outbid the Duke of Portland, and the magnificent career of the filly abundantly justified the judgment of the Prince of Wales. She cost five thousand five hundred guineas, it is true, but she won from first to last in stakes 31,153/. This by the way. She ran unbeaten as a two-year-old,



LA FLECHE, WINNER OF THE ONE THOUSAND, OAKS AND LEGER.

winning the Chesterfield at the Newmarket Second Spring, the Lavant and Molecomb at Goodwood, and the Champagne at Doncaster, beating Sir Hugo in the last-named race (he was third) by about seven lengths, and in stakes (3,415*l.*) making a great hole in the purchase money. Her success, indeed, was measured by her engagements. She was never put through a set trial as a three-year-old, but, collaterally, through Massacre, who was a sort of 'line,' she ranged up about the same as Orme. She appeared nine times in public in 1892, and only missed the brackets once. After winning the One Thousand Guineas in a canter, they took 11 to 10 about her for the Derby, when Sir Hugo, who started at the outside price—the extreme outside price so far as any weight of money was concerned—of 40 to 1, defeated her by three-quarters of a length. The result admitted of no excuse whatever on the part of the mare. She had fed well and done well, and she went to the post perfectly fit. The cause assigned for La Flèche's defeat was that Barrett allowed Sir Hugo and Bucentaur to steal a march upon him at Tattenham Corner, and when it came to the descent of the hill he was not within ten lengths of the two leaders. They had slipped him. He put forward his effort, but it was too late. There was not sufficient time then to make up the lost ground, and, although she passed the French horse and was catching Sir Hugo at every stride, the lucky and fortunately ridden outsider won. The moderate form exhibited

by La Flèche in the Oaks when The Smew ran her to a short head is easily accounted for. She had been ridden with great severity for the last five furlongs in the Derby. She was asked to do an impossible thing, and she nearly did it with that unflinching gameness which was not the least remarkable characteristic of the gallant little mare; but the strenuous endeavour took a lot out of her. Between the Derby and the Oaks there was not sufficient time for her to recover. Another day between the two races would have made all the difference in the world. Like all the St. Simon progeny, La Flèche was of a highly nervous and excitable temperament. Taken to Manchester to run in the Lancashire Plate of 10,000 sovereigns, the noise, the traffic, the crowd—in short, the general tumult incidental to one of the greatest days of that immense meeting—completely upset her. When Porter went to get the mare ready for the race he found her trembling all over, and sweating so profusely she looked as if she had been dragged through a pond. Nevertheless, she ran one of the best races she ever ran in her life, beating Orvieto (4 yrs., 9 st. 10 lb.) by three lengths, while she, a three-year-old, carried 9 st. 8 lb. Weight is weight anyhow, and here she was conceding a year to the second favourite—there was very little between them on the market score, 6 to 4 against La Flèche and 2 to 1 against Orvieto—and receiving, as it were in compensation, 2 lb. John Porter, dwelling upon it, declares this to be one of her greatest achievements, if

not absolutely the very best, everything considered, inasmuch as she was a mare that with her temperament called for the most careful training. And now a word about the St. Leger. As if to show how false the running in the Derby had been, when, as we have pointed out, she was perfectly fit and well, La Flèche beat Sir Hugo in a canter by a couple of lengths. Next to him came her stable companion, Watercress. Orme, who started first favourite with 11 to 10 on, was unable to finish in the first four. The Grand Duke Michael and the Newmarket Oaks, which she won quite as a matter of course, call for no special comment, but the Cambridgeshire, her final achievement in 1892, does. The mare won carrying 8 st. 10 lb., and beating Pensioner (3 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb.). Windgall's running in the Old Cambridgeshire Handicap, which Pensioner (6 st. 4 lb.) won, beating Windgall (8 st.) by a head, supplies a relative measurement of the respective form of Baron de Hirsch's pair. The mare was that much better than the colt, with probably 'a bit over.'

It is deemed sufficient to say here of Watercress, another of the Baron's string, that he was 'a brilliant miler.' Indeed at that distance he was little, if anything, inferior to La Flèche. The close of the season of 1892 witnessed the withdrawal of the horses respectively owned by the Prince of Wales and the Baron de Hirsch from Kingsclere, in consequence of a misunderstanding with the manager of the united stud. The affair was destitute of any

sort of public interest, and is only referred to here, as it were, historically. The severance was the cause of sincere regret to Porter, who is honoured with the assurance on the part of his Royal Highness and also by that of the late Baron de Hirsch that the regret was mutual. To sum up simply, owners and trainer separated on the most friendly terms.

An extraordinary chapter in the history of Kingsclere is embraced in the career of the son of Ormonde and Angelica, the sensational Orme. He ran half-a-dozen times as a two-year-old in 1891, and was beaten but once. He blossomed rather late, at Goodwood, at the end of July, when, his reputation as a flyer having preceded him, odds of 5 to 4 were laid on him for the Richmond Stakes, which he won from Flyaway by three parts of a length. At the same meeting the already popular son of his father won the rich Prince of Wales's Stakes (85 to 40 on) with Dunure, a length off, second. Then came a defeat, by Signorina (4 yrs.) in the Lancashire Plate at Manchester. They took 7 to 4 about him. The difference between him and the victress was half a length, while Martagon, another four-year-old, finished a head behind, third. He won the Middle Park Plate by a couple of lengths, from El Diablo; and, roughly speaking, repeated that performance in the Dewhurst Plate, inasmuch as Colonel North's colt was again second. Finally, at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, Orme wound up his two-year-old career by cantering home winner of the Home-bred Foal Stakes,

with Esmond second. To show how close together Orme, La Flèche, and Watercress were as two-year-olds, the following trials are given.

JUNE 25, FIVE FURLONGS

La Flèche, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	1
Massacre, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	2
Rose Du Barri, 3 yrs., 9 st. 0 lb.	3

Won by a length ; three lengths between second and third.

JULY 13, FIVE FURLONGS

Orme, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	1
Massacre, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	2
Oran, 2 yrs., 8 st. 0 lb.	3
Orville, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	4

Won by half a length ; two lengths between second and third, and two lengths between third and fourth.

SEPTEMBER 19, SIX FURLONGS

Watercress, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	1
Massacre, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	2
Candahar, 2 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb.	3

Won by a neck ; four lengths between second and third.

It should be recorded that ' the three ' were never tried together actually.

We now come to one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the stable, and one to which the popular title, ' The Poisoning of Orme,' may here be given. The regular work for the Two Thousand was in progress when his Serene Highness Prince Adolphus of Teck, Lord Marcus

Beresford, and Mr. Portal paid a visit to Kingsclere. They saw the horses at five o'clock, or 'afternoon stable.' Naturally, special interest attached to the inspection of Orme. While looking him over Porter noticed that saliva was oozing through the muzzle which he always wore when he was being dressed, owing to a habit he had of biting his chain. After finishing with him, the trainer visited the remainder of the horses accompanied by his distinguished guests, and then came back to Orme, when he re-examined the horse and cross-examined the boy. Had the latter noticed anything wrong with his charge before? The youngster replied in the negative. Porter removed the muzzle, and made as searching an inspection of the horse's mouth as was possible under the circumstances. As it was the period of teeth-shedding, the trainer thought that Orme had accidentally parted with a tooth. Thereupon he wired to Leoffler, the horse dentist at Newmarket, to come to Kingsclere and look at Orme. He arrived and extracted an incisor, which, however, would have come away in the natural course of shedding. Leoffler, nevertheless, stoutly declared that the tooth was diseased. That declaration, however, Porter takes leave to think was sheer nonsense. The tooth was sound enough. As to the odour which the operator detected, it simply arose from the decomposed food which clung to it. But poor Leoffler was at the time evidently suffering from mental excitement. It will be remembered that the diseased tooth theory was taken

up by the Press, and a great deal of rubbish written to support it. Orme got worse after the operation, and accordingly Porter telegraphed for Mr. Williams, the well-known veterinary professor, and in response to the summons, both he and his son at once came down to Kingsclere. On carefully examining the horse, they declared that Orme had been poisoned. Porter himself has not the least doubt whatever that such was the case. Every symptom pointed to that conclusion. Mr. Williams's opinion was that the poison was mercurial. In fact, the animal exhibited all the most ordinary signs of salivation. The tongue protruded, the teeth had loosened, there was sloughing, and the poor creature was unable to swallow naturally either liquid or solid food. In the course of a fortnight the hair came off in patches, and for a period of ten days the horse's life was despaired of. He was so weak he could scarcely stand without assistance. Every possible remedy was employed, and but for unremitting attention night and day, in which Mr. Williams, Jun., the trainer himself, and a trustworthy servant of the stable took part—the horse never being left alone for a single moment—Orme must have died. It was the animal's naturally fine constitution which pulled him through. As might have been expected, Kingsclere was besieged by special commissioners, Turf reporters, and purveyors of 'the latest from Kingsclere' for the public Press. Nor was the detective absent from the scene. Indeed, when the matter was placed in the hands of

Sir George Lewis to investigate, Inspector Bucket became a necessity. On May 2 the following notice was issued :

‘£1,000 Reward.—Poisoning of Orme.—Whereas on the 21st of April last, at Kingsclere Stable, in the county of Hants, the racehorse Orme, the property of his Grace the Duke of Westminster, was wilfully poisoned, the above reward will be paid by the Duke of Westminster to any person who shall, within one month from this date, furnish such information as shall lead to the apprehension and conviction of the person or persons guilty of the said crime. Information to be furnished to Messrs. Lewis & Lewis, Ely Place, Holborn, E.C.’

The conflict of opinion over the afflicted body of Orme was, fortunately for some of the fiercer antagonists, confined to paper warfare. One shudders at the idea of what might have happened if the controversialists had met, in the flesh, over a Round Table. While there were veterinary authorities who had a good word to say for the voluminous, not to say inflated, views of the horse dentist, there was at least one veterinary surgeon who declared that Leoffler's theory was no less absurd than the allegation that the horse had been poisoned. Even Mr. (Sir) George Lewis did not escape calumny in the course of that fiercely heated controversy. ‘Mr. George Lewis,’ wrote one belligerent, rising scathingly to the occasion, ‘who is reported to have ridiculed Professor Leoffler's views on the subject of Orme's decayed tooth, may or not be an eminent horse dentist. I always

understood him to be a lawyer, but, of course, I may be mistaken. Possibly in the confusion of this case we shall presently find Professor Leoffler ridiculing Mr. George Lewis on a point of law.'

The small humourists and witlings of the periodical Press found in the poisoning of Orme congenial employment for their free and easy pens. One comic gentleman spread himself out on a burlesque play, entitled 'The Duchess of Pimlico's Cat; or, the Poison Proved.' This was described as 'A Society Dramalette,' and was divided as follows: 'Scene I., The Kitchen at Pimlico House. Scene II., The Duchess' Boudoir. Scene III., The Kitchen. Scene IV., The same. Scene V., The Duchess' Boudoir.' The merriment of another funny person took the shape of 'Diversified Private Opinions by Our Special Experts.' In 'a letter from the Duke of Westminster' the complaint is, for the fun of the thing, made political, to wit: 'I have trustworthy information that that utterly unscrupulous person, Mr. Sch—dh—st, disguised as a racing tout, was seen hanging about the stable on several occasions lately.' 'The editor of the "Globule" declares that the spirit of Anarchism is abroad, and it is therefore highly probable that some Ravachol of the racecourse has been at his fiendish work in the stables of his Grace the Duke of Westminster.' Then 'Professor Ruffler, horse dentist,' writes: 'It is a mere matter of teeth. Everything's a mere matter of teeth. The colt wasn't hocused, and those who assert that he was

are simply making a mountain out of a molar 'ill.' 'Punch' was, of course, 'on the job' more than once. The following, however, was the hunchback's champion (Cockney) effort. 'Orme! sweet Orme! *Orme* is still off solid food, and is kept alive entirely by Porter. It is the opinion of the best informed that "Porter with a head on" will pull him through. Smoking is not permitted in the stable, but there is evidence of there being several "strong backers" about.'

Orme for days displaced Home Rule, the Eastern and all other Questions, the latest murder, the leading divorce case, and so forth, as the paramount topic. The Duke of Westminster was bombarded with telegrams, pursued on the railway from Eaton to Grosvenor House, and mercilessly interviewed. The newspapers, especially the sporting journals, bristled with letters from veterinary and other authorities, no two agreeing, on what was called 'The Poisoning Theory.' To sum up, while there was from the first discovery of the horse's illness at Kingsclere strong and well-grounded suspicions as to the culprit—suspicions which subsequent investigation tended to confirm—in default of the right description of incriminatory evidence, the poisoner escaped.

The period from April to July in the year 1892 marked the illness and restoration of Orme to running form, when he came out under remarkable circumstances at Sandown, on the first day of the meeting, and won the Eclipse Stakes of 10,000 sovs., beating Orvieto, St. Damien, Certosa, 'the French-

man' Gouverneur, Llanthony, and Rouge Dragon. It might be called a picked field. That day Orme was truly 'a sensational horse' and 'an equine hero.' Notwithstanding the reports which were current about his yet impaired condition, and the trainer's alleged failure to bring the horse to the post fit and well, he was backed with loyal spirit, and started first favourite, 5 to 4 being taken about him. Otherwise there were thousands of persons interested in the race, both spectators and waiters for the verdict of the wire all over the world, who wanted Orme to win. He, ridden by George Barrett, defeated Orvieto handsomely by a neck—the wagering foreshadowed first and second—St. Damien finishing three-quarters of a length off, third, and Certosa (who was placed) a length behind, fourth. The crowd was enormous, and the cheering which greeted the victory of 'Orme the martyr' something to remember. For exciting circumstances the same Eclipse Stakes 'eclipsed' (as a chronicler of the race was pleased to observe) 'any Derby or St. Leger within the memory of man.' He also won the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood (New Mile). He only missed obtaining the brackets once during the season, but it was a mighty loss, being no less than his defeat in the St. Leger. There was perhaps no horse in the world that could have stood up against Baron de Hirsch's wonder that day; but, nevertheless, Orme had no business to be where he was, behind the other placed ones, Sir Hugo, Watercress, and May Duke. The fact

was, Orme was ridden contrary to orders. Barrett made all the running, and rode him to a standstill. He was next brought out in the Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket, which he won, beating his stable companion, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's Versailles, by a length and a half. The winner carried 9 st. 8 lb., and the second 8 st. 12 lb. The Champion Stakes, over the same course, placed him and Orvieto on weight for age conditions in the position which they had held in the Eclipse. Orme won by two lengths. The Limekiln Stakes he won by three lengths, Sir Hugo (who was in front of him in the St. Leger), carrying the same weight, being a length and a half behind the second. He carried off the Subscription Stakes (Bretby Stakes Course), beating some of the speediest horses in training, and then, next day, was defeated by El Diablo in the Free Handicap Sweepstakes. He had run three days in succession, which was a little too hard on him. That finished Orme's three-year-old career.

He came out like a giant refreshed with new wine as a four-year-old at Ascot, when he galloped away from Lady Lena in the Rous Memorial, winning without being seriously called upon by a couple of lengths. Then followed the greatest race of his life, the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, the second time of asking. Prestige, lineage—the great son of Ormonde—'the poisoned horse,' the tremendous weight he was called upon to carry, and the fact that he was meeting the incomparable La Flèche, combined to make Orme's second Eclipse

even more interesting, certainly to racing men, than his first. He was ridden on that memorable occasion by Mornington Cannon, who had of course to put up some pounds of dead weight to scale 10 st. 2 lb., which was Orme's 'freightage.' La Flèche carried 9 st. 13 lb., and Orme's former jockey, George Barrett. The course, it should be remembered, is about one mile and a quarter. The public backed La Flèche against the field, and took 2 to 1 about Orme. Orme, amid another scene of immense excitement, won by half a length, Baron de Rothschild's Medicis, 3 yrs. old, 8 st. 12 lb., being second, and La Flèche, three lengths off, third. The excuse made for the mare (after the race) was that she was suffering from sexual causes. It was a pity the stable and its followers did not find that out before. The pair met again in the Gordon Stakes at Goodwood (Craven Course), the same distance, Orme giving La Flèche 7 lb., when the result substantially confirmed the Eclipse running. At all events, Orme won by a neck, and nothing was said about 'sexual causes.' The stoutest of horses are not like Tennyson's brook, they cannot run on for ever. Orme partially broke down in the autumn, and such, his trainer is persuaded, was the cause of his defeat by Childwick in the Limekiln Stakes, when he was giving Sir J. Blundell Maple's three-year-old 2 st. 5 lb. In that, his final race, his suspensory ligament had given way. Orme, if not such a wonder as his sire, was an extraordinary horse, with a wonderful constitu-

tion to have lived through his wasting illness and done the amount of big work which he accomplished. He was much better at four than he had been at three years old, and that no doubt led the talent astray in their calculations, when they put him and La Flèche together. In spite of his disasters and the time he lost through illness, Orme's winnings in Stakes amounted to 32,726*l*.

Without going into particulars, it may be mentioned that Watercress won 4,106*l*. as a three-year-old. And to complete this part of the running record, Whipper In, a most useful horse in his way, together with Ormuz, proved trustworthy servants at Kingsclere for their period, especially in trials. The gross stable winnings in 1892 amounted to 52,245*l*.

Of the two-year olds in 1893 the only pair worth naming are Matchbox and Bullingdon. Matchbox (by St. Simon out of Match Girl) ran in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown, the day after Orme had won the Eclipse, when of course the stable filled the popular imagination. Although he was backward in condition, and the 'want of work' was obvious enough, they made him second favourite. The race was of little account any way, as Delphos won by six lengths, and there were three lengths between Glare, who was second, and Matchbox. He brought off a big thing at the Kempton Park October meeting when he beat Son o' Mine by a neck in the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes of 5,000 sovs., Silver finishing a bad third. Then he

won the Criterion at Newmarket, easily defeating a moderate lot of opponents, finishing his two-year-old career by an equally easy victory under very similar conditions, in the Dewhurst Plate at the same meeting. To conclude with Matchbox, he was second to Ladas in the Two Thousand, and was similarly in attendance on Lord Rosebery's colt when the latter won the Derby. Again, he was second in the Grand Prix to Dolma Baghtché; then he won the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood, ran third to Throstle and Ladas in the St. Leger, won the Triennial Produce Stakes at Newmarket (beating Speed and Hornbeam), and also the Lowther Stakes at 'headquarters,' overcoming Ravensbury and Grey Leg. In that race he was running Ravensbury (4 years old) at 3 lb., and he left him behind four lengths. After the Derby Matchbox was sold to Baron de Hirsch for 15,000*l.*, who afterwards re-sold the horse to the Austrians. Matchbox was well sold twice over, for he was never within 10 lbs. of 'a real good un.'

Now we come to the unfortunate Bullingdon (by Melton out of Shotover). As a two-year old he was second to Ladas in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, beaten a length and a half, and fourth and last in the Hurstbourne Stakes at Stockbridge, which was won by Sempronius. Then he won the Ham Stakes, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood. Finally, as a two-year-old he was defeated in the Buckenham Stakes at the Newmarket First October Meeting by Glare (whom he had beaten at Good-

wood), the race being reduced to a match between them. As a three-year old his was a brief but chequered career, and for the greater part of it most unlucky. He began coughing at Epsom, and was amiss in the Derby. Restored, if not perfectly well at the Royal Meeting, he ran second to None the Wiser in the Ascot Derby, giving her 16 lb. Then he was second to Isinglass, beaten a short head in the Princess of Wales Stakes, Ladas being third. And he won the Midsummer Plate. Bullingdon, his trainer had long ere this discovered, was a horse of a peculiar temperament and a delicate constitution. In both respects he resembled his mother, Shotover. When he was taken to Liverpool to run for the St. George's Stakes he became so excited in his box, at the moment of effecting his removal to the stable at Aintree, they could do nothing with him. The boy was turning him to tie him up when he whipped round and kicked out with such violence (fortunately missing the lad) it was found, on final removal, that he had sustained a compound fracture of the thigh. Mortification ensued, and this fine colt died. It was a serious loss to the Turf, since, from his breeding—the offspring of two Derby winners, Melton and Shotover—Bullingdon would no doubt have proved invaluable at the stud. During this season (1893) the Kingsclere stable won 20,395 $\frac{1}{2}$.

CHAPTER X

Throstle—Her two-year-old career—The Coronation and the sensational St. Leger—Parallel cases—Caller Ou and Dutch Oven—A story of Caller Ou's St. Leger—Throstle's trainer on the wrong one—Throstle, when she liked, 'the best filly of her year'—Her final 'bolt'—The season following remarkable for Kingsclere seconds—An excuse for Garter Queen—The disappointing Le Var—Always slightly unsound—Only a tolerable trial—Porter's advice to Lady Stamford—Omladina—Good, game Matchmaker—Analysis of stakes won by horses trained by John Porter.

THROSTLE (by Petrarch out of Thistle) was second as a two-year-old, in 1893, for the Chesterfield Stakes, beaten a head by Speed, and again second, defeated a length and a half, to La Nièvre, in the Molecomb Stakes at Goodwood, the race being reduced to a match with the pair. She ran unplaced in the Kempton Park Great Breeders' Stakes, which, as we have already observed, was won by Matchbox. At three years old (in 1894) she was 'nowhere' in the One Thousand. She, however, won the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, beating Royal Victoria by a head. Three lengths behind Jocasta and Amiable finished a dead-heat for third. On returning to weigh in Mornington Cannon drew 3 lb. overweight, owing to mud and rain, but was passed by order of the stewards. Throstle was fourth to Isinglass in the Eclipse

(Ladas second, and Ravensbury third); she easily won the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood (defeating Maundy Money and La Nièvre), and, to every one's astonishment, not excluding that of the stable, she won the Doncaster St. Leger. 'T' Leger' has more than once provided a sensation in the shape of an upset of a public favourite by an outsider 'dropped from the clouds.' Commentators on Throstle's race compared it, as a surprise, to the victory of Dutch Oven over Geheimniss and Shotover in 1882, and Caller Ou's defeat of the Derby winner Kettledrum, in 1861. They were nearer the mark in the latter than in the former comparison. The defeat of Geheimniss has been somewhat accounted for in these pages. With regard to Kettledrum's overthrow by Caller Ou, although the sight of her old-fashioned head in front no doubt astonished the backers of the favourite, and also those of Kildonan and Lady Ripon, and other participators in that remarkable field of eighteen, the daughter of Stockwell and Haricot had a few backers from the wolds, and Teesdale, and thereabouts. Mr. William Scarth Dixon, in his admirable book, 'In the North Countree,' thus speaks of one:—'A party of sporting farmers went from the North of Yorkshire to see the race, and the majority of them were very sweet on the favourite, whilst one or two of the party were loud in their praises of Lady Ripon, whom they entrusted with their money, but whose public performances scarcely justified her position

as third favourite. One of the party who had liked the look of Caller Ou at Stockton, and who could not fancy any of the favourites, quietly took 500 to 5 about her chance. That he was mercilessly chaffed goes without saying, and amongst other things he was told that if he had lighted his pipe with his 5*l.* note he would have known the end of it. His turn came, however, for his friends endeavoured to get back their losses on the Leger by backing Bivouac for the Queen's Plate, and when he was beaten they had a big plunge on Brilliant for the Corporation Plate. Brilliant went down also, and then these gentlemen, whilom so full of chaff, had to apply to the backer of Caller Ou for money to get them home.'

In a field of eight Throstle's price was returned at 50 to 1. Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone took forty ponies between them in order that she might not run unbacked, while the trainer had 'fifty' on Matchbox. Throstle defeated the favourite, Lord Rosebery's Ladas, by three-quarters of a length, while Matchbox finished two lengths off, third. She subsequently ran in the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket, and, not at all to the surprise of the stable, bolted. Then she was fourth in the Duke of York's Stakes to Florian at Sandown, carrying 8 st. 9 lb. to Florian's 7 st. 3 lb. There are 'rogues,' 'savages,' 'jades,' and 'fools' (we have been reminded in passing that Custance pronounced D'Estournel more fool than knave) and other eccentrics in the horse tribe. Throstle was

simply an erratic lady with a mind or will of her own. She was generous enough, and generally tractable, but if she took it into her head to whip round in the middle of a gallop, and tear along with possibly the best intentions in the world in the opposite direction, there was no stopping her. Her trainer, however, has no doubt that over a distance of ground she was the best filly of her year. They knew at home how she could gallop when she liked, and there was some hope cherished towards the close of the season of 1894 that the following Ascot might see her out again in the St. Leger mood, and alongside one of the stoutest and fleetest horses in training. 'Sweet was the vision, but, alas!' that meeting with Isinglass was not to be. The stable winnings in 1894 amounted to 22,672*l.*

The season of 1895 will always be remembered at Kingsclere for the number of seconds which the stable had to put up with. They won 36 races, were second on 32 occasions, and 18 times third, while there were 39 unplaced positions in the record. Nevertheless, the sum gained in stakes amounted to over 28,446*l.* To begin with Baddiley—by Sheen out of Farewell, own brother to Regret—who gave his trainer trouble from the outset, as he was always a bit of a cripple. He had done nothing during the two-year-old stage of his career, for obvious reasons, but the trainer persevered with him at three, and succeeded in winning one good stake, namely the Royal (Post) Sweepstakes at the Newmarket Second

October Meeting, when he defeated Spur Royal, the favourite, by a head. He afterwards ran in the Trial Plate (a selling race) at the Houghton Meeting, when beaten by the aged Houndsditch, he (again with a head difference, but the wrong way) added to the number of the Kingsclere seconds. Chinkara, a two-year-old filly by Galopin out of Raker, the joint property of Lord Henry Grosvenor and Porter, was sold to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales after winning the Plantation Stakes at the Newmarket July. Her next appearance, when she carried the Royal colours, was as it proved in somewhat different company. Not that the wagering foreshadowed the quality of one of the dead-heaters in the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood. It was the outsider, Flitters, who made a dead heat of it with Omladina, about whom they took 5 to 4, Chinkara (5 to 2 against) finishing half a length off, next. The Stakes were divided. We shall have occasion to refer to Omladina again. Chinkara ran four times subsequently, but without getting a place. There had been some encouragement to the owner, Mr. W. Low, and an apparent prospect of a brilliant future for the mare, in one of the efforts of Garter Queen (by Bend Or out of Braw Lass) as a two-year old, albeit her second public appearance was disappointing. One might, taking Mr. Low's place, have regarded her with 'one auspicious and one drooping eye.' She won the Inauguration Plate for two-year-olds at Lingfield by a length and a half. On the strength of this promising achievement she was made

very nearly first favourite for the Kempton Park Two-year-old Plate, but finished nowhere. When she came to be put through for her three-year-old engagements, she, always unsound and a jade, was found to be 'jadier' than ever, and consequently more difficult to train. Fourth in the Oaks, second in the Coronation Stakes, and again second in the Nassau Stakes to Butterfly (reduced to a match), in which she failed to take 'book' advantage of the best of the weights, and third in a handicap at Lingfield, comprised the performances of the mare prior to her death, which took place shortly after her last public appearance. It was found, at the *post-mortem* examination, that it was a case of ulcerated bowels. 'So,' as Porter remarks, 'the disappointing running of Garter Queen may not have been entirely in consequence of her cowardice.' Le Var by Isonomy out of St. Marguerite, three years, was the Kingsclere horse in 1895. This own brother to Seabreeze and Riviera, and half-brother to Roquebrune, was 'dark.' His splendid breeding, his good looks, and the fact that he went well in his work, proved remarkably attractive to a public ever on the alert for a Derby sensation. Who knew but what this was the best horse in England? The winter of 1894-95 was exceptionally severe, and nearly all the work which could be accomplished had to be done on the straw beds. Le Var was always a bit backward in condition do what the trainer would. Besides which he was a trifle unsound. The flaw was of a minor character—one that could in nowise

affect his after career at the stud—but still it was one which interrupted a straightforward and successful preparation. There was a trial with a view to the Derby on the 25th of April, which resulted as follows :

ONE MILE

Le Var, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	1
Royal Corrie, 3 yrs., 8 st. 4 lb.	2
Matchmaker, 3 yrs., 9 st. 3 lb.	3
Kenney, 3 yrs., 9 st. 0 lb.	4
Church Parade, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	5

Won by a head ; four lengths between second and third, and the others beaten off.

This trial was accounted no more than ‘fairly good.’ Le Var was unable to get home in the front group in the Derby, and as to his subsequent career in training, brief but not inglorious, there is little to be added. He, carrying 8 st. 3 lb. (a pound over the regulation weight), won the Princess of Wales’s Stakes of 10,000 sovs., worth to the victor 8,995*l.*, at the Newmarket First July Meeting, by a length from Mr. Leopold de Rothschild’s *Utica*, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb., Lord Ellesmere’s *None the Wiser*, 4 yrs., 9 st. 8 lb., a neck behind, third ; *Sir Visto*, with 9 st. 5 lb. on his back, was in the race, but left off ‘nowhere.’ Le Var broke down in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park (won by *Le Justicier*), and was afterwards sold to go to the stud.

Unusual interest attaches to *Omladina*, by Royal Hampton out of *Geheimniss*, ‘the best two-year-old filly of her year.’ Her dam, as we have had occasion

to relate in a possibly inadequate reference to the leading incidents of her career, was a wonder for speed and style of galloping. As the passage has some bearing on the distinctive characteristics of her flying daughter, we cannot resist quoting what an observer said about one of her most brilliant achievements. 'When Geheimniss and Lowland Chief met in the Westminster Cup at Kempton Park, they ran the race—a mile and a quarter—for speed, coming the last two or three hundred yards at a tremendous pace. Geheimniss laid herself down to the task in such a way that, as Mr. Porter remarked, "she did not look more than twelve hands high when passing the post."' On the withdrawal of Geheimniss from training, Porter advised Lady Stamford to mate the mare with Hampton or with one of Hampton's sons. It was found impossible to obtain a subscription for Hampton, and the mare was therefore sent to Royal Hampton. The foal, Omladina, was purchased by Porter for the Duke of Westminster. This beautiful filly bears a striking resemblance to the dam, and has her style of going. She came out in the Lavant Stakes, at Goodwood, and ran a winning dead heat with Flitters, as already stated. Her next outing was in the Champagne Stakes, resulting in a victory by two lengths over Mimic, Santa Maura, the favourite, failing to get a place. Omladina won the Hopeful Stakes, at the Newmarket First October, Flitters being three lengths off, third. This was more like the form. There were three flyers in the Middle Park Plate, but

the betting was not indicative of the result. Backers loyally crowded on to the Prince of Wales's champion, Persimmon, while at half a point more in the wagering Omladina was strongly supported and St. Frusquin started at 4 to 1. St. Frusquin won by half a length. The respective weights were: St. Frusquin 9 st. 3 lb., Omladina 9 st., and Persimmon 9 st. 3 lb. A forecast of the Derby (in which Omladina was not engaged) and the Oaks.

Of the other horses at Kingsclere in 1895 there was the good, honest, game Match Maker, who was also a stayer. This three-year-old son of Donovan and Match Girl was a winner the majority of the times—seven—he was stripped for business. On the first occasion he won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot in a canter by three lengths; he followed this up by securing the Ascot Derby at the same meeting. Pulled out the same day to carry 9 st. in the St. James's Palace Stakes was asking him to do too much. It was hard lines on a generous animal. Nevertheless, they took an equal price about him and Prince Simon. Troon, with 7 lb., the best of the weights, won. Match Maker won and also was beaten at Goodwood on two following days, and then, backed against the field, experienced no difficulty in carrying off the valuable City of London Breeders' Foal Plate from that gay deceiver, the gelding Curzon. He was the champion of the stable in the Doncaster St. Leger, but that was not one of Kingsclere's lucky days. Mornington Cannon is convinced that he had won the race

when Match Maker unfortunately broke down at the bend.

Grey Leg became rather uncertain in 1895. Over his own distance he had been one of the fastest horses in England the season before. But they do not always run on true, and as a four-year-old his character for trustworthiness was somewhat impaired. He credited Kingsclere with three seconds and a third, and yet in the interim picked up a couple of races on one day at Ascot amounting in value to 1,070*l.* The two-year-olds, exclusive of Omladina, which included Labrador, Champion, Attainment, Rampion, Piety, Helm, and for a time Méli Mélo, turned out much better than had been anticipated, and won (chiefly for the Duke of Westminster, the owner of the best of them) a handsome sum in stakes. Mr. W. Low, it is gratifying to have to state, had a remarkably good two-year-old in the colt by Galopin out of Hall Mark, who credited him with several Nursery Handicaps, being one of those useful members who keep on winning, penalties notwithstanding. We mentioned the amount won by the stable in stakes during 1895 at the outset of the review of the season.

It occurs to John Porter in this place, having run through the record of the years, to say a deeply grateful word about his patrons, of the pleasant relations he has always had with them—with rare, extremely rare, exceptions—and the many years they have been connected with the stable. Off and on he has trained for Sir Frederick Johnstone for something like thirty years. Mr. John Gretton has

been with him for twenty-one; Lord Alington for fifteen; and his Grace the Duke of Westminster for fourteen years. It is the extremely rare exception for an owner who has sent his horses to be trained at Kingsclere to withdraw them, and he is proud and happy to chronicle that fact and allow it speak, as he thinks it does eloquently enough, for itself.

ANALYSIS OF STAKES WON BY HORSES TRAINED BY JOHN PORTER

Owner	Year	Winners	Number of races won	Amount won	Total amount of winnings
Sir J. Hawley . . .	1863	3	4	£ 2,180 0	£ 72,707 0
„ „ . . .	1864	4	5	2,485 0	
„ „ . . .	1865	3	5	3,360 0	
„ „ . . .	1866	4	4	1,425 0	
„ „ . . .	1867	8	19	14,385 0	
„ „ . . .	1868	7	23	20,605 0	
„ „ . . .	1869	11	32	17,707 0	
„ „ . . .	1870	8	19	3,855 0	
„ „ . . .	1871	4	5	3,810 0	
„ „ . . .	1872	4	6	1,925 0	
„ „ . . .	1873	3	4	970 0	
		<u>59</u>	<u>126</u>		
T. E. Walker, Esq. . .	1873	4	5	510 0	
„ „ . . .	1874	2	6	1,575 0	
„ „ . . .	1879	2	5	1,402 0	
		<u>8</u>	<u>16</u>		
F. Gretton, Esq. . . .	1873	1	1	65 0	£ 37,641 0
„ „ . . .	1874	3	4	379 0	
„ „ . . .	1875	7	10	1,452 0	
„ „ . . .	1876	11	20	2,366 0	
„ „ . . .	1877	16	28	7,662 0	
„ „ . . .	1878	20	38	10,233 0	
„ „ . . .	1879	10	25	7,630 0	
„ „ . . .	1880	8	9	7,305 0	
„ „ . . .	1881	1	2	382 0	
„ „ . . .	1882	1	1	167 0	
		<u>78</u>	<u>138</u>		

Owner	Year	Winners	Number of races won	Amount won	Total amount of winnings
				£ s.	£ s.
John Gretton, Esq.	1876	1	1	210 0	
"	1878	1	3	430 0	
"	1879	4	5	1,281 0	
"	1880	9	13	2,083 0	
"	1881	5	5	534 0	
"	1882	4	5	627 0	
"	1883	2	3	729 0	
"	1884	3	5	1,263 0	
"	1885	3	3	1,172 0	
"	1886	1	1	147 0	
"	1887				
"	1888	2	3	707 0	
"	1889				
"	1890	1	2	605 0	
"	1891	3	4	1,662 0	
"	1892	1	2	200 0	
"	1894	2	2	995 0	
"	1895	1	1	100 0	
		43	58		12,745 0
Lord Stamford	1880	1	2	439 0	
"	1881	8	19	7,336 0	
"	1882	8	11	5,132 0	
		17	32		12,927 0
II. R. H. the Prince of Wales	1886	2	2	322 0	
"	1889	2	2	204 0	
"	1890	2	4	694 0	
"	1891	4	7	4,148 0	
"	1892	2	3	1,424 0	
		12	18		6,792 0
Sir J. Mackenzie	1885	1	2	727 0	
"	1887	1	2	872 0	
"	1888	1	1	650 0	
"	1889	3	5	2,522 0	
"	1890	2	2	3,320 0	
		8	12		8,091 0
B. Cloete, Esq.	1884	2	4	6,336 0	
"	1885	1	4	12,856 0	
		3	8		19,192 0

THE WINNING ACCOUNT

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Owner	Year	Winners	Number of races won	Amount won		Total amount of winnings	
				£	s.	£	s.
Lord Alington and Sir F. Johnstone	1881	1	1	100	0		
” ” ”	1882	2	5	2,985	0		
” ” ”	1883	3	8	7,329	0		
” ” ”	1884	4	15	7,856	0		
” ” ”	1885	3	3	476	0		
” ” ”	1886	4	6	3,918	0		
” ” ”	1887	7	19	12,611	0		
” ” ”	1888	5	6	2,626	0		
” ” ”	1889	5	5	5,418	0		
” ” ”	1890	4	4	2,147	0		
” ” ”	1891	4	8	19,311	0		
” ” ”	1892						
” ” ”	1893	1	3	5,958	0		
” ” ”	1894	3	6	8,843	0		
” ” ”	1895	4	8	14,697	0		
		—	—			94,275	0
		50	97				
		=	=				
Duke of Westminster	1882	6	11	13,486	0		
” ”	1883	6	15	8,288	0		
” ”	1884	9	22	11,769	0		
” ”	1885	8	19	14,875	0		
” ”	1886	7	18	24,433	0		
” ”	1887	5	12	8,983	0		
” ”	1888	6	15	18,345	0		
” ”	1889	5	9	3,723	0		
” ”	1890	5	9	5,570	0		
” ”	1891	4	8	10,724	0		
” ”	1892	5	10	14,613	0		
” ”	1893	2	5	13,879	0		
” ”	1894	5	9	7,234	10		
” ”	1895	10	16	10,758	0		
		—	—			166,685	10
		83	178				
		=	=				
Lord Portsmouth	1885	1	1	152	0		
” ”	1889	1	1	100	0		
” ”	1890	1	1	147	0		
		—	—			399	0
		3	3				
		=	=				
Capt. Bowling	1886	2	3	491	0		
” ”	1887	1	1	910	0		
” ”	1888	1	2	850	0		
		—	—			2,251	0
		4	6				
		=	=				

Owner	Year	Winners	Number of races won	Amount won	Total amount of winnings
				£ s.	£ s.
Lord Grosvenor . . .	1883	1	5	5,168 0	5,168 0
Lord Spencer . . .	1886	1	1	102 0	102 0
Lord Downe . . .	1884	1	1	989 0	989 0
C. Alexander, Esq. . .	1884	1	1	217 0	217 0
Colonel Paget . . .	1892	1	1	136 0	136 0
Lord M. Beresford . . .	1892	1	1	436 0	436 0
Marcus Daly, Esq. . .	1890	1	1	594 0	594 0
Y. R. Graham, Esq. . .	1889	1	1	112 0	112 0
Capt. Bayley . . .	1883	1	1	228 0	228 0
Lord B. Paget . . .	1881	1	1	254 0	254 0
Sir J. Miller . . .	1890	1	2	6,490 0	6,490 0
Lord W. Beresford . . .	1892	1	1	180 0	180 0
F. Alexander, Esq. . .	1890	2	2	550 0	
” ” . . .	1891	1	2	282 0	
” ” . . .	1892	1	1	100 0	
” ” . . .	1894	1	2	2,000 0	
		—	—		2,932 0
		5	7		
W. M. Low, Esq. . .	1887	1	1	102 0	
” ” . . .	1888	3	4	2,148 0	
” ” . . .	1889	5	11	4,128 0	
” ” . . .	1890	3	4	1,769 0	
” ” . . .	1892	4	9	1,873 0	
” ” . . .	1893	3	3	558 0	
” ” . . .	1894	2	2	1,292 0	
” ” . . .	1895	1	7	2,240 0	
		—	—		14,110 0
		22	41		
Mr. J. Porter . . .	1883	1	1	102 0	
” ” . . .	1884	1	1	102 0	
” ” . . .	1887	2	6	2,951 0	
” ” . . .	1889	2	2	1,031 0	
” ” . . .	1890	1	1	460 0	
” ” . . .	1891	2	5	956 0	
” ” . . .	1894	2	3	681 0	
” ” . . .	1895	2	3	2,029 0	
		—	—		8,312 0
		13	22		
Baron de Hirsch . . .	1890	2	4	1,381 0	
” ” . . .	1891	4	10	7,809 0	
” ” . . .	1892	8	22	33,383 0	
” ” . . .	1894	1	3	1,656 10	
		—	—		44,229 10
		15	39		

SUMMARY

Owner	Horses in training	Number of winners	Number of races won	Amount of winnings		Average per horse		
				£	s.	£	s.	d.
Sir J. Hawley	84	38	126	72,707	0			
T. E. Walker, Esq. . . .	17	8	16	3,487	0			
F. Gretton, Esq. . . .	65	56	138	37,641	0			
J. Gretton, Esq. . . .	111	33	58	12,745	0			
Lord Stamford	39	13	32	12,927	0			
Lord B. Paget	1	1	1	254	0			
Lord Alington and Sir F. Johnstone	131	38	97	94,275	0			
Duke of Westminster . . .	161	57	178	166,685	10			
Capt. Bayley	1	1	1	228	0			
Mr. J. Porter	15	12	22	8,312	0			
Lord Downe	2	1	1	989	0			
B. Cloete, Esq. . . .	11	2	8	19,192	0			
Lord Portsmouth	12	3	3	399	0			
Lord Spencer	2	1	1	102	0			
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales	43	10	18	6,792	0			
Capt. Bowling	3	2	6	2,251	0			
Sir J. Mackenzie	16	6	12	8,091	0			
F. Alexander, Esq. . . .	15	4	7	2,932	0			
M. Daly, Esq. . . .	3	1	1	594	0			
W. M. Low, Esq. . . .	58	16	41	14,110	0			
Y. R. Graham, Esq. . . .	1	1	1	112	0			
Baron de Hirsch	33	11	39	44,229	10			
Sir J. Miller	1	1	2	6,490	0			
Lord W. Beresford	1	1	1	180	0			
Colonel Paget	2	1	1	136	0			
Lord M. Beresford	1	1	1	436	0			
C. Alexander, Esq. . . .	5	1	1	217	0			
Lord Grosvenor	2	1	5	5,168	0			
Totals	836	321	818	521,682	0	624	1	10

CHAPTER XI

Porter's former views on Turf reform—Early foaling and its evils—Injurious effects of 'sprint' racing on both horse and jockey—Porter's evidence before the Royal Commission on horse-breeding—Principal points recapitulated—Curious case of a transmitted defect—Racing in France—The French the better system—Confirmatory evidence respecting 'sprint' racing and roaring given by other witnesses—Matthew Dawson not amongst the reformers—The great jockey question—Suggested change in the foaling period—Fewer short races and an alteration in the running of two-year-olds suggested—Letter from the secretary of the Royal Commission to Porter—If a March half-bred foal, why not adopt the principle with thoroughbreds?

