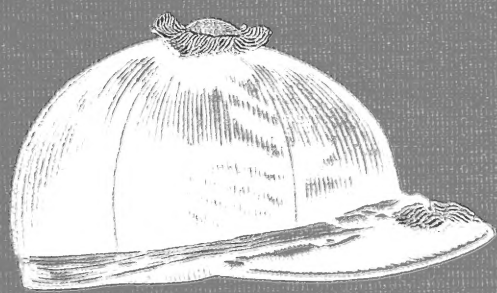


# SAM DARLING'S EMINISCENCES



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**SAM DARLING'S REMINISCENCES**







*Stuart D. ...*

# SAM DARLING'S REMINISCENCES

WITH 8 ILLUSTRATIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE  
AND 42 IN HALF-TONE

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# SAM DARLING'S REMINISCENCES

## *PART I*

### CHAPTER I

#### EARLY DAYS

MANY times have I been asked to write my reminiscences, but have been reluctant to do so, particularly as I have not kept a diary or notes of any description. When I was on the eve of my retirement I was again approached, and after consideration I decided to place my record of a busy racing career before the public. Although the first person may appear too often, I must humbly ask my reader's indulgence, and to be kindly let off with a caution.

I was born on March 11, 1852, at Bourton Hill, Moreton-in-the-Marsh. I was one of six in family, and the favourite of my grandfather and grandmother, who was a Bethel, the same family as Lord Westbury. My grandfather owned, trained, and rode the famous grey horse ISAAC, but sold him

## 2 SAM DARLING'S REMINISCENCES

to Mr. Collins of Warwick, for whom he won most of his races, many of which were four-mile heats.

His name will be always chiefly associated with HESPERUS and ISAAC, two really wonderful horses.

Old Sam Darling, Hesperus, and Isaac      The former was introduced to him in 1824, and was ridden by him in eighty-six races during that and the six following seasons. HESPERUS won thirty-four of these races, and so great was the fame of the horse and his jockey that they were commanded to be specially paraded before the royal carriage, in which was the Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria. This was after HESPERUS had won the Worcester Cup.

Curiously enough HESPERUS would not give his running for any jockey but my grandfather, and on this point there was once a big wager, a jockey named Callaway being backed to win on him, with the result that he bolted out of the course. My grandfather rode him the following day, when he beat the same lot of opponents with the greatest ease.

It was in 1835 that the connection between my grandfather and his marvellous grey gelding, ISAAC, commenced. He and a friend named Tom Speed bought ISAAC for a trifling sum. He was then a four-year-old, and had run his first race at Liverpool, showing some sort of form which





OLD SAM DARING ON ISAAC, WITH HIS TWO SONS HARRY AND SAM.



attracted the notice of my grandfather, who was riding in the race. He only won one race however that year, and one the year following; but in the three years after that ISAAC came to his own, for he won thirty-eight races out of fifty-three starts. He carried right on up to 1846, when he was fifteen years old. Then he broke down in a hurdle race, and lived happily for six years afterwards. During his twelve years on the Turf, ISAAC won an immense number of all sorts of races. He scored no less than twenty victories at Worcester and Warwick. A contemporary writer declared that at such places as Oxford, Worcester, and Warwick, "Darling was King, and his throne old ISAAC'S back."

My grandfather rode winners of the Chester Cup four times; he also rode seventy-six winners in

Winning  
the St. Leger  
at Doncaster  
and four  
races at  
Shrewsbury  
next day,  
in 1833

one year out of 176 mounts, and that before there were many railways. To most of the meetings he would ride a hack, with a light saddle slung round his back. My grandfather rode

ROCKINGHAM to win the St. Leger in 1833, and after the race he was asked by his confrères to stay and have a jollification that evening at Doncaster. He refused to do this, and borrowed SIM TEMPLEMAN (a brother jockey's hack), and rode away to Sheffield, where his own hack was awaiting him. By the aid of his hack,

#### 4 SAM DARLING'S REMINISCENCES

called CHURCH, and the coach, he reached Shrewsbury, riding the winners of four races there the next day. What would jockeys of these days think of that ?

The pedigree of ISAAC on page 5 will interest breeders of the present day, it is so full of HEROD and MATCHEM blood ; and in five removes, even so far back as those days, contained no line without a BRUCE LOWE figure—

Mr. Watt's colours (the owner of ROCKINGHAM) were harlequin, and when I owned horses I decided to have black body and harlequin sleeves, for old association's sake.

My grandfather had a habit of closing one of his eyes, and one day when on a race-course (Doncaster, I believe), a friend met him and said :

“ I beg your pardon, Mr. Darling, but you owe me £50.”

“ What ? ” he said, and opened his eye.

“ Oh, I'm so sorry ; it was a one-eyed man I bet with.” Sam called him back and paid !

My father rode, but did not train, and died when I was quite young. I then went to live with my grandfather, and to school at Alcester, Warwickshire. My first experience at school was a subtraction sum which the head master set me, viz. I had to subtract my height from that of Goliath of Gath, the Philistine, whom



OLD SAM DARLING ON HIS PONY CHURCH.



**ISAAC** (Grey Colt, 1831).

DAU. OF <b>5</b> (gr, 1810)	FIGARO <b>11</b> (br, 1819)	
	Sorcerer 6 (bl, 1796)	Haphazard 35 (br, 1797)
DAU. OF <b>5</b> (gr, 1810)	Dau. of (gr, 1797)	Dau. of (b, 1810)
	Precipitate 24 (ch, 1787)	Y. Giantess (b, 1790)
Dau. of (gr, 1785)	Trumpator <b>14</b> (bl, 1782)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Tiffany (gr, 1775)	Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Papillon (br, 1769)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Eclipse <b>12</b> (ch, 1764)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Clio (gr, 1760)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Buzzard <b>3</b> (ch, 1787)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Dau. of	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Woodpecker <b>1</b> (ch, 1773)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Camilla (b, 1778)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Conductor <b>12</b> (ch, 1767)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Brunette (br, 1771)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Diomed 6 (ch, 1777)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Giantess (b, 1769)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Mercury 9 (ch, 1778)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Dau. of (b, 1779)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Tiffany (gr, 1775)	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Herod 26 Rachel	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Snap <b>1</b> Miss Cleveland	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Marske <b>8</b> Spiletta	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Y. Cade <b>4</b> Old Starling	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Woodpecker <b>1</b> Misfortune	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Alexander 13 Dau. of Highflyer	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Herod 26 Miss Ramsden	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Trentham <b>5</b> Coquette	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Matchem <b>4</b> Dau. of Snap	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Squirrel <b>4</b> Dove	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Florizel <b>5</b> Dau. of Spectator	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Matchem <b>4</b> Molly Long Legs	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Eclipse <b>12</b> Tartar Mare	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Herod 26 Maiden	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Herod 26 Rachel	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)
Highflyer 13 (b, 1774)	Eclipse <b>12</b> Laburnum's dam	Y. Camilla (b, 1787)

## 6 SAM DARLING'S REMINISCENCES

David slew with sling and stone. I have forgotten the answer. I was very small just then.

When about eight years old I was very anxious to learn to ride. The first opportunity, I mounted the horse of a visitor who had come to see my grandfather, which ran away with me over some deep stone quarries. I managed to stick on; had I not I should probably have broken my neck. Half the village turned out when we returned, riding, they said, as if nothing had happened. They didn't expect to see the little boy Darling on the horse's back again!

When about nine years old I went to Warwick College. One day of the races, while at school there, I dodged behind a screen, got out of school without my hat (mortar-board), and ran on to the race-course (Warwick), where I saw SALAMANDER win the Grand Annual Steeplechase, and said, "I'll go into the stables and be a jockey; that's the life for me." My people had arranged for me to go into a bank, but my persuasion prevailed, and I went to Mr. Weever's at Bourton Hill, in Sept. 1866, leaving school to go there as apprentice.

I rode with more or less success on the flat as a light weight. My first mount was  
**The die cast for racing** CHIMNEY POT, for Lord Coventry, at Knighton, Wales; weight, 5 st. 12 lb. Did not win. My first winning mount on the flat was



on a horse called RUMPUS, for Mr. Tom Golby at Croydon, in the Nil Desperandum Stakes, which was very cheering to me, as I had said I would never despair. When I was living at Bourton Hill I was riding a mare called CLYTEMNESTRA (belonging to the man who owned BLAIR ATHOL) in a trial, and after running about two furlongs a hare rose out of her form, and simultaneously with her rising, the mare caught her with her foot and broke her leg (the mare's) so badly that the hoof swung right round, only hanging by a bit of skin. Perhaps very few people have ever heard of such an occurrence. The mare very quickly pulled up on three legs, and she had afterwards to be destroyed. I came off scot free.

When at Bourton Hill with Weever I went to ride at Prestbury, Cheltenham, and stayed with William Archer, Fred and Charlie Archer's father, and he said to me :

“ I think I've got a boy ”—introducing Fred Archer—“ who would make a good jockey. Where would you send him ? ”

I advised him to see Mathew Dawson, who was then training at Newmarket. This was highly satisfactory, as history proves. About this time Fred Archer was the owner of a very small pony called THE CHOW, a miniature

**Fred Archer**

race-horse, little bigger than a Newfoundland dog. His father said to me :

“ I don't think Fred can quite manage the pony. I've matched her for £50 over a mile at Warwick. Will you ride her for me ? ” I agreed to do so.

She was matched against a pony belonging to Mrs. Willan (generally called Mrs. “Croppy” Willan, because she wore her hair short, and gaiters), who raced considerably under Pony and Galloway rules. Her husband was one of the stewards under these rules. My opponent was quite a big roan pony. In the race we got off together and lay side by side until we got to the turn, when I let THE CHOW go, and she won many lengths amidst much cheering. We could hardly get back to the paddock, for a lot of my old schoolfellows were there, and almost carried the pony and myself into the enclosure. It was ludicrous ; nobody could believe that this miniature horse could have raced a mile. That was really my *first* winning mount.

After living at Bourton Hill for six years I went to Mr. Golby at Northleach, Glos., riding and managing there for twelve months. Afterwards I went to Mr. Tom Wadlow at Stanton, assisting in stable management, gaining knowledge of the profession.

I did not ride in public at Mr. Wadlow's. At this time I was riding 9 st. 6 lb. in trials only, as



OLD SAM DARING'S CUP OF 1846



I was now too heavy to ride on the flat. I was with Mr. Wadlow about twelve months when my grandmother died and my grandfather fell ill. As he was living alone, except for his housekeeper and two servants, I left Mr. Wadlow's to go and live with him. I gave him two or three of the best years of my life, often taking my turn and sitting up for night duty. He was quite a good-living man, reading the Lessons and Psalms morning and evening. He went to church regularly, and was also very regular in his habits; always took his long walk before lunch and drove out in his little brougham in the afternoon. All of this was, of course, after he retired, and he lived to the great age of eighty-six. Both my father and uncle died as young men.

Two or  
three years  
with *old*  
Sam  
Darling

## CHAPTER II

### ACROBAT AND OTHER WINNING MOUNTS

IT was during the time I was with my grandfather that I bought my first race-horse, called ACROBAT—  
**Acrobat's** a two-year-old—from Weever for £25.  
**acrobatics** He was absolutely a bag of bones. Mr. Weever had previously taken him to Worcester to try and get rid of him. After running in a selling race there, he was offered £18 for him, but said he could do better than that at home, which he did. I “cut” him, and he quickly improved. Then I put him in training. As I had no training ground, I exercised and galloped principally on the side of Broadway roads. He got quite used to this, though it was dangerous, as he had to jump the grips. I soon found from the feel he gave me that he could race, so I said to Mr. Weever one day, “Would you mind giving me a gallop with that horse I bought from you?” and he said “Yes.” He had at that time an animal winning handicaps with 8st. 12 lb., and asked me if that would be too good. I said “No.” “Very well, old man,

what weights would you try them at ? ” “ 10 lb., 6 furlongs,” I replied.

“ What, you fancy yourself a bit ! ”

We tried at these weights on the Bourton Hill training ground, and ACROBAT won the gallop. “ By gad, old man,” said Mr. Weever, “ that horse is worth £400.” He was in two races at Sutton Park, Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham, and I rode him in both races. I asked Mr. Weever to put me £10 on my horse, and do as he liked for himself. The horse won easily. I got £60 to £10, and he had a good race himself. At that time I was his owner, trainer, jockey, and groom. ACROBAT was a very impetuous and high-couraged horse. In those days many of the courses were roped instead of railed as they are now. He had not forgotten his race the first day, and on the second day, when he was led out on the course, the lad stuck to his head too long, and when he let go of the bridle the horse was sideways across the course instead of facing down it; and as the horse would always charge blindly in the direction he happened to be facing when he was excited, he made straight for the ropes and went clean over them into the crowd, with me on him.

When we were over the ropes he knocked a ginger-beer stall over; people struggling, women picking up their dresses and screaming. We were

## 12 SAM DARLING'S REMINISCENCES

all mixed up in a heap of human beings. We didn't part company nevertheless. The animal was nearly mad with excitement, and breasted the spiked railings round the ring, got his jaw on the spikes, and stuck there.

I threw myself off and gave him a chance to get higher and free himself, after which I was able to mount again. When we got to the ropes a policeman had cut them, and his head being loosed straight we got away to the post, he behaving badly while there, and getting stuck in a bog close to the side of the course. However, we got fairly well away and won again. The Press comments the next day were that ACROBAT was trying to get into the bookies' ring, to inquire his price!

His next race was for the Birmingham Cup, which he also won at the next meeting at Sutton Coldfield. Knowing that the jockeys were going to make false starts to get my horse beaten before his race, if possible, I spoke to Major Dixon, who was the starter.

"Major," I said, "I'm afraid you are going to have a bit of trouble with ACROBAT again, so please look out. I shall be down first at the post on the inside, and my man shall hold him and I stand by. When you see the jockeys in a line don't wait for me; I will jump on him as my man loses him."

Acrobat  
reformed



I told my man to be prepared to loose his head the second I spoke to him, and as luck had it, when they were in line, I jumped into a 2-lb. saddle, and without getting my feet into the stirrups, got away half a length in front on the inside. It was very difficult to pick up the irons in the race, as the webbing which held the irons caused them to jump up and down, and twisted, unlike leather, which would hang pretty straight. I didn't pick them up until just before I got to the last turn, and after a good race we beat Fred Archer on Colonel Forrester's DECEIT by a neck. I felt very proud of having won my first Cup.

I won a race for myself at Croydon with ACROBAT, Charles Archer riding him, as I could not do the weight. I sold him for £320, but not till he had won the Bradgate Cup at Warwick for me.

About this time I rode in a pony race at Malvern, four times round to a mile. There was a tale going that one of the older jockeys was asked how in the world did he know how many times he had been round when riding the mile races.

"I take a piece of chalk in my pocket, and make a mark on the judge's box as I go by," was his answer. What a fib!

I took Emblem Villa, near Croome, Worcs., in (?1877), the house being named after Lord Coventry's mare, who won the Grand National.

## 14 SAM DARLING'S REMINISCENCES

I bought horses for jumping, and schooled them, and won races with many of them.

I gave £60 for **UNCLE TOM** from a young farmer, who I knew had sadly neglected this horse. He **Buying a jumper** was irregularly fed, and I was informed did not get any feed at all at times. After building him up for eight months, I won a big hurdle race at Cardiff on him, beating Jack Goodwin on **LADY GLENLOCHAY**. Also won a hurdle race at Bristol, and sold him to the late Mr. Hugh Owen for £300.

I bought a cast-off from the late Alec Taylor, named **COLLINGBOURNE**, and won a hurdle race on him at Worcester, where the course at the top turn was completely under water. We jumped two flights of hurdles, of which only the two top bars were showing above water, on the town side. **COLLINGBOURNE** won the Cup at the Cheltenham Steeplechase meeting, and I sold him well afterwards. If he had stood training he would, I think, have won the Grand National, but one of his hind legs gave way.

In 1879 I was married to Miss Davis, daughter of Mr. Stephen Davis of Woolashill, Worcs., the owner **Marriage, of** of **DAINTY**, **DESPAIR**, **DEBONNAIRE**, **course.** **A "Dainty"** **DEWDROP**, etc., on all of which I won **sequel** steeplechases. I was riding **DAINTY** in the Bristol Royal Steeplechase. The fences



MRS. SAM DARLING.



were very big that year, the first of them being one of the biggest. One of the runners, ROYAL CHARLIE, refused this, and the rest of the field lay fairly well together until we reached the far side of the course, when they had all fallen except DAINTY. I thought she had only got to stand on her legs to win the race. Presently up came ROYAL CHARLIE, full of running. A German was riding him, and I asked him if he had gone the course, little thinking he could possibly have turned round and jumped the refused fence. He couldn't speak a word of English, and I couldn't speak German. We came to this fence, which he had refused, together, and he came on the left-hand side of me. I thought he wanted me to help him over. I made a feint, as if I were going to ride at the fence, and he set his horse going. About thirty yards from the fence I pulled my mare back, which left him in the front, so that his horse refused again. Horses very often refuse again the fence they have once refused. That enabled me to win the race. His horse was going very much better than mine at the time he refused. He eventually came down the flat course to the paddock.

DEWDROP.—There were six or seven runners in the Swindon Grand Annual, which I won on DEWDROP, trained by Mr. Fred Davis of Woolas-hill, Pershore, Worcs., my brother-in-law, who is

## 16 SAM DARLING'S REMINISCENCES

one of the most knowledgeable men I know. He trained DAINTY, second for Grand National, DES-  
The starter's drop, and a win on Dewdrop PAIR, DEWDROP, and DEBONNAIRE to win many races, all of which they bred at Woolashill. He is the Amateur Champion begonia grower, a good landscape gardener, County Councillor, and J.P., well up in county and parish matters, just and kind to his fellow-men, and deservedly very popular with all classes.

It was a beastly wet day, rain and snow, snowflakes as big as halfpennies. The starter, who was obviously "cheery," went to what he thought was the post, but which was nothing of the kind, as I knew, seeing I had walked the course before racing commenced. He was 200 yards this side of the post, which would have led to disqualifications had we started there. I said to the jockeys who were riding :

"What's the use of starting here? You'll only be riding two and a half miles for nothing."

"Oh," they said, "it's a rotten day; let's go."

I said, "You see what the starter's like; I'm not going to start here," and promptly went to the other post, and was certainly 200 yards behind the other horses when he dropped the flag and they started. When they got to the first fence, the water jump, it was frightfully heavy going, and the horses were cannoning one another like ninepins; this enabled

me to get within reasonable distance of them. After jumping two more fences we came to the turn into the straight, prior to going into the country again, and there the horse who was the hot favourite, named ELLIOT, went the wrong side of the hurdle. I shouted for all I was worth, "You've gone wrong," but he did not pull up, and I followed on, still lying well last. Two or three of the field fell when they got into the country again, and I gradually drew up to Charles Archer, who was riding SARACEN, and Davis on ELLIOT, still in front, going well. There was some firm going close under the rails, which enabled me to get a little advantage. I then passed Archer and got up side of ELLIOT, who was absolutely full of running. I was quite content being second, knowing I should get the race by objection, as I thought; but in another moment the whole thing presented itself differently to me. The rider of ELLIOT was mistaking the winning-post for a box marked "Pay Here," very similar to the winning-post. I never attempted to move, for fear he should go one better, but I saw he was looking at that box, and I still swayed between the box and the winning-post; and then, just in the last four strides, I gave my mare bang, bang, with the whip, and she just won a neck on the post. There was some hooting, but ELLIOT's jockey had absolutely made a mistake in the two

posts. The owner of the second came to me and asked what had happened. I said :

“ Your horse went the wrong side of the hurdle.”

“ Then why did you go on ? ” he replied.

“ Because I saw a chance of beating him, and thought this would save the bother of an objection.”

“ I can't believe it. We did not see it from the stand.”

“ Well, go down and see the track for yourself,” I said. He did, and was satisfied.

From Emblem Villa I moved to Sandford House, Severn Stoke, as tenant of Lord Coventry. I was training for myself at first. Soon afterwards I had several clients. The gallop there was where Captain Coventry afterwards trained INQUISITOR and others. My uncle trained for the present Lord Coventry, before Weever.

Tenant of  
Lord  
Coventry

training for myself at first. Soon afterwards I had several clients. The gallop there was where Captain Coventry after-

Mr. Everett, of Fininstall Park, a client of mine, was breeding from CARDINAL YORK, etc., in those days. I bought from him a yearling called GAZETTE, for Mr. Hogarth,<sup>1</sup> and it is worth relating, as I've never heard anything like it before or since, that the colt, after being loaded, and with nothing

<sup>1</sup> *Re* Mr. Hogarth in the 'eighties. In those days I first met Mr. Gill, now K.C., who used to drive with Mr. Hogarth in his carriage to Kempton regularly, to see the latter's horses run, and, I may say, often win.



on him but his bridle, jumped through the partition of the horse-box at Bromsgrove Station into the lad's division, and out on to the platform without a scratch. He afterwards won a race at Kempton Park, ridden by the present Charles Morbey. When I was at Severn Stoke I gave £20 for a mare called MISS GRACE, out of a baker's cart; and after six months, when I had got her strong and well, I was riding and driving her steadily. She carried me really well with the hounds, and I finished up with winning the hurdle race on her at Worcester. I well remember Lord Coventry saying, after the race, that she was the quickest over her hurdles he ever saw in his life.

I had a most deceptive little black horse, underbred; looked more like a cob. He was in a steeplechase at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, a pretty big country then. He surprised every one by winning easily, and none more than my grandfather, who saw him unloaded at the station, and said:

“ You are not riding that commoner over Moreton course, are you ? ”

“ Yes,” I said, “ and he will jump it.”

“ More like break your neck,” he answered.

But he was wrong, good old gentleman.

## CHAPTER III

### THE BEGINNING OF BECKHAMPTON

IN the autumn of 1880 I migrated to Heddington, in Wiltshire, and had various successes there. Beckhampton at that time was in the sale market. I met my solicitor in Calne the day the negotiations were going on between the owner, Harry Woolcott, and a man named Weston. I drove up, and asked the owner if he had closed about the property. He said "No," and Mr. Parry, the agent who was doing the business for him, remarked that as the would-be-buyer, Mr. Weston, had not turned up, "Why not deal with Mr. Darling, and no humbug?" So he said:

"Are you prepared to pay a deposit?" I said  
**Paying the deposit** I was, and I gave him a cheque for  
£500, and Beckhampton was mine.

Beckhampton stable has room for fifty-eight horses. There are fifty-eight boxes, which have been nearly always full. The boys in attendance to look after these horses generally number about twenty-nine or thirty, besides the heavier men



*Front view of Beckhampton House restored by me.*



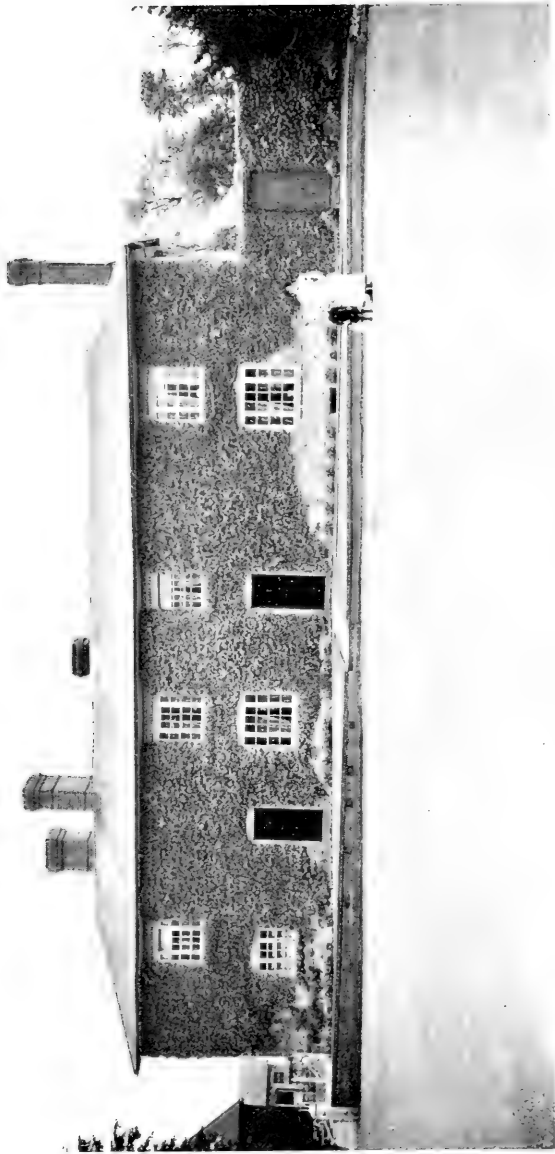
living outside. The details that a large racing establishment entails would probably surprise many of the sporting public, who can have no possible idea of a busy trainer's strenuous life. I have constantly built on since I purchased it, bringing everything up to date in every way—acetylene gas, drains, etc., etc. It was a training stable before I bought it. Sir George Chetwynd had horses there with Woolcott; also Mr. Graham, for whom he won the Oaks, etc., with FORMOSA, City and Surburban, etc., with SABINUS, ridden by Fordham. At the time they tried SABINUS they fixed the trial for the day when there was a very big coursing meeting at Beckhampton, the country being very celebrated for coursing in those days. While the whole country was paying attention to the coursing, forty courses of which were out of what is now my own covert, SABINUS was being tried within half a mile of them! It was kept absolutely quiet, and no one was any the wiser for a long time after.

It was never my intention to farm and train at the same time, but part of my Derby gallop, or **Gaining a Derby gallop and a farm** trial ground, was on a farm belonging to Colonel Holford, who decided to sell; and to make quite sure of having the use of this gallop my only course was to become its purchaser. The buildings were in a deplorable

condition, and the land was very foul. In fact, it was in such a state that the neighbouring farmers thought I was very plucky to tackle it at all. Since then, with incessant attention for fourteen or fifteen years, I think I may claim to have made a success of it, having won over two hundred prizes with cattle, sheep (principally Hampshire Down), cart-horses, swedes, mangolds, and turnips; and my carters have taken the first prizes for ploughing. I can also boast of 46-lb. weight to the bushel of black and grey winter oats. I think I can claim to owning the largest Dutch barn in the country. It is a hundred yards long, and is a great boon for storing corn in such an open country as this. There is also a very large barn used as a granary, with a floor of pitch pine. Harvest homes and political meetings are held there. I called the farm "GALTEE MORE FARM," after my first Derby winner.

Other additions in the way of farms came later; indeed, in mentioning this one I have rather overshoot the mark, and I must hark back to earlier days in connection with training business. So, then, to start with the earliest of real consequence.

Mr. C. W.      Mr. C. W. Lea (of Worcester Sauce  
 Lea and      fame) was a very valued patron of mine.  
 Prince of  
 Tyre      I won many races for him, but no  
 classic. I bought a yearling called PRINCE OF



BADLEY'S HOUSE, GATTEE MORE FARM.





TYRE by ALTHOTAS, for one hundred guineas, from Mr. Wolfe, for myself. I had previously bought GULES out of a selling race at Bath, for Mr. Lea, and won the Kempton Park Handicap, etc., with him. When I found that PRINCE OF TYRE was a good two-year-old, I was anxious for Mr. Lea to own him, as he had been such a good patron of mine. I suggested this to him, but he thought the horse was worth much more money than I had asked him. Eventually we agreed to change for GULES. PRINCE OF TYRE was perhaps the best two-year-old in England up to the end of May, winning four or five two-year-old stakes right off the reel, ridden by W. T. Robinson, the present trainer at Fox Hill. One thing to always remind me of this colt was that he was fidgety in his box; he walked round and round for hours, placing the litter in the middle of the box, walking outside it until it became as chaff. I tried everything to pacify him, but with no effect. Then I procured a goat, and I shall never forget the rapid exit the goat made when first put in the box. PRINCE OF TYRE flew at him, so strongly did he object to the odour of the goat. He eventually settled down with a cat.

I won a big seller with GULES at Kempton Park, which brought me in about £1,200. He was then sold, but I heard little more of him.

## CHAPTER IV

### CONCERNING JUMPERS

I BOUGHT RINGLET for Mr. Fenwick from Captain Machell. She was lame in the back, but I killed one of my sheep and put the hot skin on her back and got her sound. She won the big Derby steeplechase twice, autumn and spring, ridden by Arthur Nightingall. Then I sold her well, and heard nothing of her afterwards.

The Duke of St. Albans and Mr. Noel Fenwick

Mr. Noel Fenwick bought TISSAPHERNES for £800, to put to jumping, and the first time he was put at a hurdle he stopped dead and seized the top bar with his teeth. That day I was riding a very smart hunter that could jump and gallop, and I rode the near side of this horse, and another horse was on the other side. I told the boys to race as hard as they possibly could at a hurdle, and by whipping him myself as we went along, we all charged the hurdle together, and got him over. Captain Roddy Owen rode him in one hurdle race, but I could soon see from his proppy style that jumping



CORONET.

Winner of many big steeplechases. Very fine fence; cleared a measured thirty-six feet at Ludlow in front of stand.



would not be his game, so I persuaded Mr. Fenwick to put him in the Metropolitan, which he won, starting at ten to one.

The Duke of St. Albans and Mr. Fenwick together owned a horse called WOODLAND. I took him and five others, together with two of my children (the present Mrs. Marsh and young Sam), to Ayr, so I had a pretty good handful to manage. WOODLAND got second to FULLERTON for the £1,000 Handicap. Finding FULLERTON entered at wrong age, I objected, and got the stakes. With the six horses I took to Ayr I won with all but one. The best thing of the lot was HAPPY THOUGHT, Mr. Abingdon Baird up; and she was making the running round the top turn when she fell over some Scotsmen who were playing cards on the course. There was a row afterwards, but nothing came of it.

I trained CORONET for Mr. Gardiner Muir, who won most of the three-mile steeplechases he went for, including the big race at Croydon, **Coronet, and his death** the Mammoth at Sandown, and races at Ludlow. He was perhaps one of the finest and biggest of fencers who ever looked through a bridle. I measured one of his jumps—thirty-six feet. A more sad end one could not imagine than poor CORONET'S on the frosty ground at Sandown. Being steadied while racing at the pay-gate fence by Willie Moore, the horse reached for his head, got disap-

pointed, and his hind legs went from under him. He fell clean through the fence to the other side on his shoulder, which he broke. He could not be saved, though he was slung for some time. Many sportsmen came down from the stands to see him put in the ambulance, and one had only to look at many of their faces to see how they were affected by the scene.

Soon after that happened I made up my mind to give up steeplechasing. About the same time as CORONET was a horse called **BALLOT Box** Box, belonging to the late Sir Pat Nickalls. He came to me in a very poor condition, and after he had got strong he won the Croydon Metropolitan, the big Sandown steeplechases, and the following spring, carrying 12 st. 7 lb., he won it again, giving THE FAWN 21 lb. The latter won the big chase at Leopardstown just afterwards. Sir Patrick said to me :

“ I have been training this horse round my cabbage garden ; I expect you will do something with him.” He had won point-to-point races before. After that he carried 12 st. 4 lb., and was third in the Liverpool, ridden by W. Nightingall, which I think a very good performance. He measured just over fifteen hands. A very interesting thing in connection with the two horses CORONET and BALLOT BOX was that CORONET



BALLOT BOX. 15 HANDS,  $\frac{1}{2}$  INCH.

Third in the Grand National, carrying 12 st. 4 lb., after winning the big steeplechase at Croydon, also the big chase at Sandown, Autumn and Spring Meetings.





could give **BALLOT BOX** a stone at three miles, and **BALLOT BOX** could give **CORONET** a stone at four. These were two of the best horses in England during their period, **BALLOT BOX** over a four- and **CORONET** over a three-mile course. I always thought **BALLOT BOX** the best horse I ever saw run over Sandown, as he took the fences, which are so close together, without taking anything out of himself, while his bigger opponents were often out of their stride at these particular fences. He afterwards ran third in the Liverpool Grand National, carrying 12 st. 4 lb., ridden by Willie Nightingall. The performance so pleased the late Sir Pat Nickalls that he presented me with a gold watch, on which "Ballot Box" was engraved. Had the winter been more open, I quite think he would have won, for he was trained for quite a fortnight on a foot of snow, and the weather was so severe that I had my cart-horses to harrow the frozen snow every morning before he did his work.

**BALLOT BOX** was a bad feeder away from home. When he won the International at Sandown I had him fed at six o'clock at home the night before, and at five o'clock next morning. The morning of his race he had a big feed, left home at six o'clock, but did not touch an oat until after he had run. In connection with the second race at Sandown, Arthur Nightingall's web broke, about

the first fence, so that he had to ride the whole of the course with one iron.

Among several good chasers I had at that time were KHYBER, MALAGA, EDWARD, COMMONER, BLOODSTONE. The last probably would have won a Manchester Cup with a light weight on. Lord Cholmondeley asked me to train a horse named MERVYN for him. He had a very suspicious leg, and was handicapped with 6 st. 4 lb. in the Manchester Cup. I strongly advised Lord C. not to try him, fearing that he would leave the race on the Downs, but he said he would like to try him, so that he could tell his friends to back him. I said I was afraid the result would be as I had anticipated. However, early one morning his lordship arrived here to try him, having galloped over from Wroughton (his hunting box). The horses had just left the yard, and I said to Lord Cholmondeley :

“ Can I offer you some breakfast ? ”

“ Oh, I've had mine, Sam, thanks.”

My own tea and a poached egg were on the table when I left the room. On my return I found they had disappeared. Lord Cholmondeley had taken them, and I'm sure enjoyed them as much as he did the joke. However, I went minus my breakfast, and we rode to the Downs to see the gallop, which MERVYN

Lord  
Cholmonde-  
ley and the  
“ poached ”  
egg

won ; but he broke down, as I felt sure he would. I knew he would only stand one gallop, and if he had had that at Manchester instead of on the Downs I think he would have won the Cup, but Lord Cholmondeley would try him, and he was the owner after all.