'As I wrote some years before, and as I certainly think now, in dealing with Turf reform the first consideration should be the horse itself. Having got the best blood in the world, the question is, How to produce the best class of animal for racing purposes? Is early foaling conducive to this result? I maintain that it is not, for the following amongst other reasons. The three most unfavourable months in the year in which foals can be born are January, February, and March, inasmuch as the young things have to contend with the very worst weather which we experience during the whole course of the year. Mares and foals must be housed, and can only be turned out during rare intervals of sunshine, when the foal naturally gallops about, becomes very hot,

afterwards stands shivering by its mother's side, gets a chill, and thereby sows the seeds of roaring and other diseases which cling to the animal through the rest of its life. Again, for the first three months of the year the mares must be fed on dry food with a linseed mash, and occasionally a few carrots for a change. I doubt whether this kind of feeding admits of the mare's nourishing her foal as she would if she browsed on the natural grasses that spring up in April and May. I do not believe that early foaling occurs naturally amongst horses running wild, and I maintain that in our endeavours to breed good early foals we are fighting a battle with Nature and getting the worst of it. In the whole of my experience I doubt whether I have ever known a May foal that was a roarer. Judge Clark, of Newmarket, who is quite of my way of thinking in this matter, has for some considerable time kept a record of May foals, every one of which, as far as his observation of their after-career enabled him to determine, was free from the infirmity. How is it that, proportionately, private breeders produce more winners than are turned out by public breeders? The answer is that the former allows his yearlings to gallop about the paddock until they pass into the trainer's hands, while the latter are, by force of circumstances, obliged to pamper and feed up their yearlings to show well in the sale ring. It is also only natural for the breeder for sale to take excessive care of his yearlings, which for a month or more prior to their being sold are led about at a walking pace an hour or two every day, and are

seldom if ever permitted to go loose in a good gallop ; consequently, they pass from the ring to the trainer full of soft, unhealthy fat, instead of being covered with hard muscle. Again, there are owners, and trainers as well, who are anxious to discover whether they have secured a gem ; or they want to know something about the yearling before the first Tuesday in January, when entries have to be made or minor forfeits declared for stakes already closed. Therefore, yearlings in the condition described—with their long coats, and, in short, with everything against them—are put into active work over heavy ground. I believe that hundreds of horses are permanently ruined by such pernicious premature training. As to the time for the declaration of minor forfeits, I consider it most ridiculous that January and February should be selected for the purpose. April would be a much more suitable month. If we could gradually alter our dates, the age of the horse from January 1 to March 1, and our two-year-old racing from March 25 to May 1, we should, I feel sure, be taking an important step in the right direction, and sounder, stouter, and better animals would be the result. Far too much encouragement is given to two-year-old racing by adding such large sums of money to the stakes. It would be better for the sport and more conducive to the improvement of blood stock if a large proportion of these enormous sums were given to competitions for older horses, and therefore for races of greater length than five or six furlongs. I do not, of course,

suggest that such races as these should be done away with altogether, but certainly they ought not to preponderate as they do at present. I am convinced that horses would last quite as long on the Turf running races from one up to two miles as they do now continually running five furlongs. The strain on them would not be half as great as is the pillar-to-post driving to which they are now subjected. Poor horses! How sick they must get of it! One cannot wonder that so many run "shifty," considering they are kept in such a state of irritation from the moment the jockeys are mounted until they have passed the winning-post. And such races are ruinous to the riding of the jockeys. Indeed, there is no riding, properly speaking, in it. In their anxiety to get a good start the jockeys keep the horses dancing about on their toes, which frets and excites the animals, and, when the flag falls, it is "get home first" somehow! Fine horsemanship is next to impossible under such circumstances. At any rate, we very seldom see it. So many butcher-boys could do mostly what is required, and it is butcher-boy riding for the greater part. When I a few years ago first gave expression to some of the foregoing views I remarked how much more sport and how much more pleasure one has in watching a long race ridden by such jockeys as Tom Cannon, John Osborne, Webb, and Watts, who know the pace they are going, and can nurse and get a horse home even if they have a little the worst of it. The observation, since it applies at any time to our

best jockeys for long races—the masters of the art and practice of riding—may stand as it was originally made, although Tom Cannon and John Osborne have retired and made way for younger men. I am, however, quite as sure now as I was then—surer, perhaps—that if we had later foals, less two-year-old racing, and longer races, we should have better horses, better trainers, and better jockeys. On the foregoing and kindred matters I shall presently have more to say. I have to some extent modified, without essentially changing, my views on early foaling since I first made my views public. Since, however, those views were published, I felt it not less due to myself than to others who took part in the discussion some years ago that in re-stating the case my former contention should be repeated. It will be gathered more than once from these pages that my alteration of opinion with regard to the foaling period goes no further than the concession of a month or so to those who were opposed to both the letter and spirit of my original contention. Meanwhile, I must be allowed to make in part another recapitulation.

‘It seems to me that the gist of the evidence, so far as it applies to matters discussed here, which I gave before the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding, on the 30th of October, 1889, may be repeated. The Commissioners were collecting information with a view to the expenditure of a sum of money hitherto given away (uselessly, I think) in Queen’s Plates for improving our breed of horses

by means of radically sound sires placed at the disposal of country breeders of half-bred stock at nominal fees. My evidence referred exclusively to blood stock. Taken in hand, as I was, first by one Commissioner and then by another, it was not easy to keep a straight course. However, as it happened, I touched here and there on certain subjects that are more exhaustively discussed in this volume, and part at least of what I remarked appears appropriate. I said I thought there were two kinds of roaring, roaring from the lung and roaring from the larynx. Also, that I did not think roaring was more frequently found than formerly. I also gave it as my view that the encouragement of short-distance races has a tendency to affect the wind of horses. A number of questions were put to me on this point, but one general answer—namely, that short races are a bad thing for the animal itself, and help to break him down—comprehended the reply to them all. The chief cause of roaring, I ventured to tell the Commission, was, in my opinion, early foaling. With regard to the selection of sires, taking stallions from roaring strains of blood is to be avoided. There are certain strains of blood which produce more roarers than other strains, and you can trace a good many sufferers from the infirmity to particular sires or dams—a greater proportion, that is to say, come from the strains in question, while other strains are comparatively free from it. Respecting hereditary diseases they, in my opinion, included paralysis, and I said that I would not breed from

a horse that was paralysed. (I may remark here, parenthetically, that it was a veterinary opinion, expressed by a high authority, that paralysis of the nerve was the cause of Ormonde's roaring. May not the partial paralysis of that great horse in some measure account for his impaired capacity for service?) As to stringhalt, we see little of the blemish. It does not seem to affect horses in racing at all; I mean, it is no detriment to them. I have seen some very good horses with stringhalt, and I should say the fault does not increase with age. To another question put to me I replied that I would a great deal sooner breed from a sound moderate thoroughbred horse than from an infirm Derby winner. A stallion should be limited to thirty mares; thereby he would beget stronger and better stock than in alliance with a greater number. A horse should not be put to the stud until he is four or five years old. Bony enlargements are hereditary, I think, with the exception of splints. These may be caused by an accident; but if you have got a malformation of hock, or a club foot, or anything of that description, from animals so impaired, we pass them as sound. (I may again interpose with the mention of a case of curious heredity which came under my own notice. I owned a mare called Booty, who was disfigured with a club foot. She had five foals, and of these two had a club foot—the same foot—precisely like the dam.) Although according to my observation transmission of a club

foot is more likely to be effected by the dam than the sire, I would not breed from either if they had the defect. The same objection applies to what are called "contracted feet." I think generally that diseases are oftener transmitted from the mare than from the sire, and that therefore a roaring mare is likelier to have roaring stock than stock will be that is got by a roaring stallion. At the same time it is my opinion that two-thirds of the stallions are roarers, or more, three-fourths of them. This I attribute to the treatment which they receive after they have gone to the stud. They are fattened up and not kept in a natural state. If the stallion were allowed to run out in the field and kept in a good healthy condition, he would get better and healthier stock. In reply to another series of questions which also pointed to heredity, I said that a split pastern is an accident, and I would pass a horse as sound that had one. The soundest horse living might have a split pastern, but if a horse had a side-bone or ring-bone I should not say he was right. Side- or ring-bone is not the result of accident. In reply to Lord Ribblesdale, who returned to the question of early foaling, I repeated that I did not think you could find a thoroughbred May foal that was ever a roarer. But the retrospect should in this place be exact. I therefore quote the next two or three questions and answers.

“As you know (observed his lordship), this Commission is dealing with public money for the good of the public. Do you think that in our rules we ought to try to hit off some arrangement so that

foals got from horses receiving Government money should be foaled later ; in other words, that there would be an attempt to secure that the Government produce should be May foals ? ”

‘ I replied that I should certainly not allow them to cover before, so that the earliest foal you would obtain would be an April foal. I should say that you want your foal when you have natural food, when you have natural grass, and you do not get natural grass before the first of April.

‘ The questions put to me by the Earl of Coventry afforded another opportunity of repeating my invincible objections to an excess of what his lordship described as “ our system of sprint races of five furlongs.” In substance—and it may be added to the remarks immediately preceding this brief recapitulation of my evidence before the Royal Commission—I said that it was bad for the horse altogether ; it spoils the jockey, inasmuch as in such races it is just a question of getting off early or not, and not, as a rule, a question of the goodness of the animal. The whole thing is bad. On another point, and one of some interest—namely, racehorses bred in France—I said I believed that the breed is sounder in that country than it is in this. One reason is that more particular attention is given to soundness there than we give here. And this has been the case for years. You could not sell an unsound animal, mare or horse, to a Frenchman. Then, they have selected their mares better. They have not bred indiscriminately, as we have, from any-

thing that could race. If we have anything that shows speed, it is bred from. They don't do that. They look to soundness first. I have had an opportunity since the minutes of the evidence taken before the Royal Commission were published in a Blue Book of reading the testimony of other witnesses with regard to the matters on which I was questioned. Matthew Dawson and I are not in complete agreement on certain points, but where the difference does arise, it appears to me rather to take the general form of satisfaction with things as they are and have been during his long experience than the advancement of any views opposed to my own.

“ He has not paid attention to late as contrasted with early foals ; he does not know any reason why an early foal should be a roarer any more than a later one ;” and although, to quote his own words, “ we leave them exposed in bad weather and all that,” “ we take all the care we can of them in bad weather.” On this point we are entirely agreed. We do. I have referred to his evidence, first, because he and I were the only trainers of race-horses summoned before the Commission, and, secondly, because I venture to think that what my old friend said on my pet subject did not shake my position in the least. Neither is my view as to the injuriousness of short “sprint” races to horse and jockey and everything affected in the least by Matthew Dawson's approval of such violent bursts. In his evidence before the Commission Professor G. T. Brown, C.B., said in answer to Mr. Chaplin,

who asked him, with regard to the increase of roaring in this country, if he thought that such might be due to the encouragement of short-distance races : " I think certainly it is likely to be an element. It is worth consideration." On this same interesting branch of the question Professor Brown said, in reply to the Duke of Portland (the chairman), that the great number of short races we have in which the horse has to go through a great amount of exertion in jumping off and running at the top of his speed for five furlongs is quite likely to develop any tendency which the animal had to roaring. This, more than if he had to run for a long distance, than if he were allowed time to settle down to his work, and get the respiratory organs accustomed to the extra exertion. I give the question and answer which follow word for word.

" Therefore you think that short races have a tendency to make roarers ?" " Yes, you might say they certainly have that tendency, but the mischief they do I think is still more pronounced in the direction which I have suggested, namely, that they render it less necessary to have horses of great staying power, which is certainly one of the first necessities for breeding a sound race."

' Dr. George Fleming, C.B., principal veterinary surgeon to the army, in reply to Sir Jacob Wilson, said he thought the encouragement of two-year-old stakes has tended very seriously to interfere with the development of horses. They are raced too young. He was of opinion that "short-distance

races have had an effect upon the deterioration of racehorses, inasmuch as it has allowed, or rather it has encouraged, the breeding of a very faulty kind of horse, of a very useless kind of horse. A fast horse without staying power ; a very useless sort of animal." In answer to Lord Ribblesdale, Dr. Fleming said that he attributed the increase of roaring within the last few years in part to short races.

'I am further borne out in these views by the weighty remarks of Mr. Joseph Osborne ("Beacon"), in his day an observant breeder and an owner of racehorses that distinguished themselves on the flat and between the flags, who, in his "Horse-Breeders' Handbook," says : "I regret that the innumerable valuable opinions I have heard during my long career recur to me in such a confused manner, as regards their relative owners, that I cannot reproduce them with accuracy, for there was certainly a great divergence among them. My own view, as formed upon them and independently, is that the English thoroughbred has palpably degenerated in stamina from several distinct causes. Prominent among these (independently of the haphazard manner they are now bred) is that which has had direct effect upon their action and upon their lungs—viz. the undue increase of 'sprint' racing and the style of training for it. The 'jumping off' tactics which have come to be considered as an important item in the training curriculum of a two-year-old have, in my belief, had a disastrous effect

upon the *action* of our modern racehorses. The object is, of course, to set them off from the very flag-fall with a bound and a rattle—but what is the result? The action becomes quick, cramped, and unnatural, and quite distinct from the sweeping, powerful stride necessary for success over long distances. The evolution which follows is antagonistic to stamina and to the original nature of the horse. It is quite possible to *force* a breed remarkable for speed in this way, but it is probable that *speed* itself would suffer in the long run; for if the lungs are narrowed by quick breathing, and the growth and muscles otherwise deteriorated, the effect must be injurious sooner or later. In regard to sprint racing two-year-olds, it has, in fact, become a case of demand and supply, and the most influential encouragement is given in that direction which is certainly the most dangerous. It seems, in any case (and I am considering this matter quite apart from the grave question of Turf economy), regrettable that the encouragement through rich prizes should not be distributed over a larger area or greater variety of contests, so that the whole ambition and efforts of owners and trainers should not be pressed into this one channel of excellence.”

‘ Before giving my finally matured views on the questions of breeding and sprint racing touched upon by me from time to time, and now brought together in the foregoing pages, I should like to reproduce some observations on a subject which has a bearing from another direction on Turf reform.

Some nine years ago a proposal was made to raise the regulation racing weights. In the controversy which arose out of the suggested "reform" I wrote as follows:—

“ In the year 1856 the weights for the Derby and St. Leger were—for colts, 8 st. 7 lb., for fillies, 8 st. 2 lb. For the Oaks, fillies carried 8 st. 7 lb. each. In most of the stakes for two-year-olds, colts carried 8 st. 7 lb., fillies 8 st. 4 lb. In handicaps, the minimum weight was 4 st., ranging up to 9 st.

“ In the year 1886 the weights for the Derby were—for colts, 9 st., for fillies, 8 st. 9 lb. For the Oaks, fillies carried 8 st. 10 lb. each. For the St. Leger, colts carried 9 st., fillies 8 st. 11 lb. In most of the stakes for two-year-olds, colts carried 8 st. 10 lb., fillies 8 st. 7 lb. In handicaps the minimum weight was 5 st. 7 lb., ranging up to 10 st. 7 lb.

“ It has been suggested that the weights should again be raised. If we go on raising the weights, where are we to stop, and where are the next generation of jockeys to come from? I quite agree with Matthew Dawson, who remarks that, if the weights are raised to 10 st., 11 st. men will try to ride that weight. For the sake of a good mount jockeys will always be ready and willing to reduce their weight. I own it is very hard on such men as Webb, J. Osborne, and Watts to have to be continually wasting, but it always has been and always will be the case, raise the weights as you will.”

‘ In the year 1856, when the weights were low, we had the following jockeys to choose from: Alfred Day, J. Bartholomew, J. Marson, S. Rogers, N. Flatman, J. Charlton, J. Osborne, J. Wells, T. Ashmall, T. Aldcroft, T. Chaloner, G. Fordham, A. Edwards, Custance, Luke Snowden, J. Snowden, J. Mann, French, Kendall, J. Goater, J. Adams, Quinton, Plumb, Bullock, Withington, Basham, R. Sly, and T. Cliff.

‘ For the year 1896, now that the weights are much higher, what jockeys shall we have? Compare them with the above. Have they (with some exceptions) the same patience and judgment? I think emphatically, No! The cause is not far to seek. It is the innumerable five-furlongs of the present day that tend to spoil so many jockeys. Instead of raising the weights, the reform I would advocate is the lengthening of courses. We should then see less of the butcher-boy style of riding amongst the jockeys, and fewer rogues and cowards amongst the horses.

‘ To sum up and at the same time give expression to my matured views of the questions discussed in the foregoing pages, I may first of all frankly acknowledge that since giving evidence before the Royal Commission I have to some extent modified, without essentially changing, my opinions with regard to early foaling. I have in the meantime threshed out the question with breeders, trainers, owners, and others interested in the subject, and I admit that possibly the change which I contended

for was too extreme. We live and learn, and amongst the things which experience teaches us is the practical wisdom of a compromise. I do not retract a single word I have said about a May foal. I shall always think that nature would be best served if we could fix the foaling season no earlier than April. Nevertheless, on the give-and-take principle, I abandon April, and take my final stand on the preceding month—the month that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. Let the age of the foal, then, be taken from March 1. One distinctly beneficial result of having your earliest foal a March foal would be that the change from the present system would make it easier to stint the mares. And the same natural law operating, the service of the sire would prove less of a tax on his procreative powers. The nearer you approach a perfectly natural state of things, in “congress,” the better for both parents and offspring. The mare’s milk in March, especially in a mild month which has advanced the growth of the grass, will be of a more sustaining quality than milk produced, as one might say, artificially, and it would also possess valuable medicinal qualities. The March foal (I must say in an average season the *late* March foal) fed by such mother’s milk as had been enriched by the tender spring herbage would never present that hide-bound appearance we perceive so frequently in foals produced under the present system. Then, for the sun is daily acquiring increased power in the month in

question, the young thing would have the inestimable advantage of sunshine and warmth to make him grow the right way. With regard to another point, more than once touched upon in what has already been written, I think the Jockey Club ought to give less encouragement than they afford at present to two-year-old racing. I would permit half-mile selling races up to June 1, in order to give owners an opportunity of getting rid of speedy but otherwise nearly worthless animals. I would not, on the other hand, allow any two-year-old to run more than six furlongs before October 1. At that period the horse is obviously drawing near his three-year-old form. A race of a mile might not be injurious to him, but still I would not advocate too much of that sort of thing. As to older horses I would extend the distance of all races for three-year-olds and upwards. In France they do not begin racing their two-year-olds until the month of August, and a large proportion of their three-year-old races are over a mile or longer distances. I find, on referring to the *Calendar*, more old horses; that is to say, more four-year-olds and upwards are running in France than we have in training in this country. This proves most conclusively to my mind that their system of not running two-year-olds until later in the season than the English period, and adopting longer courses for three-year-olds and upwards, does not break their horses down as

much as our practice does. To revert, in a final word, to my proposed alteration of the foaling period. The change of the date of the age of the horse from January 1 to March 1 could easily be accomplished within a period of three years by a mandate of the Jockey Club.

'I feel some gratification in having to add a post-script to the foregoing. After re-perusing the whole of the evidence that was given before the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding, I thought it desirable to ascertain the nature of the final decision arrived at by the Commissioners respecting the service of the Premium stallions. I therefore wrote to Mr. J. H. Taylor, the secretary, asking him to be good enough to favour me with the necessary information. In reply he wrote as follows :

"22 Great George Street, Westminster, S. W.
March 17, 1896.

"Dear Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 16th instant, which Mr. Clarke had forwarded on to me, I beg to say that the season of service commences on April 3 for the Queen's Premium stallions, and I shall be pleased on hearing from you to give any further information you require. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"J. HERBERT TAYLOR, *Secretary.*

"J. Porter, Esq., Kingsclere, Hants."

'If, after mature consideration of the whole of the evidence brought before them, the Commissioners

have decided on a March foal, as they have done by fixing the period of service for half-bred stock on April 3, I would ask why not adopt the same principle for thoroughbreds? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander—or should be'

CHAPTER XII

Suitable site for a breeding establishment—Dressing the land—Buildings and paddocks—Mr. Dollar's plan and description—The sire and the dam—The Foal: feeding and treatment—Mr. Dollar on training stables—The structures: their appointments, appliances, and fittings—The Park House stables—Education of the yearling—First lessons—Step by step progress—The system of Capt. M. H. Hayes—An experiment—Porter's verdict—'The trainer's anxious time'—The forcing method denounced—The race-horse leaves home—Risks of travel—The old and new system contrasted—Anecdote of Sir Joseph Hawley—'The fall of Wolsey'—Arrival at the place of sport—End of the trainer's duties—The race

'In selecting a site for laying out a breeding establishment for thoroughbreds, the first thing to be considered is the nature of the soil. There is, in my opinion, no hard and fast rule to be followed in making your choice, but soft, spongy land should be avoided. Old pasture, of sound quality, such as may be found at Leybourne Grange and at Eaton, is the kind of thing that is required. I believe the surface and subsoil of the land at these well-known breeding places are different, the one consisting of a fair depth of loam on Kentish rag or limestone, and the other of clay on sandstone.¹ Each, however,

¹ 'My own observation tends to the conclusion that the finest bone comes as a rule from the best grass, which, it is well known, is raised on a limestone substratum, after which that of the red sandstone has been reckoned the best.'—Mr. Joseph Osborne in *Horse-Breeders' Handbook*.

judging from long and uniform results, is equally suitable for the purpose. In dressing your land abstain altogether from the use of blood-manure, and, indeed, have nothing to do with any other description of artificial fertiliser. According to my own knowledge and experience, no better dressing can be obtained than that which is composed of a mixture of farm-yard manure, road scrapings, and chalk or lime. Such a compost, made up into a heap some twelve months before it is required to be applied and turned over two or three times in the interval, will answer every requirement of an efficient dressing and be found perfectly safe. Your paddocks should be planned out of different dimensions, the smaller for mares and foals which are to be kept quiet, the larger for yearlings that require plenty of space to gallop and gambol in. The herbage in these paddocks will necessarily spring up mixed with a quantity of rough grass, the result of the deposits. Where that is possible, let the grass in question be fed off by cows. I find it a good plan to turn your cows at night into the pasture which your mares or yearlings may have occupied during the day. In fencing there is nothing better for the purpose than a thorn (quick-set) hedge, with post-and-rails on each side. I would have no trees, which are dangerous in thunderstorms. Let there be erected an open shed in each paddock for the purposes of shade and shelter. A constant supply of pure water should of course be on hand in each of the paddocks. With respect to the buildings, I may

observe that the design which appears here has been adopted from my own rough sketch and carried out in the drawing by Mr. Peter Dollar, whose plan it is.

‘In a breeding establishment for about twenty mares there should be at least forty-five boxes ; but various ideas are held as to how these should be arranged, some authorities preferring them grouped round, say, a couple of yards, the middle of the yard being well fenced off for the mares and foals to exercise in, as well as for the yearlings, but it seems to me much better for the mares and foals to be divided up into smaller lots. It is certainly safer in the case of an infectious disease breaking out amongst them. It may not be so easy to look after them, but the system has many advantages, and it must be healthier in every way. I know that the Duke of Portland’s agent, Mr. Marner Turner, prefers this plan, and with his very considerable experience his opinion is deserving of great respect. In the drawings shown there are two yards, enclosed on two sides by boxes for yearlings ; these boxes are to be brick built, and covered with tiles, with straw or reed filling between the rafters, so as to equalise the heat ; the tiles being bad conductors of heat, they, with the straw, also a bad conductor, form an excellent roof.

‘The boxes are 14 ft. square in the clear, the angles at the doors being protected by means of rollers—in fact, all sharp angles and arrises must be absolutely avoided. The doors should open in two heights, so that the top portion can be left open for the purpose of ventilation and to enable the yearling to look out ; but in order to prevent him from jumping out it is advisable to fix an iron grille over the opening when the top door is opened. It is no obstruction to either light or air, and of course pre-

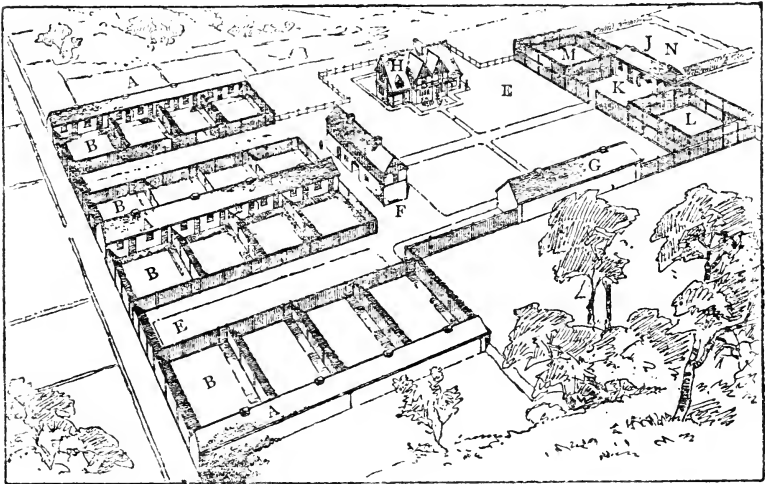
vents the attempt to jump. The boxes are lighted by glazing the space over the door, and are ventilated by a window opening, filled with movable louver boarding. The foul air is extracted by means of a tube at the ridge, and for economy there is no reason why one ventilator should not serve two boxes, and if the boxes are built back to back, one ventilator can be made to serve four boxes, care of course being taken that the ventilator is partitioned off by means of boarding, so that the tube of one box does not in any way communicate with the tube of another box. The current of air can be regulated by means of a hinged flap, as described for ventilators to stables.

‘ A space about 8 ft. wide should be paved outside the building the entire length, but the yards should be gravel; the floors of the boxes should be of grooved and channelled blue Staffordshire bricks; the yard enclosures should be of wood, about 8 ft. 6 in. high, constructed with close boarding. There should be plenty of space about these boxes so as to get an ample supply of fresh air; the space between the fronts of enclosures to boxes should be about 50 ft., and a gravel path should be in front of the fence, the middle space being covered with turf, which may be made ornamental by introducing flower-beds, dwarf planting, &c., to the taste of the owner.

‘ The “ administrative ” block—consisting of fodder house, tackle-room, messroom, engine-room, &c.—should be placed as conveniently as possible for access to the various portions of the establishment. It will no doubt be found economical if a small oil engine of, say, two or three-horse power is kept for crushing the corn, and if a small electric plant were provided in connection with this engine the whole of the premises could be lighted with electricity at a very small cost, and would practically render the

buildings safe from fire. The first floor will be partly devoted to living rooms for the men and partly as a hay and corn loft. In regard to the men, I believe the accommodation for them should be very much better than is usually provided ; but I can here only emphasise the remarks I have made on this subject in regard to the stables.

‘The boxes for the mares and foals should be arranged in blocks of six or eight, preferably six ; and in connection with these boxes there should be



GENERAL VIEW OF BREEDING ESTABLISHMENT

A, boxes for yearlings ; B, open yards enclosed by close boarded fences, 8 ft. 6 in. high ; E, grass plots ; F, administrative block, with men's rooms and forage-room over ; G, foaling boxes ; H, pair of cottages ; J, stallion box ; K, show yard ; L, private yard enclosed by close boarded fence 12 ft. high ; M, covering yard enclosed by close boarded fence 12 ft. high ; N, paddock, about one acre.

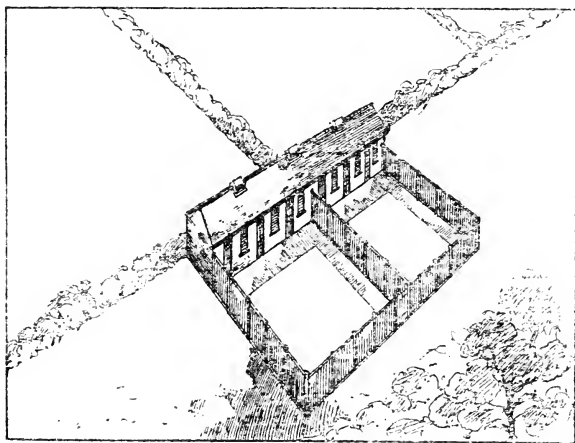
open yards, one for three boxes, and a block of such boxes should have a paddock in connection therewith, of about eight acres. These boxes will be fitted in the same way as described for the yearlings.

The boxes for the foaling mares should be in small blocks of, say, four boxes, with a man's room in the middle. This room should be fitted with a fireplace, and generally made as comfortable as possible. In both the side walls there should be two small glazed apertures, the sides towards the boxes being splayed off at such an angle that the attendant can see to every part of the box, so that when the mare is foaling, or likely to foal, he can keep a constant light shining through one of the apertures. This will enable him to see through the other how matters are progressing with the mare. It is necessary that the light should be continually burning, and be subdued so as not to frighten or startle the mare by alternate light and dark. He will, of course, have to go out of doors to attend to the mares in the end boxes, but the groom will no doubt arrange that the mares likely to require most attention should be in the boxes next to his room; these boxes will be planned and enclosed in exactly the same way as the boxes for yearlings.

'A necessary adjunct to a small breeding establishment such as this is a cottage—or, still better, a pair of cottages—for two of the men, so as to give proper accommodation for their wives and children; the other men might very well be single men, and occupy the rooms in the administrative block.

'In a small stud of, say, twenty mares it is quite possible the owner would not care to keep his own stallion; but, on the other hand, it might be the wish of the owner to keep one or, perhaps, two stallions, in which case he would no doubt be receiving mares, and this would entail a further number of boxes for their reception. These could be built on the lines before indicated. Each stallion requires a box for himself about 18 ft. square, in addition to which there should be a yard of about 50 by 70 ft. for the horse to exercise himself in fine weather; also, there

should be a show yard, that he may be brought out for inspection by visitors; and, lastly, a covering yard. This requires to be fitted with trying bars, &c., but as to this detail various opinions exist. The floor of this yard should be covered with a thick layer of sand, so that if either the mare or horse fall they will not injure themselves. Each stallion should have the run of a paddock of about an acre; the yards and the paddocks ought to be well enclosed, and the fences around the yards adjoining the boxes



VIEW OF PADDOCK BOXES FOR MARES AND FOALS

should not be less than 12 ft. high. The designs, as shown on the accompanying drawings, have been made on the before-mentioned lines, and would, I am sure, be found to work well in practice; but regard must of course be paid to the different conditions certain to be met with in each individual site. With planting and flower-beds judiciously introduced, a breeding establishment may be made attractive and pretty, where the owner may take his friends and revive former memories and associations in triumphs won and anticipations and hopes frustrated.

‘ It has been found that a man can very well look after ten mares, so that the number of men necessary to the proper working will be a multiple of ten; each stallion must, of course, have his own valet.

‘ I ought to say that I speak as a private breeder, and that my remarks are addressed to those who desire simply to race the produce of their own stud. Well, then, having provided yourself with paddocks and buildings and all the appliances ready for a start, you naturally set about laying the living foundation of your breeding stud. I would not begin with more than twenty mares, which number would give the breeder an average of ten to a dozen foals, and eventually some twenty or twenty-five horses in training. If they are good it is enough, if they are bad it is too many. In the primarily important step of picking your brood mares let this rule be rigidly observed—purchase none but dams that are absolutely sound. In the second place, take care that they come of proved strains of running blood. I do not think it at all desirable for a private breeder to keep a stallion. When he does this there is the continual risk and danger of mating the horse with unsuitable mares. That is a hazard on the one hand, while on the other the presence of a stallion on the premises necessitates an outlay in the purchase of mares that would apparently be likely to make with him a successful alliance. I may mention, by the way, that Lord Alington—who never kept a stallion, but who in every case has selected the sire most suitable for his mares—has been more fortunate than

almost any other private breeder in producing winners. And he has accomplished this fortunate result with a stud that never exceeded more than seven or eight mares. Always choose stallions that are descended from the best “classic” winners. Chance horses, however good in themselves—horses, for example, like Robert the Devil and Bendigo, and others that might easily be named—do not as a rule transmit their own speedy and staying qualities. There are exceptions, of course, but the rule is as I have stated. With regard to the foals, I would observe that generally speaking they cannot be allowed too much liberty. The more they gallop and romp about the better. Another point may be mentioned. I have observed at various stud farms which I have visited the use of moss-litter instead of straw. In my opinion this is a serious mistake. The moss-litter, it is true, is cheaper than straw, but its use is likely to make it very costly indeed in the end. Moss, employed as litter, has a tendency to set up a spongy condition of the animals’ feet, which get clogged up, and are consequently kept in a moist condition that is anything but conducive to their future soundness.

‘ While entirely opposed to the fattening process for yearlings so strongly denounced by William Day in his book “The Race-horse in Training”—and, for that matter, to any sort of pampering or coddling—I would give the youngster the best of crushed corn, with occasional mashes and carrots, in sufficient quantities to keep him in a healthy

condition. The feeding up of the yearlings purchased at a public sale is not the only thing which the trainer has to complain of. As a rule they have none of them been sufficiently handled before they come under his care. A foal should be regularly accustomed to be tied up, and have its legs and feet felt over by the hands of its attendant. Gradually habituated to such treatment, the young things learn to submit tranquilly as a matter of course, and, in fact, their education is quietly advanced by use, which is second nature. You cannot, in reason, be "about" your yearlings too early or too often. Let the horse begin as soon as possible to know and repose confidence in his master. It must be evident enough that by taking them early and firmly yet gently in hand, a great deal of trouble and some after-risk are spared the trainer. They should be allowed to gallop about together until they begin to be troublesome, and then the sexes should be separated. If this division be not effected in time, they learn "calfish" ways which are sometimes difficult to eradicate. I have no objection to any number of yearlings of one sex associating in the same paddock. It is their playground, and it does them good. The bully, as is the case at a public school, is sure to find his level. This rule applies—with yearlings at any rate—indifferently to the tyrants of both sexes.

' We are now done with the stud, and the yearling passes into the hands of the trainer, and his serious troubles begin. He has to be broken. I assume,

before making a real beginning with his education, that he has for some time been led about. Very well then; we now commence by placing the breaking or first bit in his mouth, and the cavesson and cavesson-rein on his head. He is then led for a few days bearing this slight equipment, and, being "lunged," is taught to go forwards under the guidance of the lunging rein, and also to move under its guidance the reverse way. The greatest care should be exercised at this very early stage of the youngster's schooling, not only to gradually persuade him into complete confidence in himself and his master, but also to prevent him from doing himself an injury. For example, he should, as a precautionary measure, be provided with ankle boots—since he is not kept going at an even gait round the lunge—in order that he may be saved from hitting his legs. A severe blow received on the leg at this period might ultimately result in the formation of a splint. The next thing to be done with him is to place a roller, a crupper, and side reins upon him. This triple operation should be accomplished at once, whereby the roller may be preserved in its proper position. Otherwise the latter would go over his head or into his flank. We have now to begin to accustom him to carry some kind of clothing, and this is effected by putting a rubber or any light cloth upon his back. These successive operations should be performed with extreme gentleness, patience, and care. We have by gradual steps come to the saddle, which displaces the roller, the

crupper and side-reins being attached to it instead of to the roller. After a few days devoted to the newly saddled colt to make him feel at home under his light load, the process of mouthing commences. This is performed by attaching a lunging rein to each side of the bridle, and passing the reins through the stirrup irons, which, while preventing the latter from hanging about the animal's feet, puts an even pressure on the bit. The exercise in question need not be prolonged. A live jockey is far better than any sort of mechanical substitute; therefore, after driving the youngster for a period of, say, a week, he may then be backed. It is of the utmost importance that no mistake be made at this point. He should have a good man placed upon his back, one who is capable of handling him with a firmness that can be felt—for they know—and yet with even and unfailing gentleness. In the course of another week or so you will be able to turn him loose, whereupon, led by some old stager, he takes his place in the regular string. By-and-bye you lessen the size of the bit, and finally you provide him with the ordinary exercise bridle. It is surprising how soon a young horse comes to hand, treated in the manner I have described.

‘There is no royal road, no short cut, that I am acquainted with of effecting the object desired by the trainer of race-horses. The fairy tales which are told of gipsy horse-whisperers, and the wonderful achievements of horse-tamers like Rarey, may be taken for just what they are worth. Taming a

brute like Cruiser or Archimedes, or any other savage, is an accomplishment, I venture to say, which belongs properly to the circus. I have a very great respect for men like Captain M. Horace Hayes, F.R.C.V.S., who subdue a monster of a horse, or who take an unbroken colt and in one lesson bring him to hand and back him, but their art is not mine. In his entertaining work "Among Men and Horses," Captain Hayes gives an account of a visit which he paid to Kingsclere, and of what he did whilst he was there. He says: "Through the kindness of that good sportsman, Lord Chesham, whom I had the pleasure of knowing in India when he belonged to the 10th Hussars, I obtained permission from the Duke of Westminster to have Ormonde, the horse of all time, photographed, as I wanted his portrait for the book I was writing on the 'make and shape' of horses. With this object I went to Mr. John Porter's place at Kingsclere, and, besides getting the horse 'taken,' I gave the great trainer and his people a practical demonstration of how to break-in and mouth young thoroughbreds. To experiment upon he gave me a high-priced yearling which had never been mounted, and which belonged to the Prince of Wales. In about half an hour I made the youngster so quiet and handy that he allowed himself to be quietly ridden about the paddock, and answered the indications of the reins with a fair amount of precision. Mr. Porter seemed very pleased with the work, and asked me where he could get the tackle I used, as he wished to put in

practice what he had seen me do that afternoon. I was only too glad to present him with the gear which I had brought with me, and which I hope has proved useful to him. We had a long talk about breaking-in young horses for racing, and he thoroughly agreed with me that yearlings would be greatly benefited by a course of modified school work before being ridden in regular exercise." I quite approve of the gentle treatment adopted by Captain Hayes, and saw much to admire in his method of handling the yearling. I am persuaded, however, that a longer and more gradual course of instruction is preferable. To me, this forcing process is like cramming a schoolboy for an examination—you may obtain immediate results, but they are not lasting.

'However, to resume. It is just after we have arrived at the period which was being dealt with in the early life of the thoroughbred when I digressed to refer to Captain Hayes and our meeting at Kingsclere that the trainer's anxious time begins. It is then that his art and practice make themselves distinctly apparent. The work is never-ending, and it cannot be successfully accomplished according to any fixed set of rules. Race-horses differ in temperament, in constitution, in soundness. Hence the impossibility of dealing with them as a drill-sergeant would lick a number of raw recruits into shape. Horses are like human beings, there are no two alike, and inasmuch as each has to do his best on his own individual account, individual characteristics and

peculiarities have to be separately studied. I am no advocate for early forcing. A long and steady course of gentle exercise to get rid of the superfluous fat, which in many cases has been piled on by a pernicious system of over-feeding, should be pursued. This remark applies, of course, more especially to yearlings purchased in a public sale-ring. Foals bred and brought on in the manner I have described are naturally readier to the hand of the trainer than are the "prize" animals. A most injurious system of trying yearlings has been adopted by many members of my craft. At a time of the year when the ground is heavy and the young things are clothed in their first long coat, it is quite impossible to do them justice, or give them anything like a fair chance. By hurrying them while they are in such an unfit state you may abate superfluous blubber, but you have no time to replace it with good hard muscle. I have had many young horses pass through my hands who, had they been subjected to this rushing kind of treatment, would never have seen a racecourse at all—Ormonde and Common for example, and I could name others. Such "trials" of yearlings as arise out of the hurrying system are enormously deceptive. There are youngsters which appear to fly for a space of four furlongs that in after-life can never get a yard further than that distance.

'We now take up the horse as he commences his two-year-old career. Let your trainer, if he be a master of his business, employ his judgment, first,

as to whether the two-year-old is to be trained at all, and secondly, if he is to run, as to the most suitable time for him to face the starter. It goes without saying that some horses come to running maturity sooner than others. I once more repeat the warning, never on any consideration use the forcing process. To steadfastly avoid it will pay in the long run, as in all probability the backward two-year-old that has shown some rough promise will develop into one of the best of the following year. On the other hand, with regard to failures. If you have got your horse thoroughly fit and find him "bad," get rid of him at once.

‘Having prepared the horse and got him ready for his engagements, he has now to leave home to fulfil the first of these, and new risks arise. To begin with, he has to go through the novel experience of riding in a horse-box. In the old time—long after the period of Lord George Bentinck’s road-vanning of Elis to Doncaster, there is no occasion to go so far back as that—a thoroughbred was vanned to the nearest railway station, and the carriage placed upon a truck. I need not observe that the present form of horse-box is far preferable to that kind of conveyance. I recollect instances of the van’s being attached to the tail-end of the train, when, owing to the oscillation, the horse was kept swaying about, as bad as if he had been in a storm at sea. Of course the horse is exposed to the perils which attend all railway travelling, and is occasionally a victim. This was illustrated in the case of

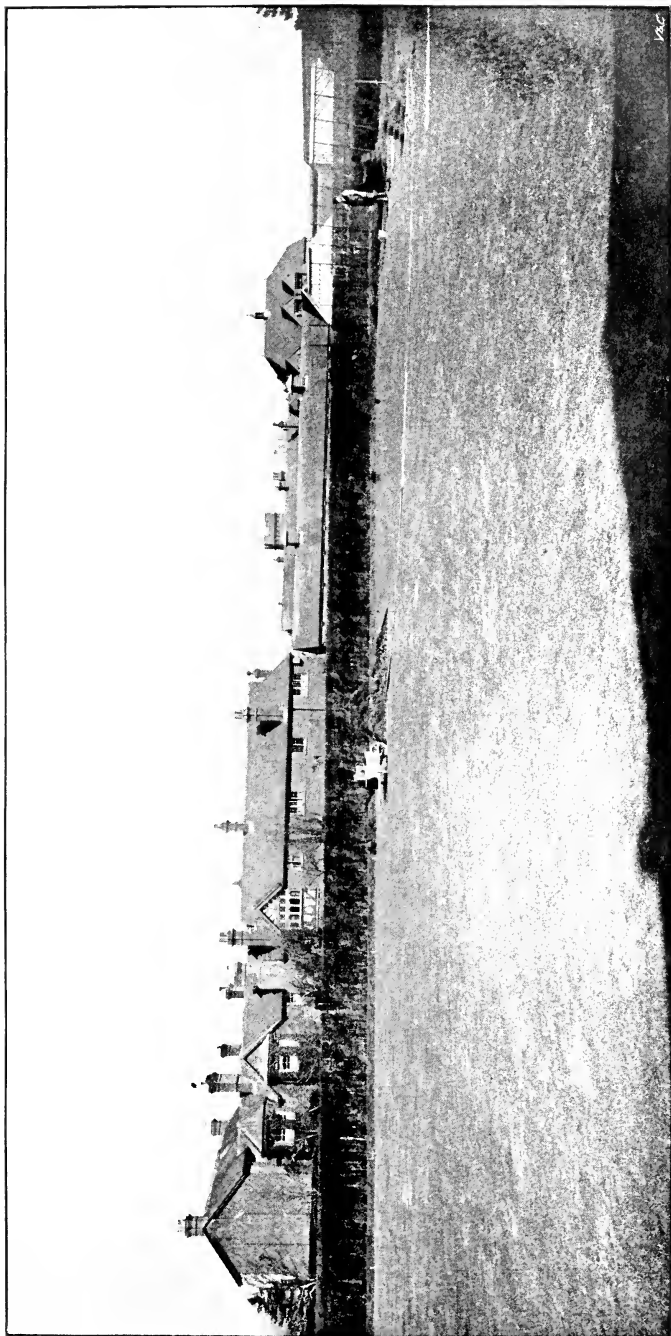
Klarikoff, who was literally roasted in his box. The modern boxes, with their admirable interior fittings, are such an improvement on the old “coaches” that all the ordinary risks of travel are obviated, and the horse gets through his journeys in comparative comfort. Then there is another innovation which we have reason to be thankful for. Many owners retain their own private boxes. By using these an owner is freed from the danger of travelling his horses in boxes that may possibly have been previously occupied by animals suffering from a contagious disease. The risk is considerable on railways employed in carrying horses from abroad. Another serious risk has disappeared with the establishment of the present system. We are enabled now to pass through with our strings of horses from railway station to railway station without “transshipment.” Discharging at one station and re-boxing at another, which operation was formerly necessary, was always risky and sometimes positively dangerous. I remember on one occasion, when I was going to Newmarket with a string of important horses, Sir Joseph Hawley, who had been naturally anxious that they should pass through London safely, met me with them at Waterloo. Seated in his brougham, he led the way at the head of the string, I bringing up the rear, mounted on a hack, to Shoreditch Station, which was then the London terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway and the station for Newmarket. We passed through the crowded streets without an accident. Those who

remember the station which preceded the present magnificent terminus at Liverpool Street need not be told that the accommodation provided for embarking man and horse, and especially horse, was rather cramped. Sir Joseph was quite proud of his having, as it were, led his stud to victory, and congratulated himself and me on our success. The space at our disposal, near the parcels' office, for loading the boxes, was exceedingly limited. While we were there, taking turns to be boxed, a four-wheel cab drove up, and in turning slightly touched the hock of Wolsey, who immediately kicked in the side of "the growler" and seated himself in it, fortunately without sustaining any serious injury. As we steamed out of the station the last thing I saw was Sir Joseph Hawley engaged in an animated conversation with the cab driver respecting the amount of damage which the vehicle had received. I mention this circumstance (I have elsewhere communicated other instances of accidents more or less serious) to show how lucky you are, even after you have got your horse fit to run, if you convey him safely to his destination.

'Very well, then, let us suppose that we have arrived there, all well. I dare say the popular idea is that we walk our string to the stables, dine comfortably, and, having locked the horses up for the night, turn out next morning with the lark to inspect them in their gallops, everything, as the saying is, being over but shouting. The racing public know better than that. The trainer cannot afford to relax

his attention for a single moment, and, so far from his trouble being over with the disembarkation of the horses under his care at the place of sport, that only marks the beginning of another, if the final, chapter of his cares. It is requisite, especially when you happen to be in charge of a popular favourite for a great race, to take extra precautions for his safety. You have either to employ trustworthy watchmen for sentinel duty, or secure the aid of the police. Sometimes both watchmen and police are for good and sufficient reasons engaged. Of course you arrive a day or two before the race. On the morning after the arrival the horse is given a gentle canter, to see that he is all right. He is plated before the race, and on some occasions is embellished with a plaited mane. But I am no advocate for performing this operation, because it gives the horse an idea that something unusual is going to happen, and, after the plaiting process has been repeated a few times, some horses become nervous and excited by it. About an hour and a half before the time the race is set to be run, he leaves his stable for the course. Finally the jockey is weighed out, but the many weeks' and months' care of his charge ceases (to begin again after the race), and, as I have remarked in another place, the horse placed in the hands of "a pilot"—possibly an utter stranger, who beholds the animal for the first time. In the case of the Derby—well, what with the immense and excited crowd, and the

glory of it all, I think it should be one of the proudest days of a gentleman's life when he leads back, the winner of the Blue Riband, a horse that is owned and bred by himself. I cannot conceive anything more gratifying or inspiriting to a true sports man.'



PARK HOUSE, SOUTH VIEW.



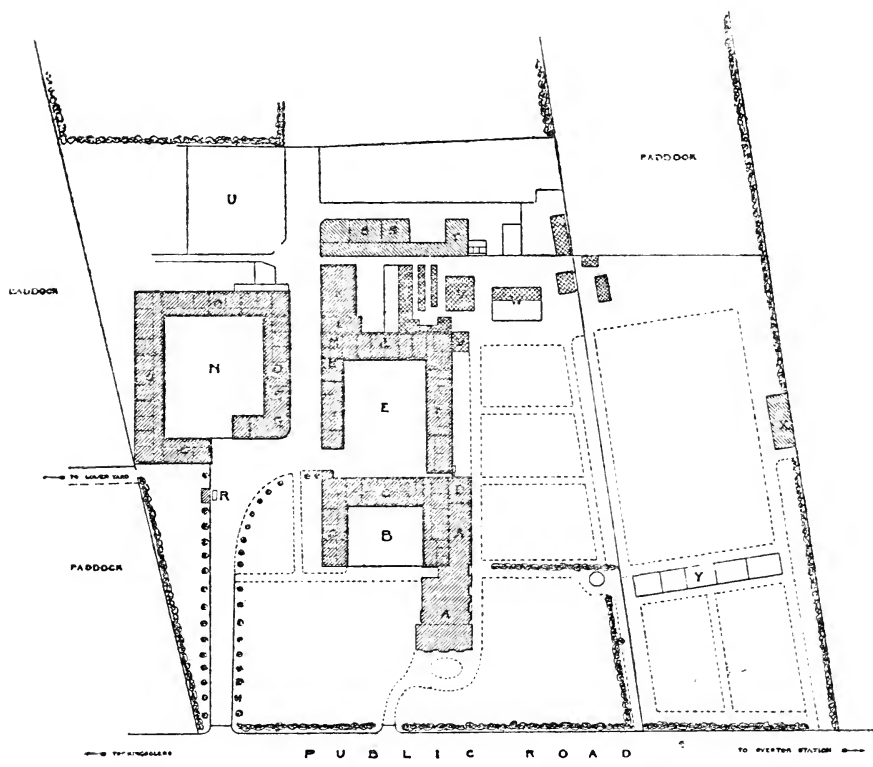
PORTION OF PARK HOUSE, SOUTH VIEW

CHAPTER XIII

Stables—The Kingsclere establishment—Mr Dollar's views—The head lad—His duties and responsibilities—The daily work—The 'feed'—The litter—'Throw physic to the dogs'—The stable boy: his indentures—His treatment and discipline at Kingsclere—Advantages of such training to the boy—Jockeys—'Where are they?'—The jockey's position and emolument compared with the trainer's—A suggested and much-needed reform—Wells and Sir Joseph Hawley—Wells's walk over—Wells's tailor—Trainers—John Scott—Thomas Dawson—Matthew Dawson: 'a great trainer'—Joseph Dawson—William Goater—'The ten best horses'—Teddington a weak foal—Birmingham another—Fisherman's stoutness—Gladiateur's age—St. Simon

MR. DOLLAR'S detailed description—technical, since he writes as an architect and deals with terms current in the builders' trade, yet clear and comprehensible enough—of what training stables should

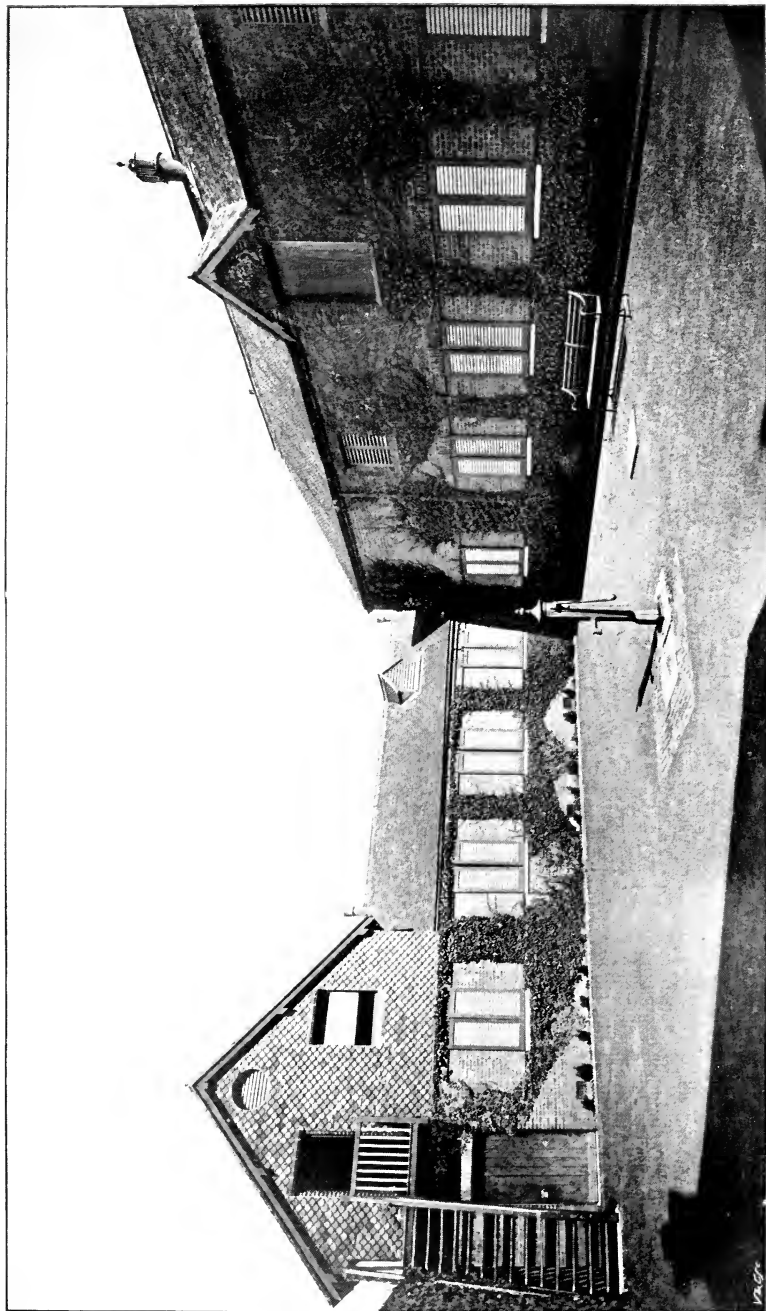
be, and indeed what, I venture to say, my stables at Kingsclere are, I may now quote. Mr. Dollar was the architect, and personally superintended the



GROUND PLAN OF PARK HOUSE GROUNDS AND STABLES

A, house; B, front yard; C, stable; D, mess-room; E, back yard; F, stable; G, boxes; H, drying-room; J, tackle-room; K, saddle-room; L, boys' brushing-room; M, baths and lavatory; N, new yard; O, stable; P, engine-room; Q, museum; R, weigh-bridge; S, boxes with open yards; T, hack stables; U, manure pit; V, conservatories, &c.; W, aviary; X, tennis pavilion; Y, aviaries.

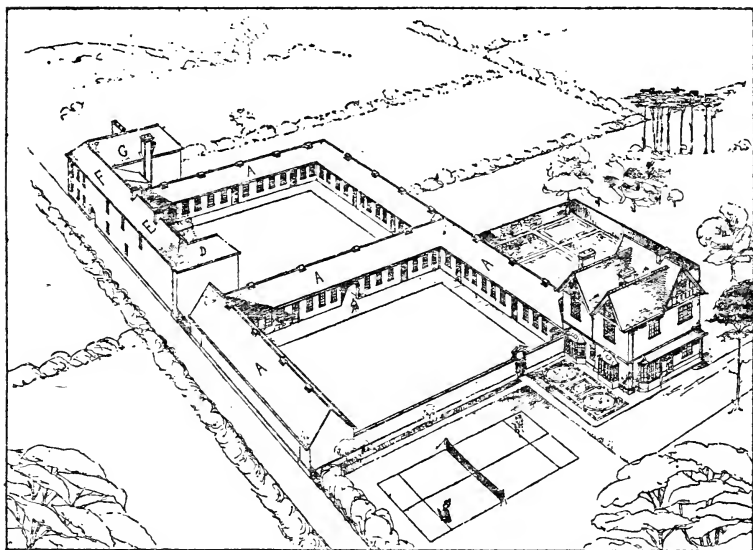
erection of the entire block, my own residence, the habitations of the men and boys, the stables, offices—everything. He, as he says, would no



FRONT YARD, PARK HOUSE, KINGSCLEERE.

1207

doubt have gone to work in more compact fashion if in the beginning he had been commissioned to provide an establishment for training as many horses as can now be accommodated at Park House. When it became necessary, in consequence of my greatly increasing business, for me to con-



MODEL RACING ESTABLISHMENT

A, boxes ; B, business room ; C, dining-room ; D, fodder and engine room ; E, tackle, cleaning, washing, drying rooms, &c. ; G, boys' living and sitting rooms and dormitories, head men's rooms, &c. ; G, kitchens, &c.

siderably extend the premises, Mr. Dollar was again called in, a design for an important extension was made, and the "Park House" stables and appurtenances completed as they stand to-day. I doubt, whatever Mr. Dollar's ideas of architecturally improving upon himself may be, whether any visitor

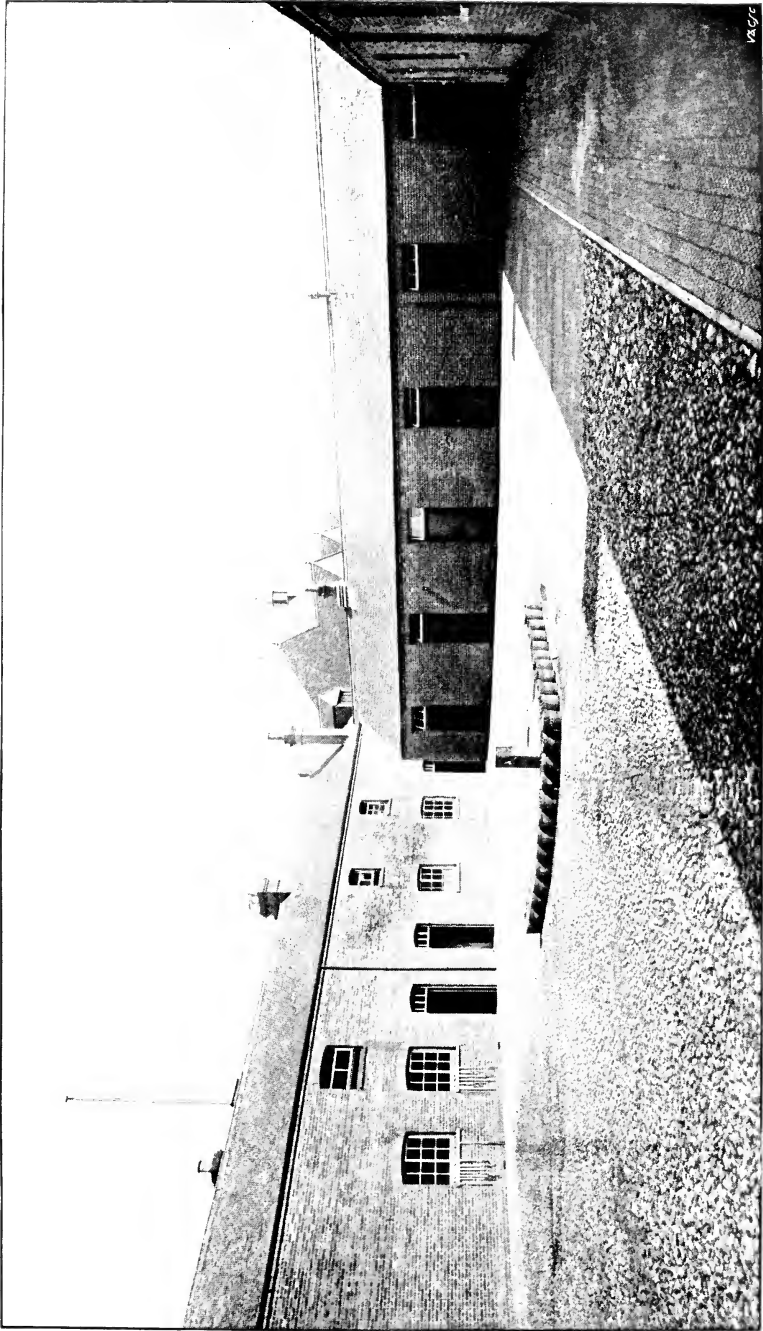
to Kingsclere was ever conscious where the original structure ended and the annex commenced. Mr. Dollar's views are as follow :

Position.—A stable must necessarily stand on a dry sub-soil, which should consist either of gravel, chalk, or stiff clay, but a loamy, spewey clay should be accepted on no consideration whatever. The site should be upon high ground, allowing a good natural drainage, as well as an efficient fall for the ordinary drains.

Aspect.—The usual form of stableyard is quadrangular, and it should open to the south, so that each wing receives the sun's rays at some time of the day. The highest part of the buildings should be at the north-east corner, to protect it from the cold north-east winds. Sun-shutters should be fixed to the windows of the south and west blocks, consisting of open louvre-boarding, so that in the summer time the sun may be kept out and at the same time the windows opened for the purpose of ventilation.

Dimensions.—The most convenient width for a stable is found to be 18 ft. ; this allows for a gangway about 6 ft. wide, and 12 ft. for the depth of the stall or loose box. The height of the wall should be from 10 to 12 ft., and the inside of the walls be rendered with cement-stucco so as to prevent the impregnation of foul air.

Roofs.—The roofs of all stable buildings ought to be covered with a material that is a bad conductor of heat. I do not approve of slate, even if that be laid upon boards or felt. In my opinion it is impossible to surpass a roof that is covered with good Broseley plain tiling. Such tiles are impervious to moisture, are 'everlasting,' and are bad conductors of heat. These properties are absolutely necessary to the formation of a proper roof, and if the tiles



MIDDLE YARD, PARK HOUSE, KINGSLERE

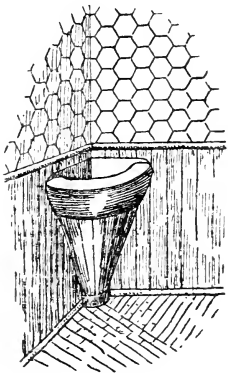
are laid on a covering of boarding and felt, in my opinion they form the perfection of a roof. In some cases I have at the request of my clients filled in the spaces between the rafters with straw, and, if it were not for this becoming a harbour for rats and mice and other vermin, I have no doubt would constitute an excellent roof, straw being an efficient non-conductor of heat.

The cubical space for the habitation of a race-horse should not be less than 1,300 ft.—indeed, the more the better. Other classes of horses have to do with considerably less. Boxes should not be less than 12 × 10, and they are better 12 × 12 as at Kingsclere. The stalls should be at least 6 ft. wide in the clear, while the enclosure to loose boxes should not be less than 8 ft. high, as horses often stand on their hind legs and fight like pugilists. The divisions separating the boxes ought to be solid, while the front enclosure should be provided with an open iron panel the entire height, commencing 3 ft. 6 in. from the floor line. The door to the loose boxes should not be less than 3 ft. 9 in. wide; and care should be taken that no bolt in the fastenings project. In fact, there should be no projections or sharp arrises in any part of the stable where a horse can possibly injure himself. He is sure to do this if there is half a chance.

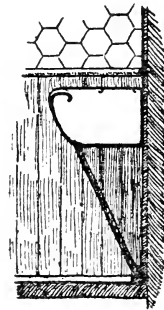
As to the manger and hay racks, let them be constructed according to the sketch, fitting closely into a corner, and with the under side enclosed by boarding so that the horse cannot injure himself when getting up. The inside of the manger should be coated with a glazed enamel, so that it can be easily and perfectly cleansed with a sponge. From the size and shape of the front of the manger it will be seen it is impossible for the horse to bite and catch hold of it, and so contract the very troublesome habit known as crib-biting; while the

form of the manger makes it impossible, however mischievous a horse may be, for him to throw his food out of the manger.

At Kingsclere the enclosure to the loose boxes is $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. pitch-pine in narrow widths, and covered with stout galvanised hoop-iron, spaced 3 in. apart to prevent the horse from gnawing the wood. A horse will eat every piece of wood he can get hold of. Whatever number of horses the stable is intended to accommodate, the block should be divided into sections by cross-walls, each block containing



MANGER

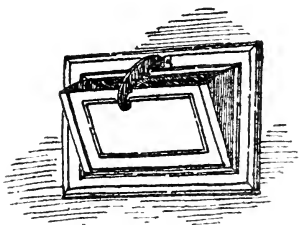


SECTION OF MANGER

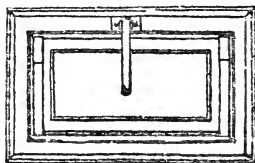
not more than four horses ; these blocks may, of course, be connected by doors, but this system will be found very useful in shutting off sick horses.

Ventilation.—After many experiments I have found that the best plan for ventilating a stable is by a ventilator (as sketch) in the outside wall to admit fresh air. These ventilators should be about 18 in. by 9 in. They are my own invention, and until I used them I was always in continual difficulty through the cords and other contrivances getting out of order. My ventilators are worked by a toothed ratchet ; they are fixed about 9 ft. from the

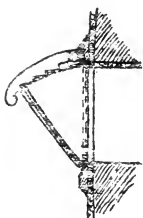
floor line, and the groom can manipulate them with his fork. The stable windows which I prefer are the ordinary sash-windows, because they can best be regulated for ventilation. I may add that I always fix a brass hit-and-miss ventilator about 6 in. from the floor line in the front wall of the stable; so that plenty of fresh air can be admitted by these three means. The foul air I extract by a tube from the ceiling through the roof, the end in the ceiling



VENTILATOR OPEN



VENTILATOR SHUT



SECTION OF VENTILATOR

being fitted with a thin perforated iron plate about 3 ft. 6 in. square, attached to the tube by means of a bell-mouthed aperture; while the sides of the tube above the ridge of the roof are fitted with fixed louvre-boarding, and the current of air is thereby regulated by a hinged flap hung in the tube and worked by means of a cord and pulleys from the floor of the stable, the natural tendency of the flap being to remain open. By such means the temperature of the stable is under entire control, and can

be kept at any degree that may be required. From experience, 60 degrees has been found to be the proper temperature.

Drainage.—There are no drains at the stables at Kingsclere except those for taking the rain-water away ; but in my opinion this is a most extravagant procedure, because it entails the use of so much extra litter. But as economy is not studied at Kingsclere, Mr. Porter thinks this matter of no moment. I maintain, however, that there should be drainage from each box, and the principle I always work upon is this : a main drain should pass along the entire length of each wing of the stable, under a floor constructed of glazed stoneware pipes jointed in cement so as to be perfectly watertight, with connecting branch drains from the boxes or stalls. The end in the box should be connected by a properly constructed trap so as to prevent any impure gases from entering the stables. Further, the main drain should be continued to the end of the stable, and then up the wall with not less than a 4-in. iron pipe as a ventilator, while the connection of the drain to the cesspool should be cut off by means of an interceptor trap, so as to sever the connection of the drain and cesspool. There should also be a fresh air inlet fixed in the main drain close to the interceptor trap, but on the stable side of it. By this means a current of fresh air is kept constantly passing through the drains. I cannot but think that, if this system were properly carried out in all its details, no horse could suffer from impure gases, and I am sure the cost of the litter bill would be considerably less than it is in a stable where there are no drains. Of course I am assuming that straw is used for litter, and not peat moss. If peat moss be used, then there cannot be efficient drainage at all ; for the drains will become choked, saturated with urine, and a terrible source of mischief.

Paving.—In regard to the floors of the stable I may remark that I have seen asphalte, concrete, and, in fact, almost every kind of material tried, and I unhesitatingly declare that nothing can excel a good blue brick for the boxes and stalls. Care should be taken, however, that the bricks are blue throughout as proof of their hardness; blue throughout their entire thickness and not skin deep—not, in fact, blue outwardly and red inside, as is commonly the case. That means a soft inside, whereas if the bricks are blue they are just like iron. The brick I advise is 9 by $4\frac{1}{2}$, and the face of the brick divided into six panels by means of chamfered grooves, so as to prevent the horse from slipping, as the hard blue brick soon wears very slippery and greasy. They should be laid on a bed of concrete and jointed in cement. I am of opinion that you get a perfect floor by this means. For the passages, however, I invariably use the adamantine clinker bricks. These bricks are 6 by $1\frac{1}{4}$, and as hard as the blue bricks; but being of a warm yellow colour they have a better appearance. They are much dearer than the blue sort, but surely some regard should be had to appearance.

The walls of the stable should be built of bricks, stone, or other hard material to withstand the moisture, and of sufficient thickness to keep the inside of the stable dry and of an equal temperature, and there should be a proper damp course immediately above the floor line to prevent moisture from rising from the ground. The inside of the walls for a height of about 4 ft. ought to be lined with glazed bricks, and these may be of any colour or ornamentation desired. I strongly recommend that bricks, and not tiles, should be used, as these frequently come off. The heads of the stalls should be constructed of glazed bricks—or tiles for this purpose, if the latter be preferred—and also around the

mangers and hay-racks, to prevent the breath of the horse from impregnating a softer or more porous substance, and so possibly preventing a new animal contracting any disease from which the late occupant may have been suffering.

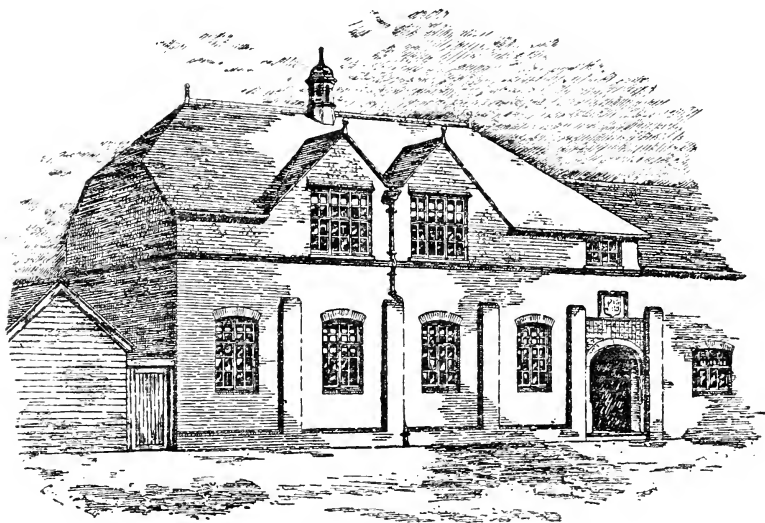
In the working of a stable it is necessary that every convenience should be handy for the grooms—such, for instance, as hot water, to which there should be ready access ; while the saddle and cleaning rooms ought to be conveniently placed. The drying room also is a most important adjunct. At Kingsclere this has been constructed in such a manner that even if the whole of the horses come in from exercise with wet clothing, the latter can be completely dried in two or three hours without building up roaring fires—in fact, without going to any extra trouble whatsoever.

Water.—In regard to water, it goes without saying that there should be a plentiful supply. At Kingsclere a deep well has been sunk (it had to be mighty deep) and a powerful pump fixed. The latter is worked by a gas engine to store the water in a cistern containing 4,000 gallons. From this cistern water has been laid on to the various draw-offs and to hydrants dotted about the entire premises in case of such a calamity as a fire. The boys are taught the use of these hydrants, so that a powerful stream of water can at all times be directed to any portion of the buildings attacked.

Forage and manure.—The store should be placed in a position to afford ready access, as the boys have to fetch their allowance of forage for every meal. In regard to the disposal of the manure, it is highly requisite that the pit should not be near the stable. At Kingsclere the manure is removed away from the buildings. I may remark that the straw in the condition it is taken away from the various standings would be considered clean litter in many establish-

ments ; in order, however, that it may be converted into manure Mr. Porter has a number of pigs, who perform this operation in the manure pit.

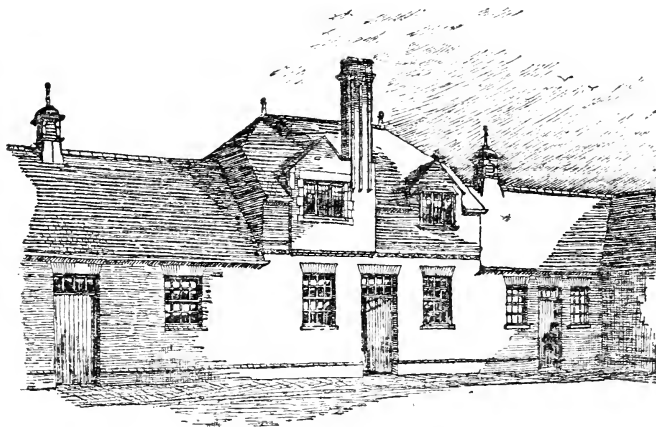
‘ Mr. Dollar—who, I need scarcely say, is familiar with the everyday life of the men and boys employed at Kingsclere—contends warmly that every racing establishment should be provided with such means



BOYS' SITTING-ROOM, WITH DORMITORIES OVER

for promoting their habitual health and comfort as are to be found there. He is severe on certain racing stables within his knowledge where the “boys have to perform their ablutions in the stable bucket with the aid of the sponge and cloths that have been used for grooming the horses,” and, after contrasting that with the Kingsclere system of bath rooms and lavatories, takes leave of the subject in these words :

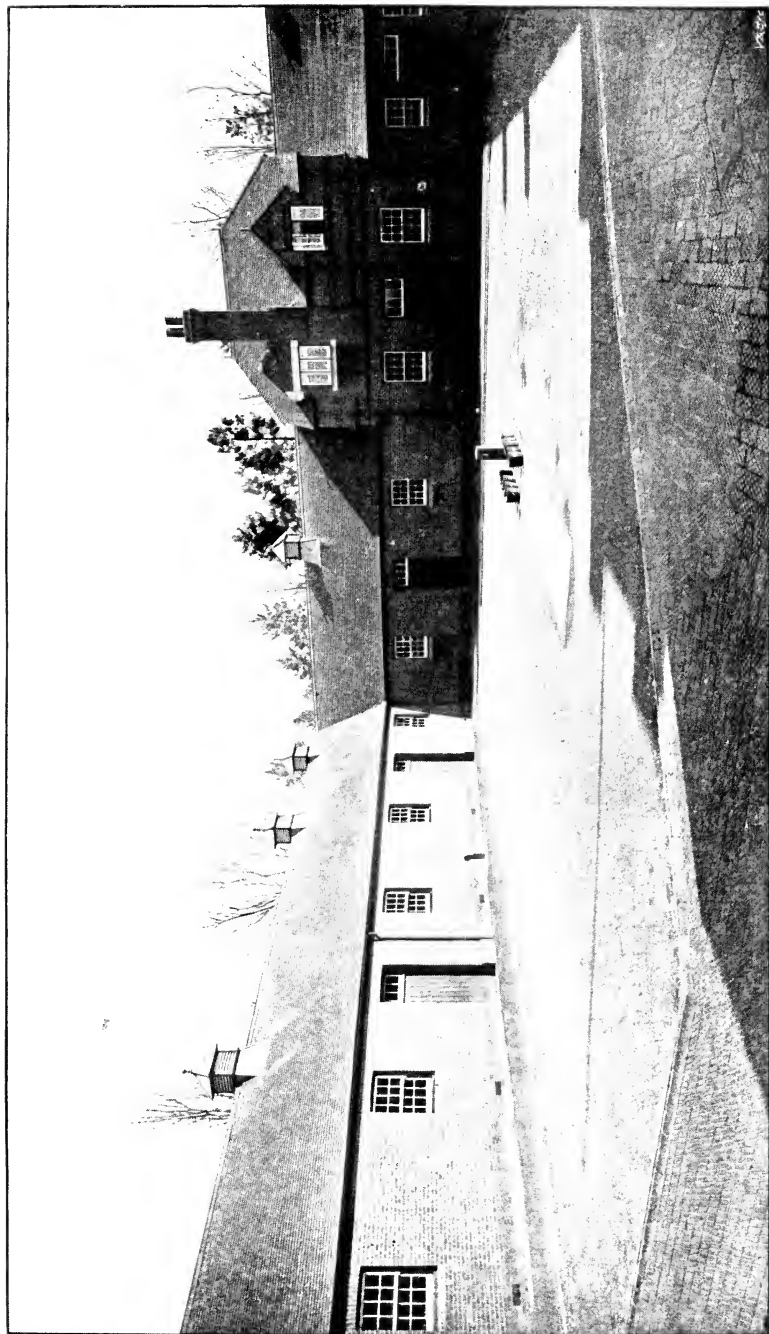
“ If you were to drop into the boys’ recreation room after work was over for the day you would find boxing, chess, draughts, and other diversions in full swing, and the boys as happy as possible. When the bell rings they troop off to their comfortable dining-room close to the kitchen, where they make their presence felt to the detriment of the larder. Then, instead of having to sleep two or three in a bed in a wretched garret with accommoda-



HEAD MEN'S ROOMS IN NEW YARD

tion no better than that afforded in a court in Drury Lane, each boy at Kingsclere has his own bed in a large, well-lighted dormitory, ventilated in a manner that would more than meet the requirements of the Local Government or Poor Law officials in regard to the cubical contents per person, if either of those bodies were to inspect them under the Act.”

‘ A good head lad is most essential in stable management, to carry out your instructions to the



NEW YARD, PARK HOUSE, KINGSCLEERE.

letter, and be as watchful over your interests as you would be yourself. His first duty is to see that the boys are called in the morning at the proper hour, and are all at work in the stables. Then he must look round the mangers to see that the horses have eaten up their food—or otherwise. Upon this inspection he must report to his master, who will thereby know whether this or that horse requires special dieting. The manger is a true index of condition and progress. Then the head lad sees that the boxes are thoroughly cleansed, the horses dressed over, and the clothing, &c., placed behind them ready for exercise. Saddle and clothing should not be put on the horses before proceeding to breakfast, otherwise they might get hold of the stirrup leather or stirrup iron and injure themselves. I have known instances of their doing so. They are then given a light feed of corn. After breakfast the head lad takes care that the horses are made ready, and, that operation performed, they go out to exercise. Thereupon the master joins them and the troop proceed to the downs. On returning to the stable after they have done their work, it is the duty of the master's representative to see that they are properly dressed. To begin with, the hoods and bridles are removed, and the boy proceeds to clean the horse, commencing with his head and neck. Having done this the animal is tied up, and the boy takes out the hood and bridle, together with his own coat and waistcoat, and places them in the saddle-room. He then returns with the horse's bucket of water. I may remark

here that I find it laid down in William Day's "Race-horse in Training"—an excellent work, with much of which I entirely agree—that "the water that is given the horses to drink should have the chill taken off to prevent griping, when it can be safely given *ad libitum*." I am opposed to this practice, because I think that water of the natural temperature is better for the animal than water artificially dealt with. The boy gives the horse his water and afterwards a little hay. He then washes the horse's feet, sponges down his legs, and rubs the latter thoroughly dry. Saddle and clothing are now removed, and he sets to work to dress the body. When that operation is completed, the trainer is informed that the lot is ready for his inspection, and he proceeds to carefully look them over, one by one, to thoroughly examine them, handling their legs and feet and otherwise ascertaining by the minutest observation that no harm has come to any of them from the morning's work. The rug and roller are put on, and the horse is "set fair"—that is to say, his bedding (which should consist of the best wheat straw and plenty of it) is placed under him. The stable is swept out, stalls and boxes dusted down, and the mangers cleaned. The horse is then fed, the feed consisting of oats of the very best, a few beans or peas, with some cut hay as chaff, this last-named ingredient being necessary to the mixture to aid mastication. A small quantity of fresh hay, which should be the very best upland meadow, is also given to him. This part of his treatment should be finished before twelve o'clock. The horse is

then let loose in his box and allowed to rest, the stable being thereupon locked until five o'clock in the afternoon. In the meantime the boys dine, and should there be a second string of horses to exercise the same routine is pursued. At five o'clock we go to stable again, to the morning horses, and a similar process is carried out, the trainer examining every horse as before. They are left standing until half-past seven, when they are again fed and locked up for the night. Persistent attention has to be paid to ventilation, which, of course, is continually regulated according to atmospheric conditions. If the system I have sketched is maintained with proper diligence, there will be little occasion to examine the manger. The method will have to be slightly varied now and then in the matter of feeding. For instance, the horses should have a bran mash twice a week, with occasional carrots and grass, according to the season of the year. This change of diet keeps the animal in a healthy condition. I am no advocate for physic of any description. A dose of medicine in the spring before commencing work is, in my opinion, all that is necessary. The best tonic is fresh air, and good food the best medicine.

'Compared to what it used to be some forty or fifty years ago, the life of a stable boy is one of continual pleasure. Then he had a rough time of it, and no mistake. It is no more than the simple truth to say that every possible care is taken of the boys in these days. When I take a youngster provisionally he comes a month on trial. If at the end

of that time I think he is likely to be of use, he is apprenticed for a number of years according to the indentures, the substance of which follows. The form of the agreement was drawn up by my son-in-law, Mr. George Gardener Leader, solicitor, with a special regard to the requirements of the case.

'The form of indenture binds the boy as apprentice "of his own free will and accord, and by and with the consent and approbation of the father," "to the said John Porter to learn his art, trade, calling or business of a groom and jockey." Father and son covenant that during the period of apprenticeship "the said apprentice his master faithfully shall serve, his secrets keep," &c. John Porter, on his part, doth covenant with the said (the son) that he will pay unto the said (the son) yearly and every year the following sums. Here follows a statement of the gradually cumulative fees until "the sixth and seventh years thereof, together with one-half of whatever the said — may earn as a jockey." On his part the said John Porter provides sufficient meat, drink, and lodging during the term; while the father undertakes to provide the boy with all proper and necessary clothing, medical attendance and medicine. An important clause in the indenture runs thus: "And it is hereby agreed between the parties hereto, that, in the event of any accident or injury happening to the said (the son) during the said term, while engaged in the performance of his duties as such apprentice, the same shall be taken to be one of the ordinary risks incidental to and arising

out of the nature of his occupation, and the said John Porter shall not be held liable for any consequences thereof or arising thereout." Then follows a statement of what "it shall be lawful for the said John Porter immediately thereupon, and without any notice to the said — or his father to do in the event of the lad misbehaving himself." In point of fact the master may under such a circumstance "cancel and put an end to the said apprenticeship."

'I may remark in explanation that some boys are taken for short and some for long terms of service according to their physical appearance, that is to say, whether they look like growing rapidly into heavy weights or promise to remain small. It is surprising how very few of them make really good horsemen, although at the end of about two years in the saddle there is not one of them who does not consider himself equal to Archer or Cannon. At Kingsclere I have a man whom they call "the Captain," whose special duty it is to look after the bed-rooms, bath-rooms, and lavatory devoted to the boys' use. He carves for them at their meals. He is provided with a book in which he enters a report of the proceedings of the boys, and the account is submitted to my inspection once a week. This report includes a list of all breakages and damage done. I have adopted what experience in the working shows to be an excellent rule with regard to anything injured or destroyed. Each individual case of damage is valued, and the amount charged to the boys as a whole, therefore it is for them to

find out the delinquent and make him pay. "The Captain" must attend at the appointed hour nightly, call over the roll of his troop, and keep their time. He must also attend church with them once every Sunday and report the absentees. The following contains the substance of a code of rules, a copy of which is supplied to every boy. I may add that each rule is strictly enforced.

'No smoking is allowed in the saddle-room before 6 o'clock P.M., and no smoking whatever allowed on any other part of the premises. Board-wages men infringing this regulation are liable to instant dismissal. Both here and in the cleaning-room, strict tidiness is enforced, and in the latter apartment each boy has a peg to himself for his jacket and cap. The baths are opened from 8 till 9.30 P.M. on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and are to be left in their original clean condition. Each boy has a box in a room provided for that purpose, and must clean his boots exclusively in the place appointed for boot polishing. The bed-rooms are opened at half-past 9 and all boys must be in bed and the lights out by 10 o'clock. Any boy absent without permission at the time first named will be locked out and fined—for the first offence, sixpence, for the second, one shilling, and for the third summoned before a magistrate or dismissed. Every boy must be in his place in the mess-room within five minutes of the bell ringing, or he will not be admitted.

'No boy is allowed to run an account with a tradesman in the village. Once a month a list of

the boys' wants is brought in by the Captain, and for such of them as are approved written orders are given. The boys are paid extra for riding in trials, and for every race won the boy who has had charge of the horse receives a sovereign. On its merits, and without giving a thought to what the boys in a training stable formerly had to go through, I think this is an agreeable kind of a life for a lad who passes the prescribed course at Kingsclere. And also I may add in other stables. His is not one monotonous mill-horse round. He sees a great many changes. For example, he goes out racing with his horses, and is well taken care of while he is abroad. If he behave himself during his apprenticeship, although he may not develop into a jockey or trainer, there is always a chance of his obtaining a situation as head lad, or, failing that, of getting a place amongst horses in a gentleman's family. Then, lads who have learnt their business in such a stable as mine are in request elsewhere than in England. As to the temptations which surround the occupation of stable-boy in a training stable, well, it sometimes happens that a boy is corrupted by outside influences. There are unhappily always parasites of the Turf to be found who are only too willing, for the sake of "information," however worthless that may be, to suborn and bribe a stable-boy. So much for the youth and the favourable conditions under which he is enabled to learn his business at an establishment like mine.

' The following letters from a bookmaker to one

of the boys in my employment will tell their own incriminating story :—

Sir,—I now venture to ask you if you are agreeable to correspond with me the coming flat race season. You may rest assured it will be quite safe, and it will be kept quite a secret between us. If you should favour me by answering you could name a place where you could get your letters safe.

I am, yours truly,

P.S.—An answer would oblige.

Dear ——,—Your kind letter to hand. Was pleased to hear your enjoying good health. I wish to thank you for your kindness on my behalf in consenting to correspond with me. I can assure you that you will find me quite straight in my dealings with you, and also everything will be quite safe on my part. I can assure you I may have the pleasure of seeing you here Whit week do you come to this meeting. If so will not forget to give you a show all round. How I wrote to you was I noticed your name in the sporting paper in a trial where Omladina won. So I thought I may ask you which has proved successful. So I beg to tender my thanks to you for your kind letter.

I am yours truly,

P.S.—Kindly excuse the writing in haste.

‘I now leave him to treat of another subject, one already touched upon in a former chapter under a different head, namely the subject of the jockey.

‘I contend that he is the embodiment of one of the most important of all the problems that demand solution in connection with the national sport. Where are the jockeys? Where will they be in

the course of a few years? They appear to be diminishing annually. Compare them with the skilled jockeys of some thirty to forty years ago. Amongst that class we had Alfred Day, James Bartholomew, Charlton, Wells, Job Marson, Sam Rogers, Basham, John Osborne, T. Chaloner, Daley, Aldcroft, Arthur Edwards, Custance, James Goater, Luke and James Snowden, Fordham, Ashmall, Maidment, French, Kendal, J. Adams, H. and J. Grimshaw, Quinton, Plumb, Bullock, Whittington, Cliff, Heartfield, Morris, Loates, Hibberd, Cannon, Doyle, and numerous others. What have we now? The contrast is striking indeed! In seeking for a reason for this great change, I would ask, Is it because the minimum weight has been raised? Under the old system, when the lowest regulation weight was four stone, boys had several years' experience before they reached the weight at which we now start. To say that those "infants" could not ride is sheer nonsense. "Weatherby" teems with abundant evidence to the contrary. If gentlemen believed one half of the reports flying about respecting the honesty of jockeys they would give up racing. We are perpetually hearing about what are called "jockey rings." I myself do not believe that such combinations exist. However, while it might be easy for a few jockeys to combine in the formation of a "ring," it would be difficult for a large number to effect such a combination. Having clearly proved a jockey guilty of fraudulent practices, suspend him at once, and for

ever. The idea of reinstating him should never be taken into consideration. The poor clerk who has embezzled his master's property pleads in extenuation of his offence the smallness of his salary. There is no excuse of that kind for a jockey going wrong. He is paid so well he can afford to be honest.

' Compare his remuneration with that of a trainer. The latter has no retaining fee unless he is engaged as a private trainer. Even in that case the sum he receives is next to nothing in comparison to that paid to a jockey, who, besides the fee in question, is paid riding fees and travelling expenses. Moreover, when you have paid the jockey his retainer, which may amount to thousands a year—to a sum equalling the salary of a Cabinet Minister—you have by no means secured an exclusive right to his services. He has the right, of which he takes prompt care to avail himself, to contract with other owners for second, third, and fourth claim. You can seldom or never get him to ride a trial, and, as to his riding a gallop, and thereby acquiring some knowledge of the horse he may be called upon to mount in public, that is quite out of the question. The trainer, on accepting a retaining fee, is precluded from entering into another contract. Another point, and one of some importance, may be mentioned. I say nothing about the trainer in relation to it, but—the jockey makes no bad debts. He can claim his retaining fee before the commencement of the racing season and obtain payment of his riding fee from

Messrs. Weatherby as soon as he has ridden a race. In no other profession or trade is similar protection given.

‘If a jockey were only allowed to ride for the one stable from which he has accepted a retainer, every stable would have its exclusive jockey, and his interest would be identical with the stable, and not divided, as it now is, amongst a number. We should, if the exclusive rule were established, have more jockeys riding than we unfortunately possess at the present time. There are plenty of boys who *can* ride, and are only awaiting the opportunity. That, however, seldom arrives. Indeed, it never will come so long as we are compelled to keep fiddling on two or three strings. Why should the jockey pose upon a more exalted pedestal than the trainer? Look at the anxiety of a trainer’s life compared with that of a jockey. As I have maintained more than once in these pages, in other terms and drawing conclusions from other facts, he must, to be successful, devote all his time and energy to the animals committed to his charge. He can see nothing through other eyes. He must make a separate study of each horse; find out his constitutional peculiarities; watch daily, even hourly, the progress he is making, so as to have his charge in perfect condition on the day of his race. He must not be a week too soon, or a week too late, for that means defeat. Then, having accomplished his task, and achieved a well-earned victory, who is it that receives the applause and thanks of the public? Not the trainer, but the jockey. It is not said that

the victor is well trained, but that he was well ridden. You hear the jockey praised on every side. The trainer is not even handed down in the chronicles of "Weatherby," since in no page of that most useful and interesting history is the name of a single member of his order once mentioned.

'By-the-bye, I recall a circumstance which may perhaps be referred to here in reference to the practice of jockeys engaging themselves to other owners, without the knowledge or consent of their "first master." Wells was the jockey, and his master Sir Joseph Hawley. Other days other fees. The sum paid by Sir Joseph to his jockey, as a retainer, was nothing like the salary of a Cabinet Minister. In fact, it amounted to the enormous sum of one hundred pounds per annum. Wells had, entirely on his own responsibility, engaged himself to pilot Queen Bertha in the St. Leger. His name had been paragraphed in the sporting journals as the chosen jockey and announced in the list of probable starters. Sir Joseph Hawley had, however, not been consulted, and he was not at all the sort of person to suffer such a breach of etiquette to pass unrebuked. I received a letter from Sir Joseph in which he referred to the matter and, at the same time, instructed me to take Woldga, who was engaged in the Leger, to Doncaster. On my arrival there Wells came to me at once, as was his usual practice, and asked what horses I had brought for him to ride. I mentioned several, and then

added—"Woldga." He said: "Woldga, what is he in?" I replied: "The Leger only." "Why, he is never going to run, is he?" exclaimed Wells in consternation. I rejoined, "You had better put that question to Sir Joseph." He lost no time in waiting on the Baronet, who, after giving him a severe talking to for taking such a liberty, prolonged the punishment by taking time to consider whether he would forego the penitent jockey's services. In the upshot the Baronet withdrew Woldga, and Wells rode Queen Bertha, but the lesson was one which the jockey never forgot.