“ I wish I had taken your advice,” he said. I might mention that I suggested £2,500 (the value of the stakes) to a pony was a very good stake to win with a crippled horse. He was never any good afterwards.

Mr. W. G. Jameson sent old COMEAWAY, the Grand National winner, to me some time after he had broken down, and fired all round ; all his joints were double their ordinary size. I got him through a good preparation without any jumping practice, and in his last gallop of four and a half miles he gave 14 lb. to a good winning mile-plater called STENSALL, and beat him easily the last mile. Unfortunately this gallop found his weak spot, and he was never trained again.

I have mentioned COMEAWAY, though he comes out of sequence in point of time, for he was really the best latter-day jumper I had to do with ; but while on the subject of Lord Cholmondeley I should mention that about this time his lordship had BAR-LE-DUC and LAST TOAST. BAR-LE-DUC, after being second for the two-mile nurseries at

Newmarket, won a £1,000 nursery one-mile at Derby, and LAST TOAST won the two-year-old stakes at Sandown. His lordship landed a good stake over each race.

I trained for Mr. James Best a very smart mare called LA BELLA. She won the two-year-old stakes at Kempton, and I took her on to Newmarket. The race she won at Kempton was an optional selling, and we were not in to be sold. The race at Newmarket had penalties for winners other than of selling races, and as I was not in to be sold for this optional selling, I carried my penalty as a winner in face of many who thought I should not. It was referred to the Stewards, who said I was right, and the mare won. For the same gentleman I trained a horse called EDWARD, and qualified him at Chandlers Ford for National Hunt flat races. Horses had to be placed in a steeplechase to get a certificate. He was a very difficult horse to get over a fence, but eventually I made him jump, schooling him myself.

He was in a Selling Hunters' Flat at Four Oaks, near Birmingham. Knowing that I had sent the certificate to Messrs. Weatherby's, and not seeing it published in the next Calendar, I promptly wrote to Messrs. Weatherby to see if they had received it. They replied :

Mr. James  
Best and  
La Bella

Edward and  
his  
certificate

“ Yes ; EDWARD is qualified to run on and after such and such a date.”

I got to Birmingham with their letter in my pocket, and Mr. Arthur Brocklehurst, who was running a horse in the same race, came to me and said :

“ Sam, I have been through all the Calendars, and EDWARD is not qualified to run ; his certificate is not lodged.”

In the interest of the owner I made no remark. EDWARD won the race easily. After the race there was an objection, and I then produced the letter from Messrs. Weatherby, which settled it. Mr. Brocklehurst's party were lunching at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, and when passing their table next day Captain Cotton said to me :

“ You're a nice fellow ! Here is Mr. Brocklehurst trying to do you a good turn by advising you that your certificate is not published, and you keep quiet and say nothing.” I said :

“ If you had been the owner of EDWARD you would have liked me to have kept your business as quiet as I have kept Mr. Best's.”

Another of Mr. Best's horses was FALSE ALARM.

**Objection  
to False  
Alarm**

She won a steeplechase at Ludlow, and I was surprised to hear them shout “ Objection ! ” When I found out the reason

I felt that I was pretty sure to get the race, for

the grounds of objection were that my mare was not eligible to run, the condition of that race stating that it was for horses that had not run in an open steeplechase. I contended that FALSE ALARM had not run in an open steeplechase, but she had run in an open hunter's steeplechase. They had omitted the word "hunter" in their conditions, but had intended to put it in. After appearing before the Stewards for a short duration, the race was given in my favour.

That brings me to my important racing experiences, which were on the flat, though whether more enjoyable I can hardly say, for as we grow older we cannot fairly measure such experiences.



VIEWS OF YEARLING YARD.





## CHAPTER V

### RACING ON THE FLAT

I HAVE been fortunate throughout all the period during which I trained at Beckhampton to act for owners who, without exception, were good sportsmen of the best sort. I shall never entertain any but the most pleasant recollections of each one of them, and especially of Captain Greer.

Captain Greer, who started racing in a quiet way, eventually became one of the most popular Stewards of the Jockey Club. He sent me TRAGEDY to train, but she would not stand. He said he would like to go partners with me in some mares, and about this time I gave the late Lord Rodney £1,000 for a yearling called BIRD OF PASSAGE, by KILWARLIN. The first time out she won at Kempton Park, afterwards at Newmarket, and should have won the Woodcote at Epsom, but she ran very wide at the turn. Several men wanted to buy her at that time, and I eventually sold her to Captain Cookson for £4,000. I

then thought of Captain Greer's suggestion for a partnership, and went back to Lord Rodney, purchasing from him HIRONDELLE and BONNIE MORN for £2,000, BONNIE MORN then carrying KILCOCK. Captain Greer put three of his mares to my two, and we became partners in the progeny. My mares went to his stud in Ireland. BONNIE MORN also produced BREAK OF DAY, winner of Royal £1,000 Stakes at Epsom, and GOOD-MORNING, winner of the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, who as a three-year-old became bad tempered, and once bit a new leading rein through at one bite, at morning exercise. An awful catastrophe happened with GOOD-MORNING at Kempton. He and REVENUE ran in the same race, the latter very backward, and ridden by Sloan; and before leaving home, GOOD-MORNING could give REVENUE 18 lb. and beat him.

GOOD-MORNING was a hot favourite, and was apparently winning easily. Morny Cannon, riding him, thought he had won, and put his hands down. GOOD-MORNING stopping fast, Sloan persevered with REVENUE, got up, and beat him by a neck. I fear I can't find words to describe my feelings. I had a very bad race. GOOD-MORNING was afterwards sold to go abroad, where he turned an absolute savage. He and other winners were from BONNIE MORN.

Good-Morn-  
ing! A  
catastrophe

Captain Greer's mares did not produce much until WILDFOWLER arrived.

WILDFOWLER, by GALLINULE out of TRAGEDY, won the Criterion as a two-year-old. He was backward when he ran fourth for the Two Thousand Guineas. I could not train him for the Derby. He had a long and steady preparation for the St. Leger, which he won with his head in his chest, beating the Derby winner, JEDDAH, an odds on favourite. He did not stand training as a four-year-old. Captain Greer bought my share of him, and put him to the stud.

Captain Greer bought GALLINULE for £1,000 from Mr. Abingdon, and he became top of winning stallions for some time, having sired many of the best horses of the day. Unfortunately for me I was not partner in this horse. Some time after Captain Greer sold TRAGEDY to Sir Tatton Sykes for £5,000, and I sold BONNIE MORN to Sir Tatton Sykes for £4,000. BONNIE MORN paid Sir Tatton well.

The next good horse that Captain Greer had was SLIEVE GALLION. He won the Cobham Plate, Sandown, the New Stakes at Ascot (1906), Champagne Stakes at Doncaster (1906), the Two Thousand in the Spring (1907), the Craven Stakes, St. James's Palace Stakes (1907) at Ascot, etc., etc., and was sold at the end of the season to Hungary. He

had terrific speed. SLIEVE GALLION'S neck was set on wrong. I well remember telling Captain Greer, before putting the tackle on him, he would be difficult to mouth, and sure to be awkward to ride. I did not put a jockey on him for a month after all the others were broken. His awkward mouth prevented him winning the Derby.

KILCOCK was a most charming horse, and very good looking. His Jubilee was one of the most discussed races ever known. I put Wall, an old seasoned jockey, on KILCOCK, and he came up the course with his ears pricking as though he was going to win in a canter. For some unaccountable reason he went past the post in the same way, without making any effort. Neither horse nor jockey made any effort. At the time the horse could have won with about 8 st. 7 lb., and he only carried 6 st. 12 lb. He seemed as if there were no jockey on his back. Wall was absolutely useless on him. Wall had the good sense to admit this after the race, and to recommend that KILCOCK, with a stronger jockey, should be backed next time. KILCOCK won the Doncaster Handicap soon after in very easy style. Afterwards the Wokingham and the Queen Stand Plate at Ascot (1899). He was afterwards sold to Hungary for the stud.

My dealings with Captain Greer have been most cordial and agreeable in every possible way,



KILCOWK.

The property of Captain Greer and Sam Darling.



since 1884 until the day when Captain Greer became a Steward of the Jockey Club. We then dissolved partnership. Since my retirement I have received a letter from him of which I am proud. Only a thorough gentleman could write such a letter :

“ I am sure you well know that such an event as your retirement from active training could not take place without being also an event of great importance to me. We have worked together on the Turf for so many years, and they have been marked by such unremitting care and attention to my interests on your part, and such marked success, considering the few horses I’ve trained, that I can look back on every incident connected with my racing career, not only with pleasure, but with the knowledge that I owe most of that pleasure to you.

“ No doubt you will be at hand to give your son Fred, who should make you a most worthy successor, and to whom I wish every possible good luck, the benefit of your advice and experience.”

While on the subject of owners, I will give a list of some for whom I have trained : The Czar of  
A list of  
my owners Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the Duke of St. Albans, the late Duke of Devonshire, the present Duke of Devonshire, Lord

Lonsdale, Lord Rosebery, Lord Dalmeny, Lord Ilchester, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Enniskillen, Count Lehndorff, Sir B. Sheffield, Count Lutzow, Sir James Miller, Sir John Miller, Sir Pat Nickalls, Gen. Owen Williams, Captain Hughes Morgan, Sir S. Scott, Mr. George Faber, Mr. James R. Keene, Mr. Foxhall Keene, Mr. James Buchanan, Mr. C. W. Lea, Mr. Best, Mr. C. E. Howard, Mr. Cholmondeley, Messrs. Clark and Robinson, Mr. Craven, Mr. Joe Lewis, Mr. Carroll, Mr. Mackay, Mr. Wideners, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jameson, Mr. Ray, Mr. Everitt, Mr. Lanwell, Mr. Hogarth, Mr. G. Muir, Mr. Chillingworth, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Bingham, Mr. Whitehouse, Mr. Fowler, Mr. J. Daly, Mr. Noel Fenwick, Mr. Clement, Mr. K. Arbuthnot, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Wilfrid Wilson, Mr. Clarence Wilson, Mr. W. T. Jones, Mr. Rutherford, and Mr. Gubbins.

A large number indeed ; and the name of Mr. Gubbins makes me pause, and commence a fresh chapter.



## CHAPTER VI

### MR. GUBBINS AND HIS IRISH DERBY

It may be that the misconduct of Irish Nationalists caused Mr. Gubbins to devote his attention more entirely to racing than he had done prior to the year 1893.

Up to that time he was Master of the Limerick Hunt, but had most reluctantly to give it up, owing to the boycotting. He was not absolutely decided until one day, when **Mr. Gubbins boycotted to Beckhampton** out with the hounds and moving for cover, when they were met by a large party of hooligans, who started throwing sticks and stones at the hounds, scattering them in all directions. Mr. Gubbins then said :

“ For God’s sake leave the hounds alone ; I’d rather you threw your stones at me ! ” And that day he took the hounds home and never hunted again, though a very short time afterwards the priests implored him to do so, as so many were out of employment through the dispersal of the hunt.

Mr. Gubbins shortly afterwards asked me to

take his horses from Telscombe in Sussex, where they were then being trained by Tommy Lushington. Among the first lot that came to Beckhampton was BLAIRFINDE, who won the Irish Derby the following year (1894). In connection with this it is interesting to note that I stayed with Captain Greer, with whom Lord Enniskillen was also staying, for the Curragh meeting. Captain Greer lent his lordship and myself a couple of hacks to go and see BLAIRFINDE do his work the morning of the Irish Derby. Lord Enniskillen had gone on before, and when I met him on the Curragh training ground he said :

“ Sam, I’ve just seen Linde (a trainer on the Curragh), who said, ‘ I’ve just seen Sam Darling’s

Blairfinde’s  
“ Derby,”  
and Linde’s  
dual  
opinion

horse, and call him a d——d coach-horse ; and if he wins our Irish Derby I will eat him ! ’ ”

I may say Linde was training a horse called BALDECOOTE, who started favourite for the race. My own jockey, Tom Garrett, rode BLAIRFINDE, and to prevent any trouble with the other jockeys I instructed Garrett, before he got to the last turn, to rush his horse to the front and make the best of his way home, which he did, winning by twenty lengths. Poor Linde afterwards standing by the weighing room, and looking at BLAIRFINDE, put both hands in his pockets, and said :



WILDFOWLER COTTAGES, OCCUPIED BY CHAUFFEUR, GARDENER, HEAD CARTER, AND GROOM.



“ A divil of a fine horse, shure ! ” And that was the man who was going to eat the horse if he won the Derby ! He afterwards came and congratulated me, and said :

“ Old Jack Gubbins might have told me his horse was going to win, particularly as he is staying with me ! ”

When I went over to see BLAIRFINDE run in the Irish Derby, I caught the 8.45 mail at Euston, and as I was going down the train looking for my seat, the late Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, put his head out of the window, and said :

“ Where are you going to, Mr. Darling ? ”

“ I am crossing to Ireland to-night, to race at the Curragh to-morrow, my lord. ”

“ Oh, come in with me. ” I did so, and he then asked :

“ What will win the Irish Derby ? ”

“ Are you going to see it run ? ” I asked.

“ Well, possibly, if I can get away, but I am to be initiated into the freedom of the City of Dublin to-morrow. If the ceremony is over in time, I shall come to the Curragh. ”

“ If you do, ” I said, “ would you kindly find me in the paddock, and I will try and tell you the winner of the Irish Derby. ”

Sure enough his lordship appeared in the paddock next day, and said :

“ Well, Mr. Darling, what will win this Derby ? ”

“ I think,” I answered, “ I shall, with BLAIR-FINDE.” The horse was then at six to four, and as the stable money was on, Lord

The Lord  
Chief Justice  
gambles

Russell turned round and said :

“ I'll have £5 on with the stable,” which brought him £15 to his fiver, three to one instead of six to four, which he would have got if he had put it on himself. The Lord Chief Justice was highly delighted after the race.

When I visited Mr. Linde I saw BALDECOOTE as a yearling. He was led out for my inspection, and I said :

Recollections  
of Linde

Well, how much for him, Mr. Linde.”

He said :

“ A thousand guineas.”

There was a drop-fence in front of his house, Eyrefield Lodge, and he took up his huge walking stick, and struck the horse on the quarters, saying :

“ Get away down there,” to the man who was leading him. Dan and the yearling jumped down the drop-fence into the field, and I said :

“ By jingo, Mr. Linde, that's a bit of a risk, isn't it? What in the world did you do that for ? ”

“ Begad,” said he, “ they must walk before they trot.”

I paid Mr. Linde, who was one of the kindest and best, an annual visit. Linde's horses were at exercise on the Curragh one morning early, when a certain gentleman, whose father was a baron, rode much too near the horses, which one of the entire horses, named Red Prince II, resented, and which annoyed Mr. Linde, who said :

“ Where are you going to, ye spalpeen ? ” The man turned round, and answered :

“ Sir, do you know who you are talking to ? ”

“ No, and never a bit do I care ! ” said he ; “ you have no right upsetting my horses.”

“ Well, I'm Baron ——'s son.”

“ Well, it's a pity your mother hadn't been barren too ! ”

I am aware, of course, that this story has been often told, and it may be regarded as a “ chestnut,” but it is seldom ascribed to its true author, and therefore I put the facts on record here. It was, however, a year or two after BLAIRFINDE'S Irish Derby when the incident in question occurred, for I remember that on my way home to see Mr. Gubbins my train was in Limerick Station, for by some mistake I had got in the wrong train, and arrived at Limerick in a carriage to myself. Up came a porter and said :

“ Shure, are you Mr. Sam Darling ? ”

“ Yes,” I said, and he walked away. Presently

he came back with nearly all the porters on the station, and said :

“ Your honour, we're delighted to meet you. You trained GALTEE MORE when he won the first English Derby for Ireland, and shure we will never forget the whisky flying about that night. The mountains were alight with it ! ” Also saying how proud they were of meeting the trainer of the winner ; and as the train moved out the spokesman came up to the carriage window, and said :

“ Your honour, we can tell you that if you'd only put up for Limerick we'd return you for Parliament.”

Once at Charleville Station I stood on the platform with the late Tom Vigors (“ Ashplant ” of the *Sportsman*), and a driver of an Irish car saw my luggage there, labelled “ S. Darling.”

“ Whose is this ? It's not Mr. Sam Darling's, is it ? ”

“ Yes, it is,” said Vigors.

“ Bedad then, if he will jump into my car, I'll drive him to Charleville for nothing.”

All this proved how keen the natives are at the successes of the Irish horses.

I went through the Bruree and Knockany studs every year with Mr. Gubbins, and mostly did a bit of vetting ; but one of the greatest surprises Mr.



Gubbins had was when a brood mare was very lame at Knockany. He said :

“ This mare’s very lame, old man, and we cannot find out where it is.” Having noticed her peculiar gait, I immediately looked under her flank, and there I found a great abscess. As it was ripe I pulled out my lance and cut it. The mare walked away absolutely sound, to the astonishment of Mr. Gubbins.

## CHAPTER VII

### MR. GUBBINS AND GALTEE MORE

BEFORE dealing more fully with the period of GALTEE MORE, I should like to tell my readers something about Mr. Gubbins, for few who only knew him in his later days, when he was a martyr to gout, have any idea what manner of man he once was.

His house at Bruree was full of trophies and mementoes of sport, for indeed he was a very fine horseman. In 1870 he won the Downshire Plate, three miles over Punchestown, on Mr. J. D. Whyte's chestnut horse FAIRYLAND, by GAMEKEEPER, with 13 st. 8 lb. in the saddle, and in the following year he was second out of fifteen runners in the same race, on his own horse SALUTE, and poor Harry Linde third, on his own horse BLACKBIRD.

In 1883 he rode a brown gelding of his own, "D. P. S.," 15 st. 8 lb., in the Welter Cup of the Down Royal Meeting, over the Maze course, and won. He was taking something on, too, for Mr.

Garrett Moore was second. In the same year, at Cork, Mr. Gubbins and "D. P. S." were again successful, this time with 15 st. 7 lb., beating Captain Kirkwood on BLACKBIRD and three others.

In the 'eighties Mr. Gubbins was hunting from Grantham, and won the Ladies' Purse at Melton with one of his hunters, HUSSAR, ridden by Major Amcotts. A memento of these Grantham days hung on the Bruree smoking-room wall. It was a Brush on a Shield, with the following inscription :

"Presented to Mr. John Gubbins, December 2, 1887, after a brilliant 45 minutes with the Belvoir Hounds. Mr. Gubbins, in the name of the Duke of Rutland and the members of the Belvoir Hunt, I present you with this Brush, and bid you a hearty welcome to our Country.

"FRANK GILLARD,

"*Huntsman.*"

No sportsman could ever wish for a better credential than the above, and with it I pass on to

Mr. Gubbins as he was when I trained for him. His paddocks at Knockany and the home farm at Bruree comprise some of the finest land in Ireland, and his stud groom, Mike Burns, was as knowledgeable as they

**Galtee  
More and  
his name**

make them. From both Knockany and Bruree the Galtee mountains form a prominent feature in a beautiful landscape, the big height of "Galtee More" towering above its fellows, and it was rightly chosen as an auspicious name for the bay colt by KENDAL out of MORGANETTE, when he was foaled at Knockany in 1894. His after career demonstrated that he fully recognised the duty imposed on him by his name.

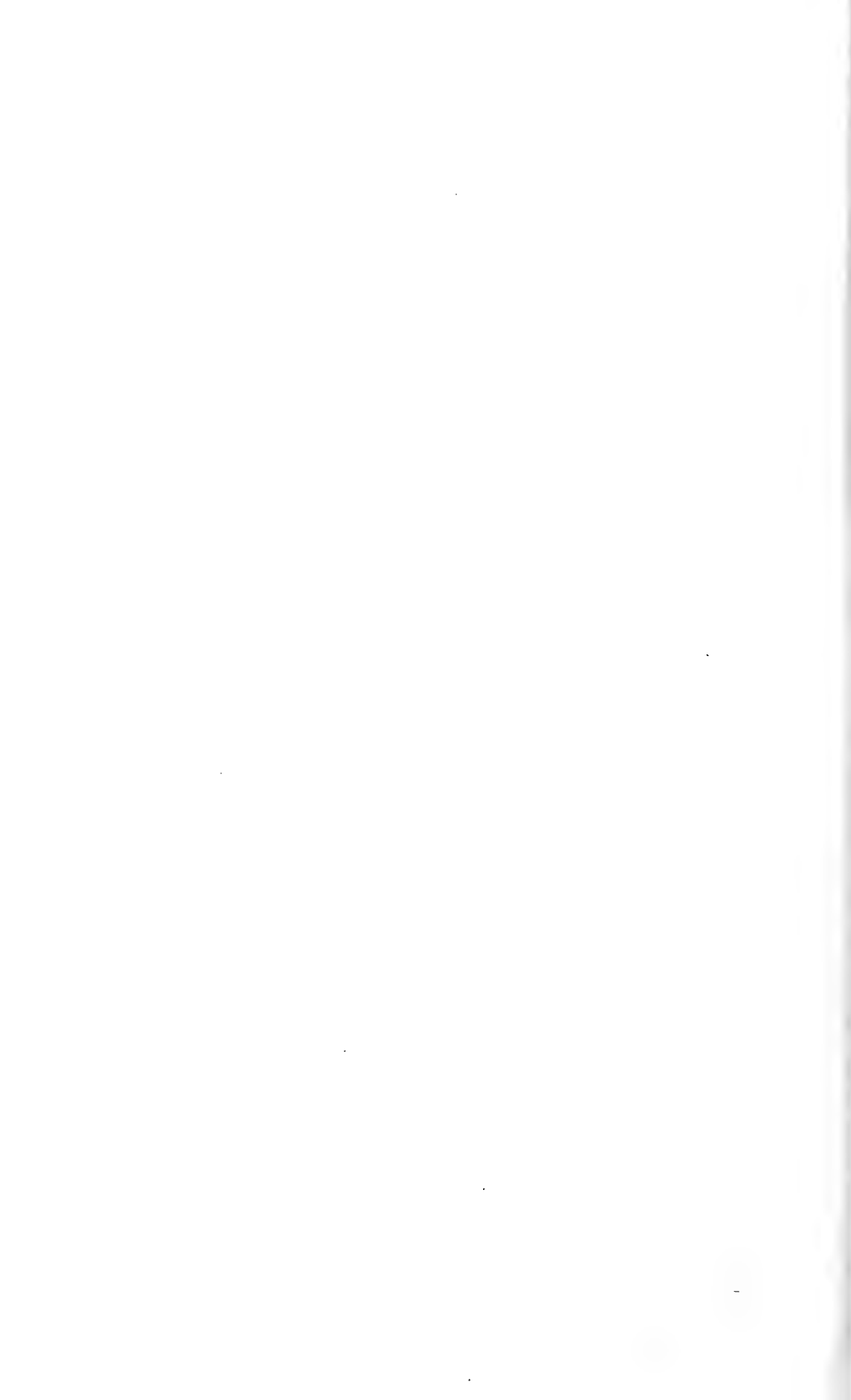
GALTEE MORE and BANTRY BAY were yearlings together at Knockany, and Mr. Gubbins thought more of BANTRY BAY. He proved to be only a moderate horse. Mike Burns always had a very high opinion of GALTEE. GALTEE MORE started by winning the Hurstbourne Stakes at Stockbridge, ridden by my trial jockey, Garrett. Then he won the Molecombe Stakes at Goodwood, the Rous Plate at Doncaster, and the Middle Park Plate—in an absolute sea of mud; I think the heaviest going ever known—at Newmarket. He beat VELASQUEZ in a canter of six lengths. The late Mr. C. Greenwood ("Hotspur" of the *Telegraph*) said to me:

"Sam, you'll never beat him like that again," but he did exactly the same thing in the Two Thousand in 1897, beating him by about the same distance.

GALTEE MORE became a four-to-one-on chance



*Galtee Mare, s Wood wh.  
Winner of Hurstbourne, Sicks, Middle Park, Plate etc. as a Two Year Old.  
Bought for two thousand L. by and Leg. Prince of Wales. Sicks, S. Scot.*



for the Derby, after winning the Two Thousand, which meant a very anxious time for me. After several false reports that he was going to be got at, I had a huge dog, a cross between a retriever and a Newfoundland, a very intelligent beast, put as a guard for GALTEE MORE. I placed him in the passage outside his box (on a mat) one night, and he seemed to know exactly what was required of him. He went there without any persuasion afterwards. Nothing happened to GALTEE MORE, notwithstanding the false reports that had arisen in the neighbourhood; and when he went to the station to go to Epsom, this dog followed him, and at the station, without being spoken to at all, he jumped up into the luggage car, sat up on his hindlegs and looked at me as much as to say, "I've done my part." He then went back home.

Then commenced the railway journey, which proved to be of a very trying nature for me. I travelled with him in his box. We were shunted at Wimbledon (and there was, I should think, about £60,000 worth of horseflesh on the train), and were kept there for the best part of an hour in the *broiling sun*. I was absolutely beside myself to get away, and on making inquiries as to why we were detained, they said there were some trains to go

through, which proved to be workmen's trains with scarcely any workmen in them! This was on the Monday before the Derby.

We eventually arrived at Epsom, where there was a huge crowd to meet the favourite. I chartered two policemen, one walking in front of my string, one behind, and I brought up the rear in the carriage, followed by the crowd. We at length arrived at the Warren, Ben Ellam's old place, and quickly got the horses shut up.

GALTEE MORE was a most charming horse to do with. I found him all right at the stable in the evening. At 7.30 he was fed and done up for the night. At about ten o'clock I thought I'd go and have another peep at him, and see if my men were also there, as they were sleeping with him. To my surprise, when lights were lit, the stable was alive with rats. GALTEE MORE's manger was nearly black with them, and they ran over the grooms—Harry and Ted Pearce—during the night. However, they did not disturb the horses much. Harry was my travelling head man, and a real good trial jockey. He has been in my employ thirty years, a good servant whom I valued much. Ted Pearce always looked after GALTEE MORE.

Speaking of rats I remember a mare called LA MAUDITE in the late 'sixties, belonging to the present



Lord Coventry. She had killed a rat in her manger by biting it, and half ate some of it, a most extraordinary thing for a horse to do. No cat could have got in the box after horses were shut up.

GALTEE MORE got through his work in the morning all right. He went the course steadily on the Tuesday, and a canter of five furlongs on the morning of the race. When leaving for the race-course, Mr. John Corlett, of the *Sporting Times*, who joined us at lunch, accompanied us, and he wrote in his columns of this memorable journey of the Derby favourite.

When we arrived at the Durdans' corner, we could not get in by the door that should have opened into the paddock. There was a horse called GLENMORGAN in front, a travelling companion of GALTEE MORE, and we became as near as possible entangled in the vehicular traffic; and Mr. Corlett with his umbrella, and myself close behind, tried to persuade the man to loose the chain and let us into the course, but the man said he hadn't any orders to do so. I put my shoulder under this fellow and gave him a shove, and politely sent him into the course (to the delight of the crowd), and so we got through. Then they would not let us into the paddock, and we had to walk between a line of cab horses, standing tail to tail at the side of the pad-

The Derby  
morning

How we  
reached the  
paddock

dock where the horses from the town side came in. I had the greatest trouble here with GALTEE MORE, for, of course, he was a stallion, and there were some mares close by, which made him very excited. He was breaking out and sweating a little when we got into the paddock, but soon settled down.

Since then horses have often been admitted to the paddock from the lower side, for many are stabled at Sherwood's, as well as at the Warren on the far side of the course, but Mr. Dorling was not obliging enough on that occasion, and the gate was bolted and barred even against the Derby favourite.

In the race itself GALTEE MORE got nicely away, running about fifth, until approaching Tattenham

How he  
won      Corner, when he dashed to the front  
without an effort, and won very easily.

GALTEE MORE, after winning, was led in by Mr. Gubbins, and immediately after weighing in I followed him to the paddock. Many people in the crowd were securing hairs from his tail as he passed along. The horse went through the ordeal very well, but I was most anxious to get to the paddock as quickly as possible, as otherwise I am sure he would not have had a hair left.

On the morning of the race GALTEE MORE had half a feed of corn (plain oats) early before he went out; a feed and a half when he came in; then two double handfuls damped, three hours before the

race, when we went to get him ready ; and twenty "go-downs," *i.e.* swallows of water, three hours before the race, *viz.* about twelve o'clock.

GALTEE MORE ran triumphantly through a great season, for he gained his triple crown by winning the

A blaze  
of triumph

St. Leger, and he had also won the New-market Stakes and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot. There is no wonder that such

a big horse began to feel the effects of continuous work for first-class engagements, and some people thought it time to retire him for the season when the speedy CHELANDRY ran him a close finish for the St. Leger. The truth, however, was that this was

a ridiculously false run race, as nothing really went along until they were half a mile from home, and the time in which it was won, 3 min. 31½ sec., was not so good as that for a two-mile race on the same day. When we bear in mind that NIGHT

HAWK's time for the St. Leger last year was 3 min. 3⅓ sec., we can easily see that GALTEE MORE's race was nothing like a trial over the full course.

Anyhow, he was very far from played out for that season, as he ran perhaps the greatest race of his

A glorious  
defeat

career in the Cambridgeshire later on, when with 9 st. 6 lb. in the saddle he finished fifth, not more than a length behind the winner, COMFREY, 7 st. 2 lb.

Jack Watts rode him on that occasion, and said

afterwards that he had not until then realised what a wonderful horse he was. Indeed, had not GALTEE MORE been a trifle sore from his continuous work, and flinched a little coming down Bushes Hill, Watts was of opinion that he would have just won, for he was catching the leaders with giant strides in the last furlong, and few in Tattersall's enclosure knew how near he was to actually catching them at the finish. The judge, however, will confirm what I have stated here.

I hoped to have trained GALTEE MORE for Cups and other engagements the following season, but he was sold to the Russian Government, as I shall relate in another chapter, and he had a leg which I did not think would stand.



CORNER OF THE BACK YARD OF BECHAMPTON STABLES.



## CHAPTER VIII

### THE SALE OF GALTEE MORE

NATURALLY I had no wish that GALTEE MORE should be sold, but in the spring of 1898 the Russian Government asked the International Horse Agency and Exchange, Limited, to recommend them a horse at a limit of 10,000 guineas, likely to make a high-class stallion. Mr. William Allison, manager of the Agency, wrote to me, asking if that sum would be taken for KILCOCK, and, as I thought it would, he recommended Mr. Dorojynski, who by that time was in England representing the Russian Government, to go to Beckhampton and buy KILCOCK.

Mr. Dorojynski, a big, hefty gentleman, came down to Beckhampton and liked KILCOCK very much, but on seeing GALTEE MORE he said :

“ I should prefer to buy that horse ! ”

The Russian  
commis-  
sioner  
prefers  
Galtee More  
to Kilcock

No doubt on that score ; but he was told that he would have to obtain a greatly enlarged commission, if his aspirations were so high. He was a good judge, for he saw CYLLENE win the Newmarket Stakes shortly afterwards, and he said

GALTEE MORE and CYLLENE were the only two horses he wanted in England—and this although he had been to see scores of others.

He was advised that GALTEE MORE, who had won the classics, was better worth attention than **An increased commission** CYLLENE, and he accepted that view, but had to return to Russia to discuss the financial position. A few weeks later he returned with General Arapoff and Count Nierod, General Arapoff being empowered by the Grand Duke Dmitri, manager of the Russian Horse-breeding Board, to purchase GALTEE MORE.

This triumvirate came down to Beckhampton on May 12, 1898, and were highly delighted with all they saw. Mr. Gubbins accompanied them. They were so enraptured by GALTEE MORE himself that they never hesitated about the purchase, subject to his being passed sound for stud purposes, but they entreated me to let them see him extended in a slow-speed gallop; "for that," said they, "we shall never see in Russia."

Mr. Gubbins was willing, and though GALTEE MORE had a very questionable leg, I sent him, led **One little gallop** by SHADDOCK, who was equally shaky, two or three furlongs well on the rising grade. The Russians were in ecstasies, and SHADDOCK was bought as well as GALTEE MORE.

So excited did the Russian gentlemen become,



that, just before driving away, General Arapoff tore down a picture of GALTEE MORE from one of my rooms and carried it off as if it were "loot." Of course I took this all in good part, and the General, later on, sent me back the picture.

General  
Arapoff's  
loot

It was agreed that GALTEE MORE was to run for the Ascot Cup in the name of the CZAR OF RUSSIA if all went well with him, and in this connection a letter, completing the negotiations, contained the following passage :

The Ascot  
Cup.  
"No win—  
no run!"

"I may say without hesitation, that if he shall run for the Ascot Cup in the name of the Grand Duke, or some other illustrious Russian personage, his victory (which is already assured) would do more than all the efforts of diplomacy to promote between the two nations that good fellowship which ought never to have been interrupted. Such a victory would be hailed with enthusiasm here (in England), reviving as it would the august traditions connected with this particular race, making it once more, in very truth, The Emperor's Cup."

Of course it is well known that before the Crimean War the Ascot Cup was styled the Emperor's Cup, and was given by the Czar ; but as regards

the good wishes in the above quoted passage, General Arapoff, who left GALTEE MORE with me to train for the Ascot Cup, according to my discretion, observed on parting :

“ Remember ! No win—no run ! ”

Of course, under such conditions, I could not risk the horse's doubtful leg, and was thanked afterwards for having delivered him sound.