'I may remark here that from the time I first met "Tiny" Wells, as he was then called, until he (having meanwhile earned the name of "Brusher") died and was buried in Kingsclere churchyard, I probably knew him better "inside out" than anybody else. Besides being one of the finest horsemen that ever sat in a saddle, with unerring judgment of pace, fine hands, a matchless seat, and a splendid finisher, he was quite "a character." Thirty-five years ago a writer in "Baily" said in reference to Sir Joseph Hawley, "Wells asserts that there is no amount of flesh he would not take off his back for him." The writer of the obituary notice of Sir Joseph in the same magazine, in 1875, says: "No one else would have pardoned Wells his latter extravagant eccentricities of dress and manner." There is truth in both statements.

'Wells was the very soul of honesty, his loyalty to his master was unimpeachable, and his vanity

enormous. I remember one Sunday afternoon, at Newmarket, the Admiral and Mr. Payne coming to see my horses at Wells's, where they were stabled. He and I came out and received the visitors together. On beholding "the Brusher," who was resplendent in a new suit of clothes of extremely fashionable cut, but not over-quiet in colour, Mr. Payne exclaimed, "What a swell you are, Wells! Who is your tailor?" Wells replied, "A very good sort of tailor, sir; he finds me in clothes for nothing. You see, sir, being such a good figure, I am a walking advertisement for him." No wonder his dress provoked remark. He once rode Blue Gown in a walk over at Newmarket garbed in a suit of extremely pronounced tartan "dittoes," wearing a Tyrolese hat adorned with a tall curly feather, and carrying a cane like a billiard cue. One of Sir Joseph Hawley's friends remonstrated with him for allowing such a grotesque exhibition, whereupon the Baronet replied that his jockey was at liberty to dress just as he pleased. Wells was engaged by him to ride, and as long as he did that to his satisfaction the contract was fulfilled. Some time in the latter part of 1869 Sir Joseph came to Kingsclere to see a trial, when he told us—Wells and myself—that he had made a match with Blue Gown and Friponnier over the Ditch Mile, even weights, for 500. The Baronet asked me if I would stand any of it, and I said I should like to have a pony with him. But he said, you had better have a hundred, as it is a good thing. I agreed. He

then asked Wells how much he would like. Wells replied, "I should like to have the other four hundred." Sir Joseph rejoined, "Then what am I to have?" Wells said, "You will have all the honour and glory of winning, Sir Joseph." The Match came off at the Second October Meeting, and proved the soundness of the Baronet's judgment. They laid 5 to 2 on Blue Gown, who was giving Friponnier a year. The latter was beaten by half a length. Wells, of course, rode Blue Gown. I never quite knew how the deal was squared between owner and jockey, but I rather think that Sir Joseph received as his share more than the honour and glory of winning.

'Of trainers as a body I have naturally very little to say. Theirs is an arduous, a trying, and a highly responsible vocation, and if they perform their duties conscientiously they have no occasion to fear any kind of criticism, private or public. They are sometimes rather roughly handled by the disappointed backer, but that personage is always a prejudiced witness, and, as a rule, an ignorant one. At all events, the trainer knows more than he does. I doubt whether I ever had an enemy amongst the members of my brotherhood in all the years I have been engaged in the work, and I number amongst my "rivals," as I suppose I must call them, some of my warmest and most cherished friends. The trainer who stands out most prominently amongst the earliest of those I knew is John Scott of White-wall, the renowned Wizard of the North. His fame

was so great in my younger days that I naturally took a great interest in his horses when they came South. Indeed, the Derby in those days had resolved itself into a battle between North and South, and everybody was especially curious to see the rod in pickle for us which had been prepared on Langton Wold. The impression which I retain of John Scott's horses is that they always looked big and well and full of muscle. In my pleasant occasional chats with the veteran I invariably found him genial and communicative, and I sincerely regret that I was never at liberty to accept his repeated invitations to pay a visit to Whitewall. The only other North-country trainer of that period whom I became acquainted with was Thomas Dawson, a hearty companion and a master of his business. My friendship with Matthew Dawson, a great trainer of whom it is impossible to speak too highly, extends over very many years. We have frequently been opponents, as the chronicle in these pages shows, but always, I am sure, in a sportsmanlike and congenial spirit. I may remark that we have always met, through our champions, on high ground ; that is to say in the "classic" races, a handicap never being the bone of contention. I hold Joseph Dawson in my most grateful remembrance. From the period of my earliest experience as a trainer down to the day of his death I received the greatest kindness at his hands. It was my regular custom in attending the Newmarket meetings to dine with him at least once a week. When death, all too

soon, put an end to a worthy and honourable career, Joseph Dawson was mourned by no one more sincerely than myself. Mrs. Joseph Dawson, his widow, a very dear old friend, would, I am sure, consider herself slighted if on my visits to headquarters I did not keep up the long-continued custom. But I have no desire or intention to omit it. It is always pleasant to spend an evening with Mrs. Dawson and talk over old times. It is also my custom, though of more recent date, to dine one evening, on the Wednesday generally, with Tom Jennings ("the young governor") and his charming young wife. I need not say how pleasant these social evenings are after the day's toil on the race-course. I am sorry to say that while this volume was in preparation William Goater, my old colleague at Findon, and trustworthy friend from first to last, passed away. I had, however, already in these pages given expression to my high opinion of his professional capacity and his personal qualities. I may add here as a farewell tribute that an abler trainer or a worthier man than William Goater never came within my knowledge.

'When Mr. Corlett requested me, with others, to give him a list of the ten best horses I had met with in the course of my experience, I sent him the following list: Teddington, Virago, West Australian, Fisherman, Gladiateur, Rosicrucian, Isonomy, Robert the Devil, St. Simon, and Foxhall. As "absolutely the best horse" I gave Isonomy, and appended, by way of comment, "the above are

within my own knowledge. I will add one more after the Derby and Leger are over." The horse I meant to add—and did—was, of course, Ormonde. Teddington, who cantered home the winner of the Derby in *the* Great Exhibition year, 1851, beating the biggest field on record, had a remarkable history. In "Scott and Sebright," "The Druid" says: "Sir Joseph saw Teddington at three months old, and was wonderfully struck with his action, and bought him with the mare from a blacksmith at Stamford for 250*l.*, and a thousand contingency." "The Druid" was misinformed. In the latest edition of the delightful "Post and Paddock" series, the editor, the Hon. Francis Lawley, adds a contradictory note, which had been supplied to him by the late Mr. Bromhead, and for the accuracy of which he vouches. Mr. Bromhead writes: "Teddington was *not* born at Stamford. The dam of Teddington, Miss Twickenham, by Rockingham, was given by Colonel—afterwards General—Peel to Jack Tomlinson, a blacksmith, who afterwards gave up the shoeing business and took the Godmanchester toll-gate. Miss Twickenham was then in foal to Orlando, and produced Teddington, who was foaled in a barn at Great Stukeley, about two miles from Huntingdon. He was such a weak foal that he had to be held up for a fortnight to suck, and they were afraid that they would be unable to rear him. The mare was sent to Newmarket to visit Orlando again, where Sir Joseph Hawley saw them, and purchased them for 500*l.* and con-

tingencies—viz. 300*l.* if Teddington won the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket, which sum was paid to Tomlinson, and 1,000*l.* if he won the Derby, the whole of which was not paid, as through some misunderstanding he only received 300*l.*” There are plenty of instances of puny, weakly foals that were difficult to rear and apparently not worth the trouble they cost, eventually doing well and becoming great horses. Although it was before my time, and I must go to the records for the facts, I am tempted to make a digression and mention one, whose case was not at all unlike Teddington’s. I refer to Birmingham—dam, Miss Craigie, by Orville. The owner, Mr. Beardsworth, says that “when he was a foal, and soon after I purchased him, he was taken ill, and was so much reduced that he could not stand to feed. In this state I left him (on a Friday), and was from home ten days. On my return I was surprised to find him alive, and as I have a great dislike to see a sick horse, I ordered him to be destroyed before I went to the stables. Mrs. Beardsworth, who was present, begged of me not to have him destroyed, and said that if I would have him brought into a private box near the house, she would attend to him and nurse him. He was carried by four men from the box he was then in to the other, where he remained for a month, or more, without any visible improvement, during the whole of which time Mrs. Beardsworth was incessant in her attendance upon him, seeing him always the last thing before she went to bed, and frequently

getting up in the night to him. I several times requested that he might be destroyed, but Mrs. B. always opposed it, and said she had a presentiment that he would recover and win the Leger. It is a singular circumstance that this is the only horse Mrs. Beardsworth ever noticed. I never knew her enter a stable except to see Birmingham." Well, Birmingham won the Leger, beating Priam and twenty-six others, the biggest field I fancy that ever ran for that race. But to revert to Teddington. His Derby was remarkable for more things than his easy defeat of an enormous field. Last year (1895) we saw a gelding finish three-quarters of a length behind the winner. If Teddington had been out of the way, the Blue Riband of 1851 would have been won by a 'cocktail,' for there was a stain in Marlborough Buck's pedigree. (Having been led to mention the sexless second to Sir Visto, I may as well say here, as elsewhere, since it is on my mind, that I would not allow geldings to be entered for the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, or St. Leger. I am strongly of opinion that they should be barred for all the classic races.) My impression of Teddington is that of a light-fleshed horse who did not fill the eye which looked for grandeur when he was in repose; but when he moved—and he could move—his action was beautiful. He gathered up his quarters and set them going like a greyhound. West Australian, one of the idols of the North, was a big, leathering horse, whose fitness on the day of his victory was a credit to the trainer.

As for old Fisherman, his name and deeds have passed into a proverb, and with good reason. He ran 136 races and won ninety-six, over long distances, most of the races being run at heavy weights up to 10 st., and he suffered no more than the others from doing so much work and carrying weights so heavy. If I wanted a horse to prove that long races and plenty of them do not break a good animal down, Fisherman would prove my case. Just as Leamington has left his mark on the American stud, Fisherman has stamped himself on the stud of Australia. As for Gladiateur, "the great Frenchman," as he was called, he would have scored in any year, but he happened to be a long way in front of a moderate lot of horses. Look at the three that were "placed" behind him when he won the Derby—by two lengths—Christmas Carol, Eltham, and Longdown. As to the horse I had personal charge of, namely, Bedminster, he (as has been mentioned in another place) had no legs under him when he was stripped at Epsom. I am aware that it was the opinion of some that Gladiateur was more than three years of age in 1865. I know one good judge who stoutly maintains to this day that Gladiateur was "an old un" when he won the Derby (refusing to limit himself to the notion that he was *only* a four-year-old!); but that was never my opinion. He was an old-fashioned horse, and, by comparison, dwarfed a good many of his adversaries, but I attach no importance to that as an argument. We possess race-horses of all shapes

and sizes, and shall have such to the end of the chapter. A good many people thought that it might have been better perhaps if the stewards of the Doncaster meeting had, on the application of Mr. Graham, the owner of Regalia, permitted a veterinary examination of Gladiateur's mouth—it would have decided the question once and for all—but it was impossible to withhold one's approval of the motives which, no doubt, actuated the refusal. The Stewards, while sheltering themselves technically, as, of course, was within their right, were no doubt reluctant to cast a slur on Count de Lagrange. Mr. Graham having no evidence to support the implied charge, they very properly refused his application. Gladiateur was a real good horse, and he proved it by going on winning as long as he was kept at work. Robert the Devil was another clinker. He won the St. Leger by three lengths. Running at even weights with Bend Or in the Foal Stakes, he defeated him after a tremendous finish by a head, and, carrying 8 st. 6 lb., won the Cesarewitch by four lengths. Meeting Bend Or again on equal terms in the Champion Stakes at Newmarket, he beat him by ten lengths. I have said my say about Virago, Rosicrucian, and Isonomy in former chapters. Foxhall's Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire speak for themselves, and Matthew Dawson (who ought to know) declares St. Simon to be the best he has ever had, and he has had some good ones.'

CHAPTER XIV

Touts, horse-watchers, 'training reporters'—A highly respectable vocation—The tout made amusing—Another side to the question—Porter's protest in 'Bell's Life'—A stable-boy tampered with—'A backer of horses' retained for the defence—The tipsters of the circulars the first employers of training reporters—Burlesque reports from training quarters—A specimen—The cost of thrashing a tout—'Necessary evils'—The serious side of the question.

'ON the subject of touts, horse-watchers, training reporters, or whatever they may be called—although touts, as they have been from the beginning, they will remain to the end—my views may be guessed. The trainer's opinion of the tout is similar to the gamekeeper's opinion of the poacher, and it can never alter, let the methods of the spy or the description of him and his work change as it may. "A rose by any other name" (read contrariwise), and so forth. A tout is a tout. Master tout, who employs a staff of men, and who may one day, after passing through the Parish Council and the County Council, sit in Parliament and represent his precious fraternity, is just the same to me as the meanest member of his gang. In the old "Sporting Magazine," hunting the tout is occasionally treated as a sort of field sport, and once, if I recollect aright, an

incident in his business was made the subject of a steel plate. "The Druid," who was not a trainer, and who was therefore at liberty to study the tout from a playfully humorous point of view, has some good stories of touts in his "Post and Paddock." He relates that when Bill Scott used to live near Knavesmire, his motions were watched night and day whenever a trial at Malton was about to come off, and it was almost impossible for him to steal away from York at any time of the night without having touts on his track. The Flying Dutchman was watched by a perfect squadron of them before the Derby, and Fobert in fact counted sixteen heads, looking like as many crows in file, watching the horse from behind a wall near Spigot Lodge as he came out for exercise. The widow of John Scott used to say that she loved to see the touts, since their presence argued that some good horses were in training upon Langton Wold. Aleck Taylor has been known to ride a tout down when he caught him upon that portion of Fyfield Downs where he was trespasser, and warm his jacket with a whip. All this sort of thing is amusing to read and chat about after dinner, but there is a serious side to the question, and of that most trainers have had disagreeable experience. It was some time after the two sporting journals which had made reports from training quarters a special feature that I felt impelled to write the following letter of complaint to 'Bell's Life.' On looking it over I am inclined to think that, although touting has become an established

institution, and the training reporter would appear to occupy a position on the sporting press with the other reporters, as a protest it is quite as much needed now as it was then. One of my reasons for holding this opinion will appear further on. However, this is what I wrote :

“No one could possibly have less objection to a fair criticism of the condition, &c., of race-horses while in training than myself, so long as such criticism is founded on information obtained in an honourable and legitimate manner. But I do object, and that strongly, to the present underhand system of tampering with stable-boys, and also to the personal *espionage* to which the trainer is subjected. If the touts endeavoured to pump the apprentices we should, I think, have a remedy ; but those persons are quite wide-awake enough to keep on the ‘windy side of the law,’ and confine themselves to tampering only with those about the stables who are under no legal obligation ‘to keep the secret of their masters.’ A recent case (not the first by many) has just come under my personal observation. During a temporary absence from home one of my horses met with a slight accident in the stable ; the first I heard of it was from an account which appeared in two of the sporting papers. I was very much puzzled how such an account found its way into print, but the mystery was soon cleared up. On my return I found that two of my boys had been spending a pleasant hour or two at the house of the tout who is correspondent of the two papers in

question. Now, it is quite certain he could not have seen the horse himself, the horse never having left the stable, therefore the report must have been framed from information received from my lads. Is it right that a trainer cannot leave home for a few days without having his boys tampered with by a resident tout? Many a good supporter of the Turf has left it in disgust through the systematic touting of himself, his trainer, and his stable-boys. In my opinion the gentlemen who spend large sums in training race-horses, and thus cater for the amusement of the public, deserve protection from this annoyance.

“It is all very well for the editors of sporting papers publishing training intelligence to say that they do not encourage or countenance such underhand proceedings. They cannot avoid it, as we all know the class of men employed to send training reports—men (with few exceptions) too lazy to work for an honest livelihood.”

“The Hon. Francis Lawley, who, I am grateful to say, has often been a supporter of my views, endorsed my opinion of the tout’s tampering with one of my stable-boys, and of course was denounced for his pains. In a letter signed “A Backer of Horses” (as the man says in “A Pair of Spectacles,” “Aw know that Backer of Horses—he comes fra Sheffield!”) it was set forth that the “communications of trainers betray a degree of selfishness and narrow-mindedness almost bordering on the ridiculous,” and—of course the writer

was bound to impute motives—"John Porter was annoyed because the newspapers had forestalled him with the information respecting the horse." Then came the crushing question: "I, as a public backer of horses, ask for what purpose Porter wished the fact of Pageant's accident to be kept secret?" I doubt whether this transparent attempt to draw a red-herring across the scent deceived any of the "Backer of Horses'" readers. It certainly did not humbug me. As to the insinuation, well, one can cheerfully afford to treat such things with contempt.

'Turning aside for the moment from my personal experience of the obnoxious touting system, I, perhaps, ought not to dismiss the subject without recalling in this place a joke which one of the sporting journals played off against a contemporary when the Reports from Training Quarters were first established. Until 1866—I think that was the year, but it may have been 1865—the published reports of the touts had appeared as a regular piece of sporting news, trustworthy or not, exclusively in the racing circulars of "Judex," "Locket," and Paul Walmsley, three Manchester tipsters. Then the "Sportsman" adopted them. When the late Mr. Henry Feist, the editor of the rival paper, the "Sporting Life," was rallied on the subject, he (I may say this, speaking from personal recollection) made rather a wry face over it, but at the same time said: "I don't want to argue the point. I dare say your view is the right one. But we cannot afford to stand out.

If they do it, we shall have to follow suit." Which the "Sporting Life" eventually did. To everybody's amazement, the "Sporting Gazette," which was edited by Mr. W. H. Langley, came out with an announcement to the effect that "Special Training Notes" would thenceforward be given in that journal. This was "real jam" to the "Sportsman," which ironically acknowledged the compliment to its enterprise in an article headed "The Sincerest Flattery." The writer,¹ however, little knew what a rod Mr. Langley had in pickle. The "Special Training Notes," compiled exclusively for the "Sporting Gazette," amounting to an elaborate burlesque, were introduced in the following terms:—

We have great pleasure in laying before our readers, in accordance with our announcement last week, the first instalment of those SPECIAL TRAINING NOTES which will in future form one of, we hope, not the least attractive features of this journal. It will be readily understood that the difficulties in the way of carrying out such an undertaking as that to which we have resolved, after mature reflection, to devote our capital and enterprise, are very great. The obstacles in the way of obtaining accurate information, except by means from which our unimpeachable purity of purpose would shrink, are very great; and what with the difficulty of procuring trustworthy and talented agents, and the certainty of their being either suborned or maltreated by the brutal myrmidons of suspicious trainers, the enterprise is one involving surpassing labour, anxiety, and expense to its projectors.

It was the late Mr. R. B. Wormald, and nobody laughed more heartily than he did when he found how neatly he and the *Sportsman* had been 'done.'

Still, we shall persevere. Conscious of the rectitude of our motives, and solemnly impressed with the nature of that 'duty towards the public' which forms, or should form, the first half of a sporting journalist's creed, we shall, in the face of revilings, envy, abuse, misconstruction, bribery, intimidation, or any of the usual weapons employed by our opponents, continue in the course we have marked out—a course in which we shall, we believe, be upheld by the suffrages of that high-minded, enlightened, incorruptible portion of the British public which—agrees with ourselves.

'The "reports" from the various training grounds followed. The extravagance of the jest will be sufficiently gauged in this place by the "report" from "Kingsclere," which I subjoin. I confess that I am unable at this distance of time to quite see the fun of it.

KINGSCLERE

The baronet's horses—need I say that I allude to the team of the accomplished Sir Joseph Hawley? full particulars of whose title will be found in 'Tomkins's Twopenny Baronetage'—have all arrived at their new quarters here, and, as might be expected from a member of the aristocracy who has won the Derby thrice (I refer to Teddington, Beadsman, and Musjid, portraits of all of which may be obtained at Daub's great Emporium, 1001, Strand), are in the pink, or rather 'cherry,' of health and condition. Wolsey, our Derby nag (and curiously enough Spouter's great part), is a remarkably good-looking one, and has all that fine size and substance obtained by a use of Beach's food (3s. 4d. per cwt., order direct). Xi is a very much improved animal (which he need to be), for his performances last year, every one knows, were (see report in the 'Fiery Dragon' racing journal) disgracefully bad. Old Argonaut carries his years well, and does not look,

with his false hair and artificial teeth (Mr. Wrench, Brooke Street, sole inventor, where may be also obtained his celebrated Arabian dentifrice), above eighteen months old. Merry Wife (the mention of whom puts me in mind that Mr. Tatters, the great Elizabethan critic, is about to publish a new edition of Shakspeare in halfpenny numbers) is also extremely well; and Vabalathus, formerly the property of Lord Uxbridge—who was once heard to remark that ‘Christie *started* well, but *Pipkins* (Hat Repository, 496, Whitechapel, also a large assortment of children’s caps) *stayed*’—is in high feather. The two-year-olds, a critical period either in man or horse, though the troubles of the former at that interesting age have doubtless been much alleviated by Mrs. Hagg’s Soothing Syrup (Hagg & Co., Kingsland-road, illustrated catalogues forwarded on application); and Mr. Porter, who is in robust health, mainly attributable to the constant use of the Syro-Phœnician Hareskin (Cornelius Duffer, patentee), has every reason to be satisfied with all the stock under his care.

‘In those rather troublous times for both trainer and tout, before the institution of training reports was accepted as a necessary evil—for that is what it has become—charges of assault made by the training reporters against trainers were more than once brought before the local bench. The most serious of all the cases was that of *Bray v. Jennings*, which was tried by Mr. Justice Hannen and a common jury in the Bail Court at Westminster. The plaintiff, John Bray, described as a horse-watcher, or tout, sought to recover damages from Mr. Thomas Jennings, trainer to the French stable at Newmarket, for an assault. Shortly, the man called Jennings a fool, and Tom rode at him (full

gallop, the tout said) and began beating him about the head with a hunting whip. The jury, at the direction of the judge, gave a verdict for the plaintiff for 200*l.*

‘As I have before observed, touting must now, I suppose, be accepted as a necessary evil, so anxious are the public to know how the horses in the trainers’ hands are progressing. Personally, I have no objection to touts so long as they carry on their business in a fair and legitimate manner. But when it comes to touting your stable-boys—well, that is a very different matter. Information so obtained is not unfrequently ruin to the boy, and tends to destroy that confidence which should exist between employer and employed. That touts do obtain their information from the boys, I am certain. In what other way could it be obtained? Take my own case. On Sydmonton Downs there is a deep valley where it is impossible for any one who is not actually on the spot to see the horses gallop. I have varied the work occasionally, but I have always found that variation correctly reported by the sporting papers.

CHAPTER XV

A native's opinion of the Downs—Other opinions—Gleanings from their ancient history—Sporting from the beginning—The researches of Messrs. W. Money and T. W. Shore—King John at Freemantle Park—A royal sportsman and breeder of running horses—The sporting Duke of Cumberland at Cannon Heath—Eclipse—A font for a horse-block—Rescued by Porter—Burghclere : William Cobbett—Steventon : Jane Austen—Laverstoke mills—The robbery of bank-note paper.

THE first day Porter was out with his horses on the Downs, which have achieved fame in the racing world chiefly in association with his name and work, he met an old shepherd who was tending his flock. After exchanging cheery 'good mornings' with the ancient native, Porter said, 'What sort of a country is this I have come to live in?' 'Well, zur,' replied the gnarled old shepherd, 'I can tell you that in a very few words. It is too poor a country to live in, and it is far too healthy to die in. We just hangs on as long as we likes, and then we comes up here and gets blowed away.' During the thirty-three years that he has dwelt at Cannon Heath, and for the main part of that period at what, in the language of one enthusiastic admirer (everybody falls in love with Kingsclere), is described as 'one of those dear old spots which are about a thousand miles from anywhere, the metals of the nearest railway gleaming like

silver threads amongst the swelling chalk hills, at distances respectively of seven and five miles,' John Porter has fully proved the truth of one part of the old shepherd's statements. It is the abode of health. In satisfaction of every requirement of his vocation it is matchless. 'The Druid' regarded Ilsley, which forms part of the adjoining county of Berks, as the best down-land for training purposes known to him. But the author of 'Silk and Scarlet' had never explored Kingsclere. A later writer, enthusiastic as all of them are, pays his tribute to the domain over which Porter reigns in these glowing words: 'Nowhere, perhaps, are the conditions of perfect physical health for man or animals so nearly attained as in these equine Temples of Æsculapius or the Kingsclere Downs, where the observance of the simple and primitive canons of health are supplemented by natural advantages of locality unequalled in the country. The strong, free air, and vast stretches of primeval turf, the ever-dry surface of the chalk, and the undulating and sloping contours of the ground, ensure the maximum of benefit from the great health-bestowing air and exercise; and wholesome diet, regular hours, and scrupulous cleanliness effect the rest.' The remainder of the passage, albeit it refers to Park House and the proprietor's system of management, may just as well be cited. 'The soundest and brightest oats, old and fragrant hay, and water warmed with sunbeams, are the daily and delightful portion of those Houyhnhnms of the nineteenth

century ; and the desire of the eye for physical perfection and beauty could scarcely be better satisfied than by a sight of the thoroughbreds in training on a bright morning on the Downs.'

This great rolling down-land, with its widely scattered and sparse agricultural population, is rich with the romance of history. Respecting the origin of the names of the principal places which mark the range within which the Park House stud is trained, there would appear to be some doubt, even amongst the soundest authorities. Mr. W. Money, F.S.A., of Newbury, says : 'Many theories have been advanced as to the meaning of the Saxon termination *clere* in Kings-clere, Burgh-clere, and High-clere, which may possibly denote that these places rise *clear* above the adjoining country, or a *clear* opening, or *clearing* in the forest. Thus we have Burgh-clere, where there is an extensive camp, and High-clere, which is some nine hundred feet above the level of the sea.' Mr. T. W. Shore, F.G.S., who has written exhaustively, and with a congenial pen, of Down and Town,¹ says : 'The country in the north of Hampshire which is known now as the Clere district, comprises the three parishes of Kings-clere, Burghclere, and Highclere. The name denotes a clearing or an open space, and the natural features of the chalk downs extending from the comparatively low ground near Basingstoke to the

¹ *Pre-historic Races and their Remains in the old Clere Country of Hampshire*, and *Kings clere and its Ancient Tythings*, a paper read at Kingsclere, June 6, 1895.

high ground at Combe Hill or Inkpen Beacon, show that there must naturally always have existed over this area open or clear spaces, where the chalk lies close to the surface, and no trees can grow. The area of the Tertiary clays and loams which exist north of the chalk area, and, like it, extend from the south-east to the north-west, was that which was formerly covered by the great forest of North Hampshire.' The remains of wild animals that have been found in the Clere country are those of the red deer, the ox known as the Celtic short-horn (*Bos longifrons*), the wolf, the wild cat, and the beaver. Painstaking Mr. Shore has found Elfinland in the Clere country. Those 'pretty children of our childhood'—which 'belong, as the mites upon the plum, to the bloom of fancy, a thing generally too frail and beautiful to withstand the rude handling of Time'¹—the Elfins have left their traces on the Cleres. 'The fairy rings which occur in places on the lower slopes of the chalk downs preserve for us some references to the fairies of tradition. Another more important reference occurs in the Clere place-names in which the syllabic word "sid" occurs. "Sid" was the fairy-mound of the Celtic age, and we have still remaining in the Clere country Sid-on-Hill, Sid-monton, and Sid-ley wood, south of Ashmansworth, a surviving group of fairy-mound names such as occurs nowhere else in Hampshire.' The antiquarian interested in the Roman in Britain is informed that amongst the

¹ Thomas Hood.

Roman remains which have been discovered in this district are coins, chiefly of the later empire, which have been found at Overton, on Kingsclere Downs, and on Beacon Hill, and the pavements of villas which have been met with at Redenham, Thruxton, and Castlefield, Andover.

Amongst the documents relating to Kingsclere which are cited by the historian is King Alfred's will, in which that monarch bequeathed the town of Clere to his middle daughter, Ethelgiva, Abbess of Shalftesbury. Inasmuch as Kingsclere continued to be a manor of the king's demesne through the whole of the Saxon period, one arrives at the origin of the distinguishing prefix 'Kings.' For no less than a thousand years, during which period their history can be distinctly land-marked, these magnificent Downs have nurtured sport. We learn from the Domesday Book that as far back as the time of Edward the Confessor Edwin the huntsman held two hides of the king's demesne in Clere, which Edward gave him. Freemantle Park—as the stretch of Down overlooking Park House and stables was afterwards named, and concerning which a word presently—was evidently, from the beginning, a favourite place of sport. Mr. Shore says that Freemantle is apparently a name compounded partly of the Latin word 'mantellum,' a covering or mantle. 'The worship of Freya was, to a large extent, that of the Mother Earth of our remote pagan forefathers, and it is certain that at and near Freemantle the earth becomes covered with wood

as with a mantle, as the chalk on the surface gives place to clay, on which the wood grows.' The same writer bewails the fact that an 'ancient royal estate and hunting seat of the early Plantagenet Kings passed,' in the process of parcelling out the sequestered lands, 'into the hands of the Regicide Bradshaw.' It was Lord Cottington, the royalist, who was dispossessed. Having given offence to the parliamentary party, his estates, including 'all the parks or lands enclosed, called or known by the name of Freemantle Park,' were confiscated. At the Restoration, Lord Cottington's nephew, Francis, succeeded in recovering possession of his estates. If Bradshaw had shared with Old Noll a sportsman's appreciation of a thoroughbred—for the Lord Protector loved a good race-horse—we might have found some trace of it to-day at Kingsclere. But Bradshaw does not appear to have possessed a single redeeming foible. As it is, we only hear of him as a sordid usurper.

In recalling royal association with the Kingsclere Downs one feels that but scant justice has been done to a monarch who was a frequent visitor to Kingsclere, and whose name survives in that of King John's Hill. In his 'Notes on King John's Hunting Lodge at Kingsclere' Mr. W. Money throws some curious light on an interesting subject. The king stayed longer here, when on his sporting expeditions, than at any other of his numerous quarters. Local tradition had assigned the position of this *châtelet-de-chasse* to Cottington's Hill, and

there are good grounds for believing that the farmhouse at Freemantle Park is the spot referred to in the Itinerarium of the movements of King John. As to Freemantle Park Farm, at the foot of the southern slope of Cottington's Hill, Mr. Money says it is impossible on approaching the house not to be struck with its ancient appearance and its old-world surroundings, although a closer inspection reveals the signs of various ages and many changes. The most singular feature of the kitchen—a long low room, with a spacious open fireplace—is an ancient well, 225 ft. deep, surmounted by a raised platform in the middle of the apartment, whence the water is drawn up by the aid of a large fly-wheel attached to the spindle: and it is from this well that the cottages at Cottington's Hill are supplied. It was in order to settle a point in dispute among local and other antiquaries that Mr. Money made his examination, with, it would seem, convincing results. He says: 'The most striking fact in connection with the old farmhouse at Freemantle Park is that it actually abuts on the line of the great Roman Road from Old Sarum to Silchester and London, called the *Portway*, which here presents itself to our view in a remarkable state of preservation, between the house and where it traverses the Newbury and Whitchurch Road, whence it runs o'er hill and dale, through Bradley Wood to St. Mary Bourne and Andover. When we consider that these roads, constructed by the Romans with such extraordinary skill, formed for centuries after they left England the direct com-

munication between the different towns and places enumerated in the Itinerarium of King John, we are inclined to think that the Park farmhouse has preferable claims to be considered as the situation of the ancient royal hunting lodge than the top of Cottington's Hill. It would be necessary in the case of hunting quarters such as Freemantle Park that provision should be made for the accommodation of the king's retinue and migratory court, particularly in the way of stabling of some kind, which one can scarcely think would have been placed on such an exposed eminence as Cottington's Hill. On the other hand, at Freemantle Park farmhouse all the requisite conditions are present, there being not only shelter, but a large enclosed yard in front, which, with the house, forms a square or court such as we generally find attached to such ancient houses as we presume this to have been.' Those who have climbed to the somewhat bleak summit in question, and then made an inspection of the historical farmhouse beneath, will have little hesitation in admitting that Mr. Money's arguments on this interesting point are conclusive. One notes, by the way, that it was in the reign of the monarch whom Sir Walter Scott has belittled at the expense of his brawny brother that 'running horses' were first mentioned in the annals. And, as a recent historian of the Turf has pointed out, that the king himself largely patronised horse-racing there is reason to infer from his having founded an extensive breeding stud at Eltham on the very pastures

where Mr. William Blenkiron raised Hermit and Galopin. We find interesting traces of both Richard of the Lion Heart and King John at Kingsclere. The former visited Freemantle once, and that was on his way from the Midland Counties to Winchester, after his return from captivity and just before his second coronation. It is recorded that King John was at Freemantle Park on no fewer than thirty-seven occasions. Clearly it will be the duty of the first historian or novelist who is impelled to give us another and more favourable view of King John to study him from the sportsman's point of view, beginning his researches at Kingsclere.

The sporting Duke of Cumberland—'if not the largest, certainly the most successful, breeder of his time'¹—trained his horses on Kingsclere Downs. 'In the opposite hollow (to Cottington's Hill) of the chalk downs,' writes Mr. Money, 'stood Canham or Cannon's Lodge. It was built in the seventeenth century by Charles Duke of Bolton, and was occupied as a hunting box by the Earl of Mexborough, and also by the Duke of Cumberland, who purchased it of the Duke of Bolton, and his race-horses were trained on the neighbouring Downs.' Sir John Lade, described as 'a famous character,' also trained at Kingsclere. There is a tradition to the effect that the famous horse Eclipse did some of his work hereabouts. In the words of one writer—who, however,

¹ *The Horse-Breeder's Handbook.*

omits to mention his authority—‘on the adjoining Cannon Heath it is said that Eclipse was trained.’ Even as Mr. Shore has found in the quaint place-name Nothing Hill a modification of the Saxon Mo-thing or Mote-thing Hill, so does he trace the Canons of Rouen, who were lords of the manor of Kingsclere until the time of Edward III., in Cannon Park, Cannon Park Farm, and Cannon Heath. It is not easy to resist the temptation to write both minutely and at large of the romance of history which impregnates these noble Downs. To treat the theme right worthily—well, would require the pen of a Charles Reade. How the author of ‘The Cloister and the Hearth’ would have beaten out and fashioned the pure gold of imperishable fiction from such nuggets of fact as these: ‘Kingsclere,’ says Mr. Money, ‘being on the high road between the royal garrisons of Oxford and Basing House, felt no trifling portion of the military tempests that swept over this part of England during the Civil War between Charles I. and his Parliament. The king marched along these Downs with his army, on his way to the West from Oxford, shortly before the second battle of Newbury in 1644. On the night of October 21 Charles slept in the house of Mr. Towers at Frobury, about a mile from Kingsclere. Part of the old mansion is now occupied as a farmhouse, on the south side of which are the remains of an ancient domestic chapel. A portion of the stone pulpit was in the building within the last

fifty years, and the base of the font yet does duty as a horse-block in the farmyard.'¹

The other Cleres that comprise the country which Kingsclere dominates, Burghclere especially, invite momentary notice. The recent elevation to the peerage of the Right Hon. Herbert Gardner as Baron Burghclere of Burghclere, in the county of Southampton, has invested this ancient parish, at the foot of the bold range of Hampshire and Berkshire Downs, with an additional interest. In early times this part of Hampshire must have been a forest abounding with deer and other wild animals. It afforded better game and more hardy sport in finding it than the dry soils further south. It is not convenient to make more than a reference or so to the history of the manor. The heirs of Sir William Fitzwilliam, to whom it had been granted by Edward VI., sold it with the manor of Highclere to Sir Richard Kingsmill, knight, of Sidmanton, and in 1577 Kingsmill gave the property to his daughter Constance, wife of Sir Thomas Lucy, knight, of Charlecote, only son and heir of Shakespeare's Sir Thomas Lucy—and Justice Shallow. At Adbury House, in this parish, resided for some time in the last century Mrs. Pocke, the daughter of the Rev. Isaac Miles,

¹ The base of the font in question has been removed since the paper from which the quotation is made was published. Mr. Porter obtained possession of the mutilated and desecrated stone with a view to having it placed in Kingsclere church. This, after 'a restoration' of the missing part of the font shall have been supplied—subject to the approval of the Bishop of Winchester, who has seen the fragment—will be done.

rector of Highclere, and mother of the famous Oriental traveller, Dr. Richard Pococke, bishop of Meath. It was this Bishop Pococke who brought direct from Lebanon a cone, from which the famous cedars at Highclere were raised. In later times the house was occupied by the famous sportsman Mr. F. R. O. Villebois, Master of the Craven Hunt, who in 1844 fought out in the Law Courts the question of free chase and warren in connection with the Earl of Carnarvon's Hampshire manors. It was proved that the two manors of Burghclere and Highclere had passed down through various hands with their ancient privileges intact to the ancestors of the then owner, and the verdict was therefore given in favour of Lord Carnarvon. At Budd's farm in this parish resided for some years Mr. William Budd, an eccentric attorney at Newbury and an ardent admirer of Cobbett. The despotic radical and pig-headed reformer who believed in beer, scorned tea, and contemned the potato, may be found at Budd's farm by those who accompany him on his attractive 'Rural Rides.' The new church at Burghclere was built in 1838, and a new parsonage erected during the incumbency of the late Canon Portal, whose name will be long remembered with affection for the many good works in which he took a leading part. Portal has been an honoured name in the Clere country for many generations.

The pilgrim to Kingsclere who was so pleased to find that it was 'five miles from everywhere,

would be correspondingly gratified in his wanderings thence that the widely scattered hamlets and villages which dot the borders of this silent land are, each in its way, places of peculiar interest. 'The little village of Steventon—where Miss Austen was born, where she grew into womanhood, and where she wrote her first three novels—lies in the North Downs of Hampshire, at about equal distance from Whitchurch and Basingstoke. Beyond the church and the manor house there appears to have been what was then the sufficient equipment of a country parson's daughter.'¹ Newbury, which is rather too remote from Kingsclere and its Downs to be comprehended in this glance, Overton being the most accessible station for Park House, and stopping the express at Overton to accommodate John Porter's guests quite the usual thing—has more than once figured in a description of a visit to Ormonde and other great houses. The Newbury traveller, after crossing Greenham Common and Crookham, approaches so near to the junction of Berks, Wilts, and Hants, he, not unassisted in the impression by the local Jehu, firmly believes that he has 'met' the three counties in driving across a rivulet at Knightsbridge. Overton and Whitchurch, with the famous paper-mills at Laverstoke, a couple of miles distant from each of those places, have played their part in making history. Sixty years ago a writer, briefly describing Whitchurch, its situation, distance from

¹ Austin Dobson.

London, population, and so forth, says: 'Shalloons¹ and serges are manufactured: also paper for the exclusive use of the Bank of England.' Bank-note paper is yet manufactured at the Laverstoke mills. The robbery of bank-note paper which took place at these mills some thirty-four years ago was yet a topic of conversation when John Porter came to reside in the neighbourhood. Somewhat clumsily conducted, and pursued with strange impunity for some time, it had no pretensions to what connoisseurs in the fine art of criminality which engages the novelists of the Gaboriau school of fiction would call a first-class case of detected crime.

¹ Shalloon. 'A slight woollen stuff (Swift), said to be so called from having been originally manufactured at Châlons, in France. Professor Archer, in his *Wool and its Application (British Manufacturing Industries)*, states that through Chaucer there is indication that shalloon 'ranks amongst the most ancient manufactures of wool,' finding proof for his assertion in this passage:

A bedde

With shetes and with chalannes faire y-spreddre.

but chalannes here denoted painted coverlets, for the manufacture of which Chalons was at one time famous. De Foe, in his *Tour through Great Britain*, says that the little town of Newbury in Berkshire, once famous as the residence of Jack Winchcomb, 'the greatest clothier that ever was in England,' is now 'generally employed in making shalloon, which, though it is generally used only for the lining of men's clothes, yet it is increased to a manufacture by itself, and is more considerable than any single manufacture of stuffs in the nation.' In 1835 shalloons were described as 'a worsted article, which, like Calamanco, may be either hot-pressed or unglazed, but it differs from the latter, particularly in the manner of weaving, being twilled equally on both sides, or what is termed double-twilled.' It is remarkable that *The Drapers' Dictionary*, from which part of the present note is compiled, while quoting De Foe's reference to the Newbury shalloons, makes no mention of the shalloons manufactured at Whitchurch. And yet these were manifestly known to a contributor to *Knigh's Encyclopædia*.

But it was pregnant with enormous possibilities, the inception of it was undoubtedly daring, and consequently the trial ranks with the most remarkable amongst cases of bank forgeries. The man who produced the notes admitted that he had been engaged in printing forged Bank of England notes since 1846; and that he had printed those on genuine paper, stolen from the mill. What made the detection of robbery and forgery comparatively easy was the fact that the paper was sized, but not glazed, and no paper was ever sent from the mill before being glazed.

Leaving the fringe of the Downs, with its varied associations, and passing with a mere word of recognition as we revert to the centre one of the 'Boures' which Fair Rosamond had 'atte parke of Freemantel,' we come with John Porter on to what for a period of thirty-three years has been his training ground, and thereby bring this discursive survey up to date. Those who would be geologically acquainted with the immemorial turf which spreads over upland and valley may learn from Mr. Shore that a large area of the chalk Downs on the south of Kingsclere must have been open downland in the Celtic period, when forest land and heath land extended along the northern part of the country from the outcrop of the chalk, over the areas covered with clay, loam, sand, and gravel, into Berkshire. Nature marked out the site of Kingsclere as a desirable one for an early settlement, a site having a good water supply—and such water!

the cresses that are cultivated at the crystal well-heads near Park House are surely the finest in England!—good land for arable cultivation, good pasturage, and plenty of woodland for a supply of fuel, and timber for house building. The gault clay near the surface in the vale assists in causing the outflow of water from the chalk, feeding the stream that has for a thousand years worked the mills which have existed there, probably on the same sites.

CHAPTER XVI

The Prince of Wales's visits to Kingsclere—Other visitors to Park House—Lord Russell of Killowen and Sir Henry Hawkins on the Downs with Porter—Sir Henry's fox-terrier 'Jack'—The missing Bishop—Distinct advantages of the Downs as a training ground—The beauty of animated nature on the Downs—A Conservative rookery—The trainer's troubles—'The North Pole'—Coursing—Fox-hunting: full-cry after 'Pat'—'The Kingsclere Farmers' Meeting'—Never again!—Gamekeeper and Poacher—A temporary attachment—Demonstrations and Festivities—Lost and found on the Downs.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Prince of Wales, during the time his horses were under Porter's care, maintained the connection which the kings and princes of the reigning family have had for centuries with Kingsclere in a manner which is a pleasant memory at Park House and in the neighbourhood. Compared with the short step which his Royal Highness makes from Sandringham to Newmarket, an excursion from Waterloo to Overton was a journey. But it was easy, expeditious, and exclusive. A hansom from Marlborough House, the 11.15 express from Waterloo station, a fly at Overton, where the train was stopped, a hack waiting at an appointed place, and a canter on to the Downs. That was the usual procedure. The party which ordinarily met or accompanied the Prince was in no instance numerous, and the occasion always private. His Royal High-

ness was invariably enabled to see the horses at work, to witness a trial, or to canter about the Downs in company with his trainer, free from any kind of interference or interruption on the part of a curious public. Luncheon at Park House followed, with a leisurely inspection of the horses in the stables, and then came the comfortable homeward journey. One is left to conjecture whether, even with all the conveniences of Newmarket at his disposal, the Prince does not sometimes wish those pleasant days at Kingsclere back again, especially as, as we have said before, John Porter has the assurance of his Royal Highness that the change which was made in the custody of his horses was not effected without sincere regret on his part. Sometimes, when the composition of the royal party was more elaborate than customary, the reporter got scent of it, and then a paragraph like the following made its appearance in the newspapers: 'The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Lord Arthur Somerset, Mr. Mackenzie, and other gentlemen, arrived at Kingsclere yesterday morning, and saw the horses go through their gallops. The Prince and other visitors afterwards lunched at Park House, the residence of Mr. Porter.'