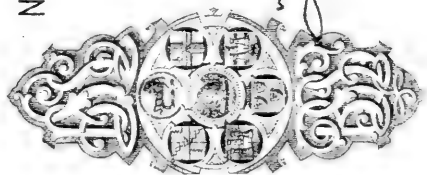
The occasion of the agreement to purchase for 20,000 guineas was celebrated by Mr. Gubbins

A dinner entertaining the Russian commissioners  
at Prince's. to dinner at Prince's Restaurant, on the  
Mr. Gubbins reluctant evening of May 13, 1898 ; and when  
the Russians had gone, as I am informed, to the  
Empire, Mr. Gubbins, as Irishmen are apt to do,  
turned “ contrary,” and vowed he would not sell  
the horse at all. However, he was pursued to his  
rooms, and a form of receipt for the money was  
left for him to sign. Next morning he had gone  
off to Ireland, leaving the receipt signed, though it  
was not until after 4 p.m. next day that the money,  
£22,500 in all, was paid over to the Horse Agency,  
in the presence of a Notary-Public. This amount  
included the insurance premium and transport of  
GALTEE MORE to Russia.

Departure of Galtee More It was very quickly decided that GAL-  
TEE MORE could not be trained for the  
Ascot Cup, and on June 11, 1898, he left from

Nº 128 / B82450

London May 13 1898



*Lloyds Bank Limited*

165, ABINGDON STREET, S.W.

Pay John Lubbock Esq

or Bearer

Twenty Thousand Pounds

20,000

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE AGENCY  
AND EXCHANGE, LIMITED

W. Allison

THE GATTEE MORE CHEQUE.



Harwich for Russia in charge of the late Tom McLean, Pearce, his boy, having accompanied him as far as the boat, s.s. *Berlin*.

He was berthed, I believe, on the starboard quarter of the main deck, where there were stalls for three horses, all of which stalls were knocked into one for his accommodation. The amply sufficient box thus made was well padded, and the deck, besides having the usual footholds, was thickly strewn with ashes, and then straw laid over all. As soon as the horse was on board tarpaulins were ready to close in the space where he was, and prevent his seeing a number of dealer's horses. None of these however were allowed to stand anywhere near him.

He reached his destination quite safely, and was by far the most successful stallion in Russia while he remained there.

## CHAPTER IX

### FROM BECKHAMPTON TO SOUTH AFRICA

IN 1898 I won the St. Leger with WILDFOWLER, as stated in a previous chapter, but he was not within twenty-one pounds of a horse like GALTEE MORE; and when he was ultimately sold to go to France, I believe the price was 5,000 or 6,000 guineas, which seems a small sum indeed nowadays for a classic winner.

Nothing which ever came under my control came near to equalling the three great sons of  
**Morganette** MORGANETTE—BLAIRFINDE, GALTEE MORE, and ARD PATRICK; and I am sure many of my readers will like to study the record of the wonderful family of which she was such a distinguished member. So I have had all the details carefully made out.

The family first came into the front rank through DIVERSION, by DEFENCE, who was foaled in 1838. Her daughters, MIAMI and MADAME EGLANTINE, were brood mares of the very highest class, and it was from the former of these that MORGANETTE descended, as appears on the next page.



*Wildquaker,  
Winner of the St. Jeger.  
The joint property of Captain Groce and Sam Darling.*





No. 5 Family.

**MORGANETTE**

(Dam of the winners of over £53,000.)

Brown, 1884

By **SPRINGFIELD 12**

Out of **LADY MORGAN** (dam of Lady Bothwell, Morgiana, Tredegar, Ruperra—winner of £4,623, Alloway—winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes, St. George's Stakes, Great Yorkshire Handicap, etc.; grandam of Johnny Morgan, Rozelle—winner of the Coronation Stakes, Arrandale—winner of the Midland Derby Stakes, etc., John Morgan, etc.) .. .. by **THORMANBY 4**

Out of **MORGAN-LA-FAYE** (winner of races and dam of Mozart, Marie Stuart—winner of the Oaks, St. Leger, Ascot Gold Vase, and £12,000 in stakes, dam of Crime, White Sail, Queen of Pearls, and Merry Gal—winner of over £13,000 and dam of White Eagle, Merry Moment, Ulpian, etc.) .. .. by **COWL 2**

Out of **MIAMI** (winner of the Oaks and dam of Morgan-la-Faye, Catawba, dam of Lorna Doone, Minnie Warren, Mrs. Stratton, etc.) .. .. by **VENISON 11**

Out of **DIVERSION** (dam of Madame Eglantine—winner of six races and dam of Rosierucian, The Palmer, Morna, Frivola, Centenary and Chaplet—dam of Morion, Winkfield, etc.) .. .. by **DEFENCE 5**

NOTE.—Her sons **ARD PATRICK** and **GALTEE MORE** have between them sired the winners of over £200,000.

<b>MORGANETTE</b> (br, 1884)		SPRINGFIELD <b>12</b> (b, 1873)		St. Albans <b>2</b> (ch, 1857)	Stockwell <b>3</b> (ch, 1849)	The Baron <b>24</b> (ch, 1842)	Birdcatcher <b>11</b> Echidna
		Viridis (b, 1864)	Marsyas <b>12</b> (ch, 1851)		Pocahontas (b, 1837)	Glencoe <b>1</b> Marpessa	
LADY MORGAN <b>5</b> (ch, 1865)	Thormanby <b>4</b> (ch, 1857)		Melbourne or Wind- hound* <b>3</b> (br, 1847)	Maid of Palmyra (br, 1855)	Orlando <b>13</b> (b, 1841)	The Libel <b>14</b> (br, 1842)	Pantaloons <b>17</b> Pasquinade
		Pyrrhus the First (ch, 1843) [3]			Splitvote (ch, 1841)	St. Luke <b>2</b> Electress	
Morgan-la-Faye (b, 1852)	Cowl <b>2</b> (b, 1842)	Alice Hawthorn (b, 1838)	Palmyra (br, 1838)	Orlando <b>13</b> (b, 1841)	Whisker <b>1</b> Garcia	Epirus <b>13</b> Fortress	
				Rebecca (b, 1831)	Sultan <b>8</b> Hester		
Miami (ro, 1844)	Crucifix (b, 1837)	Bay Middleton <b>1</b> (b, 1833)	Venison <b>11</b> (Br, 1833)	Pantaloons <b>17</b> (ch, 1824)	Castrel <b>2</b> Idalia	Touchstone <b>14</b> Decoy	
				Diversion (ch, 1838)	Lottery Dau. of Cervantes		
					Sultan <b>8</b> Cobweb	Priam <b>6</b> Octaviana	
					Partisan <b>1</b> Fawn	Defence <b>5</b> Folly	

by Middleton **1**—Little Folly (grandam of Defence and Dangerous, winner of the Derby) by Highland Fling **12**—Harriet by Volunteer **9**—Mare by Alfred **12**—Magnolia by Marske **8**—Mare by Babraham **15**—Mare by Sedbury ✱—Ebony by Flying Childers **6**—Old Ebony by Basto **6**—**THE MASSEY MARE**, Family No. **5**.

\* Windhound extended.

## STUD BOOK RECORD.

- 1889—br f Annette by Mayboy. (Did not run, dam of Ania, £254, Quick March, £949.)
- 1890—ch f Marietta by Kendal. (Winner of three races, £726.)
- 1891—b or br c Blairfinde by Kendal. (Winner of the Irish Derby, £560.)
- 1892—c (dead) by Kendal.
- 1893—b or br c. by Kendal.
- 1894—b c Galtee More by Kendal. (Winner of £27,019, including Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger.)
- 1895—br f Sugar Loaf by Gallinule. (Ran, but did not win.)
- 1896—slipped foal to St. Florian.
- 1897—b f Galtee Queen by St. Florian. (Placed third once.)
- 1898—b or br c Galteebeg by St. Florian. (Placed once.)
- 1899—br c Ard Patriek by St. Florian. (Winner of £24,908, including the Derby, Prince of Wales's, and Eclipse Stakes, etc.)
- 1900—b f Temple Hill by Kendal. (Ran, but did not win.)
- 1901-2-3-4-5-6—Barren.
- Died in 1909.

MORGANETTE was bred by the late Mr. Houldsworth. He sold her to Mr. Gubbins for £200 or £300. With a little bit of luck with her progeny she would have proved the most wonderful broodmare ever known. One colt out of her was the best looking of all her stock, but could not be trained. There were two or three nice fillies, but something happened to each of them. Her colts that made history were GALTEE MORE, BLAIRFINDE, and ARD PATRICK.

ERCILDOUNE won the Duke of York's Stakes at Kempton, and shortly afterwards was beaten by a short head in the Cesarewitch, which was very

bad luck, as I had contemplated bringing off a good double event, and Tommy Loates, who rode him in the Cesarewitch, admitted that had he not pulled round coming down the Bushes Hill he would certainly have won.

The next good horse was ARD PATRICK. He, like the rest of MORGANETTE'S progeny, was very slow in coming to hand, and was a very backward colt. I could not get him ready for the Two Thousand, as he would not come to hand in the spring. MORGANETTE was dam of ARD PATRICK, GALTEE MORE, and BLAIRFINDE, three Derby winners.

Before writing more, however, about ARD PATRICK, I must explain that at the end of his two-year-old season I was pretty badly run down by my work, and was advised to take a sea voyage to South Africa.

Away to  
South  
Africa

This was in the winter of 1901. So, leaving the stable in charge of my *fidus Achates*, Mr. Heard, I embarked on the Union Castle s.s. *Gaika*, at Southampton, during Christmas week, together with Mr. Allison ("The Special Commissioner" of the *Sportsman*), his wife and daughter, and a very cheery, though limited number of other fellow passengers. This was my first experience of foreign travel, and the Boer war was still on. Mr. John Corlett, on hearing of my expedition, jokingly said, "Sam Darling has gone out to settle it."



MR. J. E. HEARD.



I was not in those days a champion sailor, nor, indeed, am I now, and as we ran into bad weather immediately after passing the Needles, and had four successive days of it, I prefer not to dwell on that experience. The following report, however, of how we were faring on the evening of December 30, 1901, will satisfy most readers that up to that time my lot was not a happy one. It was written at the time.

“It is about 8.30 p.m., and we are still labouring through the Bay, which we entered at 12.50 p.m.

**In the Bay** yesterday, and may emerge from about 12 mid-day to-morrow. It is well, I suppose, when you are about it to experience these things properly, and if you are ordered a thorough change to be sure and get it. From this point of view we have not been unfortunate, for after an easy run from London to Southampton, we began to come in for bad weather an hour or two after leaving the latter place, and this soon told its tale among the hitherto eager seafarers. Getting worse throughout the night and following morning, it was more than most had feared, even in their dreams, before the Bay itself was tackled, and then it simply went double on what it had been doing before without ever an easy. The good ship *Gaika* is as steady and stable a craft as can be, and our captain, who is a bit of a Job's comforter,

said she was not rolling at all, in his opinion, though she might begin to do so in the night. Now, had she been one of several other vessels he could mention, we should know what rolling really meant. The captain's words were quite true, for certainly in the night we got an enlarged experience of rolling, and throughout to-day we seem to have been heaving over ceaseless mountains of water and plunging down into yawning valleys without end, partly pitching and partly heaving, the ship behaving admirably—in the captain's opinion—and he knows well what is good or bad behaviour on the part of a ship in such circumstances."

"The Special Commissioner," who enjoys immunity from sea sickness, worried us all about the desirability of celebrating New Year's New Year's  
Eve in the  
Bay Eve. No one thought of agreeing to such a proposal, but on referring to a file of the *Sportsman*, I find that he wrote on the evening of December 31 :

"It is New Year's Eve, and I, at any rate, will see the New Year in, though the saloon light where I am writing is put out at 10.30, and that in the smoking-room at 11.30. I have never, to the best of my recollection, missed seeing a New Year in, and I am not going to begin now. Moreover, I propose to knock at our various 'state-



room' doors, bestowing on the occupants the customary good wishes."

The same writer, dating January 1, 1902, continued :

" When last I wrote I explained my intentions as to seeing in the New Year on board this vessel, and those who know me will not have doubted that I did it ; but the task was not easy—at least for one among the first-class passengers, most, if not all, of whom had lost the salt and fire of life for the time being. They turned in long before the due time, and I sat writing up in the room above the saloon till it was a case of ' lights out ' there, and then the smoking-room was the next resource for putting in the necessary hours ; but even there it was a case of closing the bar at 11.15, and still three-quarters of an hour to make good. I went out on the fore-deck, and heard the gay sounds of a sing-song going on amid the third-class passengers, many of whom are as undesirable a crowd as you could wish to imagine—Polish Jews and so forth of the most squalid type. In the second-class saloon there was mirth and melody, and as I stood above it there came roaring up a chorus from ' San Toy,' and in deeper, mellower, heart-searching harmonies the primeval chorus of the sea.

" How strange it seemed to stand there under a beautiful starlit sky, listening to all this frivolous

gaiety, and looking on the great ocean while the old year was dying. I do not want to labour this effect in what I am writing, but merely to suggest it, and let my readers think it out for themselves. It was now near midnight—and such a beautiful night, too! I went inside to see the saloon clock: only one minute more to go. I watched it half a minute, then went on deck and bade adieu to the old, young year, 1901, and welcomed the newcomer, 1902.

“With that—being to the manner born—I hastened down to pose as ‘lucky bird,’ or ‘first foot,’ and wish a ‘Happy New Year’ to others who had not borne with me in my vigil; but here my dream was ended, for, by some I was sternly reprimanded for having been on deck without a great coat, and having cold hands; by others I was objugated, even more forcibly, for waking them, until it occurred to me that, after all, I was little better than the ‘Waits’ at Christmas, and so I began, almost with shame, to turn in.

“Then, however, I had my revenge, for the chief officer—a great and good man—had appointed 12.30 a.m. as the proper time to holystone the decks, and the alarming sound overhead did me no hurt, for I was still awake; but it wrought panic among others, and I quickly saw the electric light turned up in the cabin of Mr. S. Darling,

which is next my own. Thus were they all forced, however unwillingly, to at least acknowledge the existence of the New Year, though most did it under keen apprehension that something had 'gone wrong with the works.' Holystoning the decks just above your head is a sort of sound you do not readily satisfy yourself about. I myself thought it was some practical joke, but it was very real business, and the next morning the chief officer gloried in it. Meanwhile—or rather later, to be strictly accurate—the sun had risen, bringing in a New Year."

I have drawn on "The Special Commissioner" for these intermediate experiences, as they are more agreeable than were my own during the same period.

Still quoting from my friend's diary, I can clearly call to mind what rapid benefit I received from the voyage. On January 3, 1902, he wrote:

"Already his friends in England would hardly know our friend, Sam Darling, who is as fresh as  
The benefit of a voyage a lark, and is developing great skill at the game of 'Bull.' I have just been playing deck quoits with him, and, if all goes on as well as it now promises, he will return to England a ten years younger man. These facts will, I am sure, be of interest to my readers, so many of whom are interested in the Beckhampton trainer and his

Derby horses. Sometimes we are inclined for reading, and I noticed yesterday that Mr. Darling had selected a book entitled *A Master of Craft*, but, finding it to be, after all, only a seafaring work, he soon rejected it."

I suppose there was some *double entendre* about the last sentence, but no matter. My further progress to complete health must have reached its zenith by January 14, 1902, for written on that date comes the following :

"Mr. Darling has this day participated triumphantly in the ribbon race. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may explain that this is a race for ladies, each of whom is supplied with a different coloured ribbon, and a certain number of gentlemen stationed at the opposite ends of the deck hold similar ribbons, but concealed in their hands. The ladies race down the deck and find by rapid inquiries which man has got the corresponding ribbon for each. It is for each man, as soon as found, to knot the two ribbons together as quickly as possible and race back again with the lady, she holding one end and he the other of the combined two. Now men are not, as a rule, very nimble with their fingers, and some get agitated and nervous over their futile endeavours to tie knots. Our worthy friend from Beckhampton, however, was cool as a cucumber, and clever as a



SAM DARLING AND HIS SON FRED.



cat. In every heat when a lady matched his ribbon he tied up the knot in a twinkling, and jumped off the mark like a professional sprinter. Five times did I see him do this, and in four of these he was first past the post. Once, indeed, he was too quick, and started while still tying the ribbons, amid loud cries of 'Objection!' But when it came to the final heat he put in an A1 performance, dashing his lady past the post fully six lengths in front of the second, whose pilot, though twenty-two years of age, and himself the winner of the potato race, was quite outclassed on this occasion."

These trifles would not be worth mentioning were it not that they form an object lesson of the easy way in which a man who can take a sea voyage may regain health and vitality in a short time. I was, at that period, training myself—to speak—to be ready for the training of *ARD PATRICK* and *PORT BLAIR* when I got home. Thanks to the trip to South Africa and back, I was able to take on the big campaign of the 1902 season with full vigour and confidence.

The rest of the voyage was uneventful, though very pleasant, until the Sunday evening, **Sabbath** January 20, 1902, before we reached **boxing on** Cape Town. Then indeed there was a **the Gaika** diversion, which afforded excellent sport, and again

I quote from my friend, who wrote at the time, what my memory absolutely verifies :

“ Last evening, I, who write, incited various young bloods to box on the first-class deck, and we had quite a good show. It all began through a young Irishman wanting to have the gloves on with a German schoolmaster, who had treated him more or less disagreeably throughout the voyage ; but when the gloves were brought nothing would induce the Teutonic pedagogue to emerge from the protecting vicinity of two ladies, though his would-be opponent offered him one pair with pertinacious courtesy. However, having got so far, we declined to be disappointed, and our young Irish friend found some one else to take him on. They fought two short rounds of hurricane character, the Irishman having all the best of it ; and after it was over, the German schoolmaster, who had ventured to the side of the vessel, hastily returned to the protecting petticoats. Two other opponents were soon found, and these went through three rounds, timed by myself, amid much applause. Then Dr. Waldron and his brother had a go of three rounds, and quite a lively one it was, the countenance of the brother showing unmistakable signs this morning. It was really amusing sport, and livened everybody up marvellously, except one puritanical gentleman, who was horrified



at such Sabbath-breaking. They wanted me to try my luck with a great, hulking second-class passenger, about 25 years old and fully 14 st. in weight, who may or may not have been useful, but I did not see the force of giving 25 years and 3 st. to anybody, so declared my preference for a bout with Dr. Dunlop. That gentleman, however, retired at once to the smoking-room, where I soon afterwards joined him.

“This morning the German schoolmaster has had his nose pulled by the young Irishman, and further developments are promised this afternoon, as to which I shall have time to write another line or two.

“*January 21.*

“We have Table Mountain well in view this morning, so the end of the voyage has very nearly come. I must just add a line to say that my young Irish friend, referred to above, failing to draw the German schoolmaster, but spoiling for a turn up with some one, fell foul of a comparatively harmless fellow-passenger, and they indulged in a rough-and-tumble on the deck, with the result that they were reported to the captain, who sent for the carpenter and the irons. This had an immediately pacifying effect—just as the ‘Monstrous Crow’ had on Tweedledum and Tweedle-dee.

“Last evening therefore passed without any exciting incident. We finished it with ‘Auld Lang Syne’ in approved style, cheers for the captain, and so forth. It has been a long voyage, but a very happy one. That is all I have time to write.”

After this came all the trouble of landing and getting away from the docks, which you could not do without having been carefully “vetted” for plague, before leaving the dock gates. I put up at the Queen’s Hotel, Sea Point, which was quieter, and probably more comfortable, than the Mount Nelson, and found the country very pleasant, though martial law was still on and it was necessary to get a permit to go more than twenty miles from Cape Town.

Thanks to the late Mr. Graham Cloete, brother to Mr. Brodrick Cloete, we saw whatever was possible of South African racing, and with Mr. Allison I visited some stables, of which the following is his report, and it is a perfectly accurate one.

**Cape Town  
and racing  
stables**

“We went along the same day, January 30, 1902, to see two training stables in that neighbourhood, and though Mr. Darling had seen some rough ones in Ireland, his eyes were somewhat enlightened by these. The first was the establishment presided

over by Mr. Bradley, a short distance from the Kenilworth race-course. This gentleman was most kind, and I would not criticise his place except that he did so himself. Suffice it that the building is of what we should style the ramshackle type, with hardly room to make a gangway behind the horses from one end to the other. Sawdust bedding is another feature; but, withal, the horses were looking well, and among them we saw BOSCOMBE CHIMES and IRRESISTIBLE, the latter of whom is an even greater thief here than he was in England. The Master of Beckhampton looked ruefully at him, remembering the day when, with Sloan up, he beat JUBERT at Newmarket and cost the stable 'a thousand' of the best; nor did his depredations end there, for in consequence of this victory they followed him and had £500 on him next time he ran and was beaten. Mr. Bradley showed us two beautiful galloways, PAT C. and another, and really for the time being, a good galloway seems to be the most useful type of racer to possess in this country. PAT C., who had won the Divided Galloway Handicap at the recent South African Turf Club's Meeting, is built something on the same lines as EAGER.

" Bidding good-bye to Mr. Bradley, we drove as fast as two razor-backed, hide-bound scarecrows of horses could take us to Mr. Randall's stable, near

Newlands, about a mile and a half away, and here, Mr. Randall's at any rate, the buildings are sufficiently spacious and with good ventilation, but it must cost this young trainer no small effort to dissipate the lethargy which seems to hang over the locality. Left to themselves for a few moments while the master was in his house, the boys of various ages were sleeping around the yard, together with various weird-looking dogs. A forbidding-looking nigger was on guard, and eyed us askance as if we were after no good ; but soon Mr. Randall appeared, and every one was sharpened up. His stable may be reckoned as one of the most fashionable at present in South Africa, and the principal inmate of it is our old friend CHESNEY, who, after many vicissitudes by sea and land, has at last found himself in luck's way. This good-looking chestnut, brother to MALUMA, had won the Metropolitan Merchants' Handicap, the principal event at the S.A.T.C. Meeting, on the 26th ult. He was weighted so as to stop him if possible, having to carry no less than 10 st. 7 lb., with THE GOWN, a previous winner, handicapped at 6 st. ; GREEN SEA, the hitherto best, 9 st. 5 lb. ; IRRESISTIBLE, 7 st. 5 lb., etc., etc. ; and this is what the *Racing Calendar* of January 16 says of him : ' Only five runners turned out for the £500 Metropolitan Handicap. CHESNEY was

installed favourite at evens, although carrying top weight, 10 st. 7 lb. He won in magnificent style, and good judges are unanimously of opinion that he is the finest horse, both in looks, speed, and stamina, that has hitherto appeared on a South African course. He was never extended, and won like a champion.'

"We had him led out for us to see, and this is the first time since leaving Australia that he has ever been really trained.<sup>1</sup>"

I found South Africa most interesting, and saw many notable things in Mr. Cecil Rhodes's house, and the Stand, not very far from there, where they originally sold slaves by auction. I also saw as much of the racing at Kenilworth as time would permit, and when asked for suggestions about the horses and racing I gave them freely to the best of my ability.

To my surprise the sportsmen of Cape Town appreciated this to such an extent that they presented me with a silver tea and coffee service. The suggestions I made were *re* the mating of horses, training, treatment generally, the courses, and many other things.

*Mr. Cecil Rhodes's house.* Outside Cape Town, attached to Mr. Cecil Rhodes's house, was a large

<sup>1</sup> CHESNEY has since then proved a successful stallion in South Africa.

menagerie, with all kinds of wild animals, not very securely fenced in. After inspecting the estate of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Captain Bagot Chester and the aggressive Dutchman motored us round Wynberg, and as the car slowed up through a village a big Dutchman rushed out, with a long fork in his hand, and struck the car close to my back. I only just escaped. I said to the Captain :

“ What’s the meaning of this ? ”

“ Well,” said he, “ just now they don’t like the English.”

When we got to Wynberg we were having a look round where a certain ditch was pointed out to me, which had, previous to the war, contained a very large number of rifles, buried there by the Boers in readiness for an attack on the troops landing. These were found by a man when taking a walk with his dog. The dog started to scratch on the ditch, and the man saw something shining. He at once disturbed the surface, and found what the ditch contained, viz. a large number of rifles.

The country itself was extremely pleasant, though at times the heat was rather trying.

I was staying only a very short time in the country, for I felt the call of Beckhampton all the while ; but on February 4, 1902, I made yet another expedition to see what I could of training

stables, and we found that sizeable horses can be raised in South Africa by those who go the right way to work, and have suitable land. The animals to which I refer were the property of Mr. Nourse, and were trained by White, at the Vineyard Hotel, Newlands. Captain Bagot Chester was good enough to run us out on a motor-car to see this stable, and on the way we passed through Mr. Cecil Rhodes's domains, where all manner of beasts may be seen in their spacious paddocks. White, if I recollect rightly, used to be with one of the Leaders, and he was certainly doing well here, both as trainer and jockey. The stable was more like one of our home ones than any I saw out there; but the horses were all bred in South Africa, and, with few exceptions, were by PEARL DIVER, whom many of us will remember as one of the first sons of MASTER KILDARE, and contemporary with MELTON. PEARL DIVER was located at a stud somewhere near Graaf Reinet, and Mr. Nourse used to buy eight or nine of his stock bred there every year. This year, unfortunately, there were none to buy, as, thanks to the Boer marauders, all the foals were lost, though the mares were saved. PEARL DIVER'S stock would be a credit to any horse at home, one of them in particular—WILD PLUNGER by name—being good enough looking to win in the best company. He was a great performer in South

Africa, and White was rather anxious for Mr. Nourse to send him to England to try his fortune there.

Two features of this stable, which are for South Africa very remarkable, may be mentioned—viz. that the horses were bedded on straw and that there was a good supply of excellent green food in the shape of lucerne. This last point must tell immensely in their favour, though where this lucerne came from is a mystery. There was plenty of lucerne of sorts to be obtained; but I nowhere else saw any fresh and green like this. There were only two or three ponies in the stable, one being the imported mare, BONNET BOX, said to be by GLORIATION. She was quite a little wonder in her way, and said to be as good at polo as racing. All the other occupants of the stable were well-grown, big-boned animals, and they proved to demonstration that size can be maintained in South Africa—at any rate, under such conditions as are observed at the stud where these horses are produced.

I appear to have not committed myself to any opinion on the forthcoming “classics” before I sailed for England on the *Dunvegan Castle*, on February 5, 1902, for the following quotation from the *Sportsman* is no doubt correct:

Leaving  
South  
Africa.  
Seasonable  
advice



"CAPETOWN,

"February 5.

" 'My advice is—Don't bet on the Derby at all for a long time yet. I certainly shall not do so.' These are the words of wisdom communicated to me yesterday by S. Darling, and may be taken as his final message before his departure for home, as he sails to-day by the mail boat *Dunvegan Castle*, and should reach England in sixteen or seventeen days' time. I am only sorry he has had to go so soon, but it is certain that the change has done him an immense lot of good, and if he lands in England as fit as he is now, it will be good business to follow the Beckhampton horses throughout the coming season."

It may be fairly claimed that the writer of the above gave a good "tip," for we know now what ARD PATRICK did, and for myself—I am still running.

## CHAPTER X

### ARD PATRICK

ARD PATRICK'S two-year-old career does not need to be carefully recorded, though it was good enough to give me great hopes of his following season. At that time we had also a good colt in PORT BLAIR, whom many expected to be among the best of his year.

Like many another big colt before him, ARD PATRICK did not come to anything like his best for the Two Thousand Guineas, and a fortnight later he rolled about while running for the Newmarket Stakes, and was disqualified for bumping FOWLING PIECE.

After that he came to hand nicely, and I was well satisfied with him when we got him to Epsom.

When he was on the course to do his  
**The Derby** work there, I particularly noticed him staring at the stands, and he even did so when I gave him a steady canter past them, so I gave him several other canters past the stands until he was more settled down. He was set practic-

ally the same work as GALTEE MORE. I got him out safely into the paddock. I was staying on the town side, at Mr. W. Nightingall's place, and went to try and find Mr. Gubbins. I found him walking with his two sticks.

"Well, how's yourself, old man?" said he.

"I'm pretty well, thanks," I replied.

"And how's the horse?"

"He's all right, and I'm very pleased with him; but you know, Mr. Gubbins, when you were ill in the spring I wrote you about the progress of ARD PATRICK, and said you ought to back him for the Derby. As I did not get a reply to my letter I asked Mr. C. Mills to put £1,000 on him, declaring that you could have all or what you liked of it, and I informed you of this."

Another  
Sceptre at  
Sandown

Smiling, he turned round and exclaimed:

"Begad! I've got £2,000 on him, old man."

"I suppose," I said, "that means I've got to stand what I was going for you?"

"Well, I don't suppose you mind that," he replied. (I stood my bet, and won about £6,000.)

"What do you think about it, really, now?" he asked.

"I think we shall win."

"But how about SCEPTRE?"

"Well, I saw SCEPTRE out this morning; she

was looking light, and fretting very, very much, and I think we are sure to beat her."

"That's good news, old man."

ARD PATRICK won the Derby very easily.

When I saw SCEPTRE on the downs that morning, I said to a friend :

"I do not fear SCEPTRE to-day."

But it was a different tale when I saw her at Sandown on the Eclipse Stakes ; she had improved *very* much.

ARD PATRICK as a three-year-old won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and got it after an objection. At that time there was some new ground just about opposite the stand, and when he cantered down to the posts I saw him falter in this ground, and said to a friend who was next me, "By jingo, my horse has nearly broken his leg," it was such a strain to get it out of this deep ground. Though he got through the race with this, it prevented me training him for the St. Leger. He did little more than walking exercise that year.

I put him by for the Eclipse Stakes £10,000 next year, which he won. When he was tried for the Eclipse Stakes, he presented

**Great Trial  
of Ard  
Patrick** CARAVEL, who was then handicapped 7 st. 10 lb., with 3 st., and beat her by a neck over a mile, and did it twice. I then had to go to Newmarket, and sent my assistant—



*Ard Patrick,  
and Sam Darling on his back.*



Mr. Heard—with ARD PATRICK to Sandown, together with something to lead him. He worked him on the course. I told him to let him go the full course the day before, as I was particularly anxious he should get accustomed to the turn, as I felt pretty confident that he might, like many other horses, have some fear of galloping into those boards at the turn. The course was frightfully hard, and as it was somewhat slippery round the turn, I had him turned up rather sharp on the outside heels, and shod him with new larger-headed nails, which gave him a good grip, and it

**The Eclipse triumph** is history that he came round the turn with an advantage, beating SCEPTRE by a neck. Perhaps there was never a more exciting race run on an English race-course, even including ORMONDE'S great race (MINTING and BENDIGO at Ascot). You could have heard a pin drop during the last part of the race, and everybody seemed to be holding their breath. I quite expected to beat SCEPTRE.

On my arrival the night before the race at Sandown, ARD PATRICK was at exercise in the charge of Mr. Heard. Sir James Miller, with Blackwell and ROCK SAND, was also there. When I met Sir James Miller, he said :

“ Oh, you're going to run, then, Sam ? ”

I smiled and said :

“ Yes, I hope so.”

Then Blackwell told the man who was riding ROCK SAND to trot on. As every race-goer knew by this, he was a very bad goer, and I said :

“ Oh, I've seen him trot worse than that.”

I may say as I came through town I called on Mr. Gubbins, and told him I thought we should win, but after seeing SCEPTRE arrive that evening, I was convinced she had made extraordinary improvement, which certainly damped my ardour. I told Mr. Gubbins in the morning that I thought we should have our work cut out as this mare had so much improved, and he said to Mr. Fred Craven, when he asked him if his horse was all right :

“ Yes, but Sam seems to be very alarmed since he has seen SCEPTRE ; but at the same time thinks he may just beat her.”

The two horses, ARD PATRICK and SCEPTRE, were two really high-class race-horses. SCEPTRE was a public idol, but there was no question about it SCEPTRE was right on the day of the Eclipse Stakes. ARD PATRICK gave her sex allowance. I consider that the truest test of these two horses was shown on the Eclipse Stakes day, and not on the Derby day, and I always considered ARD PATRICK the better of the two, for the simple reason that on both occasions when he met her he





ERNEST DARLING.



defeated her, and ARD PATRICK never was so well in every way for any of his races as he was for the Derby and Eclipse.

In connection with the training of ARD PATRICK, I had a horse called SWEET SOUNDS, which I bought purposely to lead him. SWEET SOUNDS being rather bad tempered, I was always cautioning the boy who rode him. After ARD PATRICK'S final gallop for the Derby, led by SWEET SOUNDS, I sent these two horses to walk round my plantation and to get a turn in the shade of the trees, and I again instructed the boy to be careful with SWEET SOUNDS, but he loosed his girth, which is customary after galloping, and did not see that the pin of the buckle had not caught in the hole. It dropped down, and the buckle touched SWEET SOUNDS under the knee. He went down on his knees as if he had been shot, threw the boy off and seized him by his leg and ran round with him like a terrier with a rat, tearing his clothes off and part of his flesh. When he loosed him the boy ran for protection behind one of my ploughs. ARD PATRICK was ridden away behind the trees. SWEET SOUNDS made for home bridleless. My third son, Ernest, who met him up the road, approached him without fear. Part of the rein was on his neck; he put this round his nose and led him into the yard as quiet as a sheep.

The savage  
"Sweet  
Sounds"

The same horse, once, being stripped for a gallop, tried to savage Mr. Heard. I afterwards won a £1,000 race with SWEET SOUNDS at Derby.

I have never been very emphatic about which was the better of the two horses, GALTEE MORE and ARD PATRICK. GALTEE MORE had a thickening of the tendon under the knees, and this at different times caused me no little anxiety, and in the end was the cause of my not training him as a four-year-old for the Gold Cup at Ascot. It is doubtful which was the better, but the benefit of the doubt would probably be given to ARD PATRICK, as I could not very well train GALTEE MORE as a four-year-old. Could I have done so the question of merits might have been decided. GALTEE MORE was tried before the Two Thousand, one mile, ridden by Charles Wood, to receive a stone from KILCOCK, who was then handicapped 9 st. in the Jubilee. The way GALTEE MORE won he would have just about beaten KILCOCK at even weights. I did not try him for the Derby.