There is a well-nigh uninterrupted stream of visitors to Park House all the year round. It rarely happens that the trainer's hospitable roof shelters none but the members of his own family and dependents. Whether they be merely there for the day or for a more prolonged sojourn, an inspection of the work done by the horses on the Downs, as

well as a personally conducted tour of the stables, are embraced in the visitors' entertainment. The equestrians who desire it are mounted by their host, while those who would be unable to qualify for 'The Two Pins' Club,'¹ or who prefer another sort of conveyance, can be equally accommodated. When the work is done on the gallops nearest the house, the walk there and back is within the capacity of the pedestrian who does not fancy himself at a record; but Sydmonton, out and in, save to a walker who is exceptionally fit, is rather a high trial. The journey in the governess' cart is not without its spice of excitement. Whether a nipper from the stables holds the reins and takes you, after fording the stream at the end of the village, by the more circuitous route, or 'young Mr. John' strikes out from the first summit of the road Overton way across the Downs, you may depend upon experiencing moments of probably unreasonable trepidation. But after you have closely shaved a gatepost or two, and the protruding roots of a gnarled old tree have thrown a wheel up to an angle of forty-five degrees, you skirt the clanging rookery, mount an upland, and descrying the three strings of sheeted thoroughbreds, two on the heights and one in the climbing valley, with Porter mounted upon Jack directing the work, you feel how delightful it is to be there. In its way it is a most beautiful sight, and when England possesses a Meissonier capable of painting horses in action with his spirit and truth

¹ Dick Turpin and John Gilpin.

to nature, a picture surpassing everything of the kind that is known to us will, no doubt, be put upon canvas. It is not unusual for the trainer to have visitors of distinction by his side watching the horses at their work, and it is amazing to these—in fact, to all observers—how he unhesitatingly points out every horse in the separate strings, while giving utterance to a sharp word of instruction to this boy who is going too slow or that who is driving his charge overmuch, accosting each youngster by name. He smiles quietly when (for example) Lord Russell of Killowen or Sir Henry Hawkins—not infrequent visitors to Kingsclere when a vacation permits—notes a splendid goer and asks him what it is. It was during one of Sir Henry Hawkins' visits to Park House that the late 'Jack'—his favourite fox terrier and his master's constant companion—was nearly lost. 'Jack,' like the animal which aroused Dandie Dinmont's admiration, was a 'bonny terrier and a fell chiel at the vermin.' In walking over the Downs he was suddenly missed, and for a considerable time could not be found anywhere, though searched for high and low. Eventually about three-quarters of an inch of his tale was seen wagging outside a rabbit hole, in which, in following the rabbit, he had got completely wedged. He was dug out none the worse for his imprisonment, and just as ready for another dive of the like description.

It sometimes happens that the observer is devoid of a correct eye for a horse, and is rash enough to betray his ignorance in speech. There was an

occasion when a neighbour, under favour, brought a friend with him to look at the gallops, who happened to be destitute of that description of organ. According to Hood, the back of John Day the coachman was too broad to be conceived by any narrow mind. By a similar rule only a giant mind could have had any conception of the stature of the gentleman in question. He might have been a direct descendant, throwing back to that progenitor of 'Og, the King of Bashan,' who remained 'of the remnant of the giants.' The great horse, Common—and in Porter's opinion he is one of the greatest—being passed in review, the excessively long looker-on ventured to disparage the magnificent animal, but not in the hearing of the trainer. In 'an aside,' some minutes later, John's neighbour said: 'What do you think my friend says about Common?' Porter replied of course that he had no idea, but without adding—as he might have done, for it was in his thoughts—that such an opinion was a matter of supreme indifference to him. 'He says,' added his informant, 'that Common is a monster.' 'Does he?' rejoined Porter, with a glance at the critic. 'Well, monsters are rather common on the Downs to-day.' Porter, it may be explained, is not addicted to punning. Like Mary Lamb's single exploit in that line, this quip of his appears deserving of preservation, more particularly in testimony to the jester's modesty, as it is preserved at the instance of the trainer's amused neighbour. When Dr. Wilberforce was Bishop of Winchester,

he, uninvited, but for all that warmly welcomed by the trainer, was one day a deeply interested spectator of the horses while they were taking their gallops. He was due at Kingsclere to conduct a Confirmation service. As he was driving along the road from Overton he descried the string of horses at work, with Porter mounted in command. His Lordship stopped his carriage, stepped briskly across the Downs, and introduced himself. It is not known whether Dr. Wilberforce, with Kingsclere in his diocese, had previously made himself acquainted with the racing 'connection' of Park House ; but he certainly manifested the most cordial interest in the business of the moment, asked a number of curiously intelligent questions about the horses, and in short conversed with Porter on no other subject than the trainer's vocation. For the time being the Bishop was one of the laity, with a genuine English sportsman's interest in the thoroughbred. It was the trainer himself who put an end to the interview. Suddenly recollecting that he had a telegram to despatch from the village, he said 'Good day' and galloped off, leaving Dr. Wilberforce to return to his carriage, which meanwhile had been waiting for him in the road. When Porter arrived at the post-office in Kingsclere, which is opposite the church, he found the vicar, with other clergymen and an expectant crowd, in a state of mind bordering on dismay. What had become of the Bishop? Had he seen the Bishop? Prodigious was the relief of the assemblage when they learnt that not only had the

Bishop sustained no injury, but that he was by that time very near at hand.

Porter loves these Downs, which he considers afford under the conditions commanded by a private trainer the most perfect of all training grounds for the thoroughbred ; and his daily experience upon them familiarises him with the changes of vegetable colour and animal life which the seasons bring, and which he observes with keenly abiding pleasure. The intelligently enthusiastic gardener does not limit his appreciation of flowers and plants and trees to those whose cultivation he delights in at Park House. He sees the works and ways of Nature as Charles Waterton (it is strict 'sanctuary' to all the birds in the gardens at Park House, let the gardener protest never so loudly against the feathered pilferers of his fruit trees), White of Selborne, and Jefferies (one of his favourite authors) saw them, with a quaint method of finding out things which is quite his own. An anecdote is told of a regular backer of horses who, when asked why he never attended a race-meeting, replied that he loved betting, but racing was a bore. It is related of George Borrow, the author of 'Lavengro,' that of the three personages he always had a desire to see, the second was Lamp-lighter, the sire of Phosphorus, Lord Berners's winner of the Derby. To those who best know him it is conceivable that John Porter might become surfeited with racing. It is his delight, of course, to bring his charges fit and well to the post, and to see them win, but his heart's in the downlands of

Kingsclere, and he is just the man to thoroughly appreciate Borrow's feeling of almost worshipful admiration for a great horse. The question of betting scarcely arises out of the reference, but it may be remarked, perhaps, that few men in his line of business speculate less than John Porter.

In reference to self-contained settlements like his own, but more particularly to that which is centred in Park House, Porter says: 'The advantages of a private racing establishment as this are manifold, but one of the chief is that the horses are kept to themselves. This is safer at any rate than when your stud has to fall in, as it were, and become part of an immense congregation of horses, as is habitually the case with trainers' lots at Newmarket. In my opinion, it matters not what care you take or what precautions you may adopt, it is next to impossible to keep a large number of cattle of any description together within a prescribed space of ground without favouring the generation of some form of disease. And, the more numerous the crowd the greater the danger. Newmarket, with the Heath, lies entirely in a sort of basin surrounded by low hills, and as for drainage, with the exception of one watercourse which is converted into a drain, there is practically none, while all impurities fall into instead of outside the town. Regarded as a training ground, Newmarket is at a disadvantage in comparison with a down country, inasmuch as it is so level. Horses that climb up and down in their daily exercise develop all their muscles, because every one of these

is brought into constant play in the ascent and descent of the hills. Again, there is much more elasticity in the turf of old down land than there is in that of flat and more or less artificially preserved pasture. What with the large number of horses that are kept in continual work at Newmarket, and the unceasing rolling and bush-harrowing which have become necessary to the ground, all "the life" is taken out of it. Down-land, I may remark, is very expensive to keep in order, because all tracks have to be put in by hand with "rammers" and other appliances. In my own practice I seldom or never resort to rolling the gallops after Christmas. They are all put in order at the end of the racing season, and, the spring frosts breaking up the surface again, they remain good going the whole of the ensuing summer. Otherwise, if you defer the operation of rolling the gallops until, say, February, and then get the March winds upon them, you have a hard surface, which remains so for the rest of the season. The proper management of the Downs for training purposes requires careful attention on the part even of a trainer like myself, who has lived upon them all his professional life.

'It has been said of me that my heart and soul are in my work, and that I am never happier than when I am engaged in it. Well, I am not going to deny that that is somewhere near the truth; but I may observe also that I derive a very great deal of pleasure from my employment beyond that which naturally belongs to bringing on the horses under

my charge the right way and getting them fit for their engagements. I enjoy the sights and sounds of rural nature, the signs of the seasons, and watching the gradual succession of these is to me a source of continual pleasure. There are the cowslip, harebell, wild hyacinth, wild thyme, and saxifrage, with many another flower and fragrant herb to gladden the sight and sense of smell when one treads or canters across the Downs, and it seems to me that, after they begin to come, there is a fresh carpet of them every month of the year, from springtime to harvest. This is a wonderful country for birds. All the English song birds, the warblers and whistlers and twitterers, are with us in their turns. It seems to be a favourite resort of many birds of passage, and there are birds that appear to have made the Downs their home. There is the grey plover, the first harbinger of spring. The bird merely scratching a small hollow in the moss or grass to form the nest, and the eggs are much sought after yet very difficult to find, although some of the old women who go in search of them and offer them for sale appear to make a good thing of it. The wheatear, with his short and jerky flight, the swallow and the cuckoo are not only with us in their appointed seasons, but I fancy, although I have kept no record of their coming, that we have them earlier on our Downs than they have in other parts of the county. It is curious to watch the swallows as they dart and wheel round the horses' feet, apparently without

fear, hunting the insect life which the latter have disturbed. There is a rookery between Cannon Heath and Sydmonton which a noisy colony has occupied ever since I can remember, and probably generations before I made its acquaintance. As far as I can see, there is no reason why the flock should not build as freely at one end of the plantation as they do at the other. But, no. Year after year they congregate at the same end. I may remark that this particular tribe of rooks are not only strictly conservative, but intelligent as well—or perhaps I ought to put it another way, they are intelligent because they are conservative. However, it invariably happens when the horses appear over the brow of the hill that a detachment of the birds leave the rookery and closely follow the animals in their track, diligently performing the office of scavengers as they continue the pursuit. Amongst rare visitors to the Downs I count the ring ousel and the quail. Nevertheless, they are “annuals.”

‘Now and then a kestrel will make its appearance, while the call of the curlew is not an unfamiliar sound. As to the nightingales, they are regular visitors; but to hear their “jug, jug” to perfection you must ensconce yourself in the gardens at Park House. There are jackdaws galore to be seen at Sydmonton, starlings work together in immense flocks, and all the land is alive with larks.

‘The most troublesome creatures to the trainer are the ants and moles. It is astonishing what large heaps of earth are thrown up by both. It

has sometimes occurred to me, when we have cut through an ant-heap, and the little creatures were dispatched, scurrying about in all directions, out of their beautifully celled-out habitations, that if some of my labourers saw the ant tugging along with an egg twice its own size they might profit by the example. And yet it is doubtful. I am not learned in butterflies, but I have observed a sufficient number of these beautiful insects—not, of course, counting the chalk-hill blues and little duns—to make me wonder why a hunter with a gauze net was not oftener encountered in the neighbourhood. There are mavelously fine and extensive views to be obtained from some of our heights, Cottington especially. From the highest part of what used to be called Freemantle Park you can see across Hants into Berks, Wilts, Oxon, and Surrey ; and you may obtain a good view of the Isle of Wight in one direction, and of Windsor Castle in the other. You can taste the salt of the sea when the wind blows from the English Channel, and you may fancy yourself at sea when the white fogs blind the valleys and here and there trees show upon the uplands like ship masts. It blows hard enough sometimes to make even Park House appear to rock in the gale ; and there is a spot on the Downs, called the North Pole, which is occasionally cold enough to cause visitors to think that they have discovered the other one. This was quite my friend Dollar's impression when we met the gamekeeper thereabouts, and he, in answer to a question, was unable

to articulate a reply. The breath on the poor man's beard had frozen so hard he was afflicted with momentary lockjaw.

‘We have plenty of hares; Mr. Booth, the zealous and genial secretary of the Sydmonton Coursing Meeting, who resides at Sydmonton Farm, takes care of that. Not that he is not as watchful of the interests of the Vine and the Craven Hunts as he is careful to provide game for the coursers, being just as keen a preserver of Reynard as he is of puss. Indeed, he is a thoroughly good sportsman all round. Mr. Pember is master of the Vine, and Mr. Dunn of the Craven. The kennels of the Vine are at Overton, and those of the Craven at Vintbury. It is not at all a good hunting country. There is too much flint about, the woods are of considerable dimensions and closely packed together, and under ordinary conditions the scent does not lie. Nevertheless, it cannot be said that the Craven are not ardent in the pursuit of their quarry—whatever that may chance to be. I will not go the length of saying that in the absence of a fox they will hunt anything, but I remember on one occasion, when I had walked to Sydmonton in the afternoon and was returning home, I missed my Irish terrier, who had accompanied me. I guessed, however, that he was busy as usual with the rabbits in the Sydmonton bushes, and, since I was sure from past experience that he would come home to tea, I gave him no further thought. The Vine were out that day, and the hounds, drawing the bushes I have mentioned,

Pat was descried, a View Halloa raised, and away went my old terrier at racing speed followed by the pack and the body of the field! By that time I had trudged about three parts of my way home. The first thing I saw was Pat, tearing along and making a bee-line for Park House, and quite oblivious of my presence. When the master rode up he said, "Have you seen the fox?" "No," I replied, "but I have seen my Irish terrier making for home with his brush up, and for once in his life not stopping to salute his master." Pat got safely home, winning the race with a goodish bit to spare, and the Craven trotted off in search of just such another fox.

'I had been repeatedly requested by the farmers in the district to allow them to hold a race-meeting on the Downs, and at last I consented. Not, however, without some apprehension as to the result. However, *that* came off all right. But I must not anticipate. It was when I had charge of Lord Stamford's horses, and he was good enough to give a farmers' cup to be run for. The course was laid out on Cannon Heath, for I would not allow them the use of my gallops. There was an extraordinary entry, sixteen, and my object, since I was in it, was to get them all to the post. I therefore lent them, in turns, an old grey horse of mine to try theirs with, and I rather think about three-fourths of the competitors availed themselves of the privilege. Strange to say, every one of them beat my grey, in the trial, by a neck! One of the conditions, and the most important, was that they carried 12 st. 7 lb.

each. As some of the jockeys were 9 st. or 10 st. men, and there were very few weighted cloths available, those riders who were deficient in weight made up the difference by filling their pockets with flints. One determined jockey, who had made sure of winning, rode himself clean out of the saddle, and finished gallantly on the horse's croup. Since the first "Cannon Heath Meeting" had passed off so harmlessly, I readily gave my sanction to a repetition of what some of my sporting neighbours were beginning to hope would prove a fixture. But certain of the bookmaking fraternity got wind of it, and, owing to a couple of them being unable to settle when called upon, the meeting wound up with a swimming match in a convenient pond, into which the defaulters were summarily immersed. I dare say neither they nor any of their brethren and followers would have ever patronised the meeting again, but I had had quite enough of it. That second farmers' meeting on the Downs will last me all my life.

' It follows as an inevitable rule that where there is game there will be poachers. These gentry are numerous in the Clere country, and especially in my part of it, and are not at all easy to catch. A neighbour of mine, Mr. S. Wentworth, was informed that a certain notorious poacher had been seen planting his wires, and, since it was pretty certain that he would return to them very early next morning, arrangements were made to place him and his snares under unobserved inspection. Mr. Wentworth himself, a

young gentleman who was his guest at the time, and my neighbour's bailiff, sturdy Joe Witts, comprised the reconnoitring party. Joe had the reputation of being as proficient with a knife and fork as the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," and as far as sturdy strength went he did credit to his keep. The party of three proceeded to the Down named by their informant, and distributed themselves in ambush. About four o'clock in the morning the expected poacher put in an appearance, and, after carefully "surveying the country round," and apparently satisfying himself that he was alone in the landscape, he proceeded leisurely to his wires and found that he had been successful in securing two hares. These he carefully removed, and dropped into two capacious pockets provided for the purpose of receiving everything that came to hand from wire or net. Having evidently completed the job to his satisfaction, he was turning on his heels to depart, when, to his consternation, he beheld three men rise, as it were, from the earth. He immediately made strong running, and, having got the best of the start, led for some distance; but, encumbered as he was by the weight of his spoil, it was not a fair handicap. Weight told, as it always will, and he was eventually secured. Mr. Wentworth thereupon ordered the man to walk with them to the police station. This the poacher flatly refused to do. If they wanted to take him there they must carry him. Inasmuch as the nearest police station was some three miles distant, that alternative was out of the question.

What was to be done? The difficulty was at length overcome. Joe Witts—the sturdy Joe, whose voice was like the roaring of a lion—exclaimed “Tie him to I, Maister! Tie him to I! He can’t run away then.” This plan was adopted. The two men were tied to each other, back to back, and when the party returned with a horse and cart, they found the poacher and his partner Joe as firmly attached as the Siamese twins. The poacher had his way. He was carried to the police station, and in due course his case came before the magistrate and he was duly convicted. I have often wondered what the subject of conversation was between the attached pair during their long wait for the conveyance.

‘We have had our demonstrations and festivities on these Downs, and in that way have made our not inconsiderable mark in local history. There is plenty of room hereabouts for a mass meeting, and during the progress of more than one general election such a meeting has been held. As to the cause, or the candidate, or the speakers, I need not say a word. I may remark, however, that we have always been winners. We have stood on no Yellow Jacks. As to festivities—well, when Shot-over won the Two Thousand and Derby, and Geheimniss the Oaks, in 1882, the Duke of Westminster and Lord Stamford joined with me in providing funds for a *fête* to celebrate the double event, and invited the people of Kingsclere “town” and neighbourhood to dinner. Tents, decorated with the Duke’s and Lord Stamford’s colours, were

erected on Cottington Hill ; Roberts, of St. James's Hall, London, did the catering, and did it well, too ; and upwards of a thousand people sat down. We had the usual grand display of fireworks, provided by one Corneby, a skilful local pyrotechnist, and an unusual flight of balloons, seeing that each of them carried the colours of the Derby and Oaks winner. I may remark that the poor of Kingsclere were not forgotten on that occasion, or the inmates of the workhouse, nor have they ever been. They have always had a substantial dinner given to them to commemorate our victories, and we have had a few. I am not sure whether it is worth mentioning, but if it is, this is as appropriate a place as any to mention it, when, as it were, we are leaving the Downs to continue my disclosures indoors, but I once lost a purse when I was out with the horses, and although I hunted everywhere in my tracks for the missing treasure I gave it up as utterly gone. Nevertheless I offered a sovereign reward to any of the boys who might chance upon it. Upwards of two years elapsed when the purse (which, by the way, contained the sum of 2*l.* 18*s.* and some private memoranda) was discovered by a boy just as he was pulling up after a canter. We had been over the spot almost daily for the period named. Lady Chelsea lost a ring off her finger when she was on the Downs, and of course never expected to see it again. But she did. Mr. Kingsmill, in walking from Sydmonton Court, his residence, some months afterwards, found the ring and restored it to the

owner. I may remark, in closing this part of the retrospect, that my pleasant associations with the Downs were seriously interrupted when my son John sustained an accident while out with a shooting party in the neighbourhood of Cottington, which unfortunately eventuated in the amputation of one of his legs. It was a sad affair for him, poor fellow, but the amount of sympathy which was shown to him, his mother, myself, and the whole of the family in respect of it I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance.'

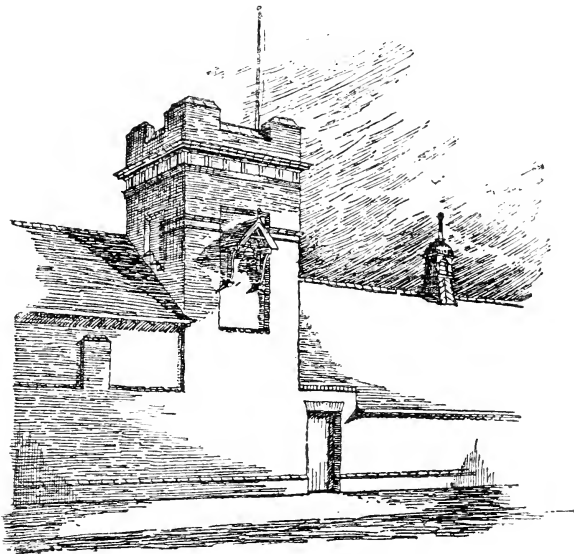
CHAPTER XVII

Park House and its characteristics—The gardens—Pheasants, owls, and Mornington Cannon's cat—'Sanctuary'—The pet pony from Sandringham—Mementoes and relics—Kingsclere's connection with Park House—The Vicar and the stable-boys—The rival barbers and carriers—The Whiteley of Kingsclere—An ancient hostelry—The Albert Hall—John Porter's speech—The Concerts—The Horticultural Society—Football and Cricket—The Church—Graves in the Churchyard—Old-world Kingsclere—Conclusion.

ACCORDING to the unquestionable authority, there is but one way to 'view fair Melrose aright.' Except to those who approach Kingsclere from the Overton Road the place is calculated to produce the impression it did on the mind of a writer some seventy years ago, who described it as 'a small town of mean appearance.' And that too when some trade in malt was carried on, when a market was held every Tuesday, and a fair made rustic merriment and stimulated afresh the local business of agriculture twice a year. It was a much later and far finer writer who beheld 'Kingsclere stand out with brilliant picturesqueness under the clear sunlight which fell on the fields islanding that charming little village in an undulating sea of green.' Obviously he scanned Kingsclere from an Overton Road point of view. Inasmuch as one pen has described the high land which immediately

overlooks Kingsclere as 'a beech-crested knoll,' and another has placed Park House 'not half a mile from the village, amid luxuriant gardens and meadows of vetch and clover, nestling beneath a lordly range of mountains,' we may, making every allowance for these and other impressionist notions, conclude, that he who would view Kingsclere aright must not fail to approach 'the town' from the Overton quarter. The summit of the last descent, to the immediate left of which is a rather formidable declivity in the Down which leads to 'the rabbit hole,' affords the first complete glimpse of Park House, with its lawns and gardens, and the stables and other buildings, comprising John Porter's extensive establishment. The house with its advanced guard of conifers is partially hidden by the latter finely-grown trees. That portion of the buildings, however, with the thatched summer-house surmounted by a vane (an effigy of Blue Gown showing the way of the wind), stands forth most picturesquely, the beginning and principal feature of the trainer's handsome home. The eye is carried on to the point where the gardens terminate in the country below Cottington Hill. The lawn-tennis court, a considerable expanse of perfect turf upon which championships might be decided, is indicated by the pinkish wall of the thatched pavilion ('hut' is too modest a word to describe it) erected for the accommodation of spectators when 'practice' or a tournament is in progress. The buildings, the highest of which is the water

tower surmounting the stables, with the exception of the lawn-tennis stand or pavilion, consist of red brick. An artist noting that 'scheme of colour' amid the greenery, and contrasting with the 'note' of pinky red of the wall in question, would no doubt pronounce the latter 'fortunate.' But before reaching Park House, for the most part—if he be



WATER TOWER

driving at a gentle pace, since it is a stiffish hill which precedes the expanse of table land upon which residence and stables stand—the visitor has had his attention drawn to the neat cottages dotting the left of the road, in which certain married dependents of the establishment are comfortably housed. Copies of these cottages recur at intervals

beyond, in the direction of the village. At a peripatetic meeting of the Hampshire Field Club, which was held in the summer of 1895, Mr. T. W. Shore, the organising secretary, halting in this neighbourhood, said it was to be hoped a spirited individual would some day put down a deep boring to know whether there was coal or anything else. In that part of the country no geologist could tell what might be found perhaps five hundred feet

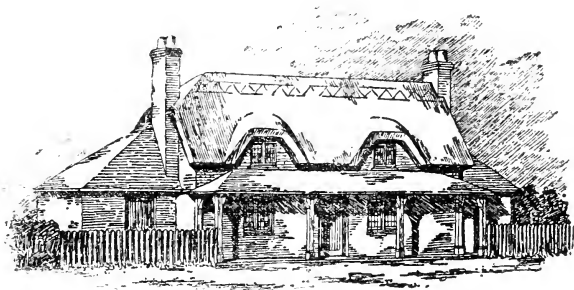


COACHMAN'S COTTAGE

down. Of all the districts in the south of England that was one of the most likely, which rendered it desirable that a trial boring should be made. If coal was found they should at once have a remedy for agricultural distress thereabouts. It might be submitted, perhaps, that, pending the discovery of coal, or the adoption of any heroic palliative for the distress in question, so far as Kingsclere itself is concerned, the neighbourhood is not so badly off, and that no small amount of the prosperity which is

prevalent is attributable to the active existence of the racing establishment of John Porter, the employment it directly and indirectly gives to the inhabitants, and the money it causes to circulate. 'The town' is not insensible to this, or ungrateful to its chief supporter, as we shall find further on.

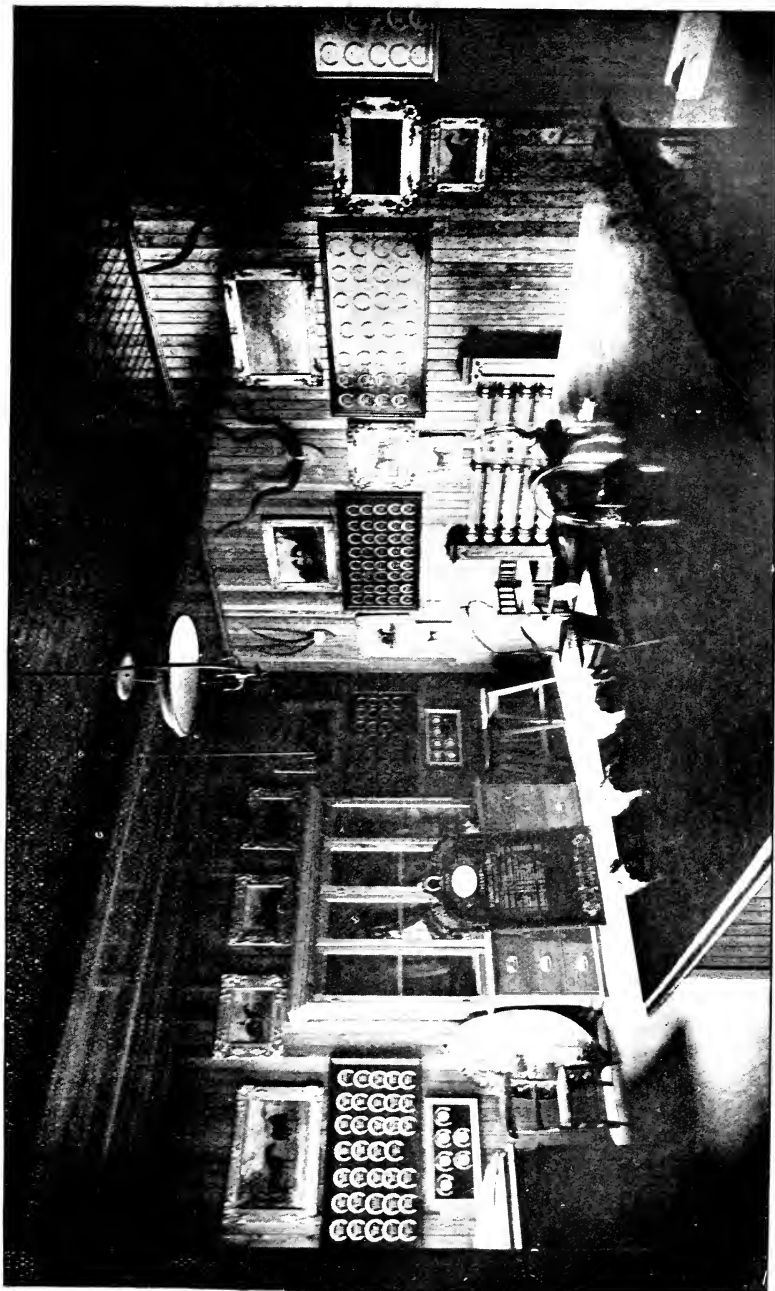
Whether the visitor to Park House stroll through the gardens, while mine host is temporarily engaged with other visitors, or he be at once received in the hall and explore an interior that is rich in relics and



STUD-GROOM'S COTTAGE

mementoes of the Turf, and otherwise full of objects of interest, his lot is equally fortunate. In the former case there are the birds in the pheasantry, bred mostly by Mr. Arthur Yates—another gift of that old friend of John Porter's—to arrest attention. The aviary where the pheasants are housed might be a section of the pheasant department in the Zoo. The roses, with, it will seem to the visitor, every choice flower and rare flowering shrub that 'in the garden grows,' all the sweet flowers of the familiar orders, the fruit trees and bushes, with a wealth of

vegetables of prize-winner size and succulence, show how completely the trainer, who is heart and soul a gardener, has taken care to have every rood of the ground turned to appropriate account. Everything in season, or, for that matter, ahead of the season, and all of the very best, would appear to be the principle to which effect is given. The green-houses, the orchid houses, the vineries, to the contents and management of which only an expert in first-class gardening could do justice, are on a par with the rest of the establishment. The animal life in this beautiful garden is one of its charms. It is pleasant to see the Persian cat, a very very old retainer, follow Mrs. Porter about step by step with canine docility. The owls, in happy captivity, in a semi-detached habitation which they share with other pets, do not appear to mind being disturbed in order that they may blink wisely in the daylight for the entertainment of the caller. There is a cat, a lovely creature with a strain of the 'Persian' in her, that is rightly the property of Mornington Cannon. But she has been a wild cat ever since kittenhood, and, having successfully defied more than one attempt at capture on the part of an organised band of hunters, is now allowed undisturbed liberty. She is often missing for days together, and then she shows herself at a window—mostly at meal times—a sure sign that the larder outside has either become monotonous or is impoverished. Nobody has seen her feed, and yet the plateful of food which is duly placed for her is just as duly emptied. Pat, the



THE MUSEUM AT PARK HOUSE.

Irish terrier, is on instantly friendly terms with the latest guest, and will walk with him any distance. It has already been mentioned that the birds find perfect sanctuary in the gardens at Park House. The fruit suffers in consequence, but the mandate stands that not a feathered pilferer is to be disturbed. Although His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is no longer a patron of the stable, charming evidences of his friendly relations with John Porter still exist at Park House. 'The little animal he is bestriding,' wrote a special interviewer, 'is no ordinary pony. On his back the sons and daughters of the future King took lessons in equitation. "Then, when they had got too big for the pony," says J. P., "the Prince sent him down here to find a good home." And when I look at his sleek sides it is evident the good home has been found.' The explorer who makes a thorough inspection of the farmstead part of the premises, after doing 'stable,' lingering in the museum, a spacious apartment embellished with owners' 'colours' in glass cases, pictures of famous horses, and shields of winners' plates, gilt, and each accompanied with a gilded inscription showing how much the winner won, will dwell with delight, especially if he knows the points of the breed, on a group of Jerseys, one of which Porter purchased out of Prince Christian's well-known herd.

A list of a year's guests at Park House, as a remarkable volume of autographs which is kept there shows, possesses peculiar and extensive in-

terest. Not that everyone leaves his name. They come from all parts of the world, and they are wonderfully representative of the interest which Kingsclere excites wherever, either directly or through his descendants, the British thoroughbred has set his foot. Neighbourly visits are not infrequent. The distinguished foreigner, the American journalist or breeder, the racing man from 'down under,' types and representatives of distant communities deeply interested in Porter's establishment at Kingsclere, alternate and mingle with such visitors as Mr. Wyndham Spencer Portal¹ and his brother and distinguished guests, Mr. Cleaver, a newer neighbour, and, as a matter of course, the parson of the village. It was equally noteworthy, as evidence of the genuine interest which is taken in the stable-boys by the vicar, to witness the Rev. Orde Powlett standing referee in a football match between Kingsclere and Park House, and then, some months later, to encounter his successor, the Rev. A. T. Finch, on his way to Park House for the purpose of preparing the lads for Confirmation. A number of the pictures in the collection of Park House have been reproduced in the present volume. They are, however, necessarily, subjects which belong exclusively to the history. Doubtless, if the

¹ Mr. Wyndham Spencer Portal, D.L., J.P., Chairman of the London and South-Western Railway Company. He succeeded the Hon. Ralph Heneage Dulton, of Timsbury Manor, Romsey, Hants, in 1892, and was Deputy-Chairman of the Company from the year 1875 until that time. Mr. Melville Portal, D.L., J.P., is a brother of Mr. Wyndham Portal, and Chairman of the Hants Quarter Sessions.

owner made a clean breast of it, he would admit that they are not his favourite works of art ; while an inspection of the walls of dining-room, drawing-room, and of other apartments would show how sound and varied the art tastes of the possessor are. Amongst marks of esteem is a fine example of the silversmith's craft occupying a prominent place on the sideboard. It was presented by Sir Charles Russell (now Lord Russell of Killowen) to his friend John Porter. There are many other memorable sideboard ornaments, but with the exception of that just named they all yield in interest to the hoof of Blue Gown. That famous horse died at sea. It was a thoughtful and gracious act on the part of the captain of the ship to have one of the horse's hoofs removed for personal presentation to his old trainer, and an act that the recipient of the relic greatly appreciated.¹ One of Rosicrucian's and one of Isonomy's hoofs also adorn the sideboard.

As we go forth from Park House to the village, having, it may be, passed the buttery hatch and made ourselves acquainted with a certain tap of marvellous old ale, we cannot fail to observe how intimately the fortunes of Kingsclere town are intertwined with the Kingsclere training establishment. Say it is the shortest day. A troop of women are approaching to receive their annual dole. There is a tradition to the effect that on one occasion a

¹ Blue Gown died on his passage to America in 1880-81, and Kingcraft, another Derby winner, died while making the same passage in 1886.

good woman who carried the most recent baby received a double gift, whereupon she retraced her steps and, relating the circumstance to her companions, the baby was borrowed, and, like the infant in 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' 'handed round' for further presentation, 'like something to drink.' Attacked directly in the cause of charity, and never besieged in vain, Park House is also not seldom made the medium for indirect appeals on what may be termed the higher scale of benevolence. One of the patrons of the stable, who is remarkable for a concise epistolary style, appealed to by a lady in Kingsclere for a subscription to a local charity, replied somewhat as follows: '— takes all my money. Kingsclere is my ruin. I send you a guinea.' As you stroll past the paddocks on the right, and more cottages on the left, it is 'Park House' that confronts you in every shape and form. The baker, laden to the roof of his cart with loaves to be discharged in one delivery: the butcher, with his contributions towards provisioning the garrison, as it were, for a siege: and waggon-loads of forage, with other contributors to the maintenance of the establishment, are all making for the house. You look ahead and note the two sides of the Down converging to a point, with the road in the centre and the village 'bosom'd *low* in tufted trees' partly disclosed, and the richly wooded country beyond spreading out like a fan. Here on the right are the gas works, which make their presence apparent to more senses than one. And here again we re-touch

Park House. If it were not for John Porter these works would have to close. It is the house and stables that keep the gas going. The quaint row of old cottages, with their bits of dormer-windows half-hidden by part of the high-banked swarded road, is surely just the foreground which an artist would choose for a view of the most picturesque outskirts of the village. The stream, and trees, and high ground beyond would complete the picture. Quaint cottages on the right, each with its plot of sloping garden buttressed by a wall of flints, and then, if you please, the Montague and Capulet of the village, the rival barbers and carriers. One signboard proclaims the fact that A. Wickens is a haircutter and shaver who attends to clients in the evening from six o'clock, while further on E. Stroud takes the same means of informing the unshorn and unshaven that he operates on heads and chins from the same hour. It is gratifying to find that they compete on equal terms. You would scarcely conceive, from the tiny proportions of a shop which vends everything, from flour and fat bacon to starch and powder blue, and is as strong in brushes and biscuits as it is in crockery ware of home manufacture, that Prior & Sons are, agriculturally speaking, the Whiteleys of Kingsclere. They are millers, corn, coal, cake, and provision merchants, forage contractors to her Majesty's Government, and goodness knows what all. Prior & Sons export Hampshire hams to France, and hay to Aldershot. On the opposite side of the street is the Albert Hall, architecturally 'an adapted Renais-

sance built in brick and stone' from the designs of Mr. Dollar, and hereunder it will be seen how the building came to be erected.

In a speech which he delivered as chairman of the directors, John Porter said: 'I believe the original idea of building a hall came from my wife. We were discussing the want of such a building when Dr. Maples called in, and suggested a limited liability company. (So enthusiastic was the reception the idea met with that a company was at once formed. The capital asked for was 760*l.* It was immediately subscribed. It was then increased to 1000*l.*) The hall is for theatrical entertainments, concerts, balls, and political meetings, be they Conservative or Liberal. We only draw the line at atheists, Salvationists, and separationists (cheers, and a voice "No Home Rulers!"). By separationists I mean those people who would lop off one by one the vigorous branches of that grand old tree which has taken centuries to grow into the British Empire, and would leave old England a pitiful spectacle of a decayed and withered stump, to be kicked and cuffed by all the world, and with no spirit or energy left to repel such an attack.' The trowel presented to Miss Beach (daughter of Mr. W. W. Beach, M.P.) by Dr. R. Maples to lay the foundation stone was inscribed: 'Presented to Miss Beach by Dr. R. Maples on the occasion of laying the Foundation Stone of Kingsclere Albert Hall, June 14th, 1886.' At the foundation banquet, the chairman, Dr. Maples, said Mr. Porter was one of the mainstays

of Kingsclere, and without him Kingsclere would not be what it was. Should adverse fate ever remove him, the immediate result would be a decrease of at least one hundred of the population. Probably Mr. Porter had done more than any other man for Kingsclere, both with his public zeal and with his pocket. In responding, Mr. Porter said that during the twenty-three years he had been with them he had always wished to do what good he could for Kingsclere. The good of the parish was always a pleasure to him, and he was glad to give employment to as many as he possibly could. He lived at Kingsclere as much as possible, as far as his profession permitted.

Ever since the house-warming of the Albert Hall—which hospitable operation was, of course, carried into effect by Mr. and Mrs. John Porter—the place has figured prominently in the local records. We read from time to time that ‘the usual success attended the annual concert given by Mr. John Porter,’ when ‘the Albert Hall was prettily decorated,’ and ‘Mr. Porter entertained a large party at Park House.’ Also, praises of Miss Mildred Porter’s pianoforte playing, which, considering that the young lady is a medallist of the Royal Academy, is not surprising. The concerts have been established long enough to have made Mrs. Charles Greenwood and Mr. George Gardner Leader (Mr. Porter’s son-in-law) two admirable vocalists, with other regular contributors to the annual programme, first favourites at Kingsclere. The proceeds of the

concerts are given to local charities. It was only natural that the Kingsclere District Horticultural Society should spring into flourishing existence with Park House to support it. Writes the local chronicler, after assigning a prominent place in his report to Mr. and Mrs. John Porter, the Misses Porter, Mr. John Porter, junior, and a large house party, that 'Dr. Edwards next submitted the health of Mr. John Porter, whom he thanked for throwing his grounds open to the Society, and spoke of him as a staunch liberal friend to Kingsclere. Mr. Porter responded to the enthusiastic manner in which the toast was received, and said it was a source of real pleasure to assist at the working of this excellent Society,' which hearty assurance everybody who knew the speaker devoutly believed. As to the contributions to which the Society owes so much of the success of its annual exhibition, such statements as the following have come to be annually looked for: 'Mr. Norris's selection from the Park House conservatories also displayed much taste, while Miss Mildred Porter's button-holes and Mrs. Milsom's beautiful hand-bouquet were greatly admired.' Some idea of the part which Mrs. Porter plays in the useful, social, and graceful functions which diversify the life at Kingsclere in its relation to Park House, and of the estimation in which that lady is held, was given by a speaker on another public occasion, who said that 'wherever the name of Mr. John Porter was mentioned—which was all over the land—his wife's was equally well known.'

Football is cultivated at Kingsclere, and the stable boys are proficient at the game. It is astonishing with what pluck and skill the least of them will tackle opponents twice their weight. When they can secure the services of Barry Porter, the trainer's youngest son and a player with a county record—in the county of his adoption, Surrey—they feel strong enough to confront a team of the best. Occasionally a big match is played at Kingsclere—Ewell against Newbury, for example—and then as a matter of course the players are entertained at Park House. There is an annual cricket match between Mr. Lloyd Baxendale's and John Porter's elevens, and as good men contend the rigour of the game is maintained, and the battle is worth seeing. Men like Emmett and 'the demon bowler,' Spofforth, have figured in the Porter team, in which, also, that formidable amateur—almost as good with bat and ball as he was in the pigskin when he sported silk, 'Bobby' I'Anson, invariably takes a hand. John Porter and Robert I'Anson are very old friends. It may be doubted whether any public character in the sporting world has been oftener described, or with more contrasted results, than John Porter. The occasion of one of those cricket matches was seized by one of the portrait-painters—in pen and ink—to sketch a likeness; but that example of free and easy limning was surpassed by another artist who wrote as follows: 'Now, as when he was qualifying for the business, Mr. Porter is just the same quiet little man, with the subdued manner, and the calm,

reflective expression, whom you might be excused for putting down, if you met him casually without introduction, as a physician with a slightly horsey turn and important consultation in his mind, a hunting family-solicitor, or a gentleman-farmer of scientific bent. For anyone who lives in an atmosphere of "horse," who has been engaged in the training business for a moderately long lifetime, and is a prominent figure amongst trainers, Mr. Porter is about the least horsey-looking of our racing men of mark.' Passing from the Albert Hall, one of the newest, to 'The Swan,' one of the oldest, buildings in Kingsclere, we are impelled to pause for a moment at that tavern. A local antiquary thus couples two interesting facts: 'Winchester College had property at Kingsclere, some of which it still retains, notably that famous hostelry, yclept "The Swan," and hence we find several names in the register of natives of this parish; and let the fact be held in perpetual honour that the name of the first scholar on the roll of the College is that of a Kingsclere boy, Andrew Goolde.' One of the many observers who surveyed the place from the windows of 'The Swan' has given it as his impression that 'Kingsclere is an ideal village. To the right is the old church, and facing it is the blacksmith's forge. In that little forge all the plates for the many horses from Park House that have won our great classic races have been welded. Old Mr. Russell, the blacksmith, now rests in the churchyard opposite, where "Tiny" Wells, the

celebrated jockey, lies. Russell's sons still carry on the business.' Not only John Wells, Sir Joseph Hawley's favourite jockey and John Porter's lifelong friend and comrade, but Wells's wife, George Manning, the trainer, and a son of Charles Marlow's rest in the shadow of Kingsclere's ancient church. The first chapter in the history of the venerable piles begins in Saxon times. Of that building, however, no trace remains. The fine church of Kingsclere which we see now is mainly of Norman date, and the architecture shows that its erection must be ascribed to the time when the Abbey of Hyde held the advowson. At about the end of the thirteenth century this benefice was the wealthiest in the diocese of Winchester. It is noteworthy that revenue contributed by Kingsclere helped to build Rouen Cathedral, and that a palace at Winchester was built by funds partly derived from the same source.

Whether it be taken before or after Sir Joseph Hawley's favourite Kingsclere breakfast—which consisted of trout, a chop, and strawberries—the stroll through Kingsclere 'town' and thereabouts is a pleasant experience. Only, to enjoy it thoroughly, you must now and then 'mark time' in the antiquarian sense in company with the Monkbarns of the place or the oldest inhabitant. 'The clanging rookery,' the saddlers' and wheelwrights' shops, the doctor's, Mr. Drake, the brewer, a mill and a mill-stream which would delight 'Red-spinner,' the post office and telegraph office (in

active communication with the haunts of men owing to the contiguity of Park House), the quiet roads leading from what may almost be called the church square to Basingstoke and Newbury, and on to the rising Downs, comprise features which might in these days, when the railway goes everywhere, be called 'an ideal village.' As for its old-worldness, as Mr. Shore says, 'the curfew bell is an appropriate survival of a Norman custom in a Norman church. Seven mills are mentioned in Domesday Book, and four remain at the present day.' As to modern 'Kingsclere'—in which is embodied the origin, development, and present condition of Park House and John Porter's extensive racing establishment—it is hoped that the contribution to its history which the proprietor of Park House has made in the present volume will not be found unacceptable to those who take an interest in the English racehorse.