I have a good deal more to say about ARD PATRICK however in another chapter, for long before his four-year-old wins Count Lehndorff had been wanting to buy him, but Mr. Gubbins and Mr. Allison and I had been in Egypt during the preliminary negotiations.

Galtee More  
and Ard  
Patrick—  
Which was  
the better?

## CHAPTER XI

### VOYAGE TO EGYPT

I WENT in the beginning of 1903 to Egypt with Mr. Gubbins and Mr. Allison, and I think it the most interesting of the foreign countries I have visited.

The voyage was not very eventful, but the following from my scrap book shows that there was some humour in it.

“S.S. ‘OCEANA,’

“*January 12, 1903.*

“Overnight I had ended the Sabbath in the smoke-room, where an erudite person, bearded like the pard, was holding forth on questions of philology to any who would listen to him. He buttonholed the naval chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Tcely, and tackled him on the subject of the Pentateuch and various matters of religious dogma—all in a loud pedagogic voice. The chaplain seemed thoroughly uncomfortable, especially when asked to explain why and when Sunday was substituted for the Sabbath Day ; but he let the bearded one talk on, which was all the latter seemed to care for.

Others were playing bridge. I, by way of antidote, was trying to read *Old St. Paul's* once again; but when the erudite person got talking of Greek accents and the importance to be attached to them when pronouncing Greek words, a fear came over the assembly, and, the bar closing just then, we went sorrowfully to bed. I may pursue the subject to its sequel, however, for at 1 p.m. to-day, when we were approaching Cape St. Vincent, the erudite one, being informed of the fact, inquired *when we should pass Lisbon!* So much for erudition and Greek accents!

“ This morning the naval chaplain appeared much more at home playing quoits and shuffleboard. It has, indeed, been a glorious day. I found Mr. Gubbins on deck before breakfast, and for every one ‘ the bitterness of death ’ seemed to be past. Bright, beautiful air, many vessels passing us, land well in sight, bleak, inhospitable cliffs—a long, long line of them—and it was hereabouts in old days where so many battles were fought and won. I play bull board with Mr. Darling and am defeated. A like result attends my efforts at quoits; but now we watch our approach to Cape St. Vincent. It is amazing what fresh life there is in everybody—even in Mr. Gubbins’s servant, who is a new man. Luncheon comes before we reach the signalling point, but there is plenty of time, and this is seen

afterwards. There is no need here to describe a place which is so well known, but the whole effect is exhilarating in a high degree, and a little white-sailed, white-painted schooner coming up on the port tack between us and the shore, with the sun shining on her, completes a vastly interesting picture with just one master touch. A naval officer points to a headland far away and says it is Cape Trafalgar—at least, he thinks so, but is not sure without the chart. The erudite person is pacing and brooding alone over the relative positions of Lisbon and Cape St. Vincent. It is agreed between me and Mr. Darling that Mr. Taylor Sharpe would be a godsend on this ship, if only for the purposes of tackling this erudite person. Introduced as Professor Taylor Sharpe, I am sure he would astonish the gentleman, and doubtless teach him a great deal. It is good to be alive to-day, and, as the sight-seeing is more or less over, we revert to the various deck games. The captain has met Mr. Darling in the barber's saloon this morning and imparted to him the information that he once saw GALTEE MORE win a two-year-old race; 'And do you know,' added the captain, 'that horse also won the Derby?' Mr. Darling had heard that that was so, and later on conveyed the news to Mr. Gubbins, who was duly edified. We shall reach Gibraltar in the morning, and have been slowing

down for the past two days to avoid getting there too soon.

“ Mr. Gubbins has to-day performed an act of justice to Ireland by causing a Scotch member of Parliament who is on board to drink some special Irish whisky, and the Scotch member—away from his constituents—has declared that he never tasted such good whisky before.”

I make no apology for quoting from Mr. Allison's record of our voyage, for it was written at the time, and is necessarily more accurate than anything I could now write from memory, though memory, when refreshed, tells me it is exactly correct.

“S.S. ‘OCEANA,’  
“*January 13, 1903.*”

“ Oh, how that naval chaplain sang overnight ! Once wound up, he reeled off all the old favourites, such as ‘ There is a tavern in the town,’ ‘ Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket,’ etc., etc., and the choruses were vociferously rendered by all present. Mr. Gubbins, who had retired, was drawn from his cabin two decks below, and every one was delighted, though the erudite person smiled only feebly, and later on explained in the saloon certain musical inaccuracies—illustrating them with his own voice.



“ At seven this morning we were due at Gibraltar, and the clocks having been put on an hour during

the night we arrived there punctually.  
**At Gibraltar** Breakfast was advanced an hour, and so really the usual night was minus two hours. It would be idle here to go into any descriptive details of Gibraltar, where the new works seem to be progressing fast. The Mediterranean Fleet was well represented in the harbour, and about 7.30 H.M.S. *Victorious* came out and steamed close past us, her business of the day being torpedo practice.

“ There being no time to waste, we speedily got away with others in a launch, and Mr. Darling being at once singled out by one David Haros, courier of the Hôtel Cecil, Gibraltar, arranged surprisingly moderate terms for himself and me to be driven round and shown all that was worth seeing. We were consequently off and away immediately on landing, and, having repaired to the telegraph office, were then taken through the market, past the Governor’s house, on to the gates, which are shut against all comers at 7 p.m. Here are the lines of British sentries; then a few hundred yards of neutral ground, and on the other side the Spanish lines. At the gates there people are searched in thorough fashion, as attempts to smuggle are frequent, but we are passed through, and then go on foot through the Spanish town,

filthy, malodorous, ill paved, with cur dogs sitting at almost every door. Half a mile of this on the most irregular of jagged cobble stones is rather trying to feet after walking on deck, but at last we reach the splendid building which encloses the bull-ring. We are taken into this, and have all details explained. We enter the place where the bulls are kept before being let out into the arena, see the slaughter-house for bulls and horses—in fact, we see all that is to be seen, and also on returning have a good look at the race-course on the Gibraltar side. Of course, the rock and fortifications are duly noted, and then we pass through the meat and vegetable market, ultimately buying superb oranges after being forced to try them by a persistent vendor. Then through the Moorish market, where Moors have a monopoly of fowls and eggs. This is interesting in its way, as the merchants seem quite of a mediæval sort. Time begins to press and we drive on, but are advised by the good Haros to buy Moorish curios at a shop which he recommends. Here we encounter a most humorous Moor, who is a first-rate salesman. After a rapid encounter, Mr. Darling gradually gets his own way, and buys three pretty trifles at his own price. The Moor kisses them fondly as he packs them up, and says he could weep to think he will never see them more. In vain he urges

us to buy lace and many other articles. We have no money, we say. Ah! but he does not want money from us, he has only to look at us to see that he could trust us to pay, even if we bought his whole shop, and so on, and so on; but we are not further drawn, so he shakes hands heartily with us, and we hurry down to the launch.

“ Haros was most anxious to take us for a week or ten-day tour in Spain, making all sorts of alluring promises; but him, too, we left (though my readers may note him as a good man) after fervent hand-shaking, and, believing ourselves to be the first of the passengers to return to the launch, sat waiting for the others, but after five minutes persuaded the men to run us out and return for them. Arrived on board, we found the others already there, and we were within about ten minutes of being left. By eleven o'clock a.m. the *Oceana* was moving again, and this time at better speed than heretofore. There is the splendid view of the old rock as we pass, with the *Victorious* lying closer in between us and the shore, and then away we go on the Mediterranean, and I celebrate the occasion by defeating Mr. Darling at shuffle-board. The day is bright and beautiful, and I feel kindly disposed—even to a gentleman who asks me if there is not a horse called ROCKSANDS (*sic*) and

whether it is worth taking a long shot about for the Derby."

And now came strange experiences at Marseilles, for details of which I must again quote from my friend, who wrote at the time, under date January 16, 1903 :

"How it came about I do not exactly know, but Mr. Gubbins, Mr. Darling, a Scotch doctor  
 A weird luncheon at Marseilles named McWatt, and myself left the *Oceana* shortly after eleven o'clock yesterday morning and landed—recklessly and without premeditation—in Marseilles. I had hoped that one at least of them would talk French, for in this part of France you cannot get on with English as you can in the North ; but they were all dummies, and for my own part I am as loth to try talking French as talking through a telephone.

"Some evil fate impelled us on our destiny. We thought not of the various agents of Thos. Cook & Son, H. S. King & Co., and to the offers of a courier we returned a blunt refusal. Outside the docks we got into the first *voiture*—a large load we were—and said 'Allez.' Just then a gold-braided menial placed in my hands a card of the Grand Restaurant de Provence, and said, 'Best lunch in Marseilles.' Our coachman being in doubt

where to go, we gave him this card, and he started off. A very busy place is Marseilles, and we admired many of the big mules and draught-horses which we passed, though there was much 'avoidance,' as Mr. Jorrocks expressed it, and we learned from many of them, as the science of shoeing is clearly very behindhand in these parts, and all the evils to which the pastern or hoof is liable might be seen there.

"We reached the Grand Restaurant de Provence, where 'real English comfort and English waiters' were promised, only to find that French was the only language. However, in an unlucky moment, we thought the place did not look bad, and said we would come back and lunch at one. By this time I had been forced out of my habitual reserve and compelled to set about talking French.

"Once you break the ice it is not difficult—that is, if you know anything of the language—and I made our man understand he was to drive us for an hour to the most interesting places. We wondered where, in the circumstances, he would go; but he gauged us rightly, and took us to the race-course, and returning from that by the *plage*, we had an excellent view of the bay and well-laid-out cliff-side, the cascades, and so forth. Our *cocher* had by now asked for a cigar, and got it. Presently his old horse hung resolutely to a drink shop, and

he demanded a 'bock,' which was also supplied. He tried to persuade us to go to a very attractive-looking hotel hereabouts, and others of his kind in the yard there joined in urging us to do so. On this we became suspicious, and ordered our man to drive, as he was told, to the 'Provence.' He shrugged his shoulders and did so.

"Arrived there we found the gold-braided menial now officiating as porter. We entered the grill-room, and it fell to me to give the various orders of each member of our party. These needed such thought to turn into French, that I fought for time by calling for *hors-d'œuvre*. Mr. Gubbins, meantime, was well pleased with some excellent bread, which we speedily finished, and asked for more—without result. The *hors-d'œuvre* were a terror. I got a fish of sorts—on which a dog would have delighted to roll had he found it on the sea shore. The others had equally monstrous 'delicacies.'

"Meanwhile I had given the orders; but so long was I explaining in French that kidneys for Mr. Darling were to be lightly cooked, that, although I did so at last and was perfectly understood, the kidneys had meanwhile been cooked to leathern consistency. Troubles now rained thick on us. Mr. Gubbins called—and kept calling—for bread, but it came not, and there was evidently great

confusion about this. At last it was evident that we had eaten all the bread in the place, and a fresh supply, which was at last obtained, was of infamous quality. Mr. Gubbins and Dr. McWatt had steaks which no ordinary knife would cut nor regulation teeth masticate. Here was a moment when we all seemed savage, and then, I am thankful to say, we saw the humour of the situation—though at our own expense—and burst out laughing.

“ Outside, the gold-braided porter ‘ hoped we had enjoyed our luncheon.’ Ye gods ! words could not answer him, and we gave him a ‘ tip ’ for his skill and audacity. Here had we acted as the veriest Innocents Abroad, and fallen into the hands of the first ‘ tout ’ we came across ! It is strange, not to say humiliating, for of course we found afterwards there are plenty of good places in Marseilles to lunch at ; while we had resorted to this one, which was of a class where a mother with baby complete (taking its natural nutriment) could be present at a table near ours, and apparently not out of place. We made our way back to the ship, where coaling was going on, and our cabins in consequence were locked up—coal dust and misery all over the place ; but at dinner that night we agreed with the chief officer that the ship is the best place in Marseilles.”

## CHAPTER XII

### FROM MARSEILLES TO THE NILE

WE were quite a happy ship until a horde of passengers boarded us at Marseilles, and it is amusing to see the disinclination of those who have been on the voyage from the start to fraternise with these. There was, I think, positive joy when we ran into rather bad weather the first evening and made most of them ill. After that they were themselves liverish and disagreeable. Some objected to singing in the music saloon, and a crotchety old lady strongly objected to the ping-pong table, at which game the other passengers were very keen players. She asked the captain to remove it, as it affected her nerves. The captain told some of the passengers what she had said, and was afraid he would have to accede to her request. There was an appeal made to him by a sporting passenger on board, in verse, as follows :

“ TO CAPT. STOUT

“ MUSIC SALOON,

“ R.M.S. ‘ OCEANA,’

“ *January 18, 1903.*

“ That music soothes the savage breast

As general rule may be confessed ;





CORNER VIEW OF KITCHEN GARDEN.



But breasts there be so fierce and strong  
 Who hate both music and ping-pong :  
 For breasts like these we can but pray—  
 So wholly barbarous are they—  
 But, captain, you are stout and able,  
 So give us back our ping-pong table !

“ ANON.”

This was sent to the captain's table that night at dinner, and after he had read it one of the ladies who sat at his table was highly amused at these lines, and promptly wrote back :

“ Hark the herald angels sing  
 Do you pong or do you ping ?  
 If you do not ping or pong  
 You cannot join the heavenly throng.”

The captain afterwards gave us back our table.

A great trouble to us on leaving Marseilles was the news contained in last Thursday's papers as to the illness of Richard Marsh, but no private telegram on the subject came to hand, and we left, after wiring to have the latest information sent to Port Said. The *Standard* and *Telegraph* apparently had later information than the *Times*, and the two first-named papers did not suggest any alarmist view, so we ended by being confident that all would be well, and hoping confidence might be justified.

I had forgotten my own doings during the second stage of the voyage, but the following extract from

the *Sportsman* shows that I at least attempted to do something :

“ I have just been up in the music-room, seeing the skipper give away the prizes for the sports <sup>Hat</sup> this afternoon. It transpires that Mr. <sup>trimming</sup> Darling was an equal second in the hat-trimming competition, and I only regret that, being unaware of the auction, I was not there this afternoon to buy the hat which he trimmed. It would have formed such a fine exhibit in the *Sportsman* window that—whatever it might have cost—I am sure the proprietors would have gladly given me a big premium. The sale of hats realised a record total.”—*The Special Commissioner*, January 19th, 1903.

The *Oceana* reached Port Said about 8.30 p.m. on January 20, 1903, and, thank goodness, we were allowed to stay on board for the night, for it was raining hard, and a more uninviting place than Port Said it would be difficult to find. Of course there was the nuisance of coaling ; but it hardly was a nuisance, for to watch the native labourers at this work is a bit of an eye-opener. They take the whole job at a tremendous pace, hurrying in a continuous stream up one gangway plank, each with half a hundredweight of coal on his shoulders ; then, after shooting their load on board, running down another plank into the lighters for more, all

the while encouraging themselves and one another with ceaseless shouting and clamour, and never for one moment did they seem to take a lull. The speed at which they rattled the coal into the ship was something amazing, and they went on and on without the slightest sign of fatigue, the scene to any one looking on from above being very suggestive of infernal regions, with black, clamouring devils swarming up to board us.

We had to clear out of our cabins at six o'clock next morning, and then, in due course, came the **The terrors of landing at Port Said** worry and struggle of getting luggage through the Customs and on board the 9.55 train for Cairo. Fortunately, Shepherd's Hotel is represented at Port Said by a most capable and obliging official, who saw us through our trouble; but we were like to have been torn in pieces by the greedy cormorants who marked us for their prey, and kept seizing on any stray bag or rug under pretence of doing us service. It appears, ordinarily speaking, a very simple matter to get luggage conveyed to a station, but here it is far otherwise, because the wildest excitement prevails, and the crowd which besets you must almost necessarily confuse a stranger to the country. Persistent bootblacks even seized us by the feet and endeavoured to black our boots whether we would or no. Vendors of oranges pursued us,

and at the station at least a dozen men claimed to have rendered us some sort of assistance. The **Back-** train was about forty minutes late in **sheesh.** starting, and the last thing which we were urged to purchase was a bottle of no doubt terrible whisky. The boy who offered it grinned affably, showing the whitest teeth, and said, "Whisky, good-make fight!" Having no desire to be affected that way, we did not purchase, but gave him a cigarette.

If I were to give my own first impression (for what it is worth) of Egypt, when once one is clear of such nuisances as just described, it is the perfect colouring of the whole picture. No one except a European looks really commonplace, and in the infinite variety of costumes and colours there is not one single garish effect—I suppose the sun takes care of that—but the result is none the less picturesque on that account.

It is not for me to describe in any detail how we meandered along on a narrow-gauge line from Port Said to Ismailia, taking due note of the canal as we went, and the arid waste of water on the right-hand side; nor need I say much about the renewed turmoil at Ismailia, where a change is **More back-** made, and where once more our baggage **sheesh!** was seized by endless men—Cook's men, Shepheard's men, Gaze's men, and others. Under

the circumstances it was quite a heavy job to fetch up at last in the right train without losing anything except Mr. Gubbins's hat. Here, however, we got lunch, and felt more happy. Then came the journey on to Cairo, and the sight of the country all around, with all sorts of strange, weird-looking cattle grazing within the limits of a tether—camels, donkeys, a few horses—all these were there also, and countless colour effects from the various people tending stock in the field or riding some home or leading others. It is a surprising sight to any one who has not been here before, and not the least interesting point to notice was the irrigation and the frequent water elevators worked by one animal turning a wheel.

Advancing from Ismailia, however, alongside the canal, one could so easily recall the story of the war which ended at Tel-el-Kebir, and wonderful, indeed, it is that any expedition should ever have been sent on such an enterprise with ordinary service wagons and such-like paraphernalia, which, of course, sank up to their axles in the desert. The lines of Tel-el-Kebir are still visible, though silted over with sand, and farther on you see the cemetery where some of the best were buried. Then there is Tel-el-Kebir station, and what I take to be the lockhouse of the canal, where the late Major Dalbiac and some fifteen others lay

wounded and helpless all the night after the battle, while big fleas and other noxious insects from the sand crept over them.

These, however, are past memories. I hurry on to our arrival at Cairo, which was at 5 p.m., and here at last was something like rest.

**Arrival at Cairo** The place as you drive through it is just beautiful, and, comfortably installed on the first floor at Shepherd's, we soon forgot the evils of the day. Outside, sitting on the terrace, you have a microcosm of Egyptian life passing and re-passing, and my immediate regret was that we were not to stay there longer. A really superb hotel is Shepherd's—oh! what a contrast to the best in Cape Town!

To me, thus sitting on the terrace, for the time being alone, who should appear but M. Edmond Blanc, who was, I think, glad to meet some one who knew FLYING FOX so well, and had also seen VINICIUS. M. Blanc was more than satisfied with the first of FLYING FOX's stock. One or two had been tried and shown remarkable stamina for their age. Starting slowly, just as their sire did when he made his debut at Ascot, they had run their gallops out in a way that encouraged very confident hopes for their future.

As to VINICIUS—"He is the best horse I ever owned," said M. Blanc.



At that moment Mr. Gubbins came out on the terrace, and I introduced these two notable owners, who had never met before. Needless to say, they had much conversation—not only about horses, but about motor-cars—and M. Blanc stated his intention to run VINICIUS for the French Derby before attempting the English one. As this means running on Sunday and again on Wednesday, with the visit to England thrown in, I thought ROCK SAND and others of our best had no serious cause to fear the Frenchman.

Later on we foregathered indoors, and, of course, there was much interesting conversation, as to which I say nothing; but we felt very happy after dinner at Shepherd's, for truly they did us well, and later in the evening there was a small dance in the inner hall, which was wonderfully pleasant to watch, so many uniforms and gay colours being in evidence, while several lame ducks from the *Oceana* crowd were footing it in fantastic fashion.

A few days later Mr. Gubbins and I were the victims of some stupid railway officials. I quote the particulars from "The Special Commissioner" of January 23, 1903:

"CAIRO-ASSIOUT TRAIN,

"January 23.

"It seems strange to be writing this in the train *en route* from Cairo to Assiout, but nevertheless

it is so, on this January 23, and Messrs. Gubbins and S. Darling are here also and still going strong. We started at 8 o'clock this morning, and are due at 4.30, when we shall embark on the steamer *Rameses the Great*, which left Cairo last Tuesday, and by to-morrow week should have conveyed us as far as Assouan, which is 583 miles from Cairo. To-morrow donkey riding will commence at 8.30, and we go to visit the tomb of 'The Sacred Wolf,' the Assiout bazaar, market, etc.

“ Now as I write we have reached Assiout, and Messrs. Gubbins and S. Darling have lost their

At Assiout  
without  
luggage.  
Mr. Gubbins  
content

luggage, which has gone on to Luxor, and cannot possibly be recovered until Monday—this is Saturday. Personally, I have all mine, but this loss of the others' is desperately annoying, more especially as it was due to no fault of the owners. We have come 250 miles through all-permeating dust, noting the irrigation of the country and the immense growth of sugar-cane, to say nothing of the acres and acres of green stuff, of sorts, with the motley crowd of animals eating it at tether's length here, there, and everywhere. What a number of people, too, all over the place, living an entirely pastoral life with their flocks and herds! But such flocks, and such herds! The sheep are dreadful, and the

cattle all skin and bones, many of the native breed being ridden to and from their pastures. The donkeys are the best-class animals I have seen, and the camels hold their own; but other beasts are emaciated to the last degree, though there seems plenty for them to eat if they were only given the chance. The beautiful rich soil would surely grow root crops and many other things than it is, seemingly, asked to do.

“ However, let that pass, for I am in a hurry to post this at 7 p.m. We are now on board the *Rameses the Great*—a really beautiful boat, with spacious cabins and every possible comfort. Mr. Gubbins, despite his lost luggage, looks happy.”

The above statement that Mr. Gubbins was quite happy without his luggage is correct, but I certainly was not.

## CHAPTER XIII

### LIFE ON THE NILE

I GIVE now a few notes made on board the *Rameses the Great*, as we went up the Nile :

S.S. "RAMESES THE GREAT," OFF LUXOR,  
*January 27, 1903.*

" Yes, Lady Meux, she got that mummy. She speak strong to the museum, and she got him. Lady Meux—oh, she beautiful lady!—I know her well ; she come out here with her dogs and all, and she like Egypt ! ”

The speaker was Mohammed, the famous Dragoon who has been with Messrs. T. Cook & Son, Ltd., since their beginning in 1872, and he is a great character, full of humour, and never at a loss for a ready answer, even when one might think him fairly cornered. Thus, when he dropped an American lady's cloak on the dusty hill-side, as we were returning from the tomb of King Meri-ka-ra, he anticipated her reproaches by saying, " Ah ! but, Madame, it is the sacred dust ! ”

Mohammed has credentials from all manner of

great people, but it interested me most to hear the story of how that wonderful mummy and mummy-case came into the possession of the late Lady Meux, for it was originally acquired by poor young Ingram, who was later on killed by an elephant. He opened that case, thinking that its contents were of little value, but, finding his mistake, had it at once closed up again. The inscription on the case, however, is to the effect that whoever opens it will die in a strange country, being destroyed by wild beasts, and will have no tomb, which was exactly the fate that befel. How Lady Meux became possessed of that mummy and sarcophagus I do not exactly know, but it is of fabulous value.

Harking back for a moment, I may here recall that on our visit to the Pyramids, Mr. Gubbins—

Nationality  
of Mr.  
Gubbins

Mr. Allison and I had gone forward to see the Sphinx—was asked by one of the motley crowd who wished to sell him scarabs: “Are you an Englishman?” “No.” “Are you an American?” “No.” “Are you a Scotchman?” “No.” “Are you a German?” “No”; and by the time we got back Mr. Gubbins was evidently regarded as a “bit of a liar” by these people, who seemed to know no Ireland.

To see some sort of sport, if possible, we took on the offer of a youth who engaged to get to the

top of the big Pyramid and back in eight minutes for four shillings—no doubt he would have gone for one shilling, but we had no time to haggle, and it was well worth the money to see him do it. I held the watch, and when it had ticked 5 min. 30 sec. by the time he stood on the top, I certainly thought he was beaten; but he came down like an antelope, and landed in 7 min. 35 sec. Moreover, when he came up to us for his money he was hardly blowing at all. They are very fit, these men.

But the world is very small, and here, as we are progressing up the Nile, watching the primitive but very clever arrangements for pumping up the water for irrigation, taking note of the strange people and beasts of curious sorts that are grazing on either side, and wondering how the feluccas—if that be the correct name for countless vessels doing work like our lighters, but very differently rigged—can ever be got up-stream at all, Mohammed came up to me and said, “Mr. Darling, do you know Mr. Ashley?”

Do I know Mr. Ashley!

I asked if he meant Mr. Ashley of the *Sportsman*.

“Yes, that he. He have office in street near Ludgate Hill. I always go see him when I am in London.”

“ But, Mohammed, how did you come to know Mr. Ashley ? ”

“ Oh, I took him and Mr. Steel and Mr. Peech up the Nile twenty-two years ago. Mrs. Ashley, she there, too ; very kind, good people. Mr. Steel and Mr. Peech, they make bets and want to get telegraphs. Very nice gentlemen, all.”

. . . . .

It may not interest my readers very greatly to read how we landed at Assiout and visited the tomb of “ The Sacred Wolf,” and, higher up the hill, that of King Meri-ka-ra. Most people rode donkeys, but on this occasion we drove with Mr. Gubbins, getting away from the start with much difficulty owing to fighting donkey boys, intermixed with mendicants. Mr. Gubbins’s servant had become valiant, and was observed at this point donkey-riding in company with two ladies’ maids.

Driving through the market and on our way to the tombs we found the scene strange enough, for in the very narrow streets the people were sitting on either side, with their goods for sale exhibited in front of them, and many of them engaged in shoe-making. How we contrived not to drive over toes or goods is a bit of a puzzle ; but the return journey was still more strange, for we went through both market and bazaar, and by this time there were still more marvellous throngs of people.

Camels, donkeys, sheep, goats, turkeys, etc. All manner of things were assiduously offered us—and until you come to this country you can have but scant idea of what it means not to take “No” for an answer—but we emerged without being drawn into purchases, and at this juncture an elderly Huddersfield man cantered past us on a large white donkey, evidently thinking well of himself. Jehu would not have been in it with our driver, who a moment or two after whipped up his horses into a gallop, and dashed for a level crossing over the railway, where the gates were just closing and a train approaching. We squeezed through at top speed just in time, our fragile vehicle swinging on two wheels round the turn, and it was not a pleasant experience. The man on the white ass had managed to keep in front—there was hardly room for him to let us pass—and as we slowed down after getting over the crossing, he reached the boat first, and declared triumphantly that he had beaten us. Later on he was heard repeating the same story to his friends, as he walked about the deck with laboriously bowed legs to suggest habitual horsemanship.

The scene on our departure was sufficiently extraordinary—a parti-coloured, clamorous crowd of all sorts and kinds, offering bracelets, shawls, fly-switches, musical instruments, curios of innumerable



varieties—all “very good”—and much business was done with the passengers, but not till prices were reduced in rates of from £5 to £1, or even 10s., before we really went. Higher up on the bank Egyptian schoolboys, of much better class, were asking only for English books.

We sheered off amid cries of “Good-bye” and so forth, the mass of people presenting a most remarkable effect of colouring, to which the big, white, gaily caparisoned donkeys contributed not a little, and so at last our voyage up the Nile had fairly commenced, and not in such very great discomfort either for me or Mr. Gubbins, for the various officers of the ship helped us with sundry necessaries until our lost luggage could be caught up at Luxor. The chief steward had collars that exactly fitted me, and the doctor’s shirts were equally successful.

At Luxor our luggage came on board all right. Mr. Gubbins had a carrying chair assigned to him, and in this he went to see the temple of Hathor, the Egyptian “Venus,” at Denderah. It is a distance of about two miles from the boat, and the four bearers of Mr. Gubbins’s chair must have been pretty useful.

Mr. Gubbins was a merciful man, and resolved not to try his chair again. Next day he drove.

We stayed there for the next two days, as there was much to be seen, including a race meeting on Thursday, in which a great event is a stake to be run for by gamooses—the native cattle. I had been asked to act in some official capacity at the meeting; and before we left Cairo Mr. Gubbins was asked by the Committee of the Khedival Sporting Club to judge horses at their show, but the date did not fit in with our arrangements.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE GYMKHANA AT LUXOR

ON our arrival at Luxor I found that my name had been published as starter and judge at the Gymkhana. It proved that the chaplain had anticipated my coming, and he asked if I would mind acting. I did not see my way, however, to both start and judge.

As I did not know a word of Arabic, I said, "What is the word 'go' in Arabic?" "Yallah," he replied.

I got through my duties I think fairly satisfactorily, though I felt during the finish of the buffalo race I would rather have been in a safer spot. This particular race was confined to a tribe called the Bisha-reens, who wore long plaited hair, castor-oiled, hanging down their backs. They were men of fine physique, and had most marvellous white teeth. Some part of their family had the buffaloes on halters at the other end of the track, mixed up anyhow. When I said "Yallah," these fellows

went away with a weird cry, each seizing his own beast and riding it back. The man who won had to tie his buffalo up to a post opposite me. That there was great excitement at the post I need not say.

There were all kinds of races, ladies on donkeys with eggs and spoons, lemon cutting, tent pegging.

Mr. Allison had contracted Nile fever the day after we left Assiout, but he recovered sufficiently to attend this Gymkhana, and what he wrote at the time is necessarily more accurate than what I remember after eleven years. Therefore I again quote from his diary :

“S.S. ‘RAMESES THE GREAT,’ ASSOUAN,  
“*January 31, 1903.*”

“Since I last wrote, and being still further fortified with the milk of the gamoose (or native buffalo) and soda, I ventured to take a liberty and, **At Assouan** disregarding the doubts of my good friend the doctor, attended the race meeting of the Luxor Gymkhana Club on the 29th inst. Mr. Gubbins and I drove there together, and let me say in passing that Mr. Gubbins is in splendid health—which is a fine change after his experience of three or four months in bed during each of the recent winters—and we were accommodated with the only two chairs in the Club enclosure, the rest of the company being provided with rows of hen-

coops on which to sit. A shelter at the back of us to some extent kept off the full strength of the sun, but there was no other suggestion of a stand. The course itself was of the earth, earthy, or sandy—which you will—not more than two furlongs in length, but of abundant width.

“ On this course the worthy chaplain of the place was ubiquitous, mounted on a fine brown donkey, which hack-cantered with him as freely as a man could wish. As Clerk of the Course the rev. gentleman had much to do, and he did it well. It may interest the anti-gamblers to know that, so far as I could see, there was no sign of any betting throughout the afternoon. On the far side of the course the native contingent mustered in full force, and just about where we should have the carriage enclosure were a score of mounted camels, snarling and grumbling, after their wont. These I thought at first carried the aristocracy of the neighbourhood, but soon found that they were, in fact, the competitors for the Camel Race, which was the seventh item on the card, or rather ‘the programme,’ for there was no card. Let me without further prelude give the programme :

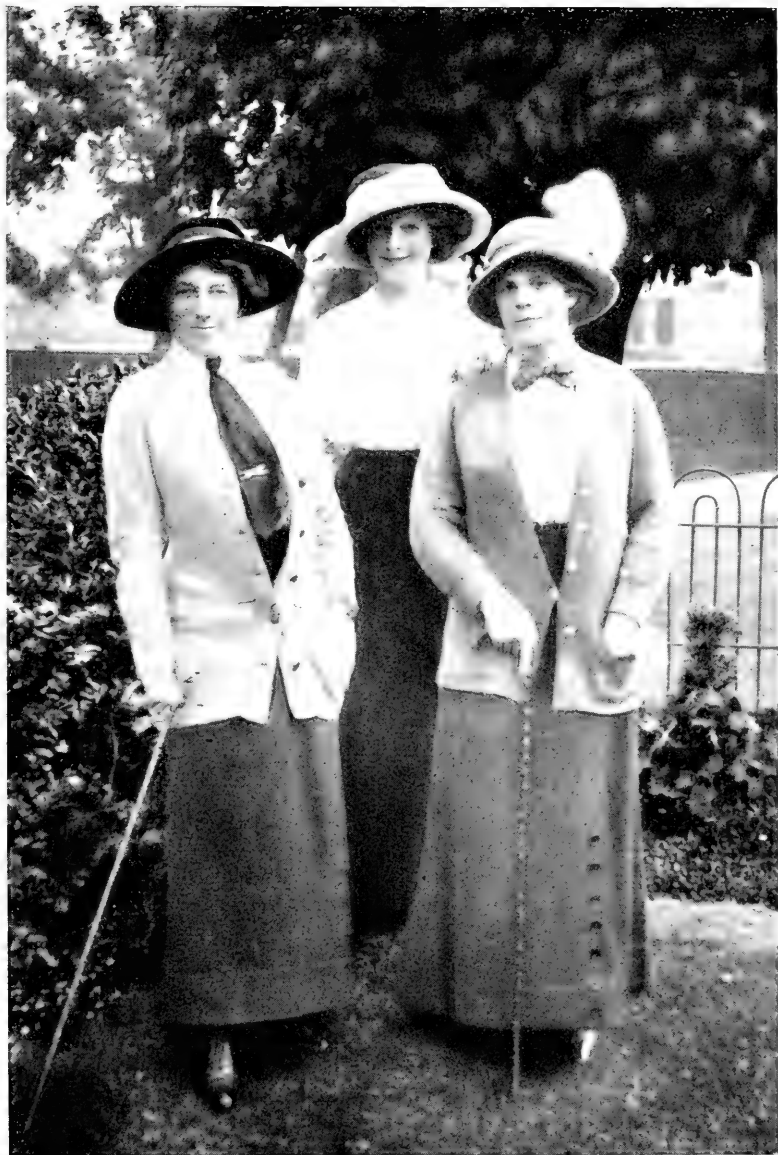
“ ‘ Luxor Sporting Club Gymkhana.—Third race meeting of the season, Thursday, January 29, at 3 p.m. Programme : 1, Bishareen Bucket Race ; 2, Dragoman Victoria Cross Race ; 3, Buffalo Race ;

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4, Donkey Boys' Tandem Race ; 5, Gubbins Stakes—Horse Race ; 6, Gentlemen's Race—Heads and Posts ; 7, Camel Race ; 8, Ladies' Race—Egg and Spoon ; 9, Obstacle Race ; 10, Tug of War—*Rameses the Great v. Amasis*. Judges: Mr. Darling, Mr. Tytus, and Mr. Nicholson. Starters: Dr. Abrahams and Mr. Western. Clerk of the Course: The Chaplain. Racing Donkey Tariff: If hired on course, 5 P.T. each race; winners 5 P.T. each extra. No backsheesh. Boys not allowed to follow donkeys. Visitors wishing to race will present themselves mounted at the starting point. No entrance fee. Surplus will be given to the Luxor Hospital for Natives. Race-course is half a mile from Luxor Hotel. Admission 10 P.T., members free. Programme One Piastre each.'