EDITOR'S NOTES

WILLIAM PALMER

WILLIAM PALMER, surgeon of Rugeley, Staffordshire, aged thirty-one, was indicted for the wilful murder of John Parsons Cook, and tried at the Central Criminal Court on May 14, and eleven following days of May 1856. In consequence of the prejudice against him in Staffordshire the case was transferred to London before Lord Chief Justice Campbell, Baron Alderson, and Mr. Justice Creswell. The Attorney-General (Sir A. Cockburn), Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., Mr. Welsby, Mr. Bodkin, and Mr. Huddleston, were for the prosecution, and Mr. Serjeant Shee, Mr. Grove, Q.C., Mr. Gray, and Mr. Kenealy for the defence. The trial was remarkable for the conflict of the medico-scientific evidence, the most eminent men among our physicians and analysts being called on either side, and the most contradictory testimony as to the possibility of detecting strychnia being given. Cook, having been originally brought up as a solicitor, on coming into a fortune of from 12,000*l.* to 13,000*l.*, abandoned the law and took to the turf, where he became acquainted with Palmer, who had for some years kept racehorses. Originally in good local practice, Palmer had of late transferred most of his patients to a Mr. Thirlby, formerly his assistant. His father, originally a working sawyer, had amassed a fortune as a timber merchant, and dying suddenly in 1837 left a fortune of 70,000*l.* Each of the children took 7,000*l.* Of the seven children the prisoner was the fourth. As a child he was known for his amiability and kindness, but also for his sly and underhand manner, and his partiality for trying experiments of a cruel nature on animals. He had to leave a firm of druggists in Liverpool when he was

apprenticed in consequence of a scandal in money matters. He was placed with Mr. Tylecote, a surgeon at Rugeley, walked the London hospitals, 'passed,' and set up for himself at Rugeley, having previously married the illegitimate daughter of an Indian officer, who left her a small property. Of his five children only the first was living at the time of his trial, the others all dying suddenly of convulsions within a few weeks of their birth. He lived in handsome style, training and breeding race-horses, and occupying himself on the turf. As his wife's fortune died with her in 1854, he insured her life for 13,000*l.*, the premiums on which exceeded the income he derived from her, further insurances of a greater amount being declined by other offices. Within nine months after this his wife was dead. Less than three months subsequently, Palmer was endeavouring to effect insurances on the life of his brother Walter, a confirmed drunkard, to the enormous extent of 80,000*l.* Only one of these policies, that in the Prince of Wales's Office, was accepted. He then tried to effect an insurance for 10,000*l.* on the life of one George Bate, a decayed farmer, whom he employed as a kind of farm bailiff, and represented as a gentleman and an esquire, with a famous cellar of wine, but the insurance offices were now thoroughly awake; a detective was sent to interview the esquire, whom he found hoeing turnips, and the scheme fell through.

Since 1854 Palmer had been in the hands of bill discounters, and especially a money-lending attorney in Mayfair of the name of Pratt, with whom he discounted what purported to be the acceptances of his mother, some of which were renewed on partial payment, others cleared off by the money received from the insurance of his wife's life. In May 1855, Cook had lent him his acceptance of 200*l.* to meet a small claim, and had to pay it on Palmer's default. In August that year Palmer asked Pratt to discount a bill of Cook's for 500*l.*, representing that Cook wanted the money. It was, however, declined without further security, and then Cook assigned two of his horses—Polestar, the subsequent winner at Shrewsbury, and Sirius—as a collateral security, and obtained only 375*l.* in money, and a wine warrant for 65*l.*, the rest being swallowed up in discount and expenses. Cook got neither money nor warrant, Palmer asking Pratt to send them to

the post-office at Doncaster, and as the cheque was made 'to order' and bore a receipt stamp, Palmer, it was alleged, forged the name 'John Parsons Cook,' and appropriated the proceeds. That bill would be due on the day of Cook's death. The same month he attempted to effect the insurance on Bate's life, and though Cook had, at Palmer's request, attested this proposal, which referred to Palmer as the usual medical attendant, beyond that he had nothing to do with it. On November 6 a writ for 2,000*l.* against Palmer, and another for the same sum against his mother, were issued, but held over by Pratt for 'arrangement.' This he managed to the amount of 800*l.*; and consequently, after allowing for an exorbitant discount, 600*l.* was taken off the bill, leaving 1,400*l.* to be met. The Prince of Wales's Office had refused to pay on Walter Palmer's life, and Pratt would wait no longer. On November 13, Pratt wrote him that all the bills, 11,500*l.* in amount, must be met—a letter which Palmer must have received next day—the day after Cook's horse won at Shrewsbury. After the race Cook had between 700*l.* and 800*l.* in his pocket, and from the stakes and other bets would be entitled on the week after to receive upwards of 1,000*l.* at Tattersall's.

Before that day Cook was dead, his pocket-book empty, and his betting-book missing. Cook celebrated the victory of his horse with some friends at the Raven Hotel on his return from the course. He went to bed well, and next day was at the meeting as usual. That night his illness began. Fisher, a witness, was invited by Cook late on the evening of November 14 to come to the rooms where he, Palmer, and one Myatt were, to take some brandy and water. Cook drank almost all the liquor in his glass, and within a minute exclaimed, 'There is something in it; it burns my throat dreadfully.' Palmer sipped what remained of the liquor, and said: 'There is nothing in it.' Later Cook said he thought Palmer had been dosing him, and gave Fisher 700*l.* to take care of. Dr. Gibson was sent for, and administered some simple remedies. Cook said later, he thought he had been poisoned. Mrs. Brooks saw Palmer on the night of the 15th standing at a table in a passage at the top of the stairs which led to Cook's bedroom, examining the contents of a tumbler which he held up to the light. At the Talbot Arms, at Rugeley, an inn situated immediately opposite Palmer's own house, whither

Cook was taken, the poisoner completed his work. The chambermaid tasted about two tablespoonfuls of some broth which Palmer had sent over for Cook, and was so sick she had to go to bed. Mr. Jones, a surgeon at Lutterworth, an intimate friend of Cook's for the last five years, was written to by Palmer on Monday, the 19th, stating that Cook was taken ill at Shrewsbury, and obliged to call in a medical man; that 'since then he had been confined to his bed with a very serious bilious attack, combined with diarrhœa,' and that Palmer 'thought it advisable that his friend should come and see him.' Palmer thereupon proceeded to London. It was settling day at Tattersall's, and he had written to Herring to meet him at a house in Beaufort Buildings. Cook's usual agent was Fisher, and Palmer was a defaulter. Herring was naturally surprised on hearing from Palmer that he was to get in Cook's debts; but, however, he undertook to do so. Palmer returned to Rugeley. In response to the letter which Palmer had written him, Cook's friend Jones, who had been ill, came to Rugeley, but not until the afternoon before Cook died. Approaching the end, with Jones sleeping in the room with him, Cook suddenly started up in his bed and called out: 'Doctor, get up, I am going to be ill. Ring the bell and send for Palmer.' Palmer came in two or three minutes after the chambermaid called him. He said, 'I never dressed so quickly in my life.' He gave Cook two pills, which he said were ammonia pills. Cook swallowed them. Directly he did so he uttered loud screams, threw himself back in the bed, and was dreadfully convulsed. He said: 'Raise me up, I shall be suffocated.' The convulsions continued, accompanied by stiffening of the limbs, and the heart gradually weakened. Palmer, who had gone to his house for some spirits of ammonia to be used as a stimulant, fetched a bottle, and found that the pulsations of the heart were gradually ceasing, and life was almost extinct. Cook died very quietly a short time afterwards.

Palmer was present at the *post-mortem* examination. When the stomach and intestines were removed from the body they were separately emptied into a jar by Mr. Devonshire and Mr. Newton. While the former was opening the stomach a push was given by Palmer, which sent Mr. Newton against Mr. Devonshire, and shook some

of the contents of the stomach into the body. Palmer was smiling at the time. The viscera with their contents were placed in a jar, which was covered over with two bladders that were tied and sealed. Palmer was moving about the room, and presently the jar was missed from where it had been placed. Dr. Harland called out, 'Where's the jar?' and Palmer, from the other end of the room, said, 'It is here; I thought it would be more convenient for you to take away.' Dr. Harland, continuing his evidence as to the *post-mortem* at the trial: 'I called to Palmer, Will you bring it here?' I went from the table, and met Palmer half-way coming with the jar. Since I last saw it, it had been cut through both bladders. The cut was hardly an inch long, done with a sharp instrument. Palmer, Devonshire, and Newton said they had not done it. The strings were then cut, the covering altered, each corner re-tied, and re-sealed with Dr. Harland's seal. During the *post-mortem* Palmer remarked to Dr. Bamford, and also made the observation to other persons in a loud voice 'They won't hang us yet.' The proof that Palmer purchased strychnia on two separate occasions immediately before the convulsive attacks of which Cook died, rested on the evidence of two druggists' assistants at Rugeley. On the day after Cook returned from Shrewsbury with Palmer to the 'Talbot' at Rugeley, Cook dined with Palmer. Early the next morning (Saturday) Palmer was in his bedroom, and sent for a cup of coffee for him. Cook vomited the coffee. Then the soup followed, and the victim's drive to his death was accelerated as has been recounted. Palmer made a second attempt on the jar which contained the contents of the stomach. Myatt, the postboy, said that Palmer offered him 10*l.* to upset Mr. Stevens and his solicitor's clerk, who were to take the jar to the Stafford Station *en route* to London.

Whilst the analysis was being conducted in London, the coroner opened an inquest at Rugeley. Palmer sent a hamper of fish and game to Ward the coroner, writing the direction himself, but not otherwise revealing from whom they came. To Cheshire, the postmaster, with whom he had long been on friendly terms, he on December 2 hinted the importance of his knowing anything that might pass through the post between Dr. Taylor (the analyst) and the local solicitor. On the Wednesday following, he was told by

Cheshire the substance of the letter written by Dr. Taylor to Mr. Gardner on the previous day. Thereupon, on the 8th, Palmer writes to a poulterer at Stafford to have some game ready for his messenger. Bate goes to the poulterer, re-directs, and sends the game by a lad, and then finds his way to the inn, where the coroner is smoking, calls him out of the billiard-room, and privately gives him a letter, in which, in reference to the evidence given at the inquest on the previous day, he states when Cook was first taken ill, discounts Fisher's forthcoming evidence, and contrasts what Professor Taylor may say to-morrow with what he has already said. As to the latter point, Palmer's words were, 'Mind you, I know and saw it in black and white what Taylor said to Gardner.' Eventually, while Palmer was in Stafford Gaol, inquests were held on the bodies of his wife and his brother Walter. In the first case, there was no manner of doubt that she had been gradually dosed to death by antimony. In that of the brother, the analysis failed to detect any poison, a fact probably accounted for by the length of time that had elapsed since the death and the action of the lead coffin, if prussic acid was the poison used. In both cases, however, verdicts of wilful murder against Palmer were returned.

The trial for the murder of Cook, as has been stated, filled a period of twelve days. Lord Campbell's charge occupied the whole of the eleventh, and until the afternoon of the twelfth day. The jury retired at 2.20, and at 3.45 returned a verdict of guilty, and Lord Campbell passed sentence of death, to be carried out at Stafford Gaol. The prisoner heard the sentence unmoved. Even at the close of the Lord Chief Justice's summing up, which was felt to be adverse, Palmer retained his confidence, and is said to have thrown over to his counsel a paper, on which he had written, 'I think there will be a verdict of Not Guilty.' Sir Douglas Straight remembers as a boy being present at most of the trial of William Palmer, and recalls 'the florid, portly form of the prisoner, the keen, searching eye with which he watched the witnesses and counsel, the cool, calm way in which he wrote slips for the instruction of his solicitor and counsel, the interest and attention with which he watched Lord Campbell's summing up.' Young as I was, Sir Alexander Cockburn's reply for the prosecution made a deep impression on me, and well might the convict say, 'it

was the riding that did it.' While the sentence was being passed Palmer drew himself up as if about to make some remark, but did not attempt to speak; then he stood quite calm, and when his Lordship had concluded, turned round and walked from the dock with the same coolness he had shown during the whole of his protracted trial.

PALMER'S STUD

An account of the sale, dispersal, and subsequent performances of the horses comprising Palmer's racing stud appears necessary in order to complete the collateral story of the notorious poisoner's connection with the Turf. In 'Bell's Life' of January 20, 1856, we read that 'William Palmer's own life is insured in the Albion Office for 5,000*l.*, and the policy is assigned to Mr. Wright, solicitor, of Birmingham, for "advances made."' Mr. Wright, it may be remembered, is the person who swept off the whole of Palmer's effects, under a bill of sale for 10,000*l.*, including the racing and breeding stud, which was brought to the hammer at Tattersall's on Monday last, and realised 3,906*l.* Pratt had a bill of sale for 500*l.* on Polestar, Mr. Cook's mare, which it is understood he has since voluntarily relinquished, so that she, together with the remainder of Mr. Cook's stud, will shortly be sold. 'As to the sale of Palmer's stud, it naturally drew together a very large attendance, including many leading patrons of the Turf, and most of the principal trainers. There was some spirited bidding for The Chicken between a supporter of the Danebury stable, and Mr. Harlock, the latter of whom eventually secured the horse for a noble lord [Lord Portsmouth], who adopts the *nom de course* of 'Edwards.' Major Grove secured Tricktress for the Royal Stud, but the Prince's commission (!) would not allow of his securing Nettle (who was ruined by her accident in the Oaks for racing purposes), and he was outbid by Mr. F. L. Popham. The Seaweed filly and Rip Van Winkle return to Woolcot's. Mr. Howard bought the two highest-priced yearlings (the filly out of Maid of Lynne, and the colt out of Dervish's dam), and they go into William Goater's stable; and the yearling colt out of Goldfinder's dam was purchased by

Mr. Blenkiron, who also added Doubt to his stud at Middle Park. The two-year-old colt by Sir Hercules out of Lurley's dam has joined Joseph Dawson's lot at Ilsley, and Staffordshire Nan, we are informed (though not officially), has returned to her old quarters at W. Saunders's, at Hednesford. Prices:—

	Guineas
The Chicken [afterwards re-named Vengeance], by Chanticleer out of Gladiole's dam (Mr. Harlock)	800
B. filly, 3 yrs., by Melbourne out of Seaweed [afterwards called Mermaid] (Mr. Sargeant)	500
Nettle, 4 yrs., by Sweetmeat out of Wasp (Mr. F. L. Popham)	430
Staffordshire Nan, 3 yrs., by Faugh-a-Ballagh out of Dart's dam (Mr. Bryant)	300
Brown yearling filly, by Touchstone out of Maid of Lynne [afterwards called Oakleaf] (Mr. Howard)	250
Tricktress, 8 yrs., by Sleight of Hand out of Dervish's dam, covered by Touchstone (Royal Stud)	230
B. yearling colt, by Melbourne out of Duchess of Kent [given in the 'Stud Book' as by Touchstone, afterwards called Frogmore] (Mr. Howard)	230
Duchess of Kent, covered by Teddington (Mr. H. Hargreaves)	210
Lurley, 5 yrs., by Orlando (Mr. Alexander)	120
Brown colt, 2 yrs., by Sir Hercules out of Lurley's dam [afterwards named Gemma di Vergy—the dam herself was subsequently called Snowdrop] (Mr. H. Hargreaves)	105
B. filly, 2 yrs. (sister to Staffordshire Nan) (Mr. Hadland)	82
Doubt (foaled 1846), by Gladiator out of The Dart's dam [Marcella], covered by Melbourne (Mr. Blenkiron)	81
Goldfinder's dam (foaled 1843), by Liverpool out of Ninny, covered by Teddington (Mr. Parker)	71
Morning Star (brother to Polestar) (Mr. Preston)	71
B. yearling colt, by Melbourne out of Goldfinder's dam [afterwards named Wanderer] (Mr. Blenkiron)	225
Rip Van Winkle, 3 yrs., by the Flying Dutchman out of Windischgratz's dam (Mr. Sargeant)	70
Brown yearling colt, by Faugh-a-Ballagh out of Doubt (Mr. Nicolls)	51

To further follow the fate of the principal members of this in every respect remarkable stud, Vengeance (late The Chicken) ran unplaced and unbacked, with 8 st. on his back, in the Royal Hunt Cup. He was again nowhere in the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, albeit second favourite with Olympus, when Lord Anglesey's Termagant ridden by Fordham won. Then came the Cæsarewitch, which, in relation to the murderer's former ownership, proved a sensational race indeed. Here it is—one, two, three, with the betting:—

Mr. Edwards's Vengeance, by Chanticleer, 4 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb. (Aldcroft)	1
Mr. Snewing's Polestar, 4 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb. (J. Goater)	2
Mr. W. Day's December, 4 yrs., 5 st. 5 lb. (Hibberd)	3

Betting: 5 to 1 against Polestar, 8 to 1 against December, 9 to 1 each against Vengeance and Malacca, &c.

Won in the commonest of canters by three lengths; four lengths between second and third.

The reporter, whose 'fine Roman hand' will not escape recognition, thus comments and moralises from a racing point of view on the race:—'The extraordinary coincidence of the first and second horses in the race to-day having belonged to the wretch Palmer and his unfortunate victim Cook, afforded an exciting subject for gossip, and recalled afresh the frightful monstrosities of the Rugeley tragedies—how Palmer purchased Vengeance (then called The Chicken) with his poor wife's blood—with a portion of the money which he obtained from the insurance offices after poisoning her; and the subsequent murder of his friend to obtain possession of the large sum which Polestar's success at Shrewsbury had won for poor Cook, in order to meet the pressing difficulties of the moment. . . . To judge by the result of the race to-day, if Palmer had managed to escape detection, the Ring would undoubtedly have had a "dressing" in the course of the present season with Polestar and The Chicken, to say nothing of the "good thing" that Gemma di Vergy, another of his stud, of whom he was particularly fond, might have brought off. Vengeance started favourite for the Cambridgeshire (3 to 1), and 10 to 1 each against Malacca, and beaten two lengths by Mr. T. Parr's b.c. Malacca by Ratan, 3 yrs., 5 st. 5 lb. (Hibberd), 1; Mr. Edwards's br.c. Vengeance, 4 years 8 st. 2 lb. (including 7 lb. extra) (Flatman), 2; and Mr. Warrington's b.f. Flyaway, 3 yrs., 6 st. 9 lb. (Bray), 3. Thirty-four ran.' Vengeance did not run again, and evidently went to the stud in 1859. He appears in the return of foals credited with a brown colt, The Bilk, out of Queen Christina (Lord Portsmouth's), and was advertised to serve at 10 guineas, stock pronounced 'very promising.' In 1863 there was a useful plater, called Pony, by Vengeance. In 1864 Vengeance is credited with five winners. One of them, Mr. C. Alexander's Cordelia-Sydmonton (out of Midia), was probably the best. He

beat Caller Ou at Lewes. At four years old he won the Whip at Newmarket. Gemma di Vergy won thirteen out of eighteen races as a two-year-old ; at three years old six out of eleven. He once beat and was once beaten by Fisherman, and was second to Skirmisher for the Gold Cup at Ascot. He was advertised at Theobald's Stud in 1860 at 20 guineas.

VIRAGO

'There were more nuggets than Voltigeur at the Hart diggings, as Virago was foaled there the year after his

VIRAGO (1851)	PYRRHUS THE FIRST	Epirus	Langar	Selim	Buzzard	
				Mare by	Alexander mare	
		Fortress	Olympia	Sir Oliver	Walton	
				Scotilla	Young Giantess	
				Whalebone	Sir Peter	
		VIRGINIA	Rowton	Defence	Defiance	Fanny
						Anvil
	Pucelle		Jewess	Moses	Scota	
				Calendulæ	Waxy	
		Oiseau	Camillus	Penelope		
		Katherina	Mare by	Rubens		
			Woful	Little Folly		
		Medora	Landscape	Gohanna mare		
			Orville	Seymour		
	Muley	Eleanor	Camerton			
		Selim	Snowdrop			
		Mare by	Hambletonian			
			Faith			
			Coriander			
			Wild Goose			
			Waxy			
			Penelope			
			Rubens			
			Iris			
			Beningbro'			
			Evelina			
			Whisky			
			Young Giantess			
			Buzzard			
			Alexander mare			
			Sir Harry			
			Volunteer mare			

double event. She was advertised for sale as a yearling at Doncaster, when old John Day slipped down and tried to buy her privately, but Mr. Stephenson insisted on her going to the hammer along with Epinician. John Scott liked her, but left off at 340, and the next ten settled the job for Mr. Padwick. She was tried as a two-year-old in October at 7 lb., with Little Harry, and William Day, who rode in the trial, was so pleased with her that he increased the two thousand offer which he made on the ground to three when they got into the house ; but Mr. Padwick was as firm as Gibraltar.'—*Scott and Sebright*.

CATCH'EM ALIVE'S CAMBRIDGESHIRE, 1863

The following is the official account given of the Catch'em Alive case in the 'Racing Calendar' for 1863. 'When the jockeys returned to weigh in after the race, the clerk of the scales found that the rider of Catch'em Alive did not draw the proper weight. He was first weighed without a whip, and a whip was afterwards given to him, which was stated to be the one he rode with ; this barely made him weight, and the owner of the second horse objected to the jockey being weighed with anything given to him after he got into the scales. The clerk of the scales requested the stewards to come into the weighing-room, and they decided that a jockey not having brought his whip with him into the scale could not afterwards weigh with it, and it plainly appeared that the jockey did not draw his proper weight. The rider of Merry Hart had been previously weighed and passed by the clerk of the scales, and the stewards were on the point of giving the race in his favour, when the rider of Summerside was weighed, and he also was found short of weight. On this the stewards directed the scales to be examined, when it was found that they were not correct, and that some lead had been fastened on the bottom of the weight scale. When this was removed and the scales adjusted, the stewards felt satisfied that the rider of Catch'em Alive would have drawn his proper weight if the scales had been adjusted before he was weighed, and the clerk of the scales, on being questioned, having assured them that he had no doubt on the subject, the stewards declared that

Catch'em Alive was the winner of the race. A reward of 50*l.* was afterwards offered by the Jockey Club for such information as should lead to the discovery of the person or persons who had fastened the lead to the scales.'

In William Day's 'Reminiscences of the Turf,' the writer gives his version of the transaction as follows:—'The scandal arose from the fact that some one had fixed some lead under one of the scales—for there were two scales, one at the lower, and one at the top stand. It was pretty well known at the time, and is now, who the offender was. A light-weight jockey who rode in the race had wasted very hard, in the hope that he would reduce himself to the exact weight. Unfortunately, on scaling privately early in the morning, he found himself 2 lb. over the weight he had to ride, and fearing, I imagine, that he might be taken off, he kept the secret to himself. Before the jockeys were weighed out for the race, he went to the clerk of the scales, the late Mr. Manning, then engaged at the lower stand weighing jockeys for some other race, and said: "I have left my light saddle in the top stand; please let me have the key to get it, as I have to ride in the next race." As there was nothing unusual in the request, the key was handed to him, and the opportunity thus afforded him of fixing, unobserved, the lead to the bottom of the scales without exciting suspicion, as he soon returned and gave the key back to its proper custodian. I should state that though the jockeys were allowed to "weigh out" before the race at either of the scales, they could only "weigh in" after the race at the top stand. The jockey knew that if he carried more than 2 lb. overweight without declaring it, he would, if he won, be disqualified, and that by the plan he adopted he was quite certain to be the right weight. But I suppose it never occurred to his imaginative mind that others carrying the right weight being weighed at the lower stand, would prove that he carried the wrong weight when weighing in at the top stand. If he had thought of this, and had had the opportunity of making both scales alike he would have escaped detection; for in that case all the horses would have simply carried 2 lb. over the weight assigned them.

'There is no doubt that several jockeys did weigh out at the top stand, and, without knowing it, rode 2 lb. overweight; and if one of them had won, and the fact of

carrying this overweight had been discovered, he would have been disqualified. The culprit, when his turn came, of course passed satisfactorily, having weighed out at the top stand. But Sam Adams, the rider of *Catch'em Alive*, one of those who had "weighed out" at the lower stand, was the first to try the scales in "weighing in" at the top stand, and he could not draw the weight. Admiral Rous was sent for by the clerk, and, after many ineffectual attempts to draw the weight, Adams was told to leave the scales—on the face of it a virtual disqualification. Then James Grimshaw, the rider of *Summerside*, the third horse, tried and failed to draw his weight, though he protested that he drew it well at the lower stand. I told the Admiral that I was sure Adams weighed the proper weight "out." Of this I was positive; for he rode in an exercise saddle without any saddle-cloth, and so could neither from design nor accident have lost any weight, as I saddled and unsaddled the horse myself, and I asked that he might be allowed to weigh there again. But the Admiral would not permit it. "No," he said; "though for convenience' sake there are two places to weigh out at, there is but one that you can weigh in at after the race." Feeling certain there was a mistake, I at once, without asking permission, took the weights out of the scales to see if they balanced, and, finding that they did not, called the Admiral's attention to the fact. "Here is the mistake, sir," I said, and first put on 1 lb., which did not turn the beam, and then another 1 lb., which just balanced it, the Admiral and Lord Westmorland, the one coolly and the other anxiously, looking on all the time. I then turned up the scale, and discovered and pointed out the three pieces of lead fixed to the bottom. They were at once removed, the clerk affirming that "they were not there this morning," and the scales then balanced to a nicety. I have always thought it was a great mistake on the part of the Admiral, when the fraud was discovered, not to have required the riders of the first three horses to get into the properly adjusted scales to see if they could draw their respective weights, and not more than 2 lb. over. Had he done so, the difficulty would have been settled on the spot, and the result would have been in the detection of the jockey who had tampered with the scales, and the disqualification of his horse. I believe only three jockeys weighed in; one did

and two did not draw the weight. This is an impartial and correct account of what took place on the occasion.'

THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES, 1864

The official record of Blue Gown's disqualification for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster in the 'Racing Calendar' is singularly bald, and to the reader exclusively of that formal page of the history of the Turf somewhat misleading. At any rate it is short of the entire truth of the matter. It is as follows: '2 to 1 against Blue Gown, 11 to 2 against Vale Royal, 7 to 1 each against Mercury

BLUE GOWN (1865)	BEADSMAN	Weatherbit	Sheet Anchor	Lottery	Tramp
				Morgiana	Mandane
		Mendicant	Miss Letty	Priam	Muley
				Mare by	Miss Stephenson
			Touchstone	Emilius	
	BAS BLEU	Stockwell	Lady Moore Carew	Banter	Cressida
				Kite	Orville
		Vexation	The Baron	Birdcatcher	Buzzard mare
				Echidna	Whalebone
			Pocahontas	Master Henry	
		Touchstone	Vat	Tramp	Selim mare
				Langar	Boadicea
		Wire		Glencoe	Dick Andrews
				Marpessa	Gohanna mare
				Camel	Bustard
			Kite	Olympia	
			Banter	Sir Hercules	
			Wire	Guiccioli	
			Wire	Economist	
			Wire	Miss Pratt	
			Wire	Sultan	
			Wire	Trampoline	
			Wire	Muley	
			Wire	Clare	
			Wire	Whalebone	
			Wire	Selim mare	
			Wire	Master Henry	
			Wire	Boadicea	
			Wire	Selim	
			Wire	Walton mare	
			Wire	Waxy	
			Wire	Penelope	

and Virtue, 10 to 1 each against Mameluke and Iron-master, and 100 to 6 against Bel Giorno. Blue Gown came in first, beating Virtue by half a length, a head between the latter and Bel Giorno, but at the weighing in Wells was more than 2 lb. overweight, and Blue Gown was disqualified. The Parson was left at the post.'

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA'S IMPRESSIONS OF
SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY

Sala, in his 'Life and Adventures,' says: 'Hawley Smart was the nephew of the renowned racing baronet, Sir Joseph Hawley, at whose house, at West Brighton, I was enabled, through the kindness of my friend, the Hon. Francis Lawley, to pass many pleasant hours. I was nervous at first about accepting Sir Joseph's invitation; since—although I have long studied the history and the anatomy of the horse, and can draw the animal tolerably well—I am as ignorant as a Potowatomie Indian of all turf matters. But to my agreeable surprise I found Sir Joseph Hawley's house full of rare books and splendid specimens of the Old Masters, among the last of which I recollect a magnificent full-length, life-sized portrait, by Sir Anthony Vandyck, of a Doge of Genoa, whose robes of crimson damask seemed absolutely to flow over the frame on to the carpet. It was equally agreeable to find that the racing baronet was well versed in literature, old and new, and that he was a connoisseur and critic in art: nor during the day did he once make mention of such a quadruped as a race-horse.'

'THE KINGSCLERE RACING CIRCULAR'

The four pages of racing articles, Training Reports, and Key Numbers, which were issued weekly under the title of the 'Kingsclere Racing Circular,' were modelled on existing publications of honest repute. An independent version of a familiar saying did prefatory duty as a motto. To wit:—'No bet is a good one until well hedged to'—'Winning Turf Maxim.' Then came the title of the sheet,

and 'terms of subscription : whole season, 1*l.* 12*s.*; to the Derby inclusive, 12*s.*' Which, considering the advantages offered, were not exorbitant fees. In the article of The Two Thousand Guineas, which appears in the 'Kingsclere Racing Circular' for April 29, 1870, '*we* have nothing to retract from our winter assertions. Market movements have all along confirmed everything we have advanced respecting the merits or demerits of the various animals engaged. . . . Claudius will also be amongst the starters; and *we* understand that Mr. George Payne considers him the most trustworthy of the Marlborough pair. We shall see Asterope is knocked out of the betting, for the mare has been coughing, like all the rest of Sir Joseph Hawley's horses, Rosicrucian being about the only one that has escaped the stable epidemic.' This prophet, who had the command of so much exclusive information and who was acquainted with the private opinions of Mr. George Payne, wound up with his prophetic remarks by placing the first three, namely, Kingcraft, King o' Scots, and Stanley or Prince of Wales. Macgregor won by five lengths, Normanby was second, three-quarters of a length in front of Kingcraft, and Prince of Wales did not run. The prophet had permitted himself to say that 'Macgregor, independent [*sic*] of being a non-performer, is not made like a Two Thousand winner, as he is a short, leggy, peacocky colt, without any pretensions, as far as looks go, of staying more than three-quarters of a mile.' 'Blue Gown,' dating from Kingsclere, writes in the same copy of the 'Circular' that 'I am sorry to inform you that since my last, influenza has broken out severely in the Kingsclere stables.' In the 'Kingsclere Racing Circular' for May 13, 1870, the prophet adopts Macgregor as his Derby champion. As to Kingcraft, 'he is decidedly hopeless, for we saw him quite beaten in the dip during the First Spring week; and French will never be able to make more of him.' Kingcraft, with French riding, won the Derby by four lengths. 'Blue Gown' writes from Kingsclere, 'I am happy to inform you that the health of the horses in this stable is now *quite convalescent*.' With a laudable desire to retain the allegiance of those readers who are possibly indifferent respecting 'the health' of the Kingsclere horses being 'quite convalescent,' he concludes his letter with the following alluring aspiration: 'As we run no horses until

Epsom, I shall reserve myself until the great event on Epsom Downs and Ascot Meeting, when I hope to do you and your subscribers some good for your banking accounts.'

THE KINGSCLERE LONDON AND GLASGOW TURF COMMISSION AGENCY.—THE METHODS OF THE SWINDLER

In order to give an idea of Mr. Walter's method of doing business with his dupes, copies of three documents, which contain the record of an actual transaction, are subjoined. Only such stereotyped advertisements as embrace the details of the business of executing commissions, backing jockeys' mounts, &c., and the name of 'the client' are omitted.

A.

**KINGSCLERE, LONDON, AND GLASGOW
TURF COMMISSION AGENCY,**

*RAVENS COURT PARK, HAMMERSMITH, LONDON, W.,
AND AT THE 'SWAN HOTEL,' KINGSCLERE*

Chief Office for Commissions (only), 62 Jamaica Street, Glasgow.

Glasgow, June 7, 1871.

MESSRS. BALLIE AND WALTER, Proprietors

(Members of the Principal West End Clubs).

DISCRETIONARY INVESTMENTS

To Mr. ———.

SIR,—We beg to acknowledge receipt of 10*l.*, which shall be invested in accordance with our Discretionary System at the Ascot Meeting, commencing June 7. Accounts will be forwarded June 13 and 14. Payment on receipt of voucher.—We are, Sir, yours respectfully,

JAMES BALLIE AND W. H. WALTER.

N.B.—Commissions executed on all races at the post or other wise. Five per cent. charged on winnings. Jockeys' mounts backed, and every practical system carried out.

B.

DISCRETIONARY INVESTMENTS

TO H. M. BARKLEY, ESQ.

**KINGSCLERE RACING CIRCULAR
TURF COMMISSION AGENCY,**

*OFFICES : 62 JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW ; RAVENSCOURT PARK,
HAMMERSMITH, LONDON, W. ; AND AT THE 'SWAN HOTEL,'
KINGSCLERE, NEWBURY, BERKS*

Commissions should be addressed to MR. W. H. WALTER,
at our Glasgow Agency.

MESSRS. BALLIEE AND WALTER

(Members of the Principal West End Clubs).

ASCOT MEETING

Cash received £10 0 0

Investments commencing June 7, ending

SECOND DAY

<i>Won</i>	<i>£ s. d.</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>£ s. d.</i>
The Ascot Derby Stakes	—	120s. to 40s. Revoke	. 2 0 0
Nineteenth Triennial Stakes	No betting		
Thirteenth Ascot Biennial Stakes	—	120s. to 40s. King of Forest	2 0 0
Royal Hunt Cup, 110s. to 20s.	5 10 0		
Fern Hill Stakes	—	120s. to 40s. Highland Fling	2 0 0
Coronation Stakes, 15s. to 20s. Corisande	0 15 0		
Visitors' Plate	—	240s. to 40s. April Morn	. 2 0 0

THIRD DAY

Eighth New Biennial Stakes, 20s. to 20s. Fisherman	1 0 0		
St. James's Palace Stakes	—	120s. to 40s. Field Marshal	2 0 0
Ninth New Biennial, 8s. to 20s. Nuneham	0 8 0		
The Gold Cup, 20s. to 20s. Mortemer	1 0 0		
The New Stakes	—	280s. to 40s. Meteor	. 2 0 0
The All-Aged Stakes	—	80s. to 40s. Fisherman	. 2 0 0
Plate of 100 sovs., 12s. to 20s. St. Pancras	0 12 0		

FOURTH DAY

First-class Wokingham	—	70s. to 40s. Bosworth	£	s.	d.
Stakes			2	0	0
Second-class Wokingham	—	80s. to 40s. McAlpine	2	0	0
Amount due on last account	£				
Amount won	£9	5s.	Lost	£18	
Amount lost	£18				
Commission	£1				
Total	£				

No further Investments will be made until further Orders are received. Investments next week will be made at Stockbridge.

Cheques to be crossed The Bank, Newbury. Scotch and Irish Notes taken as cash. Stamps 20s. 6d. to the £; Letters and P. O. Orders to be addressed to W. H. Walter, 62 Jamaica Street, Glasgow. P.O. Orders to be drawn on Newbury Post Office.

Winnings remitted on receipt of this Voucher. Commissions executed on all Races at the Post or otherwise. Jockey's Mounts Backed, and all practical systems carried out. Full Market Odds guaranteed. Five per cent. charged on winnings.

Total amount due, including Stake 5s.

C.

KINGSLERE, LONDON, AND GLASGOW
TURF COMMISSION AGENCY

ESTABLISHED 1853

BALLIEE AND WALTER

LONDON AND GLASGOW, June 14, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Owing to our various selections running second, and the winners of all the important Events being at such short prices, Ascot, in lieu of being a most successful meeting, has resulted in a most disastrous loss. We, however, shall RECOUP all losses at Stockbridge, where, as you know from past experience, a loss has never occurred.

We are truly ashamed to ask you to give us another Trial; yet, as the Hampshire *réunion* presents such facilities and advantages, we are in good faith compelled to ask you to invest a 50*l.* or 100*l.* bank, now that success is fairly within our grasp.

We again advise you to invest a few sovs. for hedging [*sic*] purposes on St. Vincent, as we know he will start first favourite, and, at the same time we can assure you that Christopher Sly will shortly succumb to that fatal disease, the METALLIC fever.—Yours faithfully,

JAS. BALLIEE AND W. H. WALTER.

DR. SHORTHOUSE AND THE SWINDLER, WALTER

Only propose to blow a bubble,
And, Lord ! what hundreds will subscribe for soap !

It is due to the late Dr. Shorthouse to state that he was the first to publicly prick the Kingsclere Discretionary Investment bubble and to place the blower in the pillory—that, too, when journals which were paid large sums for advertising Walter's nefarious scheme were investing him with undeserved respectability by means of favourable 'opinions of the press.' In a reply to a letter which Mr. Walter wrote 'to clear myself from the stigmas cast upon me,' Dr. Shorthouse not only exhibited the swindler and his fraudulent undertaking in their true light, but defied him to take proceedings. He said, 'Mr. Walter's letter was accompanied by one from a solicitor who demanded an apology for a "scurrilous, slanderous, and libellous attack, which had injured that gentleman in his good name and character, and also in his business ;" and demanding an "apology which shall be deemed by Mr. Walter sufficient," or in default threatening all sorts of pains and penalties. We tell Mr. Walter frankly and most decisively that he will get no apology from us. He may take his case into any court he pleases, criminal or civil—and the former is delicately hinted at—and we shall be happy to meet him there ; and if he brings his decoy duck, Mr. Beaumont, of Poultney Street, Bath, with him, we shall be all the more pleased. We are especially desirous to see that individual. Mr. Walter advertises a letter he alleges he received from Mr. Beaumont, testifying to Mr. Walter's "discretionary system," and we wrote to Mr. Beaumont at the address given. Our letter was returned through the dead letter office, endorsed "not known." There was no action.

His frauds exposed as 'Walter and Balliec,' Walter continued his nefarious operations as 'Holland and Raine,' 'Wills and May,' 'Norton and Glover,' and under other *aliases*. In August 1871, William Walter, of 6 Myrtle Terrace, Ravenscourt Park, Hammersmith, was brought before Sir Thomas Henry, on a warrant obtained by the Treasury, charged with keeping a betting office, and fined 100*l.*, or in default 'six months.' He said he thought he

should be able to pay the fine. We then hear of him decamping from La Marche, 'after winning a race valued 1,300 fr. and several thousands of francs in bets, with his horses, not forgetting, however, to collect all moneys due to him, but taking good care not to pass near Chantilly, to settle the debts he had incurred there.' Even at that time he was carrying on the old Discretionary Investment game in Scotland under new *aliases*. In May 1875, at the Central Criminal Court, an application was made to Mr. Justice Archibald to admit to bail until next sessions the two prisoners, William Henry Walter and Edward Murray, charged with conspiring together, with others not in custody, to obtain large sums of money from persons residing abroad by means of alleged assurances against Turf losses. Bail was granted, Walter 4,000*l.*, his own recognisances and two sureties of 1,000*l.* each or four of 500*l.* each; Murray 500*l.*, his own recognisances of 300*l.* and two sureties of 100*l.* each. On June 9, at the next ensuing sessions, the two prisoners were called upon but failed to appear. Their recognisances were estreated, and a Bench warrant granted for their apprehension. After evading the police for no less than five years, Walter was arrested on another charge, under the name of Lewis, and tried by Mr. Justice Denman. He was described as William Henry Walter, 'labourer,' well dressed, and 29 years of age, and was charged with forging, altering, and uttering a cheque for 905*l.*, with forging and uttering other cheques for smaller sums, and money orders. Mr. Justice Denman, in passing sentence, addressed the prisoner at great length, and stated that the facts disclosed a deliberate and long-continued system of accomplished and wholesale fraud. Walter was sentenced to penal servitude for a term of twenty years.

THE LIBEL ON SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY

From the libel, or rather 'the head and front' of it, since more than one attack on the Baronet in Dr. Short-house's journal was embodied in the charge, a few illustrative extracts may be given, if only to show the riotous ferocity of the attack. It stands forth a curiosity in journalism, and inasmuch as during the period which has elapsed since it was written, nearly twenty-seven years,

both libeller and libelled and warm-hearted, wrong-headed Dr. Shorthouse himself, with other parties to the transaction, have joined the majority, the matter has become historical.

‘Numerous as have been the occasions on which we have pointed a moral or adorned a tale by a reference to some bright example (unhappily rare) of nobility and uprightness, of honesty, straightforwardness, and sportsmanlike conduct, thank God we have never been unwarily betrayed into citing the name of Sir Joseph Scratchhawley.

‘Life on the Turf is proverbially one of ups and downs. Its losses, as a rule, far exceed its gains, and if, therefore, little men, or needy ones, descend occasionally to rascalities, and milk, and rope, and cheat, and lie, and thief their way to winning a handicap now and then, it is to be greatly deplored, but scarcely to be wondered at. What can then be said for the spoilt darling of the Turf, the little Jack Horner of the racing world, who has not only put in his thumb and pulled out one plum, but has had a whole grocer’s shop full of plums fall to his share, and yet tries all he can to bespatter his ancient name, before, in the course of nature, he is compelled to resign his seat in the Jockey Club, and his place in the Steward’s Stand to a better man,

‘Sir Joseph Scratchhawley . . . might, if he chose, get drunk every night of the year out of a different cup won by the representatives of his stable; and yet his soul craves for something more. He already loathes the flesh-pots of Egypt. The noble ambition of carrying off a coveted prize, or of leading back to the scales the winner of the Blue Riband amid the acclamation of thousands, begins already to pall upon his satiated palate; and he casts a longing eye on the gate-money milk cans, and the corpses of the boiled, the stiff, and the dead, that taint the atmosphere of the ring.

‘Among other eccentricities of popular opinion, there is no jacket among the silks and satins of the Turf that the public more eagerly support, or for which they more vehemently applaud a victory, than that of Sir Joseph Scratchhawley. But the fiat has gone forth, and Sir Joseph has decreed that the confiding public shall no

longer be permitted to have its own way—that the reliance they have heretofore placed on having from him a straight and honest run for their money shall be snapped like a bulrush. If they want an idol, let them seek one elsewhere—for himself, he has tried the square, and, on the whole, prefers the crooked.

‘ Although Dame Nature cannot be said to have been over-prodigious to Sir Joseph in her gifts as regards figure and face—the latter especially being characterised by an exceedingly mean and crafty expression. . . .

‘ Matters prospered well at “Lame ’un Grange,” the breeding establishment of the wealthy baronet. Derby winners begat Derby winners. . . . Who, therefore, can tell what demon cast his evil eye on the place, and cursed Sir Joseph to become *ennuyé*d with so much success? Yet so it would appear to be ; and so every one judged to be the case who saw his wretched, discontented, scowling face, as he leaned with his chin on his stick in the Stewards’ Stand, and almost cursed his good horse Blackleg as he cantered home a Derby winner, because, forsooth, he had made a mistake, and had backed the stable companions, while he had given the office to lay against the best horse of the present century.

‘ . . . but for his own ignorance he might have won a fortune on the horse ; and this was the last straw that broke the camel’s back—otherwise Sir Joseph’s patience. Shall we say that in his conscience he felt such epithets bestowed on him by the Sporting Press as “fine sportsman,” “straightforward,” &c., so totally undeserved, that he henceforth took the resolution to prevent, if possible, any such misplaced approbation. Since that time, whenever any of his horses have been fairly handicapped, the public have been allowed to get well on them, and they have been scratched. Blackleg, backed for pounds, shillings, and pence by the public, runs last in the Cesarewitch and nearly wins the Cambridgeshire when they are not on. Vagrant is tried to be a moral for one of the early spring handicaps, and has the pen put through his name when everything has been got out of him that can be picked up in the market. It is reserved till the Liverpool Cup to place the coping stone to this edifice of coping proceedings. On the appearance of the weights *Swindlerite*

is voted the pick of the handicap, and strong in their belief in the old formula that Sir Joseph Scratchhawley always goes straight and gives a run for your money, the public put down their coin, rush deliberately into the lion's jaws, and pour their money into the caps of those who have been "*put in to lay*." Those who love a good horse, however he may be weighted, back Blackleg at fair prices. Suddenly a suspicion begins to dawn, and the knowing ones get on Sir Joseph Scratchhawley's lot, including *Pickpocket*, and not a day too soon. The pails are full of Swindlerite and Blackleg milk, the market begins to be agitated, *Pickpocket* comes hot in the betting, and Swindlerite and Blackleg are scratched.

‘ . . . If Sir Joseph Scratchhawley knew that *Pickpocket* was the best of his lot, he ought to have scratched the others as soon as he arrived at that knowledge, and not have left them in order that Messrs. Saltfish and Bloater might operate against them.

‘ The bloody hand on his escutcheon is emblematic of the victims who have fallen, not in actual strife, but from the stab of the Stable Commissioner, and it will be many a long year before even the spurious popularity he once enjoyed will be restored to him.’