"It will be observed from the above that Mr. Darling was one of the judges, and he was assisted by Mr. Tytus and Mr. Nicholson, chief engineer of the *Rameses the Great*. A fine task these gentlemen had to get through, as will presently be seen.

"It should be observed that there were no rails, and we were only separated from the course by somewhat low and thin ropes. Mr. Gubbins and I sat in the immediate forefront on these ropes, and the idea of racing buffaloes and camels in this



MRS. RICHARD MARSH, MRS. STANNING, AND MISS OLIVE DARLING.





connection seemed a trifle alarming. The judges were a little more to the front, and as they had decided to dash out after each race and seize—Mr. Darling the first, Mr. Nicholson the second, and Mr. Tytus the third animal—we were at least more secure than they.

“ And now, at 3 p.m., the time had come ; a mounted soldier rode up and down the line on the far side ; the Luxor Hotel Dragoman flogged all small boys within his reach ; and the runners for the Bishareen Bucket Race went down to the start, many of them with their hair in cords after the manner of Russian poodles, carefully dressed with castor oil—fancy that ! In a bucket race you carry a bucket of water on your head, and you win if you get first past the post without losing all the water, which anyhow douses you plentifully. On this occasion a small boy, who was given a start, had the race all to himself and won with great ease.

“ The Dragoman Victoria Cross Race derives its chief interest from the employment of donkeys to carry the men, and one smallish brown donkey displayed form which should make him in great demand on future occasions. This, however, was as nothing to the Buffalo Race, for which fifteen weird-looking, wild-eyed beasts went to the post. Midway on their owners were stationed, and at

the finishing post three stakes were driven into the ground. The buffaloes are started absolutely loose, and driven pell-mell the first half of the course by the relatives of the various proprietors, and it is the office of these latter each to meet, seize, and mount his own beast, and finish the race by tying it up at one of the posts. It was a strange sight indeed when this uncouth stampede came along in a cloud of dust—it reminded me of Caton Woodville's representation of the midnight charge of the Guards at Kassassin—and to sit close on the ropes, even when they were a furlong away, was not altogether good for the nerves. In a moment, however, came the meeting between the beasts and their masters, some of whom mounted in circus-like fashion and never threw their buffaloes out of stride, while others made bad shots at getting up and were hopelessly left. Until close home it was anybody's race, but one artful sportsman sprang off fifteen yards short of the post and was just ready to tie up on reaching it, while others, who did not get down till they were right there were naturally at a disadvantage. It is apparently all right, according to buffalo racing rules, to dismount short of the post in this way, and so there was no doubt about the winner, nor, indeed, about the second; but how the judges decided what was third I know not, for three

buffaloes were simultaneously tied up to the same post, surrounded by the relatives of the owners, who had now swarmed down the course. Mr. Darling dashed into the thick of the *mêlée*, anxious to do his duty, but got so mixed up among the buffaloes that he was lost sight of for quite a while, emerging without accident at last, which is almost a wonder, for the brutes, though wonderfully docile, have perniciously long horns, and, in their excitement over their gallop, were tossing their heads about in all directions.

“ The Donkey Boys’ Tandem Race was amusing enough. Each donkey had to carry double, the riders being mounted back to back, and the wisest of the competitors distinguished himself immediately after the start by getting rid of both his jockeys and then rolling in the pleasant sand. Various other funny casualties took place as the race progressed, for this time they went down the course, round a post, and back again; but finally the same brown donkey that had won before walked in with great ease, to the huge joy of those who bestrode him.

After seeing all this, a horse race seemed almost commonplace, and certainly the runners were anything but racing-like, but there was a good field of them, and in a false start nine or ten raced it out, the second past the post being discovered

to have in his mouth about as barbarous a bit as could be imagined, involving an arrangement by which his tongue could have been cut off, or nearly so, and spikes driven into his cheeks. It was immediately taken off and confiscated; and I must say that every decision of the authorities in this or any other matter was accepted without any semblance of demur.

“ The Gentlemen’s Race—Heads and Posts—in which donkeys are used for chargers and sticks for swords, depends very much on the donkeys, and Major Ducrow and the parson from the *Rameses the Great*, having each a claim on the same donkey, which was the best at this game, rode him alternately, and easily distanced all others; nor could the judges separate them.

“ The Camel Race was a bit of an eye-opener to those who have never seen these strange, unsympathetic beasts extended. The winner strode right away from his field in fine style, winning by five or six lengths, and Mr. Darling observed, ‘ Only think what would happen if he came a gallop like that and met a string of two-year-olds!’ I preferred not to think. We were now about at an end, and the *Rameses the Great* men did their duty by fairly beating the *Amasis* men in the Tug-of-War, a victory which they celebrated with wild shouts after their manner, and long ere this the doctor

had been looking injured by my continued presence on the scene. However, I saw it out, and it was very well worth the seeing, as we all agreed, nor could any meeting have been more orderly or better conducted.

“ These sports at Luxor go on every Thursday throughout the season, and the meeting we attended was the third. They are timed to fit in with Cook’s big boats, which arrive weekly. If any explanation of the programme is necessary it may be that the letters P.T. stand for piastres, a coin which you have got to understand before you can do any good in this country.

“ Since the great events above recorded we have left Luxor, and the doctor, having failed to discover further reason for interposing any sort of veto, I have mounted a donkey, and ridden with Mr. Darling to the Temple of Edfu—quite a modern temple, however, for Egypt, being little over 2,000 years old. Next morning another temple—that of Komombo—of similar style and age, but of duplex character, in that one side of it is dedicated to the evil deity and another to the good. All these matters, however, can be safely left for our friend Mohammed to explain, and the worthy Dragoman is sometimes sorely tried, as, for instance, by an American gentleman who vowed that a bas-relief, in which spoons were

distinctly visible, together with button-hooks, scissors, pincers, etc., must be quite modern, as it is well known that spoons had not been invented till the days of Queen Elizabeth.

“ We had now, I may say, at last run into the beautiful weather, and both yesterday and to-day (February 1) it has been perfection—no cold wind and not too much sun. Assouan is an ideal place for any one who cannot stand cold, damp climates to winter in. Here, at any rate, we are in civilisation of the best once more, and the view all round is more suggestive of a big seaside place than of a district 583 miles south of Cairo. The Cataract Hotel is a very grand affair altogether, with as fine a dining-hall as I have seen. The latter is circular, with a well, so to speak, in which dinners, as a rule, are served, while the higher level all round affords any amount of scope for other dinners, or when the place is used for a dance, as it very often is.

“ The hotel can accommodate 250 guests, and it is really wonderful how up to date everything is when one considers the locality. Another fine hotel is the Savoy, on Elephantine Island, and there is also the Grand. M. Edmond Blanc is expected at the Cataract Hotel next week, and I saw there to-day Dr. Jex Blake (the Dean of Wells), who, with Mrs. and Miss Jex Blake, is

going on the *Prince Abbas* to the second Cataract. I had not seen the good man since he was a House Master at Rugby (before he went to Cheltenham), and was glad to find him looking so fit and well. The terrace of the hotel commands a fine view of the river, and, among other attractions, there are croquet grounds—real turf—and a concrete lawn-tennis court.

“I ought to add, while I think of it, that at Komombo, where we were yesterday, there remained derelict until last year one of the 800 whalers which were to have done such great things in the unhappy Nile Expedition of 1884–85. To this day one hears local stories bearing on the Canadian boatmen and those boats, respecting which, however, Lord Wolseley reported in December 1884, ‘The English boats have up to this point fulfilled all my expectations. The men are in excellent health, fit for any trial of strength, as the result of constant manual labour.’ On this, Judge Royle, in his excellent book, *The Egyptian Campaigns, 1882 to 1899* (Hurst & Blackett), says, page 330 :

“ ‘As a commentary on the above, it may be mentioned that nine out of sixteen boats which brought up some of the Duke of Cornwall’s Regiment were lost, and the remainder, owing to the slightness of their build, had to be patched with

tins to prevent them sinking—over fifty boats in all were lost. There can be no doubt as to the constant manual labour mentioned by Lord Wolseley. The men arrived in deplorable plight (at Korti), many of them without either boots or trousers.’

“ There is nothing new under the sun, and I read further in the same book (page 404) :

“ ‘ It is said that at this time (February 9, 1885) the Mudir of Dongola, being asked if there was any prospect of good camels being obtained, answered that “ he did not see why not, as the English had already bought up all the bad ones.” ’ ”



## CHAPTER XV

### ON DONKEYS TO THE ASSOUAN DAM

REVERTING to the Luxor Gymkhana I don't know why they should have done, but one or two of the ladies did ask me to select suitable donkeys for them to ride, and I was fortunate enough to choose the winning animals. The same remark applies to the donkeys ridden by our party to the tombs, the one I chose invariably turned out the best. Through this I must have left a reputation behind me, for on my second visit to Egypt I was asked by Sir Charles Hartopp to go and see the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire on their private *Dahabeah*, which was anchored at Luxor, and after some little talk about horses, the Duchess said :

“ Mr. Darling, you have left a reputation behind you with the ladies for selecting for them the winning donkeys at the Gymkhana, and also those which carried them so well on their journeys visiting the tombs. I knew you were a good judge of horses, but I did not know you were such a good judge of an ass ! ”

Next day *Rameses the Great* proceeded up the Nile to Assouan, and the first man I met there was Mr. Croker, who asked me what in the world brought me there. I answered :

“ I might say the same to you.”

“ I am amusing myself,” he replied ; “ I’ve just got second in a donkey race.”

“ I think your donkey must have been in pretty good form,” I said, “ as I feel sure you would have been top weight.”

Mr. Croker afterwards won the Derby with ORBY when I was third with SLIEVE GALLION.

I had written thus far, and was feeling quite complacent over the compliment which the Duchess of Devonshire was pleased to pronounce on my reputation as a donkey judge, when reference to my scrap book has proved that my judgment in this respect was not infallible. Again I quote from Mr. Allison :

“ S.S. ‘ RAMESES THE GREAT,’

“ *February 3, 1903.*

“ Yesterday morning we were up betimes at Assouan, for a start at eight o’clock to ride to the quarries and thence to the big dam. The worthy Mohammed had promised to reserve two of the best donkeys for Mr. Darling and myself, and these were set apart ; but in a moment of negli-



MR. HAROLD DARLING.



gence one of them was abstracted by some wily person and a vastly inferior beast substituted. This eventuated in my getting the one remaining good donkey, and Mr. Darling unwittingly mounted the inferior substitute; nor was this all, for we had not gone half a mile, and were cantering in a narrow path between two rough stone walls, when his mount dropped like a shot with him, and I, who was just behind, had barely room to squeeze past without coming on the top of them.

“The peculiarity of the Egyptian ass is that in falling it makes no semblance of effort to recover itself, but simply goes down in its tracks. Pulling up as soon as I could to see whether any harm was done, I perceived that Mr. Darling, with admirable presence of mind, had steadied himself by laying hold of each of his donkey’s ears, and, still sitting on his back, he compelled the unwilling beast to get up. It was quite a brilliant performance in its way; but it quickly became apparent that the donkey would not do at any price for the journey before us, and, as Mohammed had fortunately brought a relay of two or three others, it was possible to secure a decent remount. Then at last we went fairly on our way, inconvenienced only by the donkey boys, who cannot understand that you don’t want their assistance. They don’t really, in any case, knock

Saved by  
a donkey’s  
ears

their beasts about as similar boys in England do, but they dearly love to put in a thwack when you are least expecting it, and when your donkey is just negotiating ground covered with stones and rocks. We got on decent going for about thirty minutes, and, as the donkeys are perfectly free goers, soon were clear away from their tormentors. We never know what we may not do, but that Mr. Darling and myself should have been 'loping' along on donkeys in an Egyptian waste, with big granite rocks piled up on this side and that and only two Arab donkey boys within measurable distance, seemed at first thought strange. The rest of the party were out of sight behind us. Mr. Gubbins was coming on by carriage, and others, again, by rail.

“ At last we reached the river, now dammed up to an immense expanse over against Philæ, and so, in the boats, when the rest of the party had arrived, we half sailed, half drifted over to the now submerged island ; in boats we even entered the temple ; and it is, in a way, pitiful to see how the trees all around have only their heads out of the water, which has been raised upwards of 60 ft. on them. If in any way the plans for the big dam were modified with a view to sparing Philæ it is a great pity, for it seems hardly conceivable that Philæ, as things are, can long continue to exist.

“ Presently we dropped down in the boats from Philæ to the dam, and in the huge stretch of water here, held up by a mile and a quarter of masonry, there is surely one of the finest places in the world for a sculling race. I throw the hint out to whom it may concern. Landed at the dam itself, one’s first instinct was to look at the other side, and truly the sight is almost awe-inspiring. Of all the great works in Egypt, past and present, this is the greatest and the grandest. Rising 100 ft. in height, it is between 80 ft. and 90 ft. wide at the base, and no words can express the hard, massive, everlasting stability which seems to be its most obvious characteristic. The granite from the neighbouring cliffs and rocks was there ready to the contractor’s hands, and no stone in the world could have been better. A hundred and eighty sluice gates are available, but at this period only a few are open, and as we passed along the top on trolley-cars we had full opportunity of seeing how the whole current supply of the Nile was being let through. Nothing more magnificent than the surging, roaring, boiling mass of water could be imagined. Perhaps some day its driving powers will be harnessed to some useful purpose. I am one of those who, without being much of an Egyptologist, do, nevertheless, take a very deep interest in all I have seen in

Egypt, and I trust I have a full measure of respect for things ancient; but I must say that there is about this great dam—and altogether apart from its beneficent purpose—something positively majestic: something which brings man more on to a par with the forces of nature than anything which, in my humble judgment, has ever yet been done. Let any one compare the big Pyramid with the Assouan Dam and think out the difference for himself.

“The donkeys awaited us after this inspection, and on the return journey the party was scattered this way and that. Mr. Darling and I rode by the Nile, much against the wish of our donkey boys, as the path is very bad. We went through sundry Arab villages, where cur dogs of most villainous aspect flew out and snarled around, and here and there babies were lying about with flies feeding on their eyes, the mothers taking no notice.

“It was a curious country indeed, and when at last we had reached what appeared to be desert, with hills around and not a soul in sight, **Our escape** my companion, who had been reading **(?) from** Conan Doyle's *Tragedy of the Korosko*, **dervishes** began to look out for the dervishes or other such unpleasant beings. These, however, were conspicuous by absence, and the only trouble was that the track





*Trustall*

MRS. STANNING.



got worse, and after the donkeys had clambered up some rocks and landed down others of the drop-fence sort, with all the while an unpleasant possibility of rolling into the Nile far below, we were presently fain to get off and lead for a short distance. Then at last, after another village, with more goats, sheep, dogs, babies, and children calling for the eternal 'backsheesh,' we landed in an open plateau, and got free and fair going to amble along all the rest of the way to where the *Rameses the Great* had been shifted from her moorings to lower down the river, so as to be over the shoals preliminary to her start at five next morning. Mr. Gubbins had also had an equally good view of the dam, and so we were all well satisfied, although a pernicious Western States American, away from home for the first time, is on board this boat and contrives, so far as is humanly possible, to rub people up the wrong way.

“ This sort of blatant stars-and-stripes idiocy is, however, soon forgotten if you have a chat with Mohammed, who is, above all things, a man of the world, and, what is more, he has been engaged in every Nile Expedition, from the Wolseley one of 1884 downwards. For his services on that first-named occasion the late Mr. John M. Cook gave him a gratuity of £100 over and above his salary, and, writing of him on February 20, 1886, Mr. Cook

said in a letter which is before me : ' During the past ten years he has been working under my personal supervision, and is the *one man* of all our staff on whom I rely under special difficulties, especially during the movement of the " Nile Expedition " and of my own ascent of the river as far as Dongola.' Of all the generals whom Mohammed has met, I think he has the most kindly remembrance of the late General Eyre, who gave him £20 for a statue which Mohammed had just bought for £2 17s. 6d., and next year sent him another £10 because the work of art proved to be more valuable than either of them had thought."

It is clear from the above that I made a serious mistake once in a way as regards a donkey, and I well remember now, how angry I was with Mohammed for having allowed my carefully selected mount to be spirited away while I went back to the boat for something I had left behind.

## CHAPTER XVI

### A SHIPWRECK OF SORTS

WE had intended to go on from the next Cataract, and on to Khartoum, but Mr. Gubbins and I had been somewhat alarmed by Mr. Allison's attack of fever, and we decided that, as the next boat did not carry a doctor, we had better cancel the tickets for the second half of the journey. We returned, therefore, from Assouan on the more home-like *Rameses the Great*. Our return was not without adventure, as the following quotation from "The Special Commissioner" will show.

"S.S. 'RAMESES THE GREAT,'

"February 7, 1903.

"As I write a change has come over the spirit of our dreams. Mr. Gubbins, I am sorry to say, has a touch of his old enemy, the gout; Mr. Darling has bad news of the illness of his second son in South Africa; and this morning, about 6.15, with a bump and a bang, we fouled the bank on the port side while we were trying to avoid running into a felucca, and every single detail of the star-

board paddle-wheel was buckled up and twisted into inconceivable shapes. No bicycle, after the most serious accident, ever looked in worse case. There was nothing for it but to make fast the bows of the boat to the bank and let her swing round with the current, the damaged wheel being thus left on the outside; and the chief engineer, Mr. Nicholson, then set to work with all available hands to repair the damages. I am fain to admit that, for my part, I was not even awakened by the accident, a seventeen-mile donkey ride to Abydos and back having disposed me to excessive sleep—and what a good donkey I had on that occasion! He was Mr. Darling's selection, and showed much St. Simon character. A Western States American had avowed his intention of being first back to the ship, and I beat him by fifteen minutes, he being the second to arrive.

A St.  
Simon  
donkey

“But this has been a strange day. We are stranded on a most desolate portion of the Nile, with great cliffs towering up a couple of hundred yards from the shore, and on the other side of the river, which takes a big bend here and there, are sand banks. On looking out one saw a little forge with wheezy bellows already established on shore, with an anvil, hammers, etc., and machines of various sorts for trimming up nuts, bolts, and so

forth. For three mortal hours had work to go on in clearing away the wreckage, and then, indeed, the mass of iron twisted into corkscrews and other formations was appalling—at least, to those who wanted to leave Cairo on Monday for the P. and O. boat.

“ There was nothing for it, however, but to make the best of a bad job, and certainly the manager and all concerned did their very utmost to prevent time dragging unduly. Over a score of natives arrived on the scene before long, and during the morning these were made to run races or do tug-of-war. The American ladies among the passengers also had a special tug-of-war against the English ladies—six a side—and, after two desperate contests, one won by the English and the other by the Americans, neither side would come up to the scratch for the final, so that it was a draw.

“ Meanwhile, several people who fancied themselves as mountaineers were scaling some portion of the cliff-side, and the always obliging manager had provided Mr. Darling and myself with a boat and three men to go shooting. Nothing was in view but half a dozen big birds on a sand bank, which we believed to be vultures. There was no pleasure to be derived from shooting such things, but then, on such a day, it was something even to let a gun off, and

Our  
shooting  
expedition

after all, a vulture does not merit any sympathy. They got up when we were about thirty yards off, and there were four down, of which, however, only three were picked up, and they were not vultures at all, but common or garden kites, and we had thus incurred the reproaches of some of the passengers, who pointed to us as terrible examples of how Englishmen are always wanting to kill something.

“ In the afternoon half a dozen or more miserable donkeys had arrived, and these were ridden, without saddles, by the ladies in such  
Sports by  
the Nile  
side races as could be extemporised, until one lady, falling off backwards, alarmed the rest, and that sport was stopped. Many native children had now put in an appearance, and scrambled with much delight for all that was thrown to them, some of the boys looking particularly comic, with their heads all shaved except a top knot of about four inches in diameter—a sort of tonsure the reverse way. Meanwhile, however, the work at the forge and anvil did not seem to be getting within measurable distance of an end, though the chief engineer and his men had worked without a moment's relaxation. Only last night he was describing to us sundry accidents similar to this, but no one thought we were so soon to have such an experience. For those who



are not in a hurry it is of no consequence whatever, for we are perfectly comfortable; but the distance from Cairo is about 180 miles, and there is no railway station anywhere near. As I write the passengers are disporting themselves over a book-titles show—it is 9 p.m.—and every one seems quite contented and happy. Some one has written the following in Mohammed's album :

## THE GREATER CONTAINED BY THE LESS

This paradox my pen explains—  
 I would it were ornater !  
 For *Rameses the Great* contains  
 Mohammed, who is greater.

May luck, Mohammed, on you press,  
 Both now and also later ;  
 And, while your lease of life grows less,  
 May happiness grow greater !

As Dragoman through many a year  
 You're clearly the first-rater ;  
 And Mrs. M. alone you fear—  
 Though less, she's somehow greater.

May blessings on Mohammed rain—  
 North, South, or at the Equator—  
 And may his body long contain  
 His spirit, which is greater !

This is but one of innumerable compositions which have been written in honour of Mohammed throughout a long series of years, and he takes a pardonable pride in showing them.

“ This brings me to February 8 (Sunday), and

I am happy to say that the exertions of the chief engineer and his men, after twenty-one hours' continuous work, resulted in getting our wrecked paddle-wheel into shape, so that we started off again about 2.40 this morning. Before going to bed some of the ladies were scared by the appearance of two or three mounted and armed Arabs on the bank side, together with a crowd of natives,

**An alarm** and for a few moments some of them would have it that the steamer was going to be raided. Mr. Darling and I, having the only firearms on board, were regarded as the only possible defenders. Of course, the men were of the most harmless character, being something in the nature of police. We are now speeding along down the Nile, and it is still believed that we shall get passengers for to-morrow's P. and O. to Cairo in time. We shall see."

“ Within a few minutes of writing the above I became aware that something had again gone wrong with the works ; a link of the steering-gear had given way, and simultaneously one of the floats of the repaired paddle-wheel collapsed, the iron work of this particular float being Belgian, and the chief engineer had been anticipating its failure for more than an hour. Again we had to anchor and swing with the current, but this time



MIR. W. ALLISON AND SAM DARLING AT THE PYRAMIDS, EGYPT.



not more than a quarter of an hour was spent before the wrecked float had been removed altogether and the steering gear repaired. Then we once more headed for Cairo at best speed."

"CAIRO,

"February 9.

"We reached Cairo all right, after all, at 3 a.m. to-day, and are now installed once more at Shepheard's Hotel. Mr. Gubbins, I am sorry to say, has not got clear of the gout, but the weather is now very favourable, and, as we may stay here a fortnight, I trust he will be well long before the expiration of that period."

The above-stated opinion did not adequately estimate the gravity of Mr. Gubbins's condition, for that gentleman had been subject to attacks of gout which kept him laid up for three or four months in Ireland, and he seemed to have started on one of these. We had to have him carried from the boat to Shepheard's Hotel, and I secured a hospital nurse and the best doctor available; but I was very anxious, for he was clearly in a very bad state of health and absolutely grey in the face.

Then, to add to my troubles, Mr. Allison, with whom I paid another visit a day or two later to **Taking** the Pyramids, stated as we were driving **temperatures** there that he was sure he had got another attack of fever. We were photographed

on camels and on donkeys at the foot of the great Pyramid ; and on our return to Shepheard's, Mr. Allison was found to have a temperature of 103°.

After we were settled, Mr. Gubbins was down in one room and Mr. Allison in another. I went from one room to the other, taking temperatures. Both of them were pretty bad. However, I helped the doctor and nurse, and Mr. Allison improved in three days, but Mr. Gubbins remained pretty ill for some time. I begged him to let me send for Dr. Browning, his nephew, to which he would not agree. When he got better, which he did in about nine days—thanks to the dry climate of Egypt—he thought he would like a pair of white Arab stallion ponies to take home with him. I bought him a pair of beautiful ponies, well matched, and when I paid my next visit to Ireland I rode behind them, but they were not a success. They were very slow, and he soon got tired of them.

How docile these Arabs are, however, may be demonstrated by the fact that one of them won a race the day before I bought him, and had never, so far as I am aware, been in harness. Nevertheless, Mr. Gubbins drove them as a pair in Cairo within two days of the purchase, and was photographed doing so, with his nurse seated at his side.

Mr. Gubbins  
and the  
Arab ponies

. . . . .

We went to the Cairo race-course with Captain Prothero Smith, who was then in command out there, and saw a little racing. Mr. Somerville Tattersall, who was staying at the Savoy Hotel, accompanied us. It was very interesting to see the way the Arabs treated their horses before and after they ran. They stood them in stalls, and the Arab attendants stood there for hours swishing off the flies, which some days were almost unbearable. Many of them washed the horses over with some preparation, I do not know what, after the race. Some of the Arab jockeys rode in rather a wild and erratic style, but though the fences were not big the horses performed fairly well.

A race meeting and an ostrich farm

I paid a visit to old Cairo, which I cannot say was very sanitary. Went also to the mosques, which you are not allowed to enter without putting on a pair of sandals: the keeper is there to do this for you. There are no seats, but the inside is one gorgeous display of light, and the very large circular floor is beautifully carpeted. All the worshippers worship on their knees.

I saw the late Duke of Devonshire on the balcony of the Gezireh Palace Hotel at about half-past four in the afternoon, and His Grace was without a coat. At that time of the day it is very dangerous to sit about in draughts, as changes in the tempera-

ture are so rapid. I ventured to suggest to His Grace that he should put on his coat. He said :

“ I think you are quite right ; I do feel a bit chilly.”

It is a fact that after four o'clock the climate in Egypt is most treacherous.

I paid a visit to the ostrich farm, after going over the Khedive's Palace. We saw a female bird sitting on her nest. When the door opened for us to look in, the male bird, who was in the yard with her, dashed across in about two strides and struck out with his leg. As he struck the mud wall he tore a piece out as if it had been cut with a chisel. He was jealous of the female bird being disturbed. I could quite understand after seeing this what one heard as a boy of the power of the ostrich's stroke with his leg. An owner of an ostrich farm told me that he saw one of his ostriches strike a native boy and disembowel him while near the nest of his mate.

We were now nearly at the end of our visit to Egypt, but before we departed an incident occurred which illustrated most remarkably the close personal attention which Lord Cromer paid to the affairs of the country, and to any possibility of promoting its welfare. The incident in question was recorded by Mr. Allison in *The Sportsman*, under date February 11, 1903, Shepheard's Hotel :



“The amazing advance of Egypt since those dark days (1884) is, by common consent, due in the main to Lord Cromer, and many have wondered how it is that necessary improvements are so expeditiously effected here, and how it came about that even a big war was carried to a conclusion without any muddle, hitch, or extravagance. I had an object-lesson in this matter the other day, and any one who has ever tried to bring any invention or suggestion to the notice of a British Minister at home will appreciate my story. A friend, who heard I was going to Khartoum, wrote asking me to make certain inquiries about the ‘Sudd,’ in the White Nile, as he had an idea for turning it to profitable account. I never reached Khartoum, and was unable to make the inquiries, but, in an idle moment on the night of the 9th inst., I sent my friend’s letter to Lord Cromer, with one from myself, stating that I personally knew nothing of the subject, but I thought it a pity to miss any chance of doing good to the country. In England such a letter, if acknowledged at all, would have received a stereotyped reply that it had been ‘noted,’ and it would probably have never actually been seen by the Minister to whom it was addressed. Now mark what happened here.

“The next morning, the 10th inst.—at 8.55 a.m.,

to be precise—I received while sitting at breakfast the following, sent in by hand :

“ ‘ BRITISH AGENCY, CAIRO,  
“ ‘ *February* 10, 1903.

“ ‘ DEAR SIR,—Instead of writing, I should be very happy to answer your letter verbally, if you would kindly call on me. I shall be free at 11.45 this morning, if that would suit you.

“ ‘ Very faithfully yours,

“ ‘ CROMER.’

“ Thus had Lord Cromer attended to his own correspondence almost before I was out of bed. It is a bit of an eye-opener, when one reflects that he has for twenty-odd years been the hardest-worked man in Egypt. Needless to say, I went at the time appointed, and, what is more, I was not kept waiting more than five minutes before being received. It would not be right to go into any details here, but I may say that I obtained from his lordship all the information I wanted and was treated with the greatest kindness and courtesy. I mention the incident, not for one moment as a personal one, but as throwing such a strong searchlight on the way business is done here as compared with the cold, repellent attitude of our home departments. How many of the finest inventions have been lost to England by the

sheer disinclination of the powers that be to give them even a moment's consideration ! ”

I could write much more about Egypt, but the time has come for dealing with other matters, and so I cut the Egyptian subject. I am sorry, **Homeward bound** all the same, to have to omit further description of our visit to the ostrich farm near Heliopolis ; also the Gymkhana and subsequent race meeting held under the auspices of the Khedival Sporting Club. The museum and the mummies may rest in peace, but cigarette factories and the terribly malodorous old Cairo deserved a note, while the place where Moses was found in the bulrushes ought not to be passed by unheeded. However, needs must, and I will simply record that we shook the dust of Egypt off our feet with mingled feelings, which were expressed by one of our party in the following lines :

## ON LEAVING EGYPT

P. AND O. S.S. " Isis. "

Now, the pertinacious Arab  
 Can no longer ask a price  
 For a plainly bogus Scarab  
 Which, he says, is " very nice " ;  
 Now no more the fabled Luxor,  
 With its templed tombs of Kings,  
 Keeps me from my *placens uxor*—  
 Home I fly on sea-borne wings :—

Wings to save from scenes that bore us,  
 Wings which gratitude have won,  
 For they waft us far from Horus—  
 Thanks to Thomas Cook and Son.  
 Egypt, Egypt!—Land of ages—  
 Long may you and yours be blest!  
 But I leave you to the sages,  
 In their mummy-grubbing quest.

Dogs and Cats, and Hawks and Leopards,  
 Isis and Osiris, too—  
 Surely, one bright day at Shepheard's  
 Far surpassed the whole of you!  
 Yet, from European trammels,  
 We may well sometimes be free,  
 And on donkeys or on camels  
 Ride, a Sacred Wolf to see;

Yes! though Father Nile's putrescence  
 For a while has laid me low,  
 Now I bar, in convalescence,  
 Schweppe and milk—of Buffalo;  
 And, I say, no more a roamer,  
 Egypt's wonders are no sham.  
 Which is greatest? Ask Lord Cromer,  
 And perhaps he'll answer "Dam!"

Our journey home, *via* Brindisi, was uneventful, except in so far as Mr. Gubbins's servant was concerned. That he "never was meant for the sea" is certain, and the Mediterranean, though smooth as a mill pond, wrought grievous havoc with him, while the final touch from Calais to Dover, just after the big gale, was positively cruel, more especially when, having ineffectually tried to fetch up at the landing-stage outside

Dover Harbour, we had to put out to sea again so as to come round on the other side. But it was all over at last, and Mr. Gubbins and man went, in still more tempestuous weather, to Ireland two days later. How much, if any, of the man remains I have not heard.

## CHAPTER XVII

### AGAIN AT BECKHAMPTON

I HOPE I have made it clear that our experiences in Egypt were in the early part of ARD PATRICK'S four-year-old season, and before Mr. Gubbins had agreed to sell the horse. Mr. Allison was commissioned by Count Lehndorff to buy him, but Mr. Gubbins would not take less than 25,000 gs. for a sale right out, or 20,000 gs. if he might run him on his own account for his weight for age engagements that year.

The sale  
of Ard  
Patrick

Count Lehndorff did not see his way to give 25,000 gs., which was a very big price indeed in those days. On the other hand, he had conceived an idea that I could not possibly train the horse, after his accident at Ascot the year before, and that if he gave 20,000 gs., leaving Mr. Gubbins the right to run him, ARD PATRICK would be broken down before delivery.

So the negotiations hung fire until ARD PATRICK

N<sup>o</sup> 128/BA 6099148

London 15<sup>th</sup> Aug 1903

Lloyds Bank Limited  
16, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.



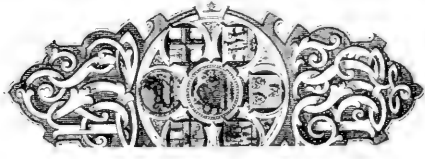
Pay John Gubbins Esq  
w: Bourne

Twenty Thousand Pounds

£20,000

THE INTER-TUNING AGENCY  
AND EXCHANGE LIMITED.

W. Henson



THE ARD PATRICK CHEQUE.





won the Princess of Wales's Stakes in grand style at the Newmarket July meeting of 1903, and Count Lehndorff, who was present, and much impressed with the performance, then authorised Mr. Allison to buy the horse for 20,000 gs., giving Mr. Gubbins the right to run him for his other weight for age engagements that season.

Mr. Gubbins agreed to these terms, and though Mr. Allison had not a scrap of paper from Count Lehndorff to confirm the offer, he did not hesitate to stand on the Count's well-known honour and reputation, so that the sale was announced to the Press an hour or more before the race for the Eclipse Stakes.