COMMITTAL AND IMPRISONMENT OF DR. SHORHOUSE.—
‘ ARGUS’S ’ SPITE

The libel on Sir Joseph Hawley appeared in the ‘*Sporting Times*’ in November 1869. The week succeeding its appearance the editor, Dr. Shorthouse, in reference to it, said: ‘ In this journal on Saturday last there appeared an article reflecting in the most unwarrantable manner upon the character and conduct of Sir Joseph Hawley. The writing and publication of that article were entirely without our knowledge, and its tone without our sympathy, and we read it with surprise and disgust. We neither knew that such an article was contemplated, had been written, or was intended to be published in these columns, or we should have interdicted it. We were indisposed last week, and did not “mount guard” on Friday evening at

the office; hence the insertion of the calumny, which we are sure has caused more pain and annoyance to us than it can have done to the object of its attack.' In a subsequent issue of the 'Sporting Times' Dr. Shorthouse stated that 'as soon as we recovered sufficiently to know what we were doing, we wrote off to Sir Joseph Hawley to disclaim all knowledge of so scandalous an attack, but not to repudiate our legal responsibility for its appearance in these columns.' In the article in which the statement occurs, he says: 'The letter we sent to Sir Joseph Hawley, which had a printed heading with the motto of this paper, its title, &c. Mr. Straight called for the letter to read it to the magistrate, and, instead of beginning at the commencement of the written portion, read the heading, and, as he did so, prefaced the reading of it by saying, "This is the apology," and went on with "High Toryism, High Churchism, High Farming, and Old Port for Ever." General Peel burst out laughing and nearly fell off his chair, muttering something to his companions. We thought he said, "A rum way that of beginning an apology."' There was a committal, and the trial of Joseph Henry Shorthouse took place at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday, December 15, 1869. Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, specially retained, and Mr. F. H. Lewis, instructed by Messrs. Lewis & Lewis, appeared as counsel for the prosecution. Dr. Shorthouse defended himself—and fulfilled the proverb. The Duke of Beaufort and General Peel were subpoenaed as witnesses and gave evidence. The sentence was a fine of 50*l.* and imprisonment for three months. At that time the gentlemen of the sporting Press were apparently a somewhat divided community. In 'John Corlett, calling himself a journalist,' a derisive line in the report of the trial in 'Bell's Life,' it is easy to perceive how the cat jumped. At first, under the elastic conditions of his imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant, Dr. Shorthouse was enabled to realise the meaning of a stay in what a later inmate has described as 'happy Holloway.' On visitors' days his friends rallied round him, and, according to the accounts of those meetings which regularly appeared in the 'Sporting Times,' there was on those festive occasions no lack of 'light refreshments.' The late Mr. Willes ('Argus' of the 'Morning Post'), who had more than once writhed under the pen of Dr.

Shorthouse, saw his opportunity of being quits with his assailant, and seized it. Collecting the copies of the 'Sporting Times' which contained the possibly inflated accounts of the orgies in question ('Argus' called them 'orgies'), he obtained a private interview with Sir Thomas Henry, and thenceforward the prison regulations with regard to the Doctor were enforced with strict austerity.

WHO WROTE THE LIBEL ?

The writer of the libel on Sir Joseph Hawley was the late Mr. Alfred Geary, and amongst other effects produced by the abominable article was this—it made him a journalist. Although yet a young man, he had up to the period of his appearing as 'Caustic' in the 'Sporting Times' had a somewhat chequered career. He was in the Crimea during the war connected with the British Army in some non-combatant capacity, and, as he used to say, 'was the last to leave.' He afterwards filled the office of private secretary to General Peel; and when he wrote the libel he held a responsible position with Messrs. Tod Heatly & Co., for which well-known firm of wine merchants he had 'travelled,' commercially, in India. Alfred Geary was a singularly amiable character. His manners were really 'childlike and bland.' There was not an atom of malice or ill-nature in his composition. 'Dangerous weapons, when they are loaded with ink,' says somebody in Robertson's comedy 'Society.' The dramatist was not giving expression to a novel idea. The same thing had been said before—if not in the same words. In the fingers of Alfred Geary pen and ink became a deadly weapon indeed! And yet, such a living contradiction was he, a gentler being never breathed. He was sub-editor of the 'Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.' Left in charge of the paper during the editor's brief holiday, he fastened two quarrels with contemporary journalists on his chief's innocent head, one of which took two years to heal, while the other was never healed at all. Aggrieved person number one wrote at the end of two years saying, with regrets and apologies galore, that he had just discovered that the writer of so-and-so was not his former friend the editor; while aggrieved person number two, who had never missed an opportunity of paying off his fancied

assailant, died in his delusion. Before joining the original staff of the 'Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News,' Geary had had an exciting experience as the editor of an English newspaper published on the River Plate. It was surprising to those who best knew him in that capacity that he came through without sustaining a single scratch. He was utterly fearless with his pen, and more than once wrote at the risk of his life. There was an occasion when he lounged into the theatre in his cool, calm, imperturbable manner, well aware that an incensed desperado had threatened to put a bullet into him if he showed up. Nothing happened. At a breakfast given to Geary on the eve of his departure to the Cape, to assume the post of editor of a Grahamstown journal, the proposer of his health facetiously predicted that their guest would not be three months in South Africa without plunging the country into war. As a matter of fact, he was not long there before his pen ran away with him, and his friends in London had news that 'Geary had been at it again.' He was engaged in editing his own journal, the 'Lantern,' at Capetown, when, after a long and enfeebling illness, he died. It is no figure of speech, but the simple honest truth, to say that he died deeply and affectionately regretted by all who most intimately knew him. With reference to the deplorable libel on Sir Joseph Hawley, Geary always declared that if he had had his own way Dr. Shorthouse would have escaped from the severer penalties which attached to the publication of the onslaught. He wished to give himself up as the author, but Dr. Shorthouse, with a mistaken sense of chivalry, sturdily refused his sanction, and took the blame on himself.

THE ANCESTRY OF ISONOMY

In reference to the forbears of Common, and, therefore, of Isonomy, AUGUR (Mr. G. S. Lowe), writing in the 'Sporting Life' with the St. Leger impending, says: 'It is very remarkable how this great equine family has risen to its present position, as it originated from the little weedy mare Silence, by Flatcatcher, and she belonged to an old friend of mine, and was ridden as a hack by himself and wife. When she was nine years old Silence produced Whisper, who was also hacked about, but became a great stud matron as the dam of Sterling.'

ISONOMY (1875)	STERLING	Oxford	{	Birdcatcher	{	Sir Hercules	{	Whalebone		
				Guiccioli		Peri				
		Whisper	{	Honey Dear	{	Plenipoten- tiary	{	Bob Booty	{	Flight
				My Dear		Emilius		Harriet		
		Silence	{	Flatcatcher	{	Touchstone	{	Bay Middleton	{	Camel
						Decoy		Banter		Finesse
	The Baron	{	Melbourne	{	Secret	{	Humphrey Clinker	{	Cervantes mare	
							Hornsea		Solace	
	ISOLA BELLA	Stockwell	{	The Baron	{	Birdcatcher	{	Sir Hercules	{	Guiccioli
						Echidna		Economist		Miss Pratt
		Pocahontas	{	Glencoe	{	Marpessa	{	Sultan	{	Trampoline
								Muley		Clare
		Ethelbert	{	Faugh-a- Ballagh	{	Espoir	{	Sir Hercules	{	Guiccioli
								Liverpool		Esperance
Isoline	{	The Prime Warden	{	Miss Whin- ney	{	Cadland	{	Zarina		
						Sir Hercules		Euphrosyne		

FRED. ARCHER

Frederick James Archer was born at St. George's Cottage, St. George's Place, Cheltenham, on January 11, 1857. Archer's father was a well-known cross-country jockey. He kept the King's Arms at Prestwich, about three miles from Cheltenham, and it was there the boy received his first lessons in riding on a famous galloway named Chord, which his father had won in a raffle. On January 10, 1867, Archer was apprenticed to Mr. Matthew Dawson, at Newmarket, for a term of five years, and on September 28, 1870, he sported silk in public for the first

time, when (6 st. 5 lb.) he steered Athol Daisy to victory in the Nursery Handicap at Chesterfield. It is stated, however, that his first winning mount was on a pony belonging to Mrs. Willan. His success during every stage of his career was enormous. To have had 8,084 mounts and 2,748 wins is a record such as no other jockey can show, the nearest approach to it being that of George Fordham. He headed the list of winning jockeys from 1873 to 1885, and at the time of his tragic death was again at the summit. He rode five Derby winners—namely, Silvio, Bend Or, Iroquois, Melton, and Ormonde; won the St. Leger six times with Silvio, Jannette, Iroquois, Dutch Oven, Melton, and Ormonde; the Two Thousand Guineas four times with Atlantic, Charibert, Galliard and Paradox; four times won the Oaks with Spinaway, Jannette, Wheel of Fortune, and Lonely; the One Thousand Guineas twice with Spinaway and Wheel of Fortune; the Grand Prize of Paris thrice with Bruce, Paradox, and Minting; and the French Derby twice with Beauminet and Frontin. He won the City and Suburban five times, Great Metropolitan once, Cesarewitch twice, Woodcote Stakes six times, Northamptonshire Stakes once, Lincoln Handicap once, Clearwell Stakes eight times, Middle Park Plate thrice, Dewhurst Plate five times, Ascot Stakes once, Royal Hunt Cup twice, Prince of Wales' Stakes (Ascot) thrice, Alexandra Plate twice, Northumberland Plate once, Goodwood Stewards' Cup twice, Great Ebor Handicap twice, Champagne Stakes seven times, Great Yorkshire Handicap once, Great Yorkshire Stakes once, Doncaster Cup once, Portland Plate twice, Manchester Cup once, and the Liverpool Autumn Cup thrice. It is remarkable that Archer never rode the winner of either the Cambridgeshire (although he twice finished second with Bendigo and St. Mirin respectively), the Ascot Cup, the Goodwood Cup, the Goodwood Stakes, or the Chester Cup. His full record in England, exclusive of his employment in Ireland and France, is given on next page.

The last time he rode a winner was in the 'black, white, and red' of his old master, Lord Falmouth, the race being the Houghton Stakes, and the horse Blanchland. On January 31, 1883, Archer married Miss Nellie Rose Dawson, eldest daughter of Mr. John Dawson, of Warren House, and niece of Mr. Matthew Dawson. The wedding was

Years	Mounts	Wins
1870	15	2
1871	40	3
1872	180	27
1873	422	104
1874	530	147
1875	605	172
1876	662	207
1877	602	218
1878	619	229
1879	568	197
1880	362	120
1881	532	220
1882	560	210
1883	631	232
1884	577	241
1885	667	246
1886	512	170
	8,084	2,748

regarded as a national event. Such a scene, or succession of scenes, as Newmarket presented on the day of the ceremony had never been witnessed before, and perhaps never will again. Every class participated, from those who shared the thousand loaves of bread, the thousand pints of ale, and the roasted ox on 'The Severals,' to the professional inhabitants and friends of bride and bridegroom at 'headquarters,' to the very highest in the land. The wedding presents were on a regal scale in number and costliness. They were typified by the gifts of Prince Batthyany, 'a bracelet set with a pearl as large as a Brazil-nut, round which were circled girdles of diamonds,' of Lord Falmouth, 'a solid silver dinner service,' and of Sir Henry Hawkins, a loving tankard, bearing the inscription 'From Sir Henry Hawkins to F. Archer.' It was a splendid beginning to what promised to be a happy married life, but Mrs. Archer only lived to give birth to their first child, and poor Fred. was left a broken-hearted widower. After his bereavement he took a trip to America for change of scene. On his return, no doubt benefited by the voyage, he in due course resumed riding, but he was never the same man again. He had wasted excessively to ride St. Mirin in the Cambridgeshire, and was not at all fit for work when he went to the Lewes meeting to fulfil his engage-

ments there. He appeared dispirited and unwell, especially after riding Lucretius in the Rothschild Plate. He subsequently rode Tommy Tittlemouse in the Castle Plate, when that horse started a warm favourite and finished badly. This was his last mount. Immediately the race was over he went to Mr. Gurry and said he felt very unwell, and intended going home at once. He took to his bed at Falmouth House, his residence in Newmarket, and on the Sunday following his medical man, Dr. Wright, after a consultation with Dr. Latham, of Cambridge, issued a bulletin to the effect that Mr. F. Archer was suffering from the effects of a severe chill, followed by high fever. The next bulletin announced the presence of typhoid fever, but 'an improvement of the symptoms.' Then came the appalling news that, in a moment of mental aberration, the patient, under unspeakably distressing circumstances, had put an end to his life. It was felt to be a national, a world-wide calamity, and was mourned as such. His wedding had exceeded for magnificence and manifestations of popular rejoicing every ceremonial of the kind witnessed in Newmarket, and the funeral of the husband, who was laid beside his wife, was, in a sad sense, as imposing. The nation mourned Archer's death, and sent a multitude of mourners to his graveside. The coffin-plate bore this inscription :—'Frederick James Archer, born January 11th, 1857 ; died November 8th, 1886.'

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF FRED. ARCHER

From the many published tributes to the memory of the most famous jockey of modern times, the following verses are selected :—

No statesman dumb in death, no warrior hurled,
 At grips with victory, into glory's bed,
 Filled with great grief the English-speaking world,
 But the sad tidings 'Poor Fred. Archer's dead.'
 Not only where the shamrock and the rose
 Strike, with the thistle, into British ground,
 But other lands and other tongues disclose
 The common sorrow, poignant and profound.

Teuton and Slav, keen Yank and lively Gaul,
 Who played and won with him the game of kings,
 Reach forth to touch a corner of the pall,
 And each a floral tribute gently flings.

KINGSCLERE

'Only a jockey.' Even so. We own
 'Twas in the saddle he achieved his fame ;
 But *such* a jockey England must have known,
 No matter what his steed or what his aim.

We breed them all alike. For peace or strife ;
 For charger or for racer ; field or course ;
 Ready for any flight or foe in life,
 For friendly battlefield or Death's pale horse.
 The little lad whose courage never fails,
 Though hard-mouth pull or 'savage' tear at large—
 The man who risks his neck upon the rails,
 Which mark 'the Corner,' might have led a charge.

SHOTOVER (1879)	HERMIT	Newminster	Touchstone	Camel	Whalebone
				Banter	Selim mare
		Beeswing	Dr. Syntax	Master Henry	
			Mare by	Boadicea	
		Seclusion	Tadmor	Ion	Paynator
				Palmyra	Beningbro' mare
			Miss Sellon	Ardrossan	
	STRAY SHOT	Toxophilite	Longbow	Belle Dame	Lady Eliza
				Ithuriel	Cain
		Legerdemain	Stockwell	Decoy	Margaret
				The Baron	Hester
		Vaga	Mendicant	Pantaloan	Bay Middleton
				Pocahontas	Crucifix
			Lady Moore	Belshazzar	
Carew	Ellen				
	Touchstone	Touchstone			
	Banter	Verbena			
	Tramp	Catton			
	Kite	Orville mare			
		Filho da Puta			
		Finesse			
		Birdcatcher			
		Echidna			
		Glencoe			
		Marpessa			

The greatest jockey of all time was Fred,
 In pluck and patience, skill, and fiery force—
 With lifting hands and legs and coolest head—
 With 'Archer up' 'twas Centaur more than horse.
 No more at Epsom frantic hosts will pour
 Their plaudits forth as he returns to weigh ;
 No more vast crowds upon the classic moor
 The hero cheer of many a 'Leger' day.

We'll talk in years to come, with saddened smile,
 (Treading Newmarket Heath—and Archer's Town),
 Of how he flashed along the Rowley Mile,
 And glory gained upon the chalky down.

ST. BLAISE (1880)

HERMIT	Newminster	Touchstone	Camel	Whalebone
			Banter	Selim mare
		Beeswing	Dr. Syntax	Master Henry
			Marc by	Boadicea
	Seclusion	Tadmor	Ion	Paynator
			Palmyra	Beningbro' mare
		Miss Sellon	Cowl	Ardrossan
			Belle Dame	Lady Eliza
	FUSEE	Marsyas	Orlando	Cain
			Malibran	Margaret
Vesuviennes		Gladiator	Sultan	
		Venus	Hester	
		Touchstone	Touchstone	Bay Middleton
			Banter	Crucifix
		Vulture	Langar	
			Kite	
	Whisker	Waxy		
		Penelope		
Garc'a	Octavian			
	Shuttle mare			
Partisan	Walton			
	Parasol			
Pauline	Moses			
	Quadrille			
Sir Hercules	Whalebone			
	Peri			
Echo	Emilius			
	Scud mare			

Archer, and Archer! Ever 'Archer up!'
 (Late at the rooms or greeting the grey dawn),
 Archer, who swept the board of Stakes and Cup!
 Hero at Ascot and on ducal lawn.

A model jockey: no one more deserved
 Fortune or fame, as all his comrades knew;
 He travelled straight, nor leapt the rails nor swerved
 And 'passed' esteemed by lofty and by low.
 The loss to England—home of sport—was great
 When, all too soon, the stricken martyr died:
 In him his order reached a high estate,
 In him his calling—aye, is glorified.

PARADOX

The 'Sporting Times,' which (since it was transformed and re-created by Mr. John Corlett has insisted upon having its little joke) made merry mockery of the scratching of Mr. Cloete's horse in the following monumental fashion:—
 'In Memoriam.—PARADOX, who toed the inevitable SCRATCH on Monday, October 5th, 1885. A select syndicate of Bookmakers sang his requiem, and the British Public supplied the money for his BURIAL.

'O thou, whatever title suit thee,
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie.'—BURNS.

THE EATON STUD

'For many great horses the British turf is indebted to the head of the house of Grosvenor, who founded the Eaton stud, where were bred six winners of the Derby, viz., Rhadamanthus by Justice, John Bull by Fortitude, Dædalus by Justice, Shotover by Hermit, and Ormonde by Bend Or; nine winners of the Oaks, viz., Faith by Herod, Ceres by Sweet William, Maid of the Oaks by Herod, Nike by Alexander, Bellina by Rockingham, Meteora by Meteor, Briseis by Beningbro', Wings by the Flyer, and Ghuznee by Pantaloon, and four winners of the St. Leger, viz., Touchstone by Camel, Lancelot by Camel, Satirist by Pantaloon, and Ormonde by Bend Or. But these names are scarcely a fiftieth part of the horses bred at the world-renowned Eaton *haras*, where was located

unquestionably the best race-horse and the best sire of the last century—Pot-8-os.’—Mr. Joseph Osborne in ‘The Horse-Breeders’ Handbook.’

ORMONDE (1884)	BEND OR	Doncaster	Stockwell	The Baron	Birdcatcher Echidna	
			Marigold	Pocahontas	Glencoe Marpessa	
		Rouge Rose	Thormanby	Teddington	Orlando Miss Twickenham	
			Ellen Horne	Sister to Singapore	Ratan Melbourne mare	
				Windhound	Pantaloon Phryne	
		LILY AGNES	Macaroni	Sweetmeat	Alice Hawthorn	Muley Moloch Rebecca
					Redshank	Sandbeck Johanna
	Jocose		The Cure	Delhi	Plenipotentiary Pawn Junior	
				Gladiator	Partisan Pauline	
	Polly Agnes		Miss Agnes	Lollypop	Voltaire Belinda	
				Pantaloon	Castrel Idalia	
			Banter	Master Henry Boadicea		
	Miss Agnes	Miss Agnes	Physician	Brutandorf Primette		
			Morsel	Mulatto Linda		
Miss Agnes	Miss Agnes	Birdcatcher	Sir Hercules Guiccioli			
		Agnes	Clarion Annette			

THE DAM OF ORMONDE

Mr. William Scarth Dixon, in his eminently ‘Druid’-ical volume, ‘In the North Countree,’ gives the following interesting account of the Agnes family, including Lily Agnes, the renowned dam of Ormonde. ‘Miss Agnes and

Little Agnes were purchased by Sir Tatton Sykes in 1863. In 1864 Sir Tatton sent the former mare back to The Cure, and the result was Polly Agnes, one of the most famous brood mares of modern times. Polly Agnes was foaled in 1865, and was a small delicate filly. Sir Tatton took a great dislike to her, and at weaning time offered her to the late John Snarry. The latter, who entertained a very different opinion respecting her merits, endeavoured to persuade Sir Tatton to keep her. Finding his persuasion of no avail, and that his commendatory remarks were received with disapproval, he finally accepted her and sent her on to Malton to his son. To the latter gentleman she has proved a veritable gold mine, but at first she did not show much promise. She was never trained herself, and her first foal, Rural Dean, by Cathedral, did nothing to bring her a reputation, for he was unplaced the five times he ran. It was a happy inspiration sending the mare to Macaroni, for from the three sisters got by him are descended some of the finest horses the world has ever seen. The eldest of the three, Lily Agnes, was foaled in 1871. She was a game-looking mare, light of flesh like her grandam, but with immense propelling power and famous limbs. She also has the lop-ears which are a peculiarity of the family. When she was put into training she soon made it evident that she was a bread-winner, for she won the four races for which she was started as a two-year-old with the greatest ease. She won seven races out of ten in 1874, the most important of her victories being the Northumberland Plate, which she won cleverly, carrying 6 st. 11 lb., and the Doncaster Cup, in which she beat The Scamp, the winner of the Goodwood Stakes. But her greatest performance was when, in 1875, she won the Great Ebor Handicap, carrying 8 st. 8 lb. She had a field of good performers behind her, amongst them being such flyers as Aventurière, the winner of the Cesarewitch the previous year and of the Goodwood Cup; and Apology, from both of whom she was in receipt of 6 lb. As a brood mare Lily Agnes has made a great reputation, and she is one of the few examples to be found of a first-class racing mare being an exceptional success at the stud. Mr. Snarry sold her to the Duke of Westminster in 1880, when in foal to Doncaster. Rossington, the first foal she bred for his Grace, was a moderate animal, but his own

sister, Farewell (the dam of Regret), won the One Thousand Guineas, and ran respectably once or twice afterwards, though she could scarcely be called a high-class race-horse. The Duke of Westminster was of opinion that Doncaster did not nick with the Agnes mares, and tried Bend Or. This infusion of Melbourne blood proved the greatest success. Ormonde's long string of victories, all but one of them obtained with the greatest ease, stamp him as undoubtedly the best horse of the century, and are a splendid tribute to the judgment of the Duke. It should be borne in mind that Ormonde had to meet some exceptionally good horses, The Bard, Minting, and Bendigo having all beaten the record, and indeed, the former two have never suffered defeat save at his hands when running in a weight-for-age race.' Mr. Dixon adds, writing in 1888, 'Mr. Snarry has now seven mares descended from Agnes at Newstead House and Norton, and the most careless observer can scarcely fail to be struck with the strong family likeness which exists among them, and how remarkably they all favour their ancestress, Agnes.'

THE WORSHIP OF ORMONDE

Even America admitted the greatness of this son of Bend Or and Lily Agnes. A writer in the 'New York Sun' pays his tribute to the famous horse in the following glowing terms: 'Is there an uppermost pedestal in the horse world Ormonde is entitled to stand upon it. He seems to possess every gift that can be bestowed on a racer, and in the highest possible degree. His temper is perfect. He marches to the post like a parading veteran; troubles no one during the fretful manœuvres of the start, and when once off, seems to have no other will but that of his jockey. He does not have to be nursed here and there according to the lay of the land, like Gladiateur, whose fore-legs were so poor that he had to be taken back at every descending slope. Ormonde can gallop down hill and up. He is as good before as behind. He has the grand speed, the tireless power of the greater racer, an unequalled style of galloping, a flawless set of legs, and a first-rate constitution. One might almost credit the writer

of the foregoing with prophetic powers, and ask whether he did not foresee the time when Ormonde would become a member of the American stud.

A DISTINGUISHED ROARER AT THE STUD

'Pocahontas, who was a bad roarer and an indifferent performer on the turf, acquired the highest honours at the stud. . . . To recount the doings of the distinguished progeny of Pocahontas would fill a volume; but that their success was in a great measure owing to the immense vitality she herself possessed, and which she imparted to her offspring, can hardly be doubted, when at the age of twenty-five she produced from her union with Ambrose (son of Touchstone) a brood mare of the fine stamp of Auracaria, the noted progeny of whom comprise Stephanotis, Wellingtonia (sire of Plaisanterie, winner of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire), Camellia (who divided the Oaks with Enguerrande), Chamant (winner of the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates and the Two Thousand), and Rayon d'Or (winner of the St. Leger).—Mr. Joseph Osborne, in 'The Horse-Breeders' Handbook.'

'THE INFIRMITY' NOT TRANSMITTED

Mr. Osborne, dealing with the thoroughbred under the head of 'Foreign Sources of New Blood, Climate, Soil, &c.,' says: 'The first great horse I remember seeing was Humphrey Clinker. I could not have been much over eighteen when I went to see him in company with my father, who was a large breeder of horses at Dardistown Castle, county Meath. Humphrey Clinker was a bay horse, standing nearly 17 hands high, sent over by the Earl of Fitzwilliam to his seat in the county Wicklow, for the use of the tenantry, whose breed of horses he was desirous to improve. What caused me most to remember him was the noise he made when led out, and which was, I believe, the first case of roaring known in Ireland, but so little was then heard of this malady and its effects, that such excellent judges as the Marquis of Sligo, Mr. Martin J. Blake, M.P. for Galway,

Mr. Robert Holmes, of the King's County, and Mr. Watts, sent mares to him, with the result of breeding Bran, Thump, Famine, Rush, and Ennui, and none of these were affected in their wind, nor were their progeny, of whom I had several myself, including Red Vixen, a daughter of Harkaway out of Ennui, who won the Royal Whip and several other races. We have here a case in which "roaring" was decidedly *not* hereditary.'

MR. J. F. NISBET ON HEREDITY AND ROARING

In reply to a request for a brief statement of his views on this subject, the author of 'Marriage and Heredity,' 'The Insanity of Genius,' &c., has been good enough to write as follows :

'My dear Byron Webber,—You ask me my opinion as to "roaring" in horses from the heredity point of view, As you are aware, the scientific world is much perplexed to know whether acquired characteristics, of which roaring is generally considered one, can be transmitted or not, the leaders of the battle being Weismann and Herbert Spencer. The controversy is one of the utmost importance, and the fact that it should be raised at the present day for the first time is a curious exemplification of the laxity of human reasoning. Heredity has been recognised from the earliest ages—and, indeed, it could not fail to be, considering that children are so often born in the likeness of their parents ; and it has been assumed on what appears to be insufficient grounds that many characteristics acquired by the parents in their lifetime—that is to say, not born with them—are transmitted with the usual congenital features. Suppose a man lives for years in a hot climate and becomes deeply sunburnt ! Are children subsequently born to him likely to be darker in complexion than they otherwise would have been ? Suppose he splits his nail by accident, and years afterwards a son is born to him with a deformed thumb-nail. Is this an example of cause and effect ?

'It might have been supposed that the experience of the human race would have settled such questions long ago ; and yet Weismann's challenge to the scientific world to produce proofs of the transmissibility of acquired

characteristics has not yet been satisfactorily answered. All the cases relied upon by the Spencerites have been found on investigation to be open to doubt, while there is a formidable mass of facts opposed to their view. It is not found, for example, that a man who has had his leg cut off engenders legless children, or that circumcision, although practised for thousands of years among the Jews, leaves any congenital trace. If anybody can bring forward indisputable proof of some acquired characteristic in a parent being transmitted to children, he will render the Spencerites an enormous service.

‘ Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose whole system of philosophy is at stake, is practically cornered for want of such proofs. What he relies upon mainly is the allegation that a woman who has had a child by one husband occasionally bears to a second husband a child resembling the first. It is a matter of common belief in the United States that if a white woman has had a child by a negro and then marries a white man, the children of the second marriage will show traces of negro blood. Among breeders of animals, also, there is a prevailing idea that if, say, a pure-blooded mare or bitch has once been allied to an inferior male, it is a matter of uncertainty to get back to the pure strain afterwards. If absolute proof of this could be found, a serious blow would be struck at the theory of Weismann, whose contention is that the germ-plasm is transmitted intact from generation to generation, secure from all outward contamination.

‘ The famous case of the quagga is mentioned in nearly all works on heredity. It is the classical case of the Spencerites. Its authenticity, however, is disputed by Weismann. The quagga, as you know, is a spotted ass of Africa ; and it is alleged that a mare, having been covered by a quagga on one occasion, had a foal some years afterwards bearing the characteristic marks of the inter-loper. Such is the case as recorded. At the Royal College of Surgeons there is exhibited a drawing of the foal said to be marked like the quagga, and the animal does show certain indistinct dark stripes on the neck and legs. Such stripes, however, according to Weismann, are not very uncommon in pure bred-foals. In fact, he alleges that in all such cases there is room for doubt as to the exclusiveness of the breed ; and it is possible that certain

immature ova impregnated by the impure contact might take a long period to develop.

'Some little time ago certain remarks of mine in "The Referee" on the subject attracted an interesting letter from Mr. John Arthur Tatham, of Southport, Lancashire. "The late Mr. Romanes," my correspondent wrote, "desired me to ascertain the opinion of dog owners as to the influence of a previous sire upon subsequent offspring got by a different sire. The result was nil. But in America a few friends set to work and collected authentic facts as to a large number of bitches which, having gone astray, had had litters by mongrels, and afterwards pure-bred litters. The litters were not tainted in any way except in the relation of one to fifty. The conclusion, I am bound to arrive at myself," added Mr. Tatham, "is that in very rare instances *mésalliance* does affect future offspring." Here, it will be seen, there is the usual element of hearsay and doubt; and I do not know that, even yet, the controversy as to the transmissibility of acquired characteristics is any nearer settlement than when first raised. My own leanings, I may say, are to Weismannism.

'Upon "roaring" in horses the bearing of this controversy is obvious. Roaring is generally believed by racing men to be acquired after the animal has reached maturity; and, *primâ facie*, if Weismann is correct it ought not to be inherited. How greatly this, if established, would alter the list of first-class sires I need not point out. It is very difficult to say of certain diseases whether they are acquired or inherited, and "roaring" is one of these. My own impression is that roaring is not, properly speaking, an acquired characteristic. The fact of a horse becoming a roarer would seem to me to denote a certain congenital weakness in the respiratory organs. Without the strain of hard work this weakness might never reveal itself, but it would nevertheless be there and not like to be transmitted. On the other hand, I should be liable to commit myself to the statement that roaring could not be induced in a sound horse by excessive exercise, though in that case I should not expect it to be transmissible. As the complaint is, however, apparently transmissible, I should look for its origin, as a rule, in a congenital state of the respiratory organs entirely compatible with the Weismann theory. The question is one that

can only be solved by experiment. Supposing roaring to be absolutely congenital, as I believe, and not a mere accident, as many racing men allege, it is still possible to overrate the danger of its transmissibility. Within the strictest lines of breeding there is always room for a certain amount of variability. Consequently many foals of a roaring sire may be sound. There may in any given case, for instance, be a preponderance of the influence of the female parent. There is only a presumption against the offspring of roarers, and it seems to me they might oftener than they do get the benefit of the doubt.

'Yours, &c.

'J. F. NISBET.'

SAINFOIN (1887)	SPRINGFIELD	St. Albans	Stockwell	The Baron	Birdcatcher Echidna	
			Bribery	Pocahontas	Glencoe Marpessa	
		Viridis		Marsyas	The Libel	Pantaloons Pasquinade
			Splitvote		St. Luke Electress	
		SANDA	Wenlock	Maid of Palmyra	Orlando	Touchstone Vulture
					Malibran	Whisker Garcia
	Sandal		Lord Clifden	Pyrrhus the First	Epirus Fortress	
				Palmyra	Sultan Hester	
	Lady Evelyn		Mineral	Newminster	Touchstone Beeswing	
				Volley	Voltaire Martha Lynn	
		Stockwell	Rataplan	The Baron Pocahontas		
			Manganese	Birdcatcher Moonbeam		
	Industry	Stockwell	The Baron	Birdcatcher Echidna		
			Pocahontas	Glencoe Marpessa		
		Don John	Tramp or Waverley Comus mare			
		Industry	Priam Arachne			

COMMON (1888)	ISONOMY	Sterling	Oxford	Birdcatcher	Sir Hercules Guiccioli
				Honey Dear	Plenipotentiary My Dear
		Whisper		Flat Catcher	Touchstone Decoy
				Silence	Melbourne Secret
		Isola Bella	Stockwell	The Baron	Birdcatcher Echidna
				Pocahontas	Glencoe Marpessa
	THISTLE	Scottish Chief	Isoline	Ethelbert	Faugh-a-Ballagh Espoir
				Bassishaw	The Prime Warden Miss Whinney
		Lord of the Isles		Touchstone	Camel Banter
				Fair Ellen	Pantaloon Rebecca
		Miss Ann		The Little Known	Muley Lacerta
				Bay Missy	Bay Middleton Camilla
		Wild Dayrell		Ion	Cain Margaret
				Ellen Middleton	Bay Middleton Myrrha
The Flower Safety		Sweetmeat	Gladiator Lollypop		
	Nettle	Wasp	Muley Moloch Emilius mare		

VISITORS TO ORME

Amongst the visitors to Kingsclere who were attracted thither by the accusation which the poisoning of Orme had caused were a number of American journalists. Chief of these was a lady, one Mrs. Elizabeth A. Tompkins, a person of some note in the journalistic world on the other side of the Atlantic. Like the pious editor in Lowell's poem she 'went into it bald headed,' and wrote an account of her pilgrimage, abounding in enthusiastic admiration, which in length was about equal to an ordinary page of what her compatriots call the London 'Times.' The article was

illustrated with a number of snapshots of the Kodak. 'It was none of your casual, off-hand visits,' she writes, 'such as you can pay to Salvator, or Kingston, or His Highness, or any other American equine celebrity. It was a climax, carefully and artistically led up to.' The lady omits to name the station she disembarked at (it was Burghclere), but, not having previously arranged for a fly to meet her, she had to walk, and for two miles of her journey to Park House to carry a bag, a Kodak, and an umbrella. About the termination of the trudge she writes: 'As twilight crept under the wing of night, I crossed a tiny limpid stream and turned to the right, and came up with a bright little stable-lad, who volunteered to guide me to Mr. Porter's. Guide me he did, right through the back door and the butler's pantry into the sitting-room. And that was how I made my entrance into the conservative English family circle of Orme's trainer. I fell into the gentle hands of Mrs. Porter, an ideal English housewife, placid, domestic, and sweetly contented, with smooth pink cheeks, serene blue eyes, and a dainty lace cap on the whitening hair, so at variance with her fresh face. I satisfied a four-mile English appetite under her hospitable care, and I dropped off to sleep in a luxurious room as big as a New York flat.' Next morning this enterprising lady-journalist stepped 'out through the window across the lawn and through the shrubbery to look at the racing actualities of the present as they filed down the road on their way to the downs and exercise, each wearing a sheet and a nightcap [*sic*] and carrying a neat lad.' She described the Downs in vivid and flattering terms, was driven to the gallops, witnessed the string at work, paid elaborate court to Orme, interviewed Mr. Porter, and extracted from him the leading facts of his career, and, in short, accomplished her task with a thoroughness that an experienced male journalist with a previous knowledge of the subject of racing would have found it difficult to excel. A full description of the house, the gardens, and conservatories, stables, and offices at Park House is included in Mrs. Tompkins's enthusiastic narrative. The printed rules and regulations framed for the control of the men and 'lads' employed at Kingsclere the American lady found admirable. She prints them *in extenso*, giving it as her opinion that 'they offer unique suggestions to American trainers.' 'As I munched strawberries from the vines,'

writes Mrs. Tompkins, in conclusion, 'and looked round over the splendid estate, I said to myself "It's a good thing to be a successful English trainer," and if you'd tasted those berries, and seen that estate, I'm sure you'd agree with me.' News afterwards came to Park House that the bright and entertaining lady-journalist, who made herself so agreeable during her surprise-visit, had lost her life in a railway accident.

DANIEL DAWSON, THE HORSE-POISONER

On May 6, 1811, it is recorded by the historian of the period that 'An occurrence has taken place at Newmarket which is the subject of general conversation and surprise among the frequenters of the Turf. Several horses were entered for the Claret Stakes, and as usual were taken out in the morning for exercise. They all drank at one water-trough. Some time after they had been watered six of them were observed to stagger, and then to roll about in the greatest agony. One is since dead. On examining the trough it was found that the water had been poisoned. The horses were the property of Mr. Sitwell, Sir F. Standish, and Lord Kinnaird. Suspicions attached upon one of the jockeys.' This was not the first occurrence of the kind. In the 'Calendar' for 1809 there is an advertisement offering 100 guineas reward for the discovery and conviction of the person or persons who it is expected poisoned the water in the trough belonging to J. Stevens, stable-keeper, from which the horses drank. Two horses suddenly died, and others were drinking the poisoned water on this occasion, but the miscreants escaped justice this time; and, no doubt, emboldened by their having once cheated the hangman, repeated the offence in 1811. Another account is to the effect that the poison was put into the water in a trough belonging to Richard Prince, a Newmarket trainer, and also in two other troughs on the heath, and from drinking out of which four horses died, and several others were harmed. The evil was evidently getting serious; the water was tested and found to contain a preparation of arsenic, and the Jockey Club at once offered a reward of 500 guineas for the detection and conviction of the guilty parties. This had the desired effect. On August 15, 1811, 'a low touter of the name of Daniel Dawson' was apprehended at

Brighton, and was tried at the Cambridge Assizes in the month of July, 1812. The prisoner was arraigned on an indictment with numerous counts—viz., for poisoning a horse belonging to Mr. Adams, of Royston, Herts, and a blood mare belonging to Mr. Northey, at Newmarket, in 1809; and also for poisoning a horse belonging to Sir F. Standish, and another belonging to Lord Foley, in 1811, at the same place. He was tried and convicted on the first case only. The principal witness was Cecil Bishop, an accomplice with the prisoner. He had been for some time acquainted with Dawson, and on application had furnished him with corrosive sublimate to sicken horses. On the prisoner complaining that the stuff was not strong enough, he prepared him a solution of arsenic. Witness described this as not offensive in smell—the prisoner having informed him that the horses had thrown up their heads and refused to partake of the water into which the corrosive sublimate had been infused. The prisoner said, in reply to the assurance that if the stuff was made strong it would kill the horses, he did not mind. The Newmarket frequenters were all rogues, and if he, meaning witness, had a fortune to lose, they would plunder him of it. The prisoner afterwards informed witness he used the stuff, which was then strong enough, as it had killed a hackney and two brood mares. Mrs. Tillbrook, a housekeeper at Newmarket, where the prisoner lodged, proved having found a bottle of liquid concealed under Dawson's bed previous to the horses having been poisoned, and that Dawson was out late on the Saturday and Sunday evenings previous to that event, which took place on the Monday. After Dawson had left the house she found the bottle, which she identified as having contained the said liquid, and which a chemist proved to have contained poison. Witness also proved that Dawson had cautioned her that he had poison in the house for some dogs, lest anyone should have the curiosity to taste it. Other witnesses proved a chain of circumstances which left no doubt of the prisoner's guilt. Mr. King, for the prisoner, took a legal objection that no criminal offence had been committed, and that the subject was a matter of trespass. He contended that the indictment must fall, as it was necessary to prove that the prisoner had malice against the owner of the horse, to impoverish him, and not against the animal. He also con-

tended that the object of the prisoner was to injure and not to kill. The objections, however, were overruled without reply, and the prisoner was convicted. There were other disclosures of less moment to the sober chronicler, from whose narrative some of the foregoing facts have been picked, and, therefore, omitted by him. He was not playing the part of historian for the edification of racing men. Had that been the *rôle* he would, no doubt, have stated that Bishop declared that, in 1809, Dawson had poisoned some horses at Doncaster, by putting corrosive sublimate into a trough there. At Dawson's instigation Bishop went to Newmarket, and put the arsenic into Mr. Prince's trough by means of a crooked syringe; but this is only part of what he had to perform in the nefarious transaction, as he had then watched till he had seen the horses drink, when he immediately went off to Dawson and told him of the fact, that he might in turn give notice to his allies in the ring. On the trial, however, the judge stopped the case, and told the jury that on the evidence the prisoner could not be convicted as a principal, and accordingly Dawson was acquitted on this charge, but instead of releasing him, remanded him for trial on another indictment, and refused bail. It was at the second trial, at the autumn assizes (recounted above), when other evidence being brought against him in addition to Bishop's, and perhaps through the indictment being laid under 9 Geo. I., c. 22, a statute commonly known as the Black Act, that Daniel Dawson was found guilty and sentenced to death, and was hanged at Cambridge on August 8, 1812.

THE ROBBERY OF BANK (OF ENGLAND) NOTE PAPER

Overton (five miles from Kingsclere) or Whitchurch is the railway station on the London and South-Western Railway line 'for' the bank-paper mills at Laverstoke, from which a quantity of the precious fabric was stolen for the purpose of forgery some thirty-four years ago. Four out of six prisoners charged with being concerned in forgeries on the Bank of England were put upon their trial at the Central Criminal Court, on the 7th of January, 1863, before Mr. Justice Blackburn and a jury—namely, George Buncher, forty, described as a butcher; William

Burnett, thirty-one, labourer ; Richard Brewer, thirty-four, mould maker ; and James Griffiths, forty, printer. Henry Brown, accepted as witness for the Crown, gave in his evidence what amounted to a substantial history of the case, and chiefly from that the facts embodied in the present note are gathered. He said he was twenty-one years of age, and the son of George Brown, a carpenter at the Laverstoke mills. He was in the habit of assisting his father at the mills. Between May and Christmas, 1861, he became acquainted with Burnett at the 'Three Horse-shoes,' Whitchurch, where he and his wife were staying with his sister-in-law. His wife first spoke to him about bank-note paper, and Burnett afterwards said he knew some one who would print notes and pass them. He refused, on being asked to get some paper from the mills. The request from both of them being frequently repeated, he took some from the mills—three sheets of paper for six notes. He took it from the side of the size-drying machine, where it is passed between felted blankets and heated rollers. Two girls worked the machine, one putting the paper in and the other taking it out. Near the lower end, next to the wall, there was a place where a man could put his hand in and take paper from between the blankets. He got three sheets from a place in the machine where he could not be seen by the girls. It was part of his duty to see that the blankets did not crease, and that the paper went regularly. The three sheets were 'plain' paper—that is without the denomination of the note upon it, but it had all the water-marks. He gave them to Mrs. Burnett, and Burnett said he knew some one who would print and pass the notes, but that he must take the paper to London. Threatened by Burnett if he did not get more, he took ten sheets of 'fifties' from the machine. In every case there were two notes on a sheet. Brewer, finding out what he had done, advised him to put the paper back. He said he had not had the chance, and Brewer told him not to take any more. Burnett, on his return to Whitchurch, gave him 4*l.*; he, on Burnett's advice, gave 3*l.* to Brewer. Eventually Brewer said he was to get as much paper as Burnett wanted. That was about the latter end of June, 1861. Witness's further evidence related to his leaving the mills, accompanying the Burnetts to London, returning to Whitchurch, meeting

Brewer in the 'Prince Regent,' and walking with him to Laverstoke, a distance of two miles. Brewer told him he wanted him to take some Bank paper to Burnett. This was about six weeks before Christmas. About a fortnight after Christmas he returned to Laverstoke from Portsmouth, and met Brewer at the 'Red House' Tavern at Whitchurch. Brewer said he wanted him to take two parcels of paper—one to Burnett, and one to a woman in black whom he should meet at the Waterloo railway station. He would write and describe what sort of a chap he (witness) was. The woman would be wearing a hat. He gave him two parcels, one for Burnett and the other for the woman. He opened them on the way to London, and found 100 sheets of 'plain' Bank paper in the one for her, and in the other 100 sheets of 'fives' and 76 sheets of 'tens.' Further evidence related to obtaining more paper from Brewer, and receiving from him a key to take to London and get one made like it. Also to waiting for Burnett outside Buncher's butcher's shop and receiving the key he had previously given the former. About a month before the reward came out witness went to Portsmouth. Brewer gave him 6*l.* to take to Burnett and 3*l.* for himself. He stayed at Portsmouth one day and then went to Laverstoke, where he saw Brewer and gave him the key, telling him that Burnett had taken an impression of it and would get another key made. Subsequently Brewer supplied him with more paper, which he took to Burnett's. The latter took it to Buncher's shop. In cross-examination witness said he did not communicate with the Bank authorities until six weeks after the reward came out. Then he made a clean breast of it at the chief police office in the Old Jewry. Ellen Mills, who had lived with Burnett as his wife, gave corroborative evidence. It was she who first tempted Brown to get some paper. He hesitated at first, but about a week afterwards he consented. The evidence of John Moss, detective officer, disclosed an ingenious method of running Buncher, 'the honest broker,' to earth. 'From information and instructions I had received,' said Mr. Moss, 'I went to the lodgings of a Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, at 13 North Kent Terrace, New-cross, on Saturday, the 6th of September last, about five o'clock in the morning, accompanied by two other police officers. We went first into the front parlour and removed two

bricks from the partition wall, separating it from a back parlour and leaving a light picture over the hole. We then went into the back parlour, where we could hear distinctly what passed in the front parlour.' What they heard was incriminatory enough. A number of witnesses, including the Rev. W. M. Dudley, vicar of Whitchurch and rector of Laverstoke, were called and bore testimony to the irreproachable character of the prisoner Brewer, all of them having known him intimately for years. The verdict was guilty in the case of the prisoners Buncher and Griffiths (who had printed the notes), Burnett having pleaded guilty. Brewer was acquitted. Robert Cummings was then charged, on a distinct indictment, with having feloniously, and without lawful authority or excuse, 100 sheets of paper, with the words 'Bank of England' visible upon them in his possession. Griffiths, against whom it was in evidence that for a considerable number of years he had been engaged at a regular trade in forging bank-notes, was sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for the remainder of his natural life. Buncher, who had received the stolen paper, was sentenced to twenty-five years' penal servitude, and Burnett to be kept in penal servitude for twenty years. Williams, convicted on his own confession of preparing and engraving some of the plates, got off with four years' penal servitude, while Collings was acquitted on a technical ground.