The honour  
of Count  
Lehndorff

As a matter of fact Count Lehndorff had left Newmarket hurriedly for Germany after giving the verbal instructions to buy, and had been travelling about in that country without getting the letters and wires that were sent after him.

We often hear it said that such and such a man's word is as good as his bond, but most people in business prefer the bond all the same, and it speaks volumes for the spotless character of the good old Count that his mere spoken word was good enough to stand for 20,000 gs. in England, and in the purchase of one horse.

154 SAM DARLING'S REMINISCENCES

The news of ARD PATRICK'S victory was of course wired to Count Lehndorff, and he replied :

[*Copy of Telegram*]

July 20, 1903.

HOPPEGARTEN.

CILIARY, LONDON.

Am satisfied with all your arrangements. Many thanks for satisfactory conclusion. Very cleverly managed.

LEHNDORFF.

The German Agricultural Department also had something to say :

[*Translation*]

BERLIN,  
October 6, 1903.

MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE,  
CROWN LANDS, AND FORESTS.  
Business number  
I.G. 8286.

As the thoroughbred stallion ARD PATRICK has arrived safely at the place of his future operations—at the Graditz principal stud—I am pleased to take this opportunity of thanking you for your trouble and for the special skill which you have shown in

attending to the interests of the Prussian Stud Administration by this purchase.

The Royal Prussian Minister of Agriculture,  
 Crown Lands, and Forests,

v. PODBIELSKI.

Mr. W. ALLISON,  
 46a, Pall Mall,  
 London.

Whether these compliments would have passed had ARD PATRICK been beaten by SCEPTRE, it is not for me to say, but no one ever made a mistake in trusting the word of Count Lehndorff.

I found after the Eclipse Stakes that there would be serious difficulty in winding ARD PATRICK up for the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket, though, with an easy preparation, he could not miss the valuable second or third stake. Mr. Gubbins, on hearing this, said, in most sportsmanlike fashion, that I had better let Count Lehndorff have the horse at once, as he would not have him run again unless he could show at his best.

I may here interpose that between the days of GALTEE MORE and ARD PATRICK American jockeys had come on the scene, and the two **Concerning jockeys** horses were very differently handled. An old English jockey, Charles Wood, who had not been riding for some years, proved fully equal

to winning the big treble on GALTEE MORE, but in the case of ARD PATRICK, who had been disqualified for bumping FOWLING PIECE when ridden by Morny Cannon, I put up the American jockey, J. H. Martin, for the Derby, and the horse ran home with him as straight as a line, winning very easily.

I have been asked for my views on the past and present-day jockeys, and their style of riding.

When Sloan first rode at Newmarket, a member of the Jockey Club asked me my opinion of the American seat. I at once related to him what the late Lord William Beresford told me of the results of his trials over five furlongs from the two styles of riding, viz. the American seat and the English seat. The American had the advantage from 3 to 7 lbs. I felt sure then that these results were right, but only on free horses that take hold of their bit and run their races through in their jockeys' hands.

When Sloan started riding here he made the pace so hot, our jockeys thought he would come back to them, but to their cost they found he did not.

His excellent judgment of pace-making was no doubt gained by riding so much single-handed to the clock on the tracks in America.

Sloan was an artist, and his build was favourable for his style of riding.

Very many of Maher's brilliant finishes were made quite the opposite to Sloan's, viz. waiting and coming, with one fine run.

F. Wootton's finishes were very fine, and full of dash. He had exceptionally good hands, and in consequence so many very awkward horses went well for him. He was a great asset to his father's stable.

On lazy horses the American style is not seen to such advantage. When their horses tire a little, the typical American jockeys invariably resort to the whip, only to find their mounts run out, which often loses them the race.

In my opinion, on a sluggish horse there is no comparison between the present style and such jockeys as the late George Fordham, John Osborne, Tom Cannon, the late Jack Watts, the late F. Archer, Morny Cannon, and many others of the old school.

What a treat it was to see a Derby field of horses ridden by these men, and fifteen or sixteen more of their confrères, each keeping his own line, with their horses beautifully balanced round Tattenham Corner—might I say with a poetry of motion, and under absolute control of their riders?—the finish often so dashing and thrilling, causing breathless excitement!

I go with the times in most things; but race-riding (if we could find jockeys as good as those I've mentioned) I would welcome back to-morrow.

I should explain, perhaps, as showing the reason why Maher's methods differ from those of Sloan in his first seasons here, that practically all races now are run at a much faster pace than they used to be, and the English jockeys, having by bitter experience come to understand Sloan's trick of waiting in front at a false pace, no longer permit themselves to be hoodwinked in that way. Therefore, of course, Maher has been up against an entirely different proposition from the very simple one which confronted Sloan in his early days of riding in England.

Madden, who rode *ARD PATRICK* for the Eclipse Stakes, had, to all intents and purposes, adopted the American style, as modified by experience.

## PART II

### CHAPTER I

#### STRAY FANCIES

I REACHED my zenith with ARD PATRICK'S Eclipses Stakes, and though I had many big winners to train after him, there seems to come a break in this story which may constitute a sort of anecdotal interlude—at least, that is how it strikes me—and I dash into certain stories which have at least the merit of being true.

During the time I hunted in the North Cotswold, a gentleman who wore scarlet and rode 300-guinea hunters was never known to jump a fence, but galloped for all he was worth on the roads. He took it into his head one day to follow some second horsemen, who were approaching a very small gap, and they heard him say as he was nearing it, "Steady lad, steady," and when his horse fought for his head to go at it he exclaimed, "D—— your eyes, if you jump I'll sell you!"

*Another story.* Kemmy Walker, in the 'seventies, raced a great deal, and owned a good hurdler called **INDUSTRIOUS**. This is by the **Mine wins!** way of introducing the story. He was a great man at pony racing, and on one occasion ran a pony very much like his chief opponent's, whose colours were also nearly the same. Kemmy was on good terms with the judge, who always wore a large-brimmed top hat, and he posted himself on the judge's box when the ponies were near the winning-post. Kemmy's pony was some distance behind, but the pony with colours like his own in front, so Kemmy shouted with much excitement, "Mine wins! Mine wins!" eventually hitting the judge on top of his hat, which came down over his eyes. He then said, "I told you mine won!"

Fishing tales there are in plenty, and most of them very stale, but I have a fancy for the following, which I heard not very long ago. It was about a society gentleman who got the fishing craze very badly, and who left for Scotland ready for some good sport, with all the latest fishing tackle that he could obtain. One day his luck was not of the **The Bernard** best, and feeling very disappointed he **Shaw fish** sat down for a quiet smoke. Presently a small boy came along with a stick for rod, and



a string on the end of which was a bent pin and his bait. Without much ado he cast his line, and very quickly pulled out quite a nice fish. The boy was delighted, and with pride showed the gentleman his catch, who very quickly replied :

“ Well, that’s the b — limit ! ”

The boy presently started for home, and took his haul straight to his mother, who said :

“ What a nice fish ! What do you call it, Charlie ? ”

“ I don’t know, mother,” replied the boy, but when I pulled it out the gentleman who was fishing next to me called it the b—— limit.”

A certain noble lord whom I knew in the 'fifties called on a friend in London. The lord’s appearance was that of a typical John Bull, with a cut-away tail coat. The footman, on answering the door, promptly said :

The peer  
and the  
beer

“ You are too late, mate, the butler’s place is gone. Would you mind fetching me a pint of half-and-half just round the corner ? ” which my lord did. On his return he handed the beer to the footman, at the same time congratulating him on not drinking his master’s beer when he was on board wages, and then presented him with his card. Curtain ! !

When I was over in Ireland on a visit to the stud, I said to Mike Burns (Mr. Gubbins's stud **Mr. Gubbins's** groom),

**stud groom** "Mike, I'm very pleased you sent us over some good horses to England."

"Yes, he said, "there are a lot of good horses go over to you from Ireland; but you have to come to Ireland for your generals as well as your horses." This was at the time of the Boer War, when Generals Roberts, Kitchener, etc., were to the fore.

Two gentlemen of enormous proportions, one of whom I trained for, and his brother-in-law, took **Another** a hansom cab from Waterloo to the **true story** Raleigh Club, Regent Street. When they paid their fare the cabby opened out his hand, looked with disgust at what he had received, and said:

"Blimy, if ever I drives you two gentlemen again I hopes as how you'll send your 'innards on in Pickford's van!"

Two sportsmen staying at an hotel in Doncaster, being casual sort of people, did not bother to in- **A Doncaster** quire about the price of the rooms which **bill** they kept for a meeting. At the end of the meeting they asked for a bill, and found they had been charged £3 a night. It was put

down on the bill as "To two beds £3." The younger of the two sent for a cab and proceeded to carry his bed down to the hall. The proprietor, who was called by the porter, said :

"Here, what are you taking that bed away for?"

"Well, I've paid for it, haven't I?" Here's your bill—"Two beds for £3"—which I've paid you, so I'm taking my bed."

In 1896 I bought CRI DE GUERRE two-year-old, a bargain, for a client (after running at Liverpool Spring), from Mr. Lushington, and as she  
 Cri de Guerre was backward I put her by for a selling at Newmarket, July 1. She was known by my men as the bay filly, and after trying her good enough to win a selling, I took her to Newmarket with my other horses, viz. KILCOCK and WILDFOWLER. I had the two latter out for exercise in the morning on the Limekilns. We passed the "men of observation" by the clock, and they concluded I only had the two running. They did not know I sent my head man to the race-course side with CRI DE GUERRE, he riding her as a hack, and without any clothes. The owner wished to get a good price, so I advised him to go to the weighing room himself and engage a jockey, viz. K. Cannon, who when asked by his confrères what he rode, said, "I don't know; some farmer-looking man gave me the colours." The filly won easily, and we had a

very good race; though the returned price was short, she made 680 gs., and we let her go.

CRI DE GUERRE is the grandam of ZORI DE ZI, the best horse that has ever been seen in Roumania—whatever that may amount to.

At Newmarket, in 1896, two brother owners came to ask me if I would take a two-year-old called BRIC-A-BRAC to train her with a view to a mile selling race at Derby Autumn meeting. The elder said the late R. Peck and Gurry had tried her good enough to win a race of this sort. I agreed to take her. The younger said, Why not send COMMON TALK—a filly of his own—for company? They were accordingly despatched without any attendant to Beckhampton. None of my men knew what they were. I had them in two isolation boxes, and called them "THE SKINS," and sure enough they were thin enough to earn that title.

After five or six weeks they were much stouter, and I tried them in the afternoon, and found COMMON TALK the better—of this I was convinced—and wrote to the owners to that effect. They were both duly entered in the Mile Selling Race at Derby. When I met the brothers at Derby the elder said, "Sam, there is a mistake, for BRIC-

A trial  
verified.  
Common  
Talk and  
Bric-a-Brac



MR. S. H. DARLING.



A-BRAC was always much the better, and we think little of COMMON TALK." I replied, "I am satisfied my gallop was right." The younger said, "I'll stand on Sam." They both ran, and BRIC-A-BRAC opened good favourite. Presently the commission for COMMON TALK was in the market—when all the "heads" were saying "What's up?" However, COMMON TALK, with 6 st. 11 lb. up, won—ridden by Herbert Jones. The elder brother was a winner, and the younger had a good race. I might say my son Sam, who was home from school, took them to Derby and delivered them to Halsey, who saw to the saddling of them.

## CHAPTER II

### MAINLY ABOUT JOCKEYS

AFTER ROCKETER had won the Stewards' Cup easily at Goodwood by three lengths—he was three years old, carrying 7 st. 6 lb., and would certainly have won it with 8 st.—I tried SLIEVE GALLION (then a two-year-old) with him, giving ROCKETER 7 lb., over six furlongs. On that gallop SLIEVE GALLION could have won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood (ROCKETER'S year) with 8 st. 7 lb. on as a two-year-old.

Slieve  
Gallion's  
great trial

Somewhere about this time I trained for Mr. J. R. Keene, winning the Oaks for him with CAP AND BELLS, and the July Cup with RUNNING STREAM. At that time DISGUISE was in training for the Derby. Wanting something to lead him, I fortunately got SINOPI from Mr. A. James for £600, for Mr. Keene.

Disguise  
and his  
jockey

He not only did his mission well, but he won the Ascot Stakes, and several other races with top weight. DISGUISE was third in the Derby, ridden by Sloan. He was a sour and very mulish kind of horse.





*Siene Gallion.*  
*The property of Captain Greer.*  
*Winner of the New Stakes, Ascot; Champagne Stakes, Doncaster;*  
*the Two Thousand Stakes, &c. &c.*



He often refused to go on the downs, and I told Mr. Keene that I should have to be severe with him, and with his consent I gave him an awful hiding. This was just before he won the Jockey Club Stakes ; he was quite a different horse for some time afterwards, but the old Adam again asserted itself, and he was sent to the stud in America. He ran for the Eclipse Stakes, ridden by a jockey named Henry, who was then riding under a retainer, through an arrangement made by Mr. Foxhall Keene, for Mr. Keene, but I had engaged Morny Cannon, who was far more suitable for the horse. At this time the Egerton House stable had a claim on Morny Cannon, and on the morning of the race they telegraphed from Sandown to send LORD QUEX, belonging to the late Duke of Devonshire, and claimed Morny Cannon to ride. I therefore had to put up Henry. We were beaten two heads, but DIAMOND JUBILEE ran moderately, ridden by H. Jones. The race was won by Mr. Buchanan's EPSOM LAD. I felt very hurt and disappointed that I didn't have Morny. Some time after, Egerton House hadn't a jockey suitable for SLIM LAD, again at Sandown. I had Higgs wins on Slim Lad ACCLAIM running in the same race, and Higgs was to ride him for the late Duke of Devonshire. Hearing that the King's horse (the late King Edward) was without a

suitable jockey, with the permission of Lord Charles Montagu, who was acting for the late Duke, I suggested that we should offer them Higgs. After the race I met one of the connections of Egerton House in the paddock, who asked me why I gave up Higgs to them, when I had my own horse there ready to run. I said, "Well, that's the way I like to pay off old scores."

They thanked me for giving up Higgs, and SLIM LAD won.

I won the Leger (1898) with WILDFOWLER. Morny Cannon was engaged to ride him, but as Prince Soltykoff had a retainer on Morny Cannon, I waited until the last moment to see if he exercised his claim, which he did. I walked into the weighing-room to see if Wood was riding, and said:

"Will you ride WILDFOWLER for me?"

JEDDAH was hot favourite, and WILDFOWLER won five or six lengths, with his head on his chest.

I went to Claridge's Hotel to see Mr. J. R. Keene about a jockey for DISGUISE for the Jockey

Morny Cannon wins on Disguise Club Stakes. He asked me whom I should suggest. I said, "Morny Cannon"; and he promptly asked me,

"What about Lester Reiff?" I said:

"Morny Cannon would suit DISGUISE better than Lester Reiff."



MRS. SAM DARLING, MRS. STANNING, AND MR. DOUGLAS DARLING.



“ Well,” he said, “ I suppose you know best.”

I then engaged Morny, and, as before said, he was a very mulish horse. I advised Morny not to move at all on him in the race until fifty yards from the winning-post, and then come with one run, which he did, beating his opponents easily.

Amongst other winners of Mr. Keene’s were OLYMPIAN, KEERSAGE, BALLOT, NOONDAY, WEDDING BELLS, VIRGINIA EARLE, and CHACORNAC. The last named, when he arrived at Beckhampton, was lame in the back. My vet. said he would never become sound. I did not like to give him

**Chacornac and the sheepskin remedy** up, so I applied the remedy with which I had had successes more than once in cases of back lameness, viz. hot sheepskin from one of my sheep killed just outside his box and applied immediately, leaving it on his back twelve hours. This horse won, amongst other races, the Snailwell at Newmarket, and was a really good-class sprinter.

Mr. Foxhall Keene thought OLYMPIAN would win the Derby. After I had had him in training some weeks, I told him I did not think

**The stamina (?) of Olympian** he would stay. He ran in the Derby, and showed good speed to Tattenham Corner. Mr. Foxhall Keene then wished him to run in the Grand Prix at Paris, where he was tailed off—last.

I then asked Mr. Keene to run him in the New Biennial Stakes (five furlongs) at Ascot, which he won easily. As he did not arrive at Ascot from Paris until twelve o'clock at night, I ordered him stout, and repeated the dose next morning. His success was due to this treatment, as otherwise I believe he would not have shown this form after undergoing such a severe journey.

**BIRKENHEAD** was a partnership horse with Captain Greer. Morny Cannon won a beautifully ridden race, the Stewards' Handicap of £1000, on him at Kempton. He ran in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket, ridden by Sloan. Sloan came down to ride him a gallop, and, good jockey as he was, the horse ran all over the trial ground with him. He afterwards rode him in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, but he also ran out with him in the race, where he certainly looked like being second to **FLYING FOX**, ridden by Morny Cannon. **BIRKENHEAD** was a very big and heavy horse, and no jockey could have got him out riding American style.

**HAPPY BIRD** was my own property, and my son, Fred Darling, rode him in the two-year-old stakes at Newmarket. He won his race very easily, but on returning to the paddock Fred dismounted before reaching the

**Jockeyship  
and  
Birkenhead**

**The  
unhappy  
case of  
Happy Bird**





MR. FRED DARLING.



weighing-room door. Some one in the paddock gave him a leg up, and the second objected, and got the race, as the rule states that a jockey must not be touched prior to unsaddling. It seemed a very hard case, and a more unpopular decision was probably never given over any race. No one could have been more widely sympathised with than I was over that.

Just after this my son rode him a winner at Kempton Park, and, to prove the feelings of the public on the disqualification of the horse in the Newmarket race, one has seldom heard a better reception on his return to scale than he had. The man who objected to him at Newmarket was shortly after objected to for the very same thing at Alexandra Park by Mr. George Edwards, and lost the race.

I must tell a story against myself *re* HAPPY BIRD. After he won at Kempton I sold him to Mr. W. T. Jones, who wished him to run for a nice stake at Leopardstown, in Ireland. My son Sam took him over. When the jockey presented himself to weigh out, it was found I had not confirmed the entry, so he could not run. The stake was between £400 and £500, and I was so vexed at my carelessness, and sorry for my client and all concerned, that I told him I considered myself answerable for the

Happy Bird  
again  
unhappy

stake. He said he would accept it on one condition, that he returned it if HAPPY BIRD won the £1000 stake at Epsom (Foal Stake), which he did, so all ended well, and I never forgot before or since to confirm an entry.

With reference to Sloan and BIRKENHEAD, it is perhaps fair to add that the jockey was by no means at his best that year in England, and that he rode infinitely better in later seasons. It is not for me to go into the causes of this, but I think it was made clear that Sloan—whatever his initial faults, through ignorance of English decorum—did in a large measure accommodate himself to the position, and was going on very well indeed when his backing of his own mount for the Cambridgeshire was thought good enough to stop him from applying for a licence the following year. Many worse things have been done by jockeys.

## CHAPTER III

### SOME OWNERS I HAVE TRAINED FOR

CAPTAIN GREER'S stud farms are second to none. All three of them are of the very best pasture, and the boxes, etc., fitted with the latest and best improvements. The water (a special feature) is good, and is laid on to every paddock. It is really wonderful what a successful stud this has been, and so it deserves to be, for Captain Greer leaves nothing to chance, doing everything with the thoroughness for which he is now famous. He has had great success with his pedigree cattle, winning the Champion at Dublin and many other prizes. He is very hard to beat at golf, etc., etc. His sons are following in his footsteps, both as first-class athletes in the Army and also as good riders between the flags, and to hounds.

The stallions now standing at Brownstown are FUGLEMAN, which he purchased from myself, EARLA MOR, and BUCKWHEAT. These horses are sure to do well.

BURGUNDY won the Queen's Prize at Kempton, the first race I won for the late Duke of Devonshire.

The late Duke of Devonshire After that I sent him on to Newmarket from Kempton, for a £1000 race, one and a half miles across the flat. In transit he hurt his hind leg in the box, and I went down to see the Duke at Beaufort House. When I broke the news to him he turned round and said :

"It's a bad job, but we had a good time at Kempton ; it can't be helped."

That's what I call the true spirit of a sportsman. I fear the good old type of sportsman is fast dying out.

I won the Newmarket Stakes for the Duke with ACCLAIM (1907), the Ascot High Weight Plate, Column Produce Stakes, Newmarket, and Triennial Stakes, Ascot. CHESHIRE CAT won several races ; FUGLEMAN won the Jubilee Newbury Cup. Amongst other winners for the Duke were, BLACKSPOT, FULLCRY, SYLPHIDE, JAVELIN, CYRENE, DEVIL DODGE, PREFERMENT (Newbury Cup, 1912), and

Taslett and the 1,000 gns. TASLETT, a good winner, and beaten a head by JEST for the Thousand Guineas. I objected to JEST for bumping, but after considerable investigation the stewards decided in favour of the winner.

Later in the season, November, at Derby, DRAUGHTSMAN, a horse I sold to Mr. Buchanan,



BURGUNDY.

Winner of the Queen's Prize, Kempton Park. The property of the late Duke of Devonshire.





won the £1000 Nursery, beating HAPPY WARRIOR a neck, and the second objected on the ground of bumping. Although every one (including the judge himself) thought that the decision should be undisturbed, Fox, who rode DRAUGHTSMAN, having admitted that he touched the second, HAPPY WARRIOR, it proved fatal to DRAUGHTSMAN according to the rules of racing. I think in their own minds the stewards agreed with the judge, that the touch did not prevent HAPPY WARRIOR from winning. It seemed hard lines in a case like this that the stewards had not the power to place DRAUGHTSMAN second. Unfortunately, these are the kind of turn-ups one experiences in racing. This, to say the least, was an unpleasant wind-up to one of the worst years Beckhampton has ever experienced, viz. 1913.

Amongst the winners I trained for Messrs. Carroll and Mackay were NIGHTRIDER, MELODY, QUEEN  
**Messrs.** TII, TORCH BEARER; in fact, most of  
**Carroll and** their horses were winners. MELODY  
**Mackay** won the Acorn Stakes at Epsom, and was beaten a head by SUN STAR in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. This mare was a favourite of mine, but unfortunately she was very small. Messrs. Carroll and Mackay have now formed one of, if not the most up-to-date stud farms in France, and intend racing mostly in that country.

I sincerely hope they will attain their ambition by breeding classic winners.

HAMMURABI was a horse I trained for the Czar of Russia. He won the Russian Derby before he came over, and after he was acclimatised

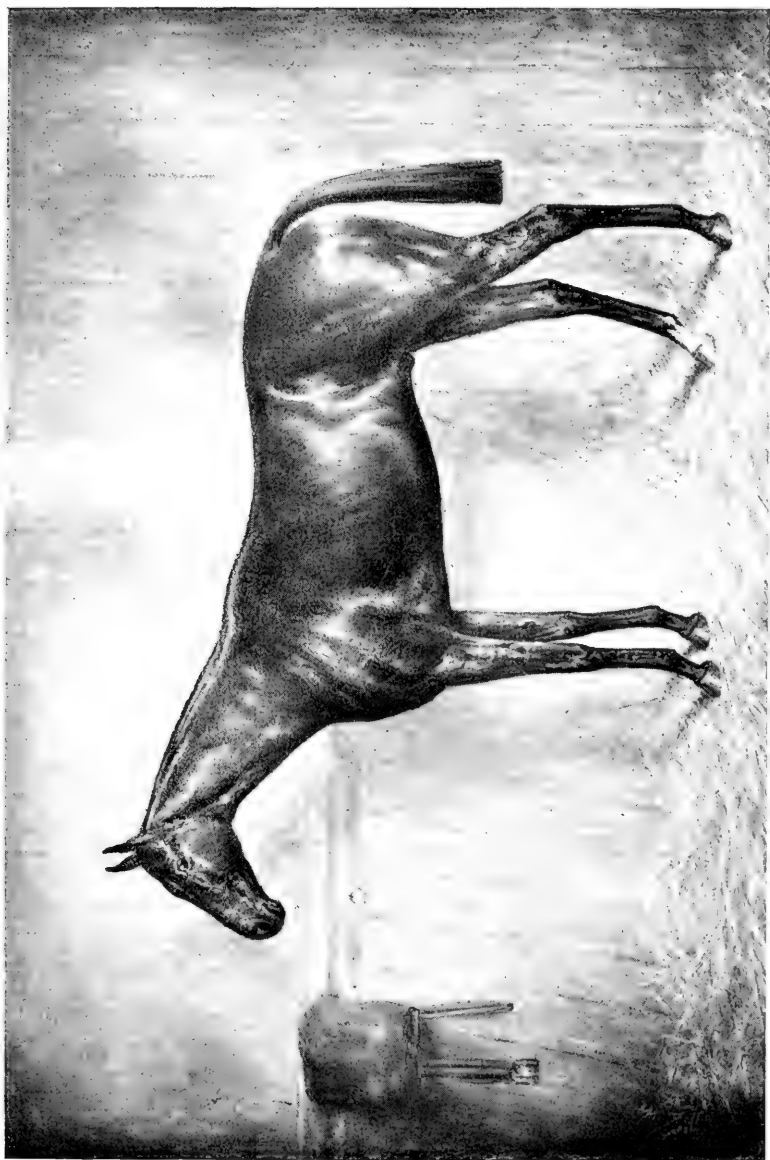
**The Czar of Russia** I tried him, and found the Russian form was a *very* long way behind ours. I saw a race, the conditions of which suited him, at Kempton, and which he carried off very easily, much to the delight of the Russians.

When Messrs. Clark and Robinson started racing in England, they sent their horses to me to train, and I sold them several that turned out

**Messrs. Clark and Robinson** well, viz. CHALLENGER, ROSEATE DAWN—these I bought from Colonel Walker—and COSTLY LADY. This was a beautiful mare I bought from Lord Rosebery, and sold her to the partners.

I think the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot with CHALLENGER, and the Duke of York's at Kempton with DUNDONALD, were two of the most important stakes I won for them.

They are both good sportsmen, and may they attain their ambition and win the classics is my wish! They have already come near to doing so with BILL AND COO, daughter of COOEE, a good Trenton mare, with whom I won some races for them.



DUNDONALD.

Winner of the Duke of York's Stakes.



## SOME OWNERS I HAVE TRAINED FOR 177

No one could wish for a better client than Mr. Joe Lewis, for whom I bought UNCLE SOL, JUBERT, PRESBYTERIAN, MAORI CHIEFTAIN, MISS

**Mr. Joe Lewis** PAC, etc., etc., all good winners, and I wish he were owning horses still.

For Lord Rosebery I trained DANDYPRAT, CARAVEL, PERDICCAS (1908), SAUCY BESS—winning Breeders' Foal Plate, Kempton—and **Lord Rosebery** AVERNUS, winning the Brighton Cup and Silver Bells at Lanark. AVERNUS also won the Gold Cup at Ayr.

Lord Rosebery, who was at the Smithfield Show with Lord Dalmeny, the Hon. Neil Primrose, and Mr. Craven, saw my name as an exhibitor and said, "Let's go and have a look at Sam Darling's sheep." He then sent me the following wire:

"Not surprised your sheep didn't win first prize. Never saw such infamously faked backs in my life."

As most people know, the Hampshire Down sheep, when levelled on the back, look flat, broad, and unnatural. I sent his lordship a telegram in reply:

"Allow me to congratulate your lordship on your successes at the Show (he had taken first prize with some cattle). Think you will have cause to modify your opinion of my sheep when you have tasted a cut from the saddle."

Some time after this I had the honour of lunching

with Lord Rosebery. I don't think I ever saw a better collection of paintings of all the old classic winners than there is in his lordship's possession at The Durdans. Lord Rosebery pointed out a painting he had of my grandfather on ROCKINGHAM, the winner of the St. Leger in 1833. He also has a plate of every winning horse owned by him sent to The Durdans, and they are all fixed in the riding-school, which I need not mention makes a very fine show. Lord Rosebery has the happy knack of mating his mares right. There were many things of interest at the Durdans; amongst them a stone erected in the grounds in commemoration of the famous horse AMATO. I believe a similar stone will be erected to the memory of LADAS.

When Lord Dalmeny asked me if I had any horses I could sell him some few years ago, I told him I had, and sold him five, which Lord Dalmeny all proved good winners, viz. RAMROD, CARAVEL, DEAL, RITCHIE, and CREPUSCULE. RAMROD (by CARBINE out of ESK) won the Newbury Cup, 1906. RAMROD was only beaten two heads for the Two Thousand Guineas. I gave 300 guineas for him at the Doncaster sales, after seeing him get loose in the paddock. His style of going caused me to buy him, and I sold him as a three-year-old to Lord Dalmeny for £1000. He is now a successful stallion in France. After all these horses had won



THE START OF ROCKINGHAM'S LEGER.



THE FINISH OF ROCKINGHAM'S LEGER.





## SOME OWNERS I HAVE TRAINED FOR 179

racers for Lord Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery asked me to value them, which I did, and his lordship bought them. My experiences with Lord Dalmeny were of the most pleasing character in every way.

Lord Lonsdale is a first-rate sportsman and a good friend. So far he has been unlucky racing—

**Lord Lonsdale** no one has run more seconds—though I won for his lordship the Tattersall Sale Stakes and the Parkhill Stakes, Doncaster, with EUFROSINA; the Newmarket Oaks and the Seaton Delaval Plate with ST. BEGOE; and the Duchy Plate at Liverpool with SANTA BELLIS. Never have I been more anxious to win a classic race than for Lord Lonsdale. I have had the honour of paying him a visit to Barleythorpe and Lowther Castle, and it was really a treat to see over the stables, kennels, and estates generally. One could see at once that there was a master mind there. Never have I met any one with greater powers of organisation than Lord Lonsdale. It is something marvellous.

Lady Lonsdale is a charming lady, and delightfully natural with every one, no matter in what station of life they may be.

Many distinguished sportsmen take great interest in the morning work on the course at Ascot, and until the last year or so there was always to be found H.R.H. Prince Christian, riding with his

groom in attendance. He took a great interest in the horses. Many times he asked me their names as they cantered by. I felt very highly honoured when H.R.H. made me a present of some of his celebrated breed of Persian cats, which remained at Beckhampton for some considerable time, until they took to poaching, and I believe the keepers eventually shot them.

Within the last few years Lord Ilchester has had several horses in training with me, most of them winners I am very pleased to say. The first horse I sold to Lord Ilchester was JACK SNIPE. I bought him from James Daly in Ireland, and he at the time was certainly an awful "skin" to look at, but he had the make and shape of a race-horse; and when he cantered in the paddock at Mr. Daly's stud farm outside Dublin, I felt sure we could add strength to that action and get a good colt. There is a story of another trainer following close after, who came upon JACK SNIPE in the paddock, and said :

"There's one who will never win a race."

"Well," said James Daly, "Sam Darling's just given £500 for him." He then began to wonder if he had not been too hasty in his condemnation.

When I was staying with Lord Ilchester at Melbury at that time he asked me to buy him a



JACK SNIPE.

Good class sprinter. The property of the Earl of Ilchester.



horse, and I told him I had just bought one in Ireland for £500, but it was such a "skin" I did not like to offer it to him. He, however, said:

"If he is worth £500 to you, it is worth my while taking the risk, so if you will let me have him——"

As we all know well, JACK SNIPE turned out a veritable flyer over short courses, and afterwards was sold as a sire.

Melbury has one of the finest collections of choice shrubs in the world, all of which are labelled. A more charming host and hostess than Lord and Lady Ilchester it would be impossible to find. Lady Ilchester did us the honour of inviting my daughter (Mrs. Stanning) and myself to the Holland House garden party, which is one of the features of the London season, and needs no description from me. The late Lord Ilchester was a great botanist, and a charming man in every way. He knew the name of every little flower on the Downs. When out there to see the horses one morning he pointed out to me the names of various wild flowers which he had gathered.

I think all the horses I have had since for Lord Ilchester, with one exception, have been winners. I might say the same would apply to Mr. C. E. Howard.

Mr. Howard scarcely had a horse at Beck-

hampton that has not been returned a winner.

**Mr. C. E. Howard** For instance, BROOMSTICK, GALONEER, LITTLE BEN, WEATHERCOCK, ENGLAND, GIANT, and last, but not least, WILLONYX. Most of these I bought and sold to Mr. Howard.

It may be interesting to know that WILLONYX was offered as a yearling at the Doncaster sales, and was passed out of the ring unsold. I asked Sir John Robinson his price afterwards, and he said £800. I immediately said :

“ Well, the horse has been in the ring, and didn't make your reserve of £800 ; won't you take less for him ! ”

“ Yes,” he said ; “ £700 to you.”

“ He is mine then,” I replied, and I passed him on the same day to Mr. Howard. WILLONYX is by **Willonyx** WILLIAM III out of TRIBONYX. He was very slow coming to hand : practically did nothing as a two-year-old, came on rapidly as a three, but more so as a four. As a four-year-old it is well known that he won the Chester Cup, Ascot Stakes, and the Ascot Cup, which is a record for the two at the same meeting. His next record was carrying the highest weight ever carried successfully in the Cesarewitch (9 st. 5 lb.). He afterwards wound up by winning the Jockey Club Cup. Mr. Howard then decided to put him to stud—he went straight from the race-course to



*Willow 430.*

*The property of G. C. Howard Esq.  
Winner of the Chester Cup, Ascot Stakes, Ascot Gold Cup,  
Cesarewitch with record weight, & Jockey Club Cup all in one year.*





Egerton House immediately after he had won the Jockey Club Cup—and perhaps no horse's subscriptions were ever taken so rapidly as his, for he practically filled his first year within the week, 300 guineas each. Many large offers were made for WILLONYX, including one from a syndicate, and also an offer of £40,000, all of which Mr. Howard refused. Mr. Howard was anxious for me to have something extra that I should appreciate, and thought I would probably like the Ascot Cup, which he presented to me, together with replicas of the Chester and Jockey Club Cups, all of which I need not say I value very much.

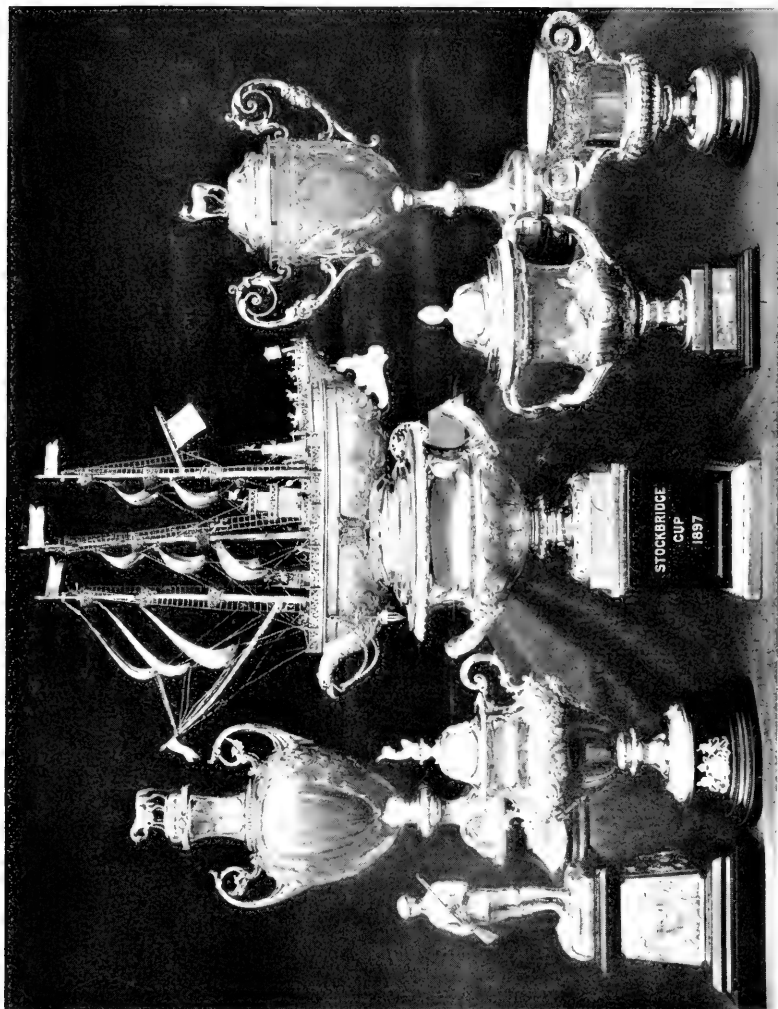
WILLONYX was a most charming tempered horse, and hardly knew what it was to do wrong. He was somewhat on the lazy side, and never exerted himself at home. He was quite a different horse on the course under the excitement of the crowd. There were very few better horses over a distance of ground, and I need not say how pleased I am to have found such a good horse for such a worthy owner. My relations with Mr. Howard, both privately and as trainer, have always been most cordial. It was his wish to run his horses straight through their engagements, and in the end this policy pays best, as the success of WILLONYX and others prove.

Mr. Howard always turned a deaf ear to the tattle of the race-course, which is so often untrue, and at times causes a breach between owners and trainers, but not if the owners are strong minded and judge for themselves. For instance, a report was started that the present Duke of Devonshire intended having a private trainer. As soon as His Grace heard of it he wrote me, saying :

“ In case it comes to your ears that I am likely to change my trainer, I want to be first to tell you I know nothing of it whatever, and cannot think who started the report. I am perfectly satisfied, and thank you for all you have done for me.”

I'm sure my brother trainers will agree with me that such thanks from employers, appreciating the anxious and worrying times one often goes through before the horses reach the starter, play no small part in the trainer's success.

Mr. Buchanan wired me in 1908 to know if I could take a couple of horses for him, viz. ACCLAIM and MOUNTAIN APPLE, which I told Mr. Buchanan's horses him I would be pleased to do. One of the first I bought for him was TRES-SADY by PERSIMMON out of SIMPLIFY (TURBINE'S dam), bought as a yearling at Doncaster ; but he developed navicular disease. Had he not done so I am sure he would have turned out one of the best horses I ever trained. He was beaten as a



*Top row (left to right): BRADGATE CUP, WARWICK, WON BY SAM DARLING'S "AEROBAT," SILVER SHIP, FROM G. E. HOWARD, ESQ., TO SAM DARLING, IN COMMEMORATION OF HIGH WEIGHT PLATE, AS GOT, WON BY "WEATHER-COCK," COTSWOLD CUP, CHELTENHAM, WON BY SAM DARLING'S "COLLINGBURNIE."*

*Bottom row (left to right): MODEL OF SPORTSMAN WILD-FOWL SHOOTING, IN COMMEMORATION OF "WILD-FOWLER'S" ST. LEGER, GOLD CUP, AS GOT, WON BY "WILLOXY," PRESENTED BY G. E. HOWARD, ESQ., STOCKBRIDGE CUP, WON BY "KILCOCK," THE PROPERTY OF CAPTAIN GREER AND SAM DARLING, CHESTER CUP, WON BY "WILLOXY," JOCKEY CLUB CUP, ALSO WON BY "WILLOXY," PRESENTED BY G. E. HOWARD, ESQ.*



three-year-old by BRONZINO in the Greenham Stakes. He next ran in the Craven Stakes won by NEIL GOW, and within 150 yards of the winning-post he was many lengths in front of his field, apparently winning in a canter, when for some extraordinary reason he dashed across the course at right angles, which of course lost him the race. If he had won that he would have been as hot a favourite as ever started for the Two Thousand Guineas. People asked what kind of a horse could he be to be six or eight lengths in front of NEIL GOW so close home.

He finished unplaced for the Two Thousand Guineas, and owing to his infirmity it was impossible to go on with him for further engagements. The late Isaac Earnshaw, one of the best known trainers in Australia, happened to be in England with a commission to buy a likely stallion, and being a shrewd judge, he selected TRESSADY, who is, I am told, very well liked in New South Wales.

I next bought TULLIBARDINE at Doncaster for Mr. Buchanan, and he turned out a good stayer, and was returned a winner of the Goodwood Cup in 1912, which was very gratifying to Mr. Buchanan, as he was practically on his own ground : his seat Lavington Park is just sheltered under the Goodwood race-course, where he has formed

a first-class breeding stud, which I hope will produce in the near future some classic winners for him.

JINGLING GEORDIE was a good performer for Mr. Buchanan, and he was sent out with other yearlings from his own stud at Lavington. I paid many visits there, and I must say I have never seen anything done better, under the able management of his steward, Mr. Hales, and no expense is spared to try and produce good horses. As is well known, Mr. Buchanan is a plucky buyer, and there is no doubt he will in his time come to be the owner of a real good horse. Mr. Buchanan's bump of organisation must be very fully developed, to which his enormous and well-known business establishment in Holborn bears tribute. His van horses there are worth going miles to see.

## CHAPTER IV

### A STABLE AND ITS PROPORTION OF WINNERS

IT is often said when a man comes into note as the trainer of a big winner—"Yes, but how many losers has he in his stable?"

There is a great deal in this, just as there was in the case of PERSIMMON, who sired SCEPTRE in his first season at the stud. SCEPTRE was his only winning two-year-old of that season, and all the other breeders who had failures by him gathered no reflected profit from her, good as she was.

Now on this point I feel rather strong, for I think I can show a list of winners in one year which has never been beaten. It is:

**A record  
list of  
winners**

#### FOUR-YEAR-OLDS AND UPWARDS

- \*1 Black Spot, 5, b h by Black Sand—Word of Honour.
- 2 Colin, 4, br c by Commando—Pastorella (U.S.A.).
- \*3 Ballot, 5, ch h by Voter—Cerito (U.S.A.).
- 4 Mountain Apple, 4, ch c by Persimmon—Ravensberg.
- \*5 Acclaim, 5, b h by Amphion—Claque.
- \*6 Prince of Orange, 5, b g by Florizel II—Marsh Marigold.

\* Winners.

## 188 SAM DARLING'S REMINISCENCES

- \*7 Jack Snipe, 4, b c by Americus—Summer Snipe.
- \*8 Maupas, 4, br g by Mauvezin—Patching.
- \*9 Fugleman, 6, b h by Persimmon—Claque.
- \*10 Wheat-ear, 4, br f by St. Frusquin—Corncrake.
- \*11 Weathercock, 5, br h by Gallinule—Chinook.

### THREE-YEAR-OLDS

- \*12 Perdiccas, ch c by Persimmon—Chelandyry.
- \*13 Dandyprat, b g by Ladas—Mystic Shade.
  - 14 Nature II, b f by Meddler—Correction (U.S.A.).
- \*15 Tantonie Bell, ch f by Lord Edward II—Snow Bunting.
  - 16 Janfarie, b f by Ladas—Corstorphine.
- \*17 Selectman, b c by Voter—Pink Domino (U.S.A.).
- \*18 Wamba II, b c by Ben Brush—Cap and Bells II (U.S.A.).
- \*19 Esperanto, ch c by Disguise II—Anomaly (U.S.A.).
- \*20 Helmet II, bl c by Disguise II—St. Mildred (U.S.A.).
- \*21 Suffragette IV, ch f by Voter—Noonday (U.S.A.).
- \*22 Melisande, ch f by Disguise II—Sylvabelle (U.S.A.).
- \*23 Wedding Bells, b f by Ben Brush—Runaway Girl (U.S.A.).
  - 24 Wallflower II, b f by Meddler—Kamare (U.S.A.).
  - 25 Grianne, b f by Persimmon—Sunburst.
- \*26 Elfina, b f by Cyllene—Elf.
- \*27 Gutfreund, b c by Galtee More—Gallop Lassie.
  - 28 B c or br c by Persimmon—Yesterling.
  - 29 Br f by Bay Ronald—Ardevourlie.
  - 30 International, b g by Meddler—Won by Waiting (U.S.A.).

### TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

- \*31 Little Ben, b g by Ayrshire—Ornis.
- \*32 Sunbright, br c by Sundridge—Ella Cordery.
- \*33 Avernus, ch c by Sir Visto—Avilion.
- \*34 Shaccabac, b c by Robert le Diable—Rosalba.
- \*35 Sonsy Bess, b f by Sir Visto—Mauchline.
- \*36 Lyndin, br c by Disguise II—Emma O (U.S.A.).
  - 37 Seneca, br c by Disguise II—Swiftfoot (U.S.A.).
  - 38 Metaphor, br c by Disguise II—Biturica (U.S.A.).
  - 39 Suffragist, ch c by Voter—Noonday (U.S.A.).
- \*40 Coronal, b f by Voter—Rosegarland (U.S.A.).

\* Winners.



- 41 Infatuation, b or br f by Kingston—Runaway Girl (U.S.A.).  
 42 Black Satin, bl or br f by Disguise II—Veva (U.S.A.).  
 \*43 Tressady, b c by Persimmon—Simplify.  
 \*44 Lady Jess, br f by Ayrshire—Ardmore.  
 45 B c by Count Schomberg—Claque.  
 46 Boatrace, b f by Speed, dam by Matchmaker—Water Lily.  
 \*47 Homing Pigeon, b f by Gallinule—The Message.  
 \*48 Ch f by Gallinule—Virginia Earle.  
 49 Daragane, br f by Disguise II—Tsarina (U.S.A.).  
 \*50 Beau Idea, ch c by Ugly—Savilia.  
 \*51 Troubled Waters, b c by Meddler—Loch Dee (U.S.A.).  
 \*52 Truckee, b c by Meddler—Hatasoo (U.S.A.).  
 \*53 Washoe, b c by Meddler—Kamare (U.S.A.).  
 \*54 Torchbearer, b c by Meddler—Strike a Light II (U.S.A.).  
 \*55 Miss Ellen, b f by Meddler—Admiration (U.S.A.).  
 56 Courtisane, b or br f by Meddler—Correction (U.S.A.).  
 57 B f by Meddler—Vantage (U.S.A.).  
 \*58 Willonyx, br c by William the Third—Tribonyx.

OWNERS FOR WHOM TRAINING

Lord Rosebery	Count Lehndorff
Lord C. Montagu	Captain Greer
Lord Clonmell	Mr. J. Buchanan
Lord Ilchester	Mr. C. E. Howard
Lord Lonsdale	Mr. J. R. Keene
Baron Rothschild	Mr. Carroll
Sir S. Scott	Mr. J. Widener

JOCKEY

W. Higgs

It will be seen from the above that in one season—that of 1909—I trained thirty-nine winners out of a stable of fifty-eight horses, some of which, like COLIN, were infirm before they came to me. I do

\* Winners.

not put in this list for any vainglorious purpose, but simply to show that a big stable of horses can be properly looked after as a whole, and that it is not the bright particular stars only that get a good show.

Some owners like to buy their own yearlings or other bloodstock, and I can well understand their pleasure in doing so. Others have from time to time asked me to buy for them, and I append the following

Buying  
future  
winners

LIST OF HORSES (ALL WINNERS) BOUGHT BY  
SAM DARLING

Miss Grace, Acrobat, Woman in Red, Uncle Tom, Collingbourne, St. Margaret, Gules, Prince of Tyre, Bird of Passage, Bonny Morn, Fermoye, Roseate Dawn, Challenger, Thunder, Costly Lady, Ramrod, Ritchie, Deal, Crepuscule, Caravel, Happy Bird, Uncle Sol, Gold Reef, Penitent, Ercildoune, Gardenia, Mountain Rose, Queen of the Earth, Strensall, Cheque, Sundorne, Barbarina, Vale, Gayette, Winsome, Cri de Guerre, Tressady, Little Ben, Fidelio, Roedean, Samura, Bishops court, Eufrosina, Tullibardine, Sweet Sounds, Sinopi, Ringlet, Tissophernes, Woodland, Kyber, Kilcock, Presbyterian, Glenamoy, St. Neot's, St. Berge,

Break of Day, Morning, Good Morning, Santa Bellis, Tinklebell, Sweetest Melody, Draughtsman, Heather Moon, Sunbright, Misfit, Jack Snipe, Weathercock, Willonyx, Lady Jess, Beau Idea, Tantonie Bell, Prince of Orange, Miss Pac, Prince Io, Pyrites, Jubert, Town Councillor, Champion, Broomstick, Thaddeus, Apple Blossom, Echo, Stoic, Summergale, Queen's Wake, Zethos, Mandorla, Edlington, and many others.

This seems to be a pretty good list, but of course there are many others that I missed through not bidding enough.

A curious case occurred when I wanted to buy a yearling, own brother to WILDFOWLER, for  
 A stable bidding against itself Captain Greer, who had sold the dam to Sir Tatton Sykes. This was at Doncaster, and Mr. Allison, rather to my surprise, asked my opinion about the colt. I told him that if WILDFOWLER had had equally good fore-legs, I should probably have won the Derby with him. Mr. Allison asked no more questions.

Later on, when the Sledmere yearlings were being sold, I was of course among the bidders for this colt, and I noted that Mr. Allison, who was near me, was my most formidable opponent. When I had bid 2,000 guineas, he went another 100 guineas, and said to me :

“ He will go into your stable if I get him ”— meaning, of course, in the interest of his client, to stop me from going on ; but I knew Captain Greer wanted the colt, and so I bid another 100 guineas, whereupon Mr. Allison said “ 500, ” and got him.

Then, to my surprise, I found that the purchase was made for Mr. James R. Keene, for whom at that time I trained as well as for Captain Greer.

Mr. Keene was one of the very best, but singularly impulsive, and he had conceived the idea of wiring to Mr. Allison to buy a yearling for him up to 2,500 guineas, as that gentleman had some years before bought him a lot of good brood mares, including BONNIE GAL (the dam of DISGUISE). This wire he sent to the sale paddocks, and it was only by chance that Mr. Allison found it, stuck up in the office window. He had curiously enough selected the same yearling that I wanted for Captain Greer, and naturally, as I should have to train the colt if bought by him, he asked my opinion, which I gave as stated above.

Buying for  
Mr. James  
R. Keene

The result was that we opposed one another, which would have been unnecessary had Mr. Keene been less casual in his methods ; but we both acted for the best, and Mr. Allison subsequently told me that when he let me know that the colt,



WILLONYX STABLE YARD AND GARAGE.



if bought by him, would go into my stable, he had conceived the idea that Mr. Keene might have instructed me as well as him to buy a yearling, and that we were opposing one another in the same interest. This was not so, as it happened, and I don't see how either of us could have acted more correctly than we did, for, of course, Mr. Allison put in his limit bid of 2,500 guineas when I had gone 2,200 guineas, but had Mr. Keene thought fit to let me know that Mr. Allison would be buying a yearling for him, no such unnecessary competition in the stable would have occurred, and the colt would have been bought—possibly for 1,500 guineas.

He showed great promise as a two-year-old, and won in impressive style at Sandown Park, but he lacked constitution, and his feet also troubled him, so that he ultimately went out to Australia, where, I believe, he won races in the name of CONDOR.

The best animals that I trained for Mr. Keene were CAP AND BELLS and COLIN, but the latter was practically broken down before he came to England. I was able to try him however, and here is the result :

Mr. James  
R. Keene's  
best

SIX FURLONG TRIAL

*1 COLIN	.	.	.	9st. 8lb.
2 JACK SNIPE	.	.	.	8st. 8lb.

## 194 SAM DARLING'S REMINISCENCES

COLIN won a length and a half, and at this time JACK SNIPE was at his best.

CAP AND BELLS I galloped with NOONDAY, a very smart filly also owned by Mr. Keene :

### TRIAL ONE AND A QUARTER BEFORE OAKS

\*CAP AND BELLS . 3. 9st.

NOONDAY . . 3. 7st. 7lb.

CAP AND BELLS won easily ; afterwards won the Oaks by many lengths.





*Capt. & Bertha,  
Winner of the Oaks,  
the property of Richard Stone, Esq.*



## CHAPTER V

### TRAINING AS IT WAS AND IS

I AM far from claiming that we know so very much more than our ancestors did in regard to horses, though, of course, their methods of travelling horses about on foot from one meeting to another necessitated a wholly different scheme of training.

Referring to an interesting work, entitled *The Sportsman's Dictionary*, published in 1807, I find,

**Hints from** under the heading "GROOM," instruc-  
**1807** tion which seems to me to be good for all time. It runs thus :

" A man who looks after horses should demean himself after so gentle and kind a manner towards horses as to engage them to love him ; for a horse is reckoned one of the most loving creatures to man of all other brutes, and the most obedient.

" The groom ought to keep his horse so well dressed, that he may almost see his own face upon his coat, overlooking all his actions, as well feeding as drinking, that so no inward infirmity may seize

upon him, but that he (the groom) may be able to discover it and endeavour to cure. The qualifications necessary in a groom are obedience, fidelity and patience.

“First he must love his horse in the next degree to his master, and endeavour by fair usage to gain a reciprocal love from him, and an exact obedience, which, if he knows how to obey his master, he will be better able to teach it to his horse, and both one and the other are to be obtained by fair means, rather than by passion and outrage.”

There is a good deal more to the same effect, but I have quoted enough to prove that horses were not roughly treated in the old days any more than they are now—at any rate, by sensible people.

The methods of training were certainly strange, according to our ideas. Thus, under **Strange methods of training** the heading “How to order a horse for a Match or Plate,” I read :

“You should reserve a month at least to draw his body perfectly clean, and to refine his wind to that degree of perfection that is capable of being attained by art.

“Take an exact view of the state of his body, both outwardly and inwardly, whether he be low or high in flesh.



MR. J. GUBBINS AND SAM DARLING.



“ If he appear sluggish and melancholy, give him half an ounce of diapente in a pint of good old Malaga sack, which will both cleanse his body and revive his spirits.

“ For the first week feed him continually with bread, oats and split beans, giving him sometimes the one and sometimes the other, according to what he likes best, always leaving him some in his locker to eat at leisure when you are absent ; and when you return at your hours of feeding, take away what is left, giving him fresh till you have made him wanton and playful.”

In the second week, I read, the oats, beans and bread are to be “ ordered after another manner,” for the oats must be dried in the sun, put into a clean bag, and “ soundly beat ” with a flail or cudgel. The beans must be treated in a similar manner, and the bread must have its crust cut off. Such bread has to be made according to the following recipe :

“ Take two pecks of beans and a peck of wheat. Let them be ground together, but not too fine, to prevent too much bran being in the bread ; dress one peck of the meal through a fine range and knead it up with new ale yeast, and the whites of a dozen new-laid eggs ; bake this in a loaf by itself, but dress

**Bread-  
making for  
horses**

the rest of the meal through a boulder, kneading it only with ale and yeast, and use it in all other points as the former. The peck is to be given to the horse when you set him, and the other at ordinary times.

“ This bread assists nature and much increases the strength, courage and wind of the horse.”

Towards the end of the training, “ if the horse proves thirsty ” you are to give him at eight or nine o'clock at night, the following

A julep  
for horses

julep to cool him and quench his thirst :

“ Make two quarts of barley water, three ounces of syrup of violets, two ounces of syrup of lemons, and having mixed them together give them to the horse to drink, and if he refuses place it so that he may not throw it down, and let it stand by him all night.”

A final weird type of food is prescribed for your horse when being wound up :

“ During the last fortnight you must give him dried oats that have been milled by beating, and having washed half a strike of oats in the whites of a dozen or twenty eggs, stir them together, letting them lie all night to soak. Spread them abroad in the sun next morning, till they are as dry as they were at first, and

“ Winding-  
up ” food





PART OF BECKHAMPTON VILLAGE, WITH PADDOCKS BEHIND.



so give them to your horse. When these are spent prepare another quantity in the same manner. This food is light of digestion, and very good for his wind."

The above all reads somewhat fantastic, but I should be sorry to say off-hand that there is nothing in it, though in my own experience the best results have been obtained by feeding horses on their natural food, the best of hay and corn, with green food at the proper time. It is very clear, however, that before railways existed, training horses was done to a great extent on the road, travelling from one meeting to another. The authority already quoted says in regard to a "Running Horse":

"Give him moderate exercise morning and evening, and let him know no other violence than in his courses only."

In other words, let him gallop "for t' Brass," when he does gallop; and with a horse constantly travelling on the roads as they used to do, one can readily understand that such advice was sound. Moreover, the horses themselves and the class of races they ran for were absolutely different from those of the present day. Thus, *The Sportsman's Dictionary*, under the heading "Race-horse," says:

**Galloping**  
**"for t'**  
**Brass"**

“ He should be at least six years old, no horse  
 Six years under that age having sufficient strength  
 old, six for a six-mile course, without running  
 miles the hazard of being overstrained.”

It is evident, too, that in those days the time taken to prepare a horse for a race was little, if at all, longer than now would be required to get him into hunting condition. To continue from the same authority :

“ The next thing to consider is the limitation of time for preparing a horse for a match ; which  
 Training is generally agreed by judicious horse-  
 in two men, that (unless the match be for an  
 months extraordinary sum) two months is suffi-  
 cient ; but in this proper regard is to be had to the state of the horse's body.

“ If he be fat, foul, or taken from grass ;

“ If he be extremely lean and poor ;

“ If he be in good case and has had moderate exercise.

“ For the first you must take two months at least to bring him into order.

“ For the horse that is very poor, get as long time as you can, and let his airings be moderate, feeding him liberally, but not so as to cloy him.

“ As for the horse that is in good case and has

had moderate exercise, a month or six weeks may be sufficient.

“ If you are also to consider his particular constitution, if he be fat and foul, yet of a free and wasting nature, apt quickly to consume and lose his flesh—in this case you are not to have so strict a hand, neither can he endure so violent exercise as if he were of a hardy disposition, and would feed and be fat upon all meats and exercises.

“ Again, if he be in extreme poverty, and yet by nature very hardy, and apt soon to recover his flesh, and to hold it out long ; then by no means should you have too tender a hand nor forbear that exercise you would not give a horse of nicer constitution, weak stomach and free spirit.”

There is a good deal of sound common sense in the above ; but, as I have stated, the old-time horses and their races presented an entirely different proposition from that which confronts the modern trainer ; and to come to our own times I will now briefly describe a day in my own life.

I turn out at about five o'clock in the summer. The first lot of horses are got ready for exercise, and according to the engagements of **My own methods** the horses they get their preparations, doing different work for the different courses they are likely to run. When they come in they

are all well dressed over, fed, then shut up. About nine o'clock, in the summer-time, the second lot are taken out, and go through the same course, except that they are fed before they go out, as they are later. Then the boys get their lunch; after this they have the afternoon free. They can either play games or take their rest (games—cricket, football, etc.). They had quite a good band some time ago. Then we go to stable the first lot at five o'clock in the evening. I look round them punctually every night at 6.25. At stable time every leg is felt, and every horse thoroughly examined. Orders are given to the head man for any treatment for trouble I may have found, either high temperature, or bad tendon, or anything that may have turned up since the morning. Then the head man receives further orders what to do, and how to get the horses ready accordingly for the work which I want to do with them next morning. When there is a trial the jockeys taking part in it come to my office, where they are weighed out at weights which I consider suitable to test the abilities of the horses which are going to be tried. After the trial the boys return to weigh in, and the trial is booked in my Trial Book for future references. One takes every necessary precaution to prevent mistakes, which I fear cannot be avoided at all times, through



CORNER OF THE FRONT YARD OF BECKHAMPTON STABLES.





the way the horses are ridden, and various other reasons.

The old writer, however, is absolutely correct as to the variety of treatment necessary for horses

**Training**  
**Slieve**  
**Gallion**

in accordance with their constitutions ;  
and, I may add, their conformation.

For instance, as I have already briefly stated, I had some difficulty with SLIEVE GALLION in consequence of his having a tendency to ewe-neck. This made him very difficult to break, as it was less natural for him to bend to the bridle tackle, as he went round on the long lunging rein. It was six weeks before I thought it advisable to put a jockey on him, though with ordinary yearlings this may be done in three or four weeks.

When a jockey was put on him he was led straight after the other horses until I considered he could go loose with the jockey. For this preliminary training I did not use any ordinary jockey, but the best available.

After this, however, SLIEVE GALLION was given the usual routine work for a yearling. He was out from one and a half to two hours every day. During that time he was given two steady canters of four furlongs each, the rest of the time being devoted to walking exercise. His food differed in no respect from that of the other horses of his

age, and consisted of five feeds a day, with an allowance of hay.

As a two-year-old the same general routine was observed, and the daily canters were continued until I considered that he was fit enough to go fast. I should add here that it was never my custom to train any two horses in exactly the same way. One hardly ever finds two horses alike, and I think every animal should be trained according to his constitution and special needs, not only for the classic races, but for the other races. That is where the art of training comes in.

When, therefore, I considered SLIEVE GALLION fit to go fast, I put him next a horse with form, in order to see what he was like, and to test his powers. I was so satisfied with him that I was not surprised, when he ran at Sandown, to see him win the Cobham Stakes, which he followed up by carrying off the New Stakes at Ascot, in such style that everybody pronounced him a "smashing good horse." Then he won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, but was defeated by GALVANI in the Middle Park Plate. At that time, however, he was greatly troubled by his teeth. After that he retired into winter quarters, and came out the following season to win the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, and the Two Thousand Guineas in most impressive style.

After that time I scarcely left him, and paid unremitting attention to prepare him for the Derby, For this, I may say, he did generally the ordinary cantering work of five or six furlongs a day, and galloped a mile, with a mile and a half twice a week. This programme, however, was always subject to modification, for I studied his condition from day to day, and gave him only just the exercise I thought specially suited to him.

It was not, however, until after the Two Thousand Guineas that he was ever called upon to really gallop a mile and a half, the length of the Derby course.

He was wound up for that race to the uttermost, and everything was done to ensure his success, but his unfortunate conformation of neck was all against him, and he ran himself out a furlong from home.

## CHAPTER VI

### MODERN CONDITIONS AND DIFFICULTIES

I HAVE been asked for my experience of travelling race-horses by rail. I must say it is not to the credit of any of the railway companies, except for the improvement in the boxes, which are more comfortable than in the old broad-gauge days. The attendants then had to ride with their horses, with four partitions on the broad gauge, standing up all the journey. The journey from Marlborough to Newmarket, viâ Didcot and Oxford, usually takes from eight o'clock to four; very often the boxes are left in the siding for three quarters of an hour, and sometimes at Cambridge for hours. On one occasion I had a mare left there all night. The Stable backed her heavily next day, and she was third; had she got through the same day, she would have won. The only stable my man could get at Cambridge was a dirty stall next to a hack, with but little ventilation. This strange horse so upset my mare that



A SIDE VIEW OF BECKHAMPTON HOUSE.



she did not look the same animal she did when she left home. I sued the company, and only got the expenses for the night out.

Many times horses have been nine and ten hours going to Liverpool and Manchester. For fear of these unnecessary delays I always sent my horses to those meetings with a day to spare.

I could mention many cases which would cause any one to lose his temper with the railway companies, knowing so many times the delay was not justifiable; and when one thinks of the profit to the companies on transit of race-horses, it is not forgivable, particularly when special rates are conceded for travelling hunters. The racing man always pays through the nose for everything. I often asked for a meeting of owners and trainers to put this matter before the railway companies, and I am sorry to say I was never backed up. The companies derive a great revenue from racing, and they might surely give every facility for the speedy conveyance of race-horses.

Many years ago, after a few experiences of coughing yearlings from Doncaster, I agitated for ventilation in the yearling boxes there; and well do I remember the late Tom Brown of Newmarket saying, "Bravo, Sam! I am glad you have called attention to the inadequate ventilation of the Doncaster boxes." I said, "Well,

**Doncaster  
yearlings**

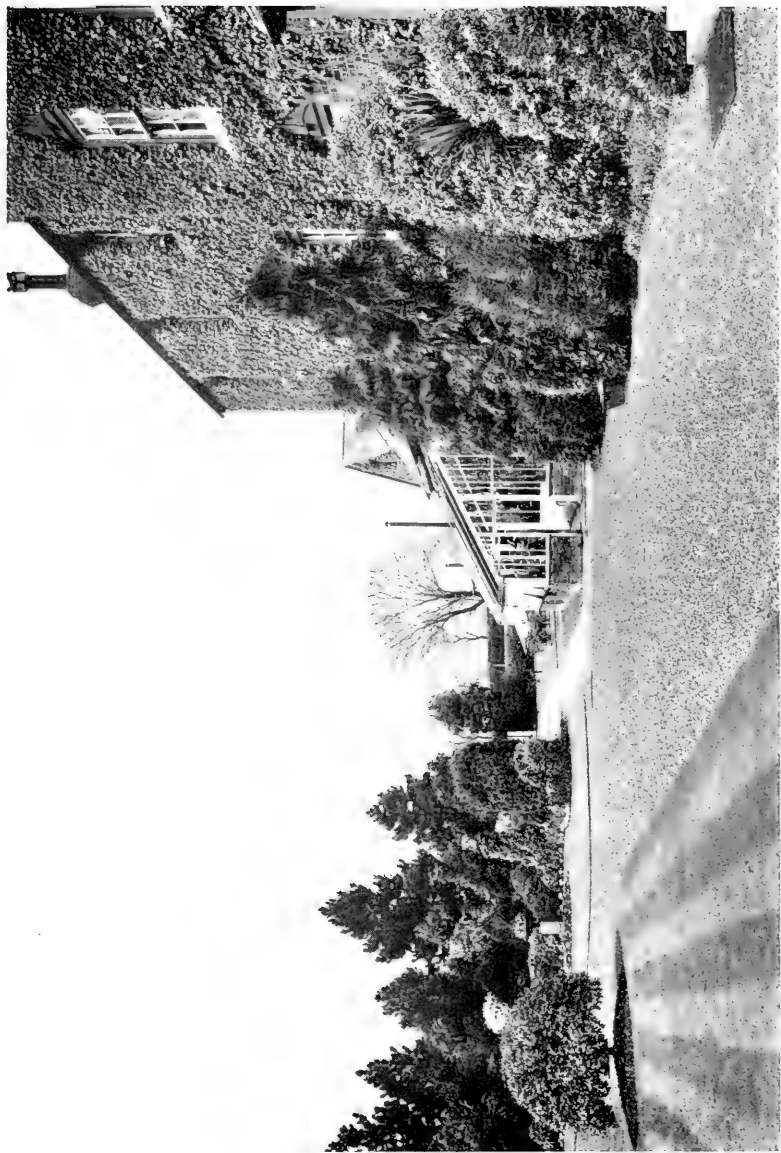
now, just back me up." Neither he nor any one else did so however. When I arrived in the yearlings' paddock at Doncaster, the then owner said he did not see why his boxes should be ventilated; they always had done well enough in the past, and he refused to carry out the trainers' wishes. However, I did advise some of the breeders, personal friends of mine, to knock a hole in the roof of each box, and ventilate it at their own expense, and I am pleased to say most of the boxes are better now in consequence. The trainers' risk of taking coughing yearlings home is now lessened. I've known bad cases from Doncaster interfere seriously with the Autumn prospects of the stable, even when the yearlings were isolated.

I advocated some years ago the thorough disinfection of railway horse-boxes before they were used again; this is now done on some of the lines, but not always under the supervision of a responsible foreman.

I am in favour of the walk-up start, but to put this into practice it would be necessary to be  
**Starting** extra firm with the jockeys, and the  
**Gate** starter to be very quick to see any jockey anticipating him pulling the lever.

It stands to reason, great ungainly horses cannot leave the tapes from a stand nearly so quickly as a small and active one. When they endeavour





SIDE VIEW OF BECKHAMPTON HOUSE.



to do so, it is fatal, for some jockeys drive them into the ground or off their legs.