THE NATURAL FOALING PERIOD

A correspondent of the 'Sportsman' ('Holderness'), who had read a published letter of Mr. John Porter's, in which he had stated his belief that 'early foaling will not be found amongst horses running wild and in their natural state,' wrote as follows:—'During an experience of thirty-five years on the Indian frontier of Chile and the Pampas of the River Plate, I have observed that, as a matter of fact, the wild mares of South America, running in "troperos," do rarely drop their foals before October, at which time the spring grass is coming nicely on. For those foals dropped early [earlier?] on the conditions of survival are extremely severe. During August and September sharp frosts, alternating with heavy rains and cold "Pampero" winds, are prevalent. Hence the un-

rivalled hardihood and soundness of the native breed. Now that racing has made such strides in the Plate and Chili, breeders of fine blood stock favour "early foaling, as near as possible after August," from which date ages are taken. Just as it is with us, so is it with them, for the result is a greatly increased mortality, and a variety of unsoundness unheard of in olden days.'

THE OLD AND THE NEW JOCKEY

'If,' writes Mr. William Day, 'we compare the work done in the old days by jockeys with that done to-day, we shall find as great extremes; and it may be added, parenthetically, in the work done by stable-boys as well. It was once no uncommon sight at Newmarket to see daily ten or a dozen wasting jockeys returning from an eight-mile walk, thoroughly exhausted. Now such a thing is scarcely known, and never done, except by a few of our oldest men. Jockeys then were seen riding over Newmarket Heath, with a light saddle tied round their waist, in their boots and breeches, and carrying their own saddles to the scales, and saddling their own horses. Now most of them ride in carriages to the course, dressed as gentlemen in the very height of fashion, and having their horses saddled for them. What would such jockeys think of riding from Exeter to Stockbridge on a small pony with their light saddle tied round their waist, after the races, and arriving at the latter place in time to ride there, and to start for Southampton races, the next in order, in ample time to ride? Mr. Montgomery Dilly and my father both did this as boys for two consecutive years. Old Mr. Forth, as a boy, I am told, used to rise from his bed and walk wasting through the night, in order to keep himself light, besides doing his daily work. And when my father trained he often wasted by walking on the Downs during the time the horses were taking their exercise, which is much more trying than walking on the road. And yet with all his riding and with one hundred horses under his charge, he had no one to wait on him, either valet, amanuensis, or clerk. Similar cases might be given by scores; but I think enough has been said to show how great is the change for the worse, not only as regards their physical capability, but the inclination to exert themselves, in the jockeys of the present day.'

'TOMMY HUGHES'S YEARLINGS.'

The late Henry Mort Feist, 'Augur' and 'Hotspur'—the second and most brilliant of the line of 'Hotspurs' which the journal with 'the largest circulation in the world' has possessed—was the author of the phrase 'Tommy Hughes's yearlings,' as he was of many another verbal felicity which was current in racing circles some thirty years ago. He was apter at packing a characteristic or an idea graphically and with a sense of genuine humour into a phrase than 'Argus' (Mr. Willes), who prided himself on the art and practised it on every possible occasion. Not a few of Mr. Willes's alliterative headings in 'Our Van' were laboured and inept. Vauban, by Muscovite out of Palm, was first favourite for the Derby of 1867, which was won by Hermit. It was a snowy Derby Day, and 'Argus' went about the paddock button-holing his friends and telling them with a chuckle, in his well known nasal manner, that 'it was Muscovite weather.' He was seriously alarmed when a brother of the pen threatened to use the notion in his article for next day's paper, and implored the banterer to respect his copyright. It was Feist who named Lord Lyon and Rustic, sons of the same sire (Stockwell), 'The Lord and the Lout'; and a big loose-limbed horse, a sluggard trained by John Scott, who never started in a race, it was said, without having a bottle of port or Scotch whiskey inside him, 'Hotspur' named 'The tardy Taraban.' It was Flash in the Pan's sensational Chester Cup victory which provoked Feist's humorous remark about 'Tommy Hughes's yearlings.' Flash in the Pan, b.h. by Pontifex out of Gratis, aged, 6 st. 4 lb., started at 30 to 1 and won in a canter by ten lengths. It was Mr. 'Tommy' Hughes's custom to buy up old crocks with a view to landing such *coups* as that in question. Feist and Hughes were warm friends, and 'Hotspur' had a hundred sovereigns to one about Flash in the Pan. He, however, had characteristically enough forgotten all about the bet, and when the bookmaker, who was a Croydon tradesman, 'called round' on the Sunday after settling day (Monday) and said to him, 'Mr. Feist, you owe me a sovereign,' Feist replied, with childlike innocence, 'What for?' 'Flash in the Pan,' was the rejoinder. 'Why, good Heavens, I won!' exclaimed the suddenly enlightened backer. Thereupon the bookmaker

paid over the hundred in crisp notes, and the recipient handed Mrs. Feist 'twenty,' because he had seen 'the yearling' do a rattling good gallop at Epsom in Tommy Hughes's presence, ridden by the broke D. Hughes, who swore that the horse was sure to win. The reasoning of the giver was weak, but Mrs. Feist did not object to the bank-note on that account.

ROSICRUCIAN (1865)	BEADSMAN	Weatherbit	Sheet Anchor	{ Lottery	{ Tramp
				{ Morgiana	{ Mandane
				{ Priam	{ Muiey
		Mendicant	Miss Letty	{ Miss Stephenson	{ Emilius
				{ Mare by	{ Cressida
				{ Camel	{ Orville
	MADAM EGLANTINE	Cowl	Touchstone	{ Whalebone	{ Selim mare
				{ Banter	{ Master Henry
				{ Tramp	{ Boadicea
		Diversion	Lady Moore Carew	{ Dick Andrews	{ Gohanna mare
				{ Kite	{ Bustard
				{ Bay Middle- ton	{ Olympia
Folly	Crucifix		{ Sultan	{ Selim	
			{ Cobweb	{ Bacchante	
			{ Priam	{ Phantom	
	Defence		{ Web	{ Emilius	
			{ Octaviana	{ Cressida	
			{ Whalebone	{ Octavian	
Little Folly		{ Shuttle mare	{ Waxy		
		{ Defiance	{ Penelope		
		{ Middleton	{ Rubens		
		{ Little Folly	{ Little Folly		
		{ Highland Fling	{ Harriet		

THE BURNING OF KLARIKOFF IN HIS VAN

Klarikoff was a bay colt by De Clare out of Urasina, and as a two-year-old he won the Municipal Stakes at the Doncaster September Meeting. He next ran second to

Mr. Merry's Folkestone in the Triennial Produce Stakes at the Newmarket First October, and afterwards won the Criterion and the Glasgow Stakes at the Newmarket Houghton. As a three-year-old he ran third to Diophantus and Kettledrum in the Two Thousand Guineas, and fifth in the Derby. The horse was despatched by the twelve o'clock train from King's Cross to Malton on June 18, 1861, and, the train taking fire between Retford and Bawtry, was literally roasted to death in his van. Klarikoff was the only horse in the van, but the fire destroyed Mr. and Mrs. John Scott's wearing apparel, with many handsome presents of jewellery from stable patrons of Mr. Scott, and the whole of William Boyce's wardrobe, as well as 60% in notes belonging to him. Lord St. Vincent had purchased a half-share of Klarikoff from Mr. Henry on the Saturday before the Derby, with half the horse's engagements, for 5,000 guineas.

THE VANNING OF ELIS FROM GOODWOOD TO DONCASTER

The conveyance of Elis to fulfil his engagement in the St. Leger in a van from Goodwood Park to Doncaster, in the year 1836, is described with a circumstantiality which the importance, not to say the daring, of the experiment warrants in the 'Racing Life of Lord George Bentinck,' by John Kent, edited by the Hon. Francis Lawley. In perusing, possibly not without a smile at the elaborate nature of the preparation for the expedition and the secret precautions taken, it should be remembered that horses were previously to that period walked from town to town to fulfil their engagements, and their presumed ability (or not) to compass journey and race had a weighty influence on the betting markets, especially in respect of the big events. John Kent says: 'His lordship exercised his active and ingenious mind in giving effect to an idea that race-horses might be conveyed in a sort of van which would preserve them from the risk and fatigue, to say nothing of the delays, inseparable from travelling on foot from place to place. This idea he expounded to my father, who thought there would not be much difficulty in accomplishing it, as he remembered a horse called Sovereign, belonging to Mr. Terrett, having been conveyed in a bullock-van from Worcestershire to Newmarket. As

there was a similar van upon the Goodwood estate, his lordship inspected it with my father, who was so convinced that the principle could be adapted for the conveyance of race-horses that he at once used every means in his power to give effect to his master's wishes. My father judged that if a valuable horse could be moved from the south to the north of England so as to run well in the St. Leger, the method would at once be established and adopted. Having Elis engaged in the St. Leger, he thought it would be a good opportunity to make trial of this plan. Accordingly, he employed Mr. Herring, a coachbuilder in Long Acre, to construct a van capable of holding two horses. Mr. Herring was kept in the dark as to the object with which the van was being built, and few were allowed to know of its construction. It was a heavy, cumbrous vehicle, with the wheels running under it—an arrangement which elevated the body so high that it was not easy to get the horses inside. This difficulty was surmounted by raising or banking up the surface of the ground into a sloping approach. At last the day arrived for the machine to reach Goodwood, and preparations were made for packing Elis and The Drummer into it side by side, and despatching them to Doncaster. Lord George gave orders that until the St. Leger was over Elis should eat no corn or hay except what was drawn from my father's granary at Goodwood. Even the sieve out of which the horse was fed was to be taken from Goodwood. The horses entered without hesitation, especially Elis, who was a very docile and tractable animal. The six post-horses were attached, and Mr. John Doe mounted the box, and the start effected, greatly to the delight and astonishment of all who had witnessed the preparation by which the first specially constructed race-horse van on record was brought into active requisition. The greatest surprise and interest was excited in every village and town through which it passed. Some of the spectators asserted that a wild beast of extraordinary ferocity was locked up inside; others that a notorious criminal was being sent to jail to be tried at the assizes. The coachmen and passengers of the various coaches were astounded at seeing six post-horses attached to such a strange-looking machine. At some of the towns through which it passed three pairs of horses could not be obtained, at others it was thought advisable

to have but two pairs. The distance from Goodwood to Doncaster (about 250 miles) was divided into three sections of about eighty miles per diem. At the end of the second day, which was a Saturday, Elis and the Drummer were taken out of the van and galloped on the following morning on Lichfield racecourse; and on the Monday morning they proceeded on their way to Doncaster, where they arrived in the evening (two days before the St. Leger), to the undisguised amazement of thousands of beholders. The journey of Elis from Goodwood to Doncaster could not have cost less than from 80*l.* to 100*l.* It was said at the time that the old-fashioned trainers complained in no measured terms of this new mode of conveyance for race-horses, and insisted that it was unnatural, and certain to be injurious to the delicate constitution and organisation of the trained thoroughbred. This they very soon discovered to be an error, as it enabled horses which were heavily engaged to run at many meetings which they never could have reached on foot.'

ECLIPSE

Eclipse, a chestnut horse by Marske, bred in 1764 by H.R.H. William Duke of Cumberland, was the second produce of Spiletta (likewise dam of H.R.H. by Crab, Proserpine by Marske, Garrick by Marske, and Briseis by Chrysolite), who was bred in 1749 by the Duke of Cumberland. Eclipse, who took his name from being foaled during the great eclipse that took place in the year he was born, having been purchased by Mr. Wildman, ran for the first time on May 3, 1769. The place at which he made his *début* was Epsom, and the race a 50*l.* plate, for 5 yrs. old 8 st., 6 yrs. and aged 9 st. 3 lb., which he won, beating Gower by Sweepstakes 5 yrs., Chance by Y. Cade 6 yrs., Trial by Blank 5 yrs., and Plume by Feather 5 yrs. Although not then his owner, the celebrated Captain Denis O'Kelly, the heaviest and most sporting bettor of the day, won a very large sum of money by his success; and it was in the running of the second heat of this race the ready-witted Irishman made the memorable wager, 'that he'd place the whole lot,' which he did by naming "Eclipse first—the rest nowhere," a feat very readily performed by this wonderful horse, who,

pulling his jockey, John Oakley, out of the saddle, distanced the whole party. Eclipse subsequently that year won the King's Plates at Winchester, Canterbury, Lewes, and Lichfield, besides a 50*l.* Plate at Ascot, another at Winchester, and the City Bowl at Salisbury. Previous to his running at Winchester, Mr. Wildman sold a half share of Eclipse to Captain O'Kelly for 650 *gs.*, who afterwards bought the other half for 1,100 *gs.*, thus effecting one of the cheapest purchases ever made. In 1770 Eclipse continued his winning career, which he commenced that year by beating Bucephalus, 8 st. 7 lb. each, over the Beacon Course at Newmarket, 600 *gs.* to 400 *gs.* being staked upon him. He then won the King's Plate on the Round Course in two heats, beating Pensioner, Diana, and Chigger. As much as 10 to 1 was betted on him; and after the first heat 6 and 7 to 4 was wagered in large sums that he distanced Pensioner, which he did very easily. Subsequently he won the King's Plates at Guildford, Nottingham, York, Lincoln, and another at Newmarket, besides the great Subscription Stakes at York, for which he paid 50 *gs.* entrance, and another at Newmarket, for which he paid 100 *gs.* entrance. Eclipse, who was never beaten, was then withdrawn from the Turf, and was next year put to the stud at Clay Hill, Epsom, where his fee was 50 *gs.* His progeny continued to distinguish themselves on the Turf for twenty-three years, and, besides various cups, won 158,047*l.* Eclipse's most distinguished progeny on the racecourse and at the stud include Alexander, Boccadrow, Don Quixote, Dungannon, Everlasting, Frenzy, Harmonia, Hermes, Horatia, Javelin, Joe Andrews, Jupiter, King Fergus, Laura, Luna, Madcap, Maria, Mercury, Meteor, Miss Hervey, PotSos, Queen Mab, Saltram, Soldier, Sister to Soldier, Spitfire, Ticklepitcher, Volunteer, Xantippe, Zara, and Zodiac; and Eclipse got, besides, the dams of Bobtail, Chanticleer (sire of Bob Booty), Haphazard, John Bull, Master Bagot, Oberon, Phenomenon, Scotilla, Skyscraper, Stamford, &c. Mr. Bullock's b.c Emigrant, who won a sweepstake of 100 *gs.* (3 subs.) at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1796, was the first of Eclipse's progeny that won or started. Eclipse died at Cannons, Surrey, February 26, 1787, aged 25 years. He covered at 30 *gs.* and 1 guinea.

THE BURLESQUE OF THE TRAINING REPORTS IN
THE 'SPORTING GAZETTE'

The first and longest, and possibly the best, of those amusing 'reports' purports to come from Russley. Those racing men who remember the Derby of 1866 will be able to read between the lines. It was Lord Lyon's year, but Student had been a strong winter favourite.

'MONDAY.—We are now enjoying the ethereal mildness of spring, and the contrast between this week and last is wonderful. Still, the "crack" does very little work, and Student can no longer be considered to be in the *statu pupillaris*. I fancied I heard or saw him cough repeatedly this morning, as he ducked his head like horses do when they cough, and was so full of vigour that he nearly pulled his boy out of the saddle each time. You are perhaps not aware that we touts cannot get within three-quarters of a mile of Mr. Dawson's house, but as the Baydon road, where we take up our position, is much higher ground, we catch a whisper now and then of what is going on conveyed by the balmy breeze when the wind is in the right quarter, which is not often. There is generally something in the wind when Mr. Merry comes down, so we are always in the *qui vive*; and to assist us in our prying and discreditable work, I have purchased one of the latest improvements in ear trumpets, which enables me to catch all the conversation between Mr. Merry and his trainer, when at Russley (more especially if they are down at the farm-house where the hospital is, and some of the yearlings are kept), and blow it to the public through your columns.

'TUESDAY.—There was such a fog we could see nothing; but of course can tell you what work the horses did all the same. The Gong was constantly going; and we heard Student cough seventeen times, sneeze thirteen, and neigh eleven times, so it is all up with him, I fear. I don't know what Mr. Dawson's idea of ritualism may be, but he always gallops The Primate and Beelzebub together, and they hold their own against each other.

'WEDNESDAY.—Another dense fog enveloped the downs, and it being quite impossible to see or hear anything I and Bill Jenkins thought we might be able to get into the little plantation at the corner of the large field where the straw bed is. The only living creature we came across

was Tiger, Mr. Dawson's mastiff, who instantly attacked us, and, selecting me (like a fool) for his victim, disabled me to such an extent that I cannot enter further into particulars here.

'FRIDAY.—The horses came out at ten minutes past five this morning, accompanied by Mr. Merry, Mat Dawson, and Arthur Edwards, and walked under the plantation for a good half hour, but neither Student, Primate, Beelzebub, Zambesi, nor Watchbox was amongst them. Mr. Dawson did nothing there, but proceeded direct to White Horse Hill, nearly three miles further on, so you may fancy what a bucketting I had ; and when I got there it was all over, so I can tell you nothing about the trial. One thing I'm certain of, there was a stranger in it, and from what I could make out in the distance I'm pretty sure it was Lord Lyon. Mr. Dover was trotting on his pony alongside of him—that I'm sure of, as I could swear to him a mile off by his elbows ; and the man on the horse was very like Custance, only he had a light beard—a disguise, perhaps. Both Mr. Merry and Mat Dawson seemed highly pleased when they started home, and Bill (who hid himself in a small brake they had to pass on the way back to Russley) afterwards told me that he overheard Mr. Dawson remark, "I think, sir, we've put the double on 'em this time. There's nothing like ringing the changes !" What could he mean ? Have they had a dummy Student all along ? I shall keep you fully posted with all that goes on ; but these ten or twelve mile journeys of a morning are no joke.'

The 'mix-up' of the horses in the foregoing is very good fun. It was a great idea to bring Student and Lord Lyon together in a trial ! In the next report (Malton) the reporter excuses himself on the ground of his being a new-comer, his predecessor having died of *delirium tremens*. He adopts 'a chronological arrangement.'

This is part of what another description of training reporter despatches from Littleton.

'I am happy to inform you that 13 of our horses, or more strictly speaking 3 mares and 10 horses, are doing good work. On Wednesday at 10 minutes to 9 Salpinctes walked for 35 minutes ; pulling up apparently fresh and well. At 16 minutes to 10, Gem of the Sea led Buck, the Stinger, and Proserpine a steady canter of 1 mile 2 furlongs and a half some odd yards : Buck finishing 3

quarters of a length behind Stinger. A stable-lad with curly hair and a fresh complexion rode the latter, and blew his nose twice before starting. At $\frac{1}{4}$ to 11 Mr. Goater took a glass of sherry wine: and at 10 m. to 11 called for a biscuit (one of Huntley and Palmer's).'

'Information' not very much unlike that which the next on the list supplies (from Wroughton and Bourton) has occasionally been given by the gentry whose communications are mocked at in these 'reports.' The reference to Mr. Cartwright will be enjoyed by those who were acquainted with that gentleman.

'It is a delightful privilege for a member of my profession to wander through the enchanting scenery which not unfrequently surrounds the training grounds of England during the present enjoyable weather. I commenced my tour of visits to the stables in the midland district by taking the rail to Swindon, whence I proceeded to Wroughton Downs, where Tom Oliver trains his horses. By good fortune Mr. Cartwright happened to be there when I arrived, and with that frank and disinterested openness of character which so endears him to all who know him, he opened his stables to my inspection, and in a few brief, concise sentences, put me in possession of all his racing secrets. Fairwater looked blooming, and *her owner thinks highly of her chance for the Oaks*, for which race she is already a prominent favourite. Scamander had just returned from Northampton, where he had been running in the stakes—unsuccessfully, of course, for his conformation and general appearance indicate speed, and his best distance is obviously half a mile. I was shown a good-looking two-year-old called Penarth, but he has got a slight splint inside one of his hocks, which I at once detected. Tom Oliver smiled when I pointed out this defect, and was evidently surprised at my sagacity. But nothing can escape an eye so sharpened as mine is by experience of a thoroughly practical nature. I next went on to Bourton, near Cheltenham, where I saw Weever, who appears to have wintered well, superintending the exercise of his string. Emblem looked and went well. Thalestris went a little short, perhaps from a cold which she caught during the winter. This illness was severe for a time, but the usual application of a mustard plaister on the small of her back, and a bandage of brandy and water (cold) on her

near foreleg, with the addition of a pint of gruel, administered to her, warm, every two hours, naturally proved an efficacious remedy, and she will soon regain her action.'

At Findon the 'reporter' found William Goater afflicted with the gout, 'and much as I pity him, I cannot but hope he is suffering the same tortures that he has caused us to endure by making us keep on the roads, and depriving us of a pleasant walk on the soft moss of the Downs.' It is sad to think that the training quarters of John Porter's boyhood, a spot so near the town where he was born, should have assigned to it, even in jest, a tout of the character depicted in this anything but Good Templar's report in the 'Sporting Gazette.' This professes to come from the 'Hedgeford' tout:—

'Whenaman—upearlyinmornin'—xpresspurps—lookin—afteremployersintres—I say WHENAMAN—xpresspurps—notalllikely—*that* man—thootherwisemodelsbriety—onan—empty stomach. Not that—whenwashino'myneck—inside—two quarts old ale—orarfapint—swansdown—orold—jamaiky—everdid—curl my 'air'—'cept—empty stomach. Therefore—mustastyouscuseme—SCUSEME—courseo'fol—lerin'produkshn. Ole Hopwood'sfool. Wouldstan'me nothin. Gotnothn—worthlooknat—misble screws—sir—misble screws—andsos*he*.

'Nothindoin—heretall—Old Hopwood'sfool. Somethin or somebody tooktwocanters—*de*cantersmean—yesterday Itwasme. Sombodyelse—took two twosgin—smornin'—Itwasme. Imagoin'onfrustrate—Bressyou—nevarfittar—Fitrunformlife. Hopwood's fool. Onegoodhorse here—Callntumbler—Smokñhotsomeday—spoonsinit—youanme—collarsugar. Damthorses. I aintagoin'—toutnomore. Go t' Public—hearnoos—getgriffn—write up t'London—thatsstyle—nocasion—catchcoldundredge—notforJoseph. Whyshdi—speriarman—mantalent—manedukashn—stricklonseansober—gotoutnorsesundredge? Whyshdi? Hu—miliatn. Thatswatis—Hu—miliatn. Bside—Knownothinboutit—Noonedoes—Knowsuthin—boutoldtom? Believe you: speriaranimal—t'*Kington*—Canaman—makedevlsh—goodjoke—ifhesscrewed? CANAMAN? Hopwood'sfool.'

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS WINNERS

1809 Wizard	1828 *Caillard	1847 Conyngham
1810 Hephestion	1829 Patron	1848 Flatcatcher
1811 Trophonius	1830 Augustus	1849 Nunnykirk
1812 Cwrw	1831 Riddlesworth	1850 Pitsford
1813 *Smolensko	1832 Archibald	1851 Hernandez
1814 Olive	1833 Clearwell	1852 †Stockwell
1815 Tigris	1834 Glencoe	1853 *†West Australian
1816 Nectar	1835 Ibrahim	1854 Hermit
1817 Manfred	1836 *Bay Middleton	1855 Lord of the Isles
1818 Interpreter	1837 Achmet	1856 Fazzoletto
1819 Antar	1838 Grey Momus	1857 Vedette
1820 Pindarrie	1839 The Corsair	1858 Fitz-Roland
1821 Reginald	1840 †‡Crucifix	1859 Promised Land
1822 †Pastille	1841 Ralph	1860 The Wizard
1823 Nicolo	1842 Meteor	1861 Diophantus
1824 Schahriar	1843 *Cothorstone	1862 †The Marquis
1825 Enamel	1844 The Ugly Buck	1863 *Macaroni
1826 Dervise	1845 Idas	1864 General Peel
1827 Turcoman	1846 †‡Sir Tatton Sykes	

Horses marked (*) also won the Derby, (†) the Oaks, (‡) the St. Leger, and (§) the One Thousand.

Since 1864 the first three horses in the Two Thousand have been as follows :

Year	First	Second	Third
1865	*†‡aGladiateur . . .	Archimedes . . .	Liddington
1866	*†‡Lord Lyon . . .	Monarch of the Glen . . .	Knight of the Crescent
1867	Vauban . . .	Knight of the Garter . . .	Marksman
1868	§Moslem . . .	††‡§ Formosa . . .	St. Ronan
1869	*Pretender . . .	Belladrum . . .	Perry Down
1870	Macgregor . . .	Normanby . . .	*Kingcraft
1871	Bothwell . . .	Sterling . . .	King of the Forest
1872	Prince Charlie . . .	*aCremorne . . .	Queen's Messenger
1873	Gang Forward . . .	Kaiser . . .	Suleiman
1874	Atlantic . . .	Reverberation . . .	Ecosais
1875	Camballo . . .	Picnic . . .	Breechloader
1876	‡Petrarch . . .	Julius Cæsar . . .	Kaleidoscope
1877	Chamant . . .	Brown Prince . . .	*†Silvio
1878	Pilgrimage . . .	Insulaire . . .	*Sefton
1879	Charibert . . .	Cadogan . . .	†Rayon d'Or
1880	Petronel . . .	Muncaster . . .	The Abbot
1881	Peregrine . . .	*†Iroquois . . .	Don Fulano
1882	*Shotover . . .	Quicklime . . .	Marden
1883	Galliard . . .	Goldfield . . .	The Prince
1884	Scot-free . . .	St. Medard . . .	Harvester
1885	Paradox . . .	Crafton . . .	The Child of the Mist
1886	*†Ormonde . . .	Minting . . .	Mephisto

Horses marked (*) also won the Derby, (†) the Oaks, and (‡) the St. Leger. (§) A dead heat; Moslem afterwards walked over, and the stakes were divided. (||) Also won the One Thousand. (a) Also won the Grand Prize of Paris. (b) Also dead-heated with St. Gatien for the Derby.

Note.—In 1882 the weights were raised to—colts, 9 st., fillies, 8 st. 9 lb., having previously been 8 st. 10 lb. and 8 st. 5 lb. respectively.

Year	First	Second	Third
1887	Enterprise . . .	Phil . . .	Eglamore
1888	*Ayrshire . . .	Johnny Morgan . . .	Orbit
1889	Enthusiast . . .	*†Donovan . . .	Pioneer
1890	Surefoot . . .	Le Nord . . .	Blue Green
1891	*†Common . . .	Orvieto . . .	Peter Flower
1892	Bonavista . . .	St. Angelo . . .	Curio
1893	*†Isinglass . . .	Ravensbury . . .	Raeburn
1894	*Ladas . . .	Match Box . . .	Athlone
1895	Kirkconnel . . .	Laveno . . .	Sir Visto

WINNERS OF THE DERBY

1780	Diomed	1807	Election	1835	Mundig
1781	Y. Eclipse	1808	Pan	1836	‡ Bay Middleton
1782	Assassin	1809	Pope	1837	Phosphorus
1783	Saltram	1810	Whalebone	1838	Amato
1784	Serjeant	1811	Phantom	1839	Bloomsbury
1785	Aimwell	1812	Octavius	1840	Little Wonder
1785	Noble	1813	‡Smolensko	1841	Coronation
1787	Sir Peter Teazel	1814	Blucher	1842	Attila
1788	Sir Thomas	1815	Whisker	1843	‡Cothelstone
1789	Skyscraper	1816	Prince Leopold	1844	Orlande
1790	Rhadamanthus	1817	Azor	1845	Merry Monarch
1791	Eager	1818	Sam	1846	Pyrrhus I.
1792	John Bull	1819	Tiresias	1847	Cossack
1793	Waxy	1820	Sailor	1848	*Surplice
1794	Dædalus	1821	Gustavius	1849	*The Flying Dutchman
1795	Spread Eagle	1822	Moses	1850	*Voltigeur
1796	Didelot	1823	Emilius	1851	Teddington
1797	Sister to Pharamond colt	1824	Cedric	1852	Daniel O'Rourke
1798	Sir Harry	1825	Middleton	1853	*‡ West Australian
1799	Archduke	1826	Lapdog	1854	Andover
1800	*Champion	1827	Mameluke	1855	Wild Dayrell
1801	†Eleanor	1828	‡§Cadland	1856	Ellington
1802	Tyrant	1829	Frederick	1857	†Blink Bonny
1803	Ditto	1831	Spaniel	1858	Beadsman
1804	Hannibal	1832	St. Giles	1859	Musjid
1805	Cardinal Beaufort	1833	Dangerous	1860	Thormanby
1806	Paris	1834	Plenipotentiary	1861	Kettledrum

Since 1861 the following have been the placed horses :

Year	First	Second	Third
1862	Caractacus . . .	*†The Marquis . . .	Buckstone
1863	‡Macaroni . . .	*Lord Clifden . . .	Rapid Rhone
1864	*Blair Athol . . .	†General Peel . . .	Scottish Chief
1865	*†Gladiateur . . .	Christmas Carol . . .	Eltham

Horses marked thus (*) won the St. Leger, (†) the Oaks, and (‡) the Two Thousand Guineas.

(§) Cadland and The Colonel ran a dead heat, which Cadland won on running off. St. Gatien and Harvester ran a dead heat, and the stakes were divided.

Year	First	Second	Third
1866	*‡Lord Lyon . . .	Savernake . . .	Rustic
1867	Hermit . . .	Marksman . . .	‡Vauban
1868	Blue Gown . . .	King Alfred . . .	Speculum
1869	‡Pretender . . .	*Pero Gomez . . .	The Drummer
1870	Kingcraft . . .	Palmerston . . .	Muster
1871	Favonius . . .	{ Albert Victor . . . King of the Forest . . . }	{ Dead-heat for second place
1872	Cremorne . . .	Pell Mell . . .	Queen's Messenger
1873	Doncaster . . .	{ ‡Gang Forward . . . Kaiser . . . }	{ Dead-heat for second place
1874	George Frederick	Couronne de Fer	‡Atlantic
1875	Galopin . . .	Claremont . . .	Repentance colt
1876	Kisber . . .	Forerunner . . .	Julius Cæsar
1877	*Silvio . . .	Glen Arthur . . .	Rob Roy
1878	Sefton . . .	Insulaire . . .	Chil-leric
1879	Sir Bevys . . .	Palmbearer . . .	Visconti
1880	Bend Or . . .	*Robert the Devil	Mask
1881	*Iroquois . . .	‡Peregrine . . .	Town Moor
1882	‡Shotover . . .	Quicklime . . .	Sachem
1883	St. Blaise . . .	Highland Chief . . .	‡Galliard
1884	{ ‡St. Gattien . . . Harvester . . . }	{ Dead-heat for first place . . . }	{ Queen Adelaide
1885	*Melton . . .	‡Paradox . . .	Royal Hampton
1885	*‡Ormonde . . .	The Bard . . .	St. Mirin
1887	Merry Hampton . . .	The Baron . . .	Martley
1888	‡Ayrshire . . .	Crowberry . . .	Van Dieman's Land
1889	*Donovan . . .	Miguel . . .	El Dorado
1890	Sainfoin . . .	Le Nord . . .	Orwell
1891	*‡Common . . .	Gouverneur . . .	Martenhurst
1892	Sir Hugo . . .	*‡La Flèche . . .	Bucentaure
1893	*‡Isinglass . . .	Ravensbury . . .	Raeburn
1894	‡Ladas . . .	Match Box . . .	Reminder
1895	Sir Visto . . .	Curzon . . .	‡Kirkconnel

WINNERS OF THE OAKS

1779	Bridget	1797	Nike	1815	Minuet
1780	Teetotum	1798	Bellissima	1816	Landscape
1781	Faith	1799	Bellini	1817	Neva (1)
1782	Ceres	1800	Ephemera	1818	Corinne (1)
1783	Maid of the Oaks	1801	*Eleanor	1819	Showeller
1784	Stella	1802	Scotia	1820	Caroline
1785	Trifle	1803	Theophania	1821	Augusta
1786	Perdita filly	1804	Pelisse	1822	Pastille (2)
1787	Annette	1805	Meteora	1823	Zinc (1)
1788	Nightshade	1806	Bronze	1824	Cobweb (1)
1789	Tag	1807	Briseis	1825	Wings
1790	Hippolyta	1808	Morel	1826	Lilias
1791	Portia	1809	Maid of Orleans	1827	Gulnare
1792	Violante	1810	Oriana	1828	Turquoise
1793	Celia	1811	Sorcery	1829	Green Mantle
1794	Hermione	1812	Manuella	1830	Variation
1795	Platina	1813	Music	1831	Oxygen
1796	Parasote	1814	Medora	1832	Galata (1)

* Won the Derby.

1833 Vespa	1843 Poison	1853 Catherine Hayes
1834 Pussy	1844 The Princess	1854 Mince meat
1835 [†] Queen of Trumps	1845 Refracting	1855 Marchioness
1836 Cyprian	1846 Mendicant (1)	1856 Mincepie
1837 Miss Letty	1847 Miami	1857 *Blink Bonny
1838 Industry	1848 Cymba	1858 Governess (1)
1839 Deception	1849 Lady Evelyn	1859 Summerside
1840 Crucifix (2, 1)	1850 Khedycina	1860 Butterfly
1841 Ghuznee	1851 Iris	1861 Brown Duchess
1842 Our Nell	1852 Songstress	

Year	First	Second	Third
1862	Feu de Joie . . .	Imperatrice . . .	(1) Hurricane
1863	Queen Bertha . . .	Marigold . . .	Vivid
1864	Fille-de-l'Air . . .	Breeze . . .	(1) Tomato
1865	Regalia . . .	Wild Agnes . . .	Zephyr
1866	Tormentor . . .	Mirella . . .	Iscinia
1867	Hippia . . .	‡(1) Achievement	dead heat
		Romping Girl	
1868	‡(1) (2) Formosa . . .	Lady Coventry . . .	Athena
1869	Brigantine . . .	Morna . . .	Martinique
1870	Gamos . . .	Sunshine . . .	Pâté
1871	‡(1) Hannah . . .	Noblesse . . .	Hopbine
1872	(1) Reine . . .	Louise Victoria . . .	Guadaloupe
1873	‡Marie Stuart . . .	Wild Myrtle . . .	Angela
1874	‡(1) Apology . . .	Miss Toto . . .	Lady Patricia
1875	(1) Spinaway . . .	Ladylove . . .	Empress
1876	§Enguerrande . . .	(1) Camelia . . .	Merry Duchess
1877	Placida . . .	(1) Belphebe . . .	Muscatel
1878	‡Jannette . . .	(1) (2) Pilgrimage	Clementine
1879	(1) Wheel of Fortune . . .	Coromandel II. . .	Adventure
1880	Jenny Howlet . . .	Bonnie Marden . . .	Warhorn
1881	(1) Thebais . . .	Lucy Glitters . . .	Myra
1882	Geheimniss . . .	(1) St. Marguerite	Nellie
1883	Bonny Jean . . .	Malibran . . .	Ettarre
1884	(1) Busybody . . .	Superba . . .	Queen Adelaide
1885	Lonely . . .	St. Helena . . .	Cipollina
1886	(1) Miss Jummy . . .	Argo Navis . . .	Braw Lass
1887	(1) Reve d'Or . . .	St. Helen . . .	Freedom
1888	‡Seabreeze . . .	Rada . . .	Belle Mahone
1889	L'Abbesse de Jouarre . . .	(1) Minthe . . .	Seclusion
1890	‡Memoir . . .	Signorina . . .	Ponza
1891	(1) Mimi . . .	Corstorphine . . .	Lady Primrose
1892	‡(1) La Flèche . . .	The Smew . . .	Lady Hermit
1893	Mrs. Butterwick . . .	Tressure . . .	Cypria
1894	(1) Amiable . . .	Sweet Duchess . . .	Sarana
1895	(1) La Sagesse . . .	Galeottia . . .	Penkridge

Fillies marked (*) also won the Derby, (‡) the St. Leger, (2) the Two Thousand Guineas, (1) the One Thousand Guineas.

Formosa (1863) divided the Two Thousand Guineas with Moslem.

Blink Bonny also (in 1857) won the Derby; she and Eleanor (1801) being the only two fillies that have proved victorious in the two events.

§ Walked over, after a dead heat with Camelia.

WINNERS OF THE ST. LEGER

(SINCE 1809)

1810 Octavian	1832 Margrave	1853 *‡West Australia
1811 Soothsayer	1833 Rockingham	1854 Knight of St. George
1812 Otterington	1834 Touchstone	1855 Saucebox
1813 Altisidora	1835 †Queen of Trumps	1856 Warlock
1814 William	1836 Elis	1857 Impérieuse
1815 Filho da Puta	1837 Mango	1858 Sunbeam
1816 The Duchess	1838 Don John	1859 Gamester
1817 Ebor	1839 Charles XII.	1860 St. Albans
1818 Reveller	1840 Launcelot	1861 Caller Ou
1819 Antonio	1841 Satirist	1862 †The Marquis
1820 St. Patrick	1842 Blue Bonnet	1863 Lord Clifden
1821 Jack Spigot	1843 Nutwith	1864 *Blair Athol
1822 Theodore	1844 aFagh-a-Ballagh	1865 *‡. Gladiateur
1823 Barefoot	1845 aThe Baron	1866 *‡. Lord Lyon
1824 Jerry	1846 †Sir Tatton Sykes	1867 ‡Achievement
1825 Memnon	1847 Van Tromp	1868 †‡§Formosa
1826 Tarrare	1848 *Surplice	1869 Pero Gomez
1827 Matilda	1849 *The Flying Dutchman	1870 Hawthornden
1828 The Colonel	1850 *Voltigeur	1871 †§Hannah
1829 Rowton	1851 Newminster	1872 Wenlock
1830 Birmingham	1852 †Stockwell	1873 Marie Stuart

Since 1873 the first three horses have been as follows:

Year	First	Second	Third
1874	†§Apology . . .	Leolinus . . .	Trent
1875	Craig Milliar . . .	Balfie . . .	Earl of Dartrey
1876	‡Petrarch . . .	Wild Tommy . . .	aJulius Cæsar
1877	*Silvio . . .	Lady Golightly . . .	Manœuvre
1878	†Jannette . . .	Childeric . . .	Master Kildare
1879	Rayon d'Or . . .	Ruperra . . .	Exeter
1880	a Robert the Devil . . .	Cipollata . . .	The Abbot
1881	*Iroquois . . .	Geologist . . .	Lucy Glitters
1882	Dutch Oven . . .	†Geheimniss . . .	*‡Shotover
1883	Ossian . . .	Chi-Jehurst . . .	Highland Chief
1884	The Lambkin . . .	Sandihway . . .	Supeiba
1885	*Melton . . .	Isobar . . .	†Lonely
1886	*Ormonde . . .	St. Mirin . . .	Exmoor
1887	Kilwarlin . . .	*Merry Hampton . . .	Timothy
1888	‡Sealreeze . . .	Chillington . . .	Zanzibar
1889	*Donovan . . .	Miguel . . .	Davenport
1890	†Memoir . . .	Blue Green . . .	Gonsalvo
1891	*‡Common . . .	Reverend . . .	St. Simon of the Rock
1892	§†bLa Flèche . . .	*Sir Hugo . . .	Watercress
1893	*‡Isinglass . . .	Ravensbury . . .	Le Nicham
1894	Throstle . . .	*‡Ladas . . .	Match Box
1895	*Sir Visto . . .	Telescope . . .	Butterfly

Horses marked thus (*) also won the Derby, (†) the Oaks, (‡) the Two Thousand Guineas, (§) the One Thousand Guineas, (||) the Grand Prix de Paris, (a) the Cesarewitch, and (b) the Cambridgeshire the same year.

In 1789 the Duke of Hamilton's c by Laurel out of Moorput (Mangle) came in first, but was disqualified on account of a jostle. In 1828 The Colonel ran a dead heat with Cadland for the Derby. In 1839 Major Yarburgh's Charles XII. and Mr. Thornhill's Euclid ran a dead heat. In 1850 Lord Zetland's Voltigeur and Mr. Morgan's Bussborough ran a dead heat.

SCALE OF WEIGHT FOR AGE

—		March and April	May	June	July	August	Sept.	Oct. and Nov.
		st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.
Five furlongs	Two years	6 0	6 2	6 7	6 9	7 0	7 4	7 7
	Three years	8 2	8 3	8 5	8 7	8 9	8 10	8 11
	Four years	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
	Five, six, and aged	9 1	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
Six furlongs	Two years	6 0	6 4	6 7	6 11	7 0	7 5	7 7
	Three years	8 4	8 6	8 8	8 10	8 12	9 0	9 2
	Four years	9 7	9 7	9 7	9 7	9 7	9 7	9 7
	Five, six, and aged	9 9	9 8	9 7	9 7	9 7	9 7	9 7
One mile	Two years	—	—	—	—	—	6 5	6 7
	Three years	7 9	7 11	7 13	8 2	8 4	8 5	8 6
	Four years	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
	Five, six, and aged	9 4	9 3	9 2	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
One mile and a half	Two years	—	—	—	—	—	6 0	6 4
	Three years	7 7	7 9	7 11	7 13	8 1	8 3	8 5
	Four years	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
	Five, six, and aged	9 5	9 4	9 3	9 2	9 1	9 0	9 0
Two miles	Two years	—	—	—	—	—	6 0	6 2
	Three years	7 8	7 11	7 12	8 0	8 3	8 4	8 5
	Four years	9 4	9 4	9 4	9 4	9 4	9 4	9 4
	Five, six, and aged	9 10	9 9	9 8	9 7	9 6	9 5	9 4
Three miles	Three years	7 1	7 4	7 5	7 7	7 9	7 11	7 13
	Four years	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
	Five years	9 8	9 7	9 6	9 5	9 5	9 4	9 3
	Six and aged	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

The above scale is published in the 'Racing Calendar' under the sanction of the Stewards of the Jockey Club as a guide to managers of race meetings, but is not intended to be imperative, especially as regards the weights of two- and three-year-olds relatively to the old horses in selling races early in the year. It is founded on a scale published by Admiral Rous, and revised by him in 1873, but has been modified in accordance with suggestions from the principal trainers and practical authorities.

SOME OPINIONS OF THE PRESS
ON THE FIRST EDITION OF
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'Mr. Byron Webber, the editor of this interesting record of a trainer's career, remarks in a brief preface that the history of John Porter has been for the past thirty years the history of the British Turf. . . . Porter has had many employers, including the late Mr. F. Grettton, Sir Frederick Johnstone, and Lord Alington, Mr. John Grettton, the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, the Duke of Westminster, Mr. Broderick Cloëte, the Prince of Wales, and Baron Hirsch, and it would be strange indeed if, with such horses as most of them have at various periods owned, their trainer had not some very interesting anecdotes to recall. . . . This has enabled the Kingsclere trainer to produce a volume the contents of which will be read with curiosity by all who are in any way interested in racing, and the reader will be inspired with a feeling of kindly sympathy with Porter himself, as, though he keeps his own personality largely in the background, it is evident that he is a man of genial nature, and that he takes the greatest care, not only of the horses committed to his charge, but of the boys and young men that are in his service. . . . The record of his successes for the next ten years reads almost like a fairy tale, and . . . the reader must not fail to turn to Chapter III. and peruse the narrative of what Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, and Green Sleeve accomplished both in private trials and public races; while the romantic circumstances attending the Derby of 1868, in which this trio ran, and for which Lady Elizabeth was favourite, lend additional interest to the narrative. . . . The success of Morna in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster was a set-off to the mortifying disqualification of Blue Gown the year before. . . . But the description of this dramatic scene, and of how Wells lost the Derby of 1869 on Pero Gomez, are set forth in detail. . . . The chapters towards the close of the book, in which are set forth his views on stable and stud management, and the reform of racing, must command very respectful consideration, seeing how wide his experience has been.'—TIMES.

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