I consider Mr. Willoughby, after so many of the horses in the last Derby field had lost their tempers,

**The start  
for the  
1914 Derby**

would have been justified in telling the jockeys to walk up. The fact of doing this starting some little distance from

the tapes would have taken the attention of such an unruly field, and, I'm sure, enabled him to get them away on fair terms. It is hardly reasonable to expect such high-couraged horses, after a battle of kicking and biting, to tamely walk up and stand with their nose on the tapes.

In the old days, the trainers, as already stated, often gave raw eggs, and much bread was used

**Training  
of the  
race-horse,  
past and  
present**

during the preparation, particularly for the long distance racing; and with two suits of sweaters and an extra rug they subjected most of their charges to four-

mile sweats, taking the horses home to scrape and rub down. Then having put on a dry suit they would give them a short, sharp gallop; afterwards walk half an hour before going in. These sweats were given two or three times a week, according to the constitution and condition.

It is seldom a trainer sweats his horses now, everything is done with such a rush. Many owners are too anxious to see their horses run as early as

possible, and some of them even earlier. In consequence, I'm sure there are many good horses whose racing qualities have never been fairly tested. It is an important part in the art of training to know which of one's charges would benefit by giving them time. It is not always the big horses alone that want time; I have known many little ones require as much as the bigger ones.

I have for the last thirty years used grey winter and black Tartar oats, mixed, and found this  
Feeding satisfactory; always crushing for mash; also for horses with teeth trouble. Split peas and beans are judiciously used with sweet sanfoin chaff; a little cut green food, as soon as it comes in; and when it is nearly ripe a good handful of seeds and clover grass or other green food that may be handy, and cut carrots with their corn in the winter, besides linseed mashes.

I think that at some of the stud farms the risk they run of getting sickness through the large  
Risks at stud farms number of visiting mares from all parts of the country is often overlooked. Some of our best studs take the wise precaution by top dressing the paddocks used by these mares with lime, and I am sure this purifies and sweetens the ground and pays for the expense and trouble. Captain Greer never fails to top

dress his paddocks, and his stud is one of the most successful in every way.

I candidly think that inbreeding so much to GALOPIN and SIMON has been the principal cause of the majority of our present day race-horses becoming unreliable.

**Deterioration of the thorough-bred's constitution** Their constitutions generally will not stand the work, or anything like what the stock of MUSKET and other stout-bred sires used to take ; and when we think of the starting-gate and hurried training preparation they are subjected to now compared with the past, and the rapid transit to and from the meetings, is it to be wondered at ? Most of the horses running at the suburban meetings arrive in the morning, and often after their race, bathed in sweat, rush for the horse-box special without even time to be rubbed down. Under these conditions I'm sure the excitement of the race-course is kept up until they have settled down in their own boxes at home, some taking days to recover.

CORNSTALK, as a son of TRENTON, one of the stoutest of horses, should be in far greater request

**A stout sire neglected** among breeders. I know when certain mares are mated to some of to-day's sires that the progeny will be a failure before they even get on a race-course.

You cannot go far wrong when trying horses if

you adopt the scale of weight for age, and try Weight for age race according to the class of your opposition, though the old ones have the best of the scale in the early spring, which I've often proved myself—and SCEPTRE in the Lincoln Handicap is a striking instance of this. The scale under the Grand National Hunt rules also is to the advantage of the old ones in the spring. It is surprising how the three and four-year-olds come on from spring to autumn. After all, when one thinks, it is wonderful that horses of that age can race two miles and over under weight from 10 st. to 12 st. 7 lb.

## CHAPTER VII

### MORE TRIPS AND TRAVELS

I AM far from wishing to pose as a great traveller, but I think it well to emphasise the benefit which I have satisfied myself can be derived from going abroad, and away from ordinary routine, for a reasonable time when circumstances permit it. I have already dealt with visits to South Africa and Egypt, and it may interest my readers if I give brief details of other foreign trips—one of which was to Jamaica, taking my son Fred with me. It was more or less an uneventful voyage.

**In Jamaica** On landing at Kingston, an elderly gentleman approached who was a stranger to me, and introduced himself as Colonel Kitchener, who was in command of the West India Regiment there. He said :

“ I knew you were on board, Mr. Darling, and I just welcome you to Jamaica, and tell you that I shall be very pleased to do anything I can to make your visit pleasant.” And he certainly did, for he gave my son and myself ponies to

ride, and we visited his bungalow and rode all round the mountains with him. We made the Constant Springs Hotel our head-quarters; and one morning, as we were just going out, I was rather surprised to find Mr. Ben Tillett, who had come over

**Ben  
Tillett's  
horsemanship** on our boat, asking me if I could pick out a nice quiet pony for him to ride, from the lot which were out for inspection. For what reason I am unable to tell, the pony I selected must have thrown Mr. Tillett very violently, for I never saw a man's face in a worse state than his on his return to the hotel.

After we had been there a few days there was a race meeting, and one of the sporting owners came and asked me if I would allow my son **Jamaican  
Jockeyship** to ride. I said, "With pleasure," and he won, riding against niggers. He won on a horse called HARI KARI. The next day he promised to ride this horse again, and I heard that the native jockeys were going to play tricks with him—*i.e.* to ride foully—so I told Fred that this would probably occur at the last turn. They would race away in front and give him an opening to come up between, and then close up and shut him out; but I said:

"You make a feint, as if you were going to take that opening, and slip up on the outside as quick as you can, and they will be bumping each other



instead of you," which was exactly what happened. Fred came up on the outside, and won again. I was in the Stewards' stand, with the Hon. Mr. Calder, and I suggested that they should have the jockeys up, which they promptly did, and fined them a fiver. I said I thought their sentence would have been more severe, and that they would have been put back for a bit, but Mr. Calder said they would think nothing of being set back compared with losing a fiver.

The next day, through the kindness of Dr. Pringle (now Sir John Pringle), we journeyed up to his beautiful estate in the mountains; and talk of the climate! it was absolutely perfect! The air was delightful. Dr. Pringle's bungalow was beautifully fitted up with every possible comfort. It was most interesting to see the vast extent of the banana plantations. A gale one night blew down miles of banana, which was a loss of £30,000 to the doctor. The fruits in Jamaica are various and choice.

The room which I occupied at Constant Springs Hotel was demolished by the earthquake which took place there some time afterwards.

There was a good bit of polo playing by the West Indian Regiment, in which Colonel Kitchener took part, although he was seventy years of age.

. . . . .

The following season I took my youngest daughters through Spain. We went by boat to Gibraltar, and then by train. We

Visiting  
Spain

wandered up the street to the hotel, where we met Mrs. Featherstonehaugh, driving in a little Victoria. She pulled up and said :

“ Who would have thought of seeing you here, Mr. Darling ? ” I introduced the girls, and we were at once made at home. Mrs. F. kindly introduced them to partners for a fancy dress ball that night, and they had a good time. Mrs. F., who is a sportswoman, rode round the mountains with me to point out the ground over which they hunted, and it was rough and dangerous riding. After inspecting the arenas where the bull-baiting is held, and the Moors' market, which was very interesting, we journeyed on to Grenada, where I was taken seriously ill. I had a high temperature, which went down after a diet of goat's milk and soda for three or four days. We afterwards visited the mosques; the carving and architecture of these places was perfectly grand. I took a courier with me from Gibraltar to Madrid, otherwise I fear I should not have got on, not knowing a word of Spanish. We paid a visit to the King's palace at Madrid, and saw the most magnificent collection of armour I have ever seen, in the armoury adjoining the palace. Adjoining



MR. DOUGLAS DARLING.



this was the stable for one hundred horses, and coach horses for state carriages, all of which spoke of the gorgeous display of days past.

From Madrid we went to Biarritz, spending a few days there, and taking our exercise on practically the same track as the late King Edward used to take his morning walk, which was just in front of our hotel. I then brought my daughters through Paris from there home.

Next season (1910) I paid a visit to the Argentine, taking with me my youngest son, Douglas, paying visits to the different ports, which was more than interesting. For instance, the railway at Santos and the harbour at Rio. When we arrived at Buenos Ayres we settled down at the Plaza Hotel. One of the first moves we made was to see the Jockey Club. The splendour of this building has not been over-rated. It contains dining rooms, public rooms, Turkish baths and all other kinds of baths, gymnasium, and a splendid cuisine.

Our next visit was to the DIAMOND JUBILEE stud, and this horse looked a picture. The attendant said :

**Diamond Jubilee, Cyllene, and Polar Star**      “Pat him, sir; he is very quiet.”  
 However, out of mischief I thought I would like to hear him give one of his old roars, so I very sharply patted him under

his chest. He roared immediately, but soon settled down again. His stock looked promising, and since I was there I read they have made great prices at the sales.

I next went out to Mr. Paats's OJO DE AGUA stud, to see CYLLENE and POLAR STAR. This stud is well done in every sense of the word. Even judging from their foals, POLAR STAR and CYLLENE had a great future for that country. I must not forget to mention that Mr. Ernest Grabble, whom we met on board going out, kindly took us under his wing, and never have I met kinder or received better hospitality. We were very much indebted to him and his good wife for all they did for us.

After seeing round Mr. Paats's *estancia*, which was on a very large scale, he said :

“ Would you care to see your lunch before it is brought in ? ” I said I would. “ Come along then.” With that we went to the back of the house, and there was a Peon, with the whole side of a young steer. A large skewer, five feet long, was pierced right through the length of it, with sufficient left at the top for the man to turn it to the fire. It was very nearly hot enough to roast it in the sun. The Peon had been there for hours and hours, and when we sat down to lunch it was brought into the room,

and the maid put a dish on the ground. The point of the skewer rested on the dish, and papers were put round it on the floor to catch the grease spots during the carving. The man produced a bowie knife and sliced off hunks of beef, which the maid handed round to all the guests, fifteen or sixteen of us. That, together with eight other courses, comprised the luncheon. I must say it was a very nice flavour, but in a hot climate like that they are unable to hang the meat, and in consequence it eats tough. The remainder is always eaten by the Peons, as it does not keep many hours in such a hot climate.

After leaving Mr. Paats we motored back to Mar del Plata, which is the Brighton of Buenos Ayres, noticing on our way the roads, which were in width anything from thirty to sixty yards wide, but are very uneven, and in parts difficult for travelling for the motor. We saw flocks of red and green parrots, herons, flamingoes, and many others of the feathered tribe; but what struck us most of all was the great number of carcasses of sheep and cattle lying there by the hundreds—some just dead, others partly decayed, and in all states of decay; some being finished off by the vultures (this happens more after a long drought.)

The next day we paid a visit to Señor Martinez de Hoz's stud. After travelling through a barren

country I was surprised to find such a state of civilisation so suddenly as we did. Señor Hoz's place is on a palatial scale. The buildings are up to date, and the house is on the lines of a small castle, with every possible comfort. I saw quite fifty Lincoln sheep in one long stable, and opposite to them were about sixty short-horned bulls, all of which were good enough to grace any English show yard. We then found the hackneys being broken, and numbers of greyhounds in the kennels. Afterwards, for our special benefit, a cowboy was told off to lasso a wild horse, saddle and mount him, which was extremely interesting to watch. There was quite a good-sized pheasantry there, and one could not help but think that there was a great master mind over all this, as there were thousands of sheep, cattle, and horses on this vast estate.

We then saw the racing at Palermo; and the stands, the weighing-rooms, etc., are done on a very elaborate scale. They race on a sand track, which is often watered; and it is surprising to know that the horses make such good time on such a dead running track. The majority of the horses which ran there looked very well and very well trained. Their starts are excellent, and the majority of the jockeys rode well. The totalisator is a great success there, and



it seems to me a fair way of betting. The parks are fine, and the Zoological Gardens contain some splendid specimens of the different wild animals. We then said good-bye to Mr. Grabble, whose friendship I was very proud to make, and I am looking forward to the time when he pays me a visit at Beckhampton.

On my voyage home Señor Ignacio Correas, DIAMOND JUBILEE'S owner, came on our boat (R.M.S.P. *Aragon*) at Santos, and had lunch with us. He offered me 7,000 guineas for SUNBRIGHT. I submitted this to Mr. Howard, but he refused to sell the horse, which is now at stud, and promises well. He said he regretted he was not at home to take us round his stud, and welcome us to Buenos Ayres.

Among my fellow passengers on the homeward voyage was Lord St. Davids, who is the great railway magnate of the Argentine; and when we were in mid-ocean, between Pernambuco and the Madeira, we came within Marconi range of the R.M.S.P. *Asturias*, which was making her outward journey. We knew—I forget how—that Mr. Allison was on board that vessel, and decided, as a then novel experiment, to send a Marconi message to him, which we accordingly did to the following effect:

An offer  
for Sun-  
bright

My first  
Marconi-  
gram, and  
a telepathy

“ What will win the Derby ?

“ ST. DAVIDS,

“ SAM DARLING.”

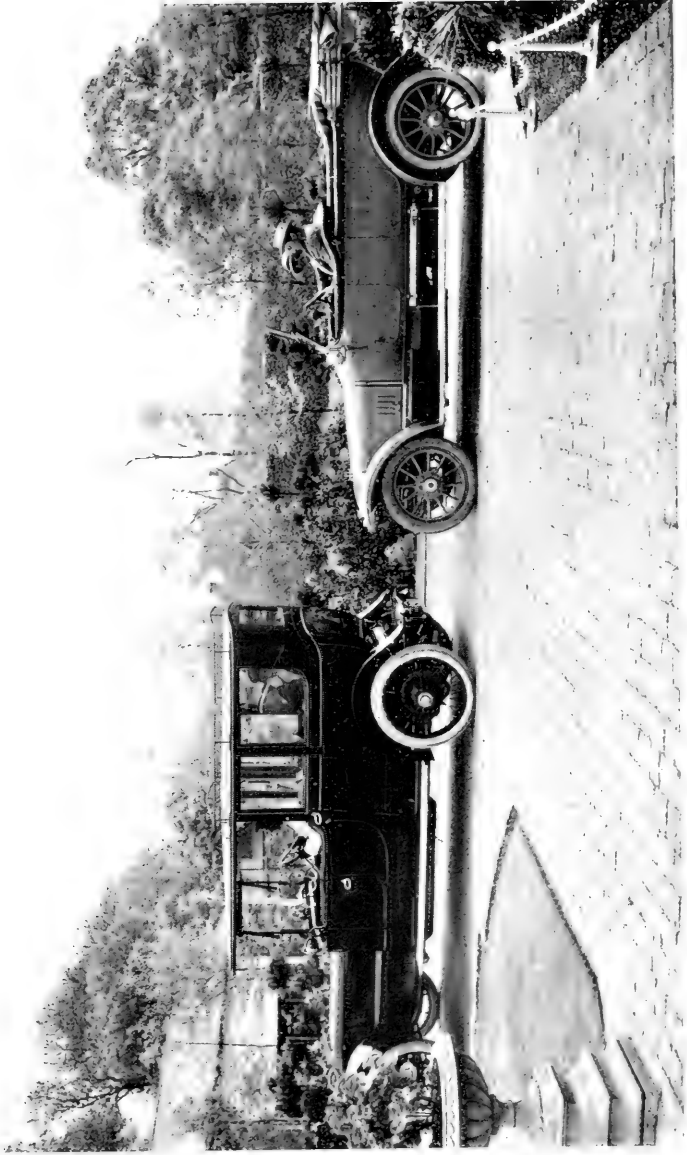
By some peculiar process of telepathy, Mr. Allison, as we subsequently learned, had conceived a similar idea at the same time, he being aware that I was on board the *Aragon*, and he went up to the Marconi-house on the top deck of the *Asturias* to send me a message at the very moment when ours to him was being ticked off.

His message, therefore, took the form of a reply, which ran thus :

“ TRESSADY or LEMBERG ? ”

I suppose TRESSADY was put in out of compliment to me, as I trained him. LEMBERG, as we all know now, won the Derby.

In the spring of 1912 I took my two daughters to Ceylon, which we enjoyed very much. The Visiting  
Ceylon passengers expressed a wish for me to become president of the sports on board. On the whole these went off well. My eldest daughter won many of the prizes. I only competed for one, viz. the ladies' hat-trimming competition, which Lord Crichton Stuart won for my daughter's hat, and I was second for



MR. AND MRS. SAM DARLING AND MR. AND MRS. STANNING.



Lady Crichton Stuart's hat. We fortunately met on board Colonel Wright, a rubber and tea planter; also Mr. Figg, who asked us to his charming house in Colombo. Being a sportsman he took much interest in showing us the race-course and stands, etc.; also taking us out to Mount Lavinia, a lovely spot, where we were the guests of Mr. Davidson, whom I have since visited at the nicest old Elizabethan house in this country, Montacute, near Yeovil, where he has very good pheasant and wild duck shooting. After spending a holiday in Colombo we took the train to Kandy, and there Colonel Wright sent his car for us to go to the plantations, where he showed us the tea and rubber growing; also the manufacture of these important commodities. The G. O. H. in Colombo, with Mr. Chandler as the popular manager, and the Galle Face Hotel, where we stayed, are the two principal hotels in Colombo.

Small native girls, with baskets slung behind their backs, were picking the *youngest* leaves from the tea trees, which are about the size  
 Tea  
 "making" of an ordinary English currant bush. When they have filled their baskets they take them to the factory close by, and put them ready for drying and the various processes through which they have to go before the tea is marketable.

The trunk of the rubber tree in these planta-

tions is usually about the size of a man's thigh.

**Rubber** It has quite a clean trunk, which is cut in sloping lines, herring-bone fashion, with the main line down the centre, from which they start tapping it. The rubber then begins running, and is caught in half a coco-nut shell, which is placed by the natives at the bottom of the trees. When the natives collect and get their buckets half full they take them to the factory. It is then placed into a tub of hot water, with a steam pipe under it. After scalding it becomes like dough, and it is then placed in cold water and kneaded. It is afterwards placed between rollers and rolled out into lengths; then hung up in a drying room; and after this it is nearly ready for the market.



SOME OF THE PRIZE CARDS WON BY MY HAMPSHIRE DOWN SHEEP, CATTLE AND ROOTS, AND LABOURERS' LONG SERVICE MEDALS.





## CHAPTER VIII

### EAST AFRICA

SINGULARLY enough my voyage to East Africa (in 1913) was made on the *Gaika*, the boat on which I made my first voyage to South Africa. The voyage was of more than passing interest, as there were many celebrities on board, one of whom was Sir Frederick Milner (on his way to visit Lord Kitchener), whom one remembers standing for Newark, and a little incident that happened at one of his meetings.

He was advised by the superintendent of police not to take any ladies with him on a particular night, but he missed the messenger who was sent to tell him this, having left before he arrived. He took his wife and also the vicar's wife with him, and when he was about to speak the electors were not receiving him very kindly, and certainly not using very choice language. Sir Frederick asked them not to forget that ladies were present. A couple of burly fellows made unsavoury remarks, where-

Once more  
on board  
the "Gaika"

Sir  
Frederick  
Milner's  
practical  
politics

upon Sir Frederick jumped off the platform, took hold of each of them by the scruff of their necks and put them outside. When he returned some members of the audience shouted out :

“ Well, thee be'est a mon anyhoo ! ” and gave him a hearing.

I had the honour of defeating Sir Frederick in a game of bucket-quoits on board, but as there was no time for a return game I should not care to say which was the better player.

Another of my fellow passengers was Mr. Grogan, who walked from Cape Town to Cairo, 6,000 miles. Accompanied by a friend, after great struggles and extreme privations, he reached Cairo. His experiences in the wilds of Africa were terrible. He has very large interests in East Africa, and pays periodical visits to England, where he is so well known on the political platform, being a good speaker.

Mr. W. Stuart Menzies, a good and well-known sportsman, and quite one of the right sort, was also on board, going out for white rhino, which I believe he got, and now has among his numerous trophies of big game. He left us at Port Sudan for Khartoum.

Mr. Chapman, another big game hunter, was on board.

While waiting at Sudan, Mr. J. Stanning, Mr.

Sullivan, and myself left the boat early, and found  
**Again on** three donkeys on shore, which Mr.  
**donkey** Stanning had ordered for us, and we  
**back** rode into the native camps, which  
proved quite a revelation. They were built of  
sacking, lids of biscuit boxes, etc. The natives  
came out to see us, looking as wild as any of the  
tribes in the interior. After inspecting the soldiers'  
camp we returned to the hotel to breakfast. Soon  
after joining our boat we were quickly on the way  
to the next port. There was nothing particularly  
noteworthy for the rest of the voyage except,  
perhaps, the fearful heat at Aden. We duly  
arrived at Mombasa.

It is simply incredible what the natives wear  
in the lobes of their ears as ornaments, com-  
mencing with sticks, rods, blocks of wood, and  
finally jars, the size of a medium tumbler; also  
much brass and wire round their necks and ankles.

While I was in Nairobi I met Mr. Greswolde  
Williams, who owned one of the nicest homes in  
the neighbourhood, and on his return  
**From** from a successful big game shoot he  
**Mombasa** kindly made me a present of a full-  
**to Nairobi** grown lion-skin. Mrs. Greswolde Williams had  
a lioness and several cubs in captivity in the  
grounds of her house, and she fondled and played  
with these cubs as if they were kittens. I hope

she is not risking that now. Mr. Greswolde Williams's racing successes are in advance of any owner and jockey in that district.

On going from Nairobi to Njora by the Uganda Railway, I saw lions, leopards, hundreds of zebra, hartebeeste, orang-outang, hundreds of ostriches, and buffaloes, from the train, and many times felt glad I was in a place of safety. I had often read of the wild animals to be seen from the train, but little expected to be a witness of the same myself. On the Uganda Railway the only fuel used on the engines is wood.

During the time I stayed with my children at Njora I was invited by their neighbour, Mr. Trevor Sheen, to see a full team of twenty-two oxen in harness pulling the reaping machine, which thrashed the corn as it went along, leaving the straw on the ground, which they afterwards burnt. It seemed to me such a waste. Close by is one of Lord Delamere's farms, which is growing wattle, tobacco, beans, and maize.

I returned home by the first German boat sailing from Mombasa, *Adolph Woermann*. Everything was nice and clean and spick and span on board. They were principally Germans on board, and were very keen at all the games. Practically the whole crew,

A wild  
beast  
show

On a  
German  
boat

including the skipper, played at bullboard, and I was in the final heat. As the skipper remarked, after I had taken six straight off the reel, it was a record for the boat, and I fortunately won the cup, the prize which was given. Amongst the presents from different friends I made on board, none I value more than the rhino's foot, most beautifully mounted as a liqueur-stand, given me by Mr. Dick Cecil.

On my return from East Africa the employees of my GALTEE MORE Farm, twenty-three in all, presented me with a photograph of my agent and themselves, on my birthday, March 11. This was very gratifying to me and much appreciated, and a further proof that masters and men can get along much better without so much outside interference. By the way, I hope I may see the time when agitators cease to exist, with masters and men settling their own differences.

## CHAPTER IX

### HOME DETAILS

IT is hardly necessary for me to explain here that since the GALTEE MORE days I had gone in for "Willonyx" farming on a pretty extensive scale—  
house and indeed, I have already written some-  
farm thing to that effect in an earlier chapter ;  
but later on I purchased another farm, and built on it the house where I have now made my home, named "Willonyx," after one of the gamest and best horses I ever had, over a distance, and it is here I am living now, and expect to end my days. On this farm there is a large riding school, in which sixteen horses at one time can exercise in the dry. The famous Silbury Hill (the largest artificial mound in Europe) is on my property. It is in the shape of a pudding basin upside down, three quarters of a mile round the bottom, and is surrounded by my water meadows. It belonged to the late Lord Avebury, who purchased it when he was Sir John Lubbock. It is a very historical



WILLOXY HOUSE, WHERE I NOW RESIDE.





tumulus, and has been excavated twice with the expectation of finding a coffin made of gold, which was supposed to contain the body of one of the early kings.

At the time of the great manœuvres in Wiltshire, twenty-five thousand troops passed Beckhampton stables, and one of the troopers took a very sick horse into the yard without permission, and there drenched the horse. This horse died on the road, within a mile and a quarter of Beckhampton, and the fever caught from this horse was so virulent that it went the round of all the Beckhampton stable, the loss being inconceivable. Among other valuable horses irretrievably damaged for racing was CORNSTALK (by TRENTON out of GLARE). I had the highest expectations of him for long distance races; and now his lack of a racing record has rendered it very difficult indeed to obtain patronage for him as a stallion. Although all the farmers got compensation for damage done in the neighbourhood I did not get a penny; only a promise, through Mr. Arnold Forster, Secretary of State for War, that no cavalry should ever pass close to my stables again, but they did; so some time afterwards, hearing that troops were going through, I took it upon *myself* to nail placards on the trees in the village as follows:

“Cavalry are requested not to loiter here. By Order.”

This had the desired effect. Some time after, Lord Methuen was in command of troops that were to have manœuvred in the neighbourhood again, and after riding over the gallops with me he most kindly and courteously put all the gallops out of bounds, as also did Lord Bath when he was in command of the Yeomanry. This was a little consolation to me after the previous trouble I had experienced. At the same time, I shall always feel grateful to Lord Methuen and Lord Bath for their kindness to me in every way.

I must mention an incident that took place on my own downs near home during the time the Swindon Yeomanry were out. Sir John Fuller's troops were bivouacked in one of the valleys near the cantering ground, and when my yearlings, who were only loosed for the second time, started their canter, unperceived by me the troops charged in the rear of the yearlings. I nearly had a fit, as the yearlings were cantering towards a wire fence. I galloped for all I was worth, and halted in front of the troops, holding up my whip. They stopped, and one and all said they were sorry, but they had to obey orders. Fortunately the yearlings pulled up within some



MRS. RICHARD MARSH.



distance from the fence, and thereby saved what might have been an awful catastrophe. At the finish of the Yeomanry drill Lord Bath honoured me with an invitation to mess with them, and it was a pleasant evening we spent in camp on the downs, and the dinner was well served under the condition of things.

In connection with home it comes in natural sequence that I should write something of my family, nearly all of whom are away  
**My family** “on their own” now. The eldest of my children is Mrs. Richard Marsh, and I need not say I was very sorry to lose her, for she entered into everything so thoroughly, both with the racing and farming. I felt her loss most acutely, for she was a great help to me and quite a little pal.

Samuel Henry Darling, my eldest son, when he left Clifton College, went in for the profession; and after starting with me, spent some time with Mr. Marsh at Egerton House; then he came to Yatesbury, where I built for him a new stable yard. (This is a neighbouring village to Beckhampton.) He had a small string of horses, with which he did very well. After settling down there he married Miss Marsh, second daughter of Mr. Dick Marsh, and sooner or later he is sure to come well to the front. He is now fully established at Green Lodge, Newmarket.

My next son, Fred, trained YENTOI, the winner of the Cesarewitch, for Lady de Bathe, besides bringing off one or two other good coups for other clients. He has also been very successful in Germany and Hungary, winning £50,000 in stakes in the two years he was training in Germany. At the present time he is here, and has taken over Beckhampton. His future, as far as I can see, is assured, and his heart is in his work.

The next in family is Violet, now Mrs. Duncan Stanning, whose husband played cricket for Lancashire. She left with her brother, Douglas, for East Africa in the summer of 1912, and on the voyage she met her husband. I followed them out in the first week in January 1913, and on the voyage Mr. John Stanning, brother of Duncan, became my stable companion. When we arrived at Mombasa, to my surprise my daughter came on board, announcing that she was engaged, and if I approved would I give her away while I was out there. Her fiancé was on board, and she would introduce him. Presently Messrs. Duncan and John Stanning came walking up the deck together—  
 An un-  
 expected  
 son-in-law  
 neither John nor myself knew anything of the engagement until we met at Mombasa—and I need hardly say that I quickly thought Duncan the best of good fellows, and within a few days I gave him my daughter, and

they were married at Nairobi. They are now farming in a large way (maize, beans, etc.) near Nakuru in Uganda, with success; also coffee and cocoa, etc.

I must not forget to say that I saw my old friend BOBRINSKI (formerly the property of Mr. James R. Keene) at Njoro. He was in training with Mr. Clutterbuck, there. He certainly looked well, and should prove a good sire. He is the property of the Hon. Barclay Cole (son of the Earl of Enniskillen). His brother, who also farmed in British East Africa, was very popular, every one speaking of him as a real good sort.

Ernest, my third son, was unfortunately drowned through an attack of cramp whilst bathing. Ernest as a boy had no liking for horses at all until he became a pupil with Mr. Harvey, a gentleman farmer and sportsman in Norfolk. Mr. Harvey dared Ernest to ride a hunter at a five-barred gate. He did so, and came an awful purler, but immediately remounted and dashed his horse at it again, this time successfully. From that time he hunted regularly, and just before his death rode the winner of a steeplechase at Sherstone. I was not there, but I heard he had a splendid ovation; his open-hearted good nature made him very popular with all classes. Ernest was a champion on his bicycle.

My son Harold was articled to an Estate Agent, but owing to ill health has had to give up business for a time, and is recuperating at Bournemouth.

My next daughter, Olive, is the only one left at home.

Douglas, who sailed with Mrs. Stanning to East Africa, stayed out there to farm, and I am pleased to say is doing very well now on his own account, growing coffee, oranges and lemons, etc. He is a great favourite with the natives. This is favourable for one so young, as the coolies are somewhat difficult to manage, and at times masters have to resort to very severe measures.

My children have been fortunate in having a kind and indulgent mother, and in times of sickness no one could possibly have a better nurse. She always has a first-class remedy at hand for any kind of ailment. The villagers have reason to know this. I have read the nice things various distinguished men, such as Disraeli, have written about their wives, and, with similar command of language, I would follow their example. That, however, is beyond me; and I can only state here that I mean as much as they ever said in appreciation.

The reason I could leave home for my annual trip with confidence was that all would be well





MISS OLIVE DARLING.



looked after by my friend and assistant, Mr. James

**Mr. Heard.** E. Heard, who has always been very thorough; and during the seventeen years we have been together we have not had the slightest misunderstanding. He was introduced to me by my friend Mr. E. H. Pares, of Hopwell Hall, Derby, who is his brother-in-law. Mr. Heard is a great sport and a first-rate shot. He formerly hunted his own hounds in Canada, and has now joined my son Fred.

When I was away racing on one occasion a man came to the side door at Beckhampton, walked straight in, and opened the breakfast-room door, where Mrs. Darling was sitting. He was looking so awfully wild that she flew through the room to find a servant. In the meantime the man had gone to the kitchen door, and was shouted at by the servants.

“By the holy Moses, where am I?” cried the man.

They were very frightened, and rang the yard bell for the boys. When the boys came they asked him to move. He was very reluctant to go. However, they showed him the points of the stable forks, and then he went up the main road at the forks' points, and nothing more was seen of him until the morning. When I drew up the blind next day I saw a man lying on the side

of the high road outside. I slipped on my dressing gown and went down to him.

"What's the matter, my man?" I said. He grunted and his eyes rolled. I asked if I should send for a cup of tea for him. He grunted again, and asked why I was so solicitous for his welfare.

"I thought you were in a very dangerous position here in the road, and that perhaps you were ill."

He did not accept my offer, and I sent for the sergeant of police, and had him conveyed to the station. He was recovering from delirium tremens. The only things found on him were one halfpenny and a button. He was an ordinary tramp. It gave my wife and the servants in the house a serious shock.

Many tramps call at Beckhampton, it being situated on the high road. At a more recent date a man came to the kitchen door and said something very rude to the maids, and frightened them. They sent into the house for me, and he had gone round to the front door. I asked him what he wanted. He was extremely rude to me, so I said:

"You are taking a great liberty; you have no right here begging."

"Well," said he, "you never turn a poor man away here."

“ I don't know that we do,” I replied, “ when they are civil, but as you are not I must ask you to go.”

He was perhaps a little under the influence of liquor, and refused to go. He was for pushing past me to come into the house, and as I went to the door to him I took a good strong plant out of the stick stand, and when he made a move to come past me, I gave him a probe in the rib, a sharp one at that, and it sent him flying on to the lawn. I said :

“ I hope you'll go away quietly.”

The man, who was then on his feet, came at me with a big oak stick, but I was too quick, for as he raised the stick I threw up my left arm, and brought my stick down on his head. I sent up for the sergeant, who sent him up to the station. Half a pound of butter was found in his pocket, a bottle of beer, and various other foods. After being in prison for a night he apologised, and said he was very sorry for what he had done.

It may be asked why I have decided to retire from the practice of a profession to which I have devoted so many years with profit and success. I can only reply that I was beginning to feel the strain of it, and prudence suggested that I should not go on too long. It is

**Reason for  
retiring**

surely better to retire before you begin to fail, and not to "lag superfluous on the stage," as so many do after they have seen their best day.

Were it not for my somewhat extensive farming operations, I might still have felt able to carry on the training stable for some years to come, but the two responsibilities combined seemed rather too much ; and as my son Fred was available to take over the stable, I thought it best for all concerned to arrange that he should do so. Needless to say, this does not mean that I have ceased to be interested in the stable. My new house is only a few hundred yards away from the old one, and Fred can always count on me for any advice I may be able to give him—not that he wants much, for he has had a lot of experience. I have a horse or two of my own in the stable, and shall hope to see my colours—black body, harlequin sleeves, gold tassel on cap—to the fore in races to come throughout several years yet ; but the continuous pressure of training and racing is now relaxed—not by any means so that the wheels may run down, for I have still plenty to do.

A twelve-hundred-acre farm affords amply sufficient occupation for any one who is determined to get the best possible results from it, and I suppose there is no more healthy life than that of a farmer, who spends so much of his time out of doors. Any-

how, I can honestly say that since giving up the stable and devoting myself to the farm, I feel twenty years younger than I did ; while up to the present the stable is having a very fairly successful season, and I am glad to say Mr. Buchanan seems to have struck a vein of better luck than had hitherto been his.

For myself, I must now bid good-bye to old friends, and—I hope—new, who may happen to read this book ; and in doing so I trust that the allotted span of all of us will permit us to meet again many times in the coming years.





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