



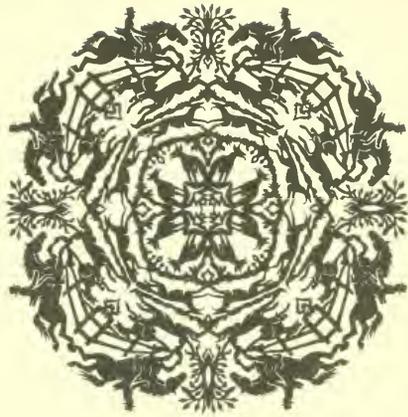


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JOHN A. SEAVERNIS





**SIXTY YEARS ON THE TURF**

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GEORGE HOLGMAN

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SIXTY YEARS ON  
THE TURF

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF  
GEORGE HODGMAN

1840-1900

EDITED BY

CHARLES R. WARREN

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*

LONDON  
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1901

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## PREFACE

LONG prefaces nowadays are companions in misfortune of long sermons—in being out of date. Nor, unless the preface bear to the book the importance the postscript does usually to the lady's letter, is the, so to speak, preliminary or explanatory notice of much purpose. Still, a few words of why this book of "Reminiscences" came to be written, and how it was put into shape, may be held pardonable. Mr. Hodgman is now in his seventy-seventh year, and for over sixty seasons has he been associated actively with the Turf. In that considerable period he has met, naturally, "all sorts and conditions of men," and stored in a marvellous memory is a rare harvest of anecdote, from which, in paddock or at dinner-table, he has drawn for the amusement of his friends, many of whom, time back, pleaded the desirability of publication. Mr. Hodgman, however, was not in a mood for the pen, and perhaps would never have seriously regarded the idea but for the insistence of the late Lord Russell of Killowen.

## PREFACE

Two years ago at Ascot his lordship, who was one of Mr. Hodgman's best friends, seized the occasion to test his memory by "leading questions." He received such an avalanche of anecdote that he turned to Mr. Hodgman and said, "Hodgman, you ought to publish your Reminiscences." "If I did, my lord," was the answer, "I should need the help of one or two like you to put them together." "And that should be no trouble. You really ought to publish." Nor is it too much to say that had Lord Russell been spared he would have stood sponsor for the volume.

Helen's babies wanted to see the works go round, and the Turf world may be similarly curious as to how the ensuing pages were compiled. Briefly, then, I have spent some three months with Mr. Hodgman, taken note of his reminiscences, and welded them into some degree of cohesion.

I wish to add that the chapter on the Jockeys was penned some time ago. This I mention because I notice in the "Sheet Calendar" of March 8, 1901, licences were recorded as taken out for over a hundred apprentices. Apparently the policy of "drifting" has received a check. It remains to be seen whether the lost ground can be recovered.

CHAS. R. WARREN.

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# SIXTY YEARS ON THE TURF

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Early days—A useful reminder—Rogues and Rascals—My first “book”—“Feathers to sell”—I win a “pony”—Mr. Tim Kelly and “Hop, step, and a jump”—I win a “century”—Kelly advises London—Tattersall’s Yard on Sundays—Caurouch for the Cesarewitch of 1847—I leave Ramsgate for London—Sweeps and Lotteries—I draw The Cur—Colonel Peel’s Cambridgeshire three (1848)—Small stakes, but good racing—Lenient handicapping: no stakes—Derby and Oaks winners in 100 guineas Plate.

EVERYTHING and each career must have a beginning; and sometimes the earlier the start, and the smaller the scale thereof, the better the result. I am not saying that any share of fortune my portion these past sixty or so years was traceable to juvenile initiation in what proved the business as well as the pleasure of my life; but it was certainly in favour of gaining soon the learning which comes, and only can come, from experience that before I was fifteen I set out one day with intent to bet on a horse my juvenile judgment suggested held a reason-

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able chance. The place of meeting was in the Isle of Thanet, in which pleasant south-eastern corner of England I was born and reared. Like most boys of the age mentioned I had a fair opinion of my sharpness, and for an attempt at displaying the same I received on my way to the course a smart cuff over the ears. This was the reward of warning one I took to be a yokel against yielding to the fascinations of the insidious game known, and sixty years ago constantly practised at all race meetings, as "pricking the garter." The to my mind victim turned out to be a confederate, and instead of thanking me he gave me a tingling smack on the side of the head, accompanying the physical rebuke with a verbal warning that in future perhaps I would mind my own business; not, as I afterwards thought, half bad advice.

Between the adjuncts of race courses then and now there is little or no comparison. The rough and the roguish element at that time was the predominant characteristic. The three card trick, thimble-rigging, and pricking the garter were games of petty swindling that though not recognized were more or less tolerated, the operators even wearing a distinctive dress of nankeens and velvet caps while they unblushingly carried their tables on their heads. At popular open resorts I know there still are to be

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found descendants of the tribe of thieves. But the plucking of the pigeons has to be done in furtive fashion, whereas in the days to which I refer the supposed protectors of the public indulged in a flutter themselves, theirs generally being a winning "hand."

Shortly beyond the minor incident related I was put to trade, in the way of assisting my uncle, who lived at Ramsgate, in his furniture business. The work was none too congenial, and I relieved its tediousness by copious studies of *Bell's Life*, the backing of my fancy, and the making of a little book at the "Shipwright's Arms," situated at the back of the pier. These mixed extra occupations, varied with visits to London, by the steamer *Duchess of Kent*, in order to back one "bad for the book" at the lists, or invest for other reasons, gave me considerable insight into the financial side of the Turf, and, inevitably, a longing for permanent residence in the metropolis, then the Mecca of the sporting operator. How long I might have remained at Ramsgate, or whether indeed I should ever have deserted the rather hum-drum paths of trade, except for one incident, I cannot say. Probably I should have followed furniture to my grave, and made racing the pastime, instead of the pursuit, of my life. The incident referred to was the arrival, in

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the absence of my uncle, of one Mr. Tim Kelly, a tall, burly Irishman (as would be guessed by his name), singularly active of body, with a mind of sporting bent, and "keen as mustard" on getting the better of a bargain. He came with feathers to sell. And he did not, "in any shape or form," give them away. No; he sold them. They were good feathers—very good feathers indeed. But I did not, for my uncle's interests, desire such a loading of sand in the lower sections of the bags as I later discovered. Mr. Kelly appeared very satisfied with the sale, and then, his eye falling on *Bell's Life*, he asked if I betted. He quickly, I think, learnt that whatever the deficiencies of my education in the proper manipulation of feathers for sale I was fairly familiar with Turf matters.

It was, I well remember, the Goodwood Stakes day of 1847; and I thought that Hydrangea, who had run second a fortnight earlier for a Gold Cup at Stamford, held a winning chance. During a walk on the pier I told Kelly this, whereupon he offered me a "pony to three" against Lord Exeter's filly, who won comfortably from Plaudit, starting at 15 to 2. I was able to tell Kelly of the result before evening, but he refused to believe till I showed him a telegram. "Communication by wire" was then an uncommon because expensive process, the minimum

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charge, I believe, being half a crown. That, however, is a detail. What I wish to say is that during the afternoon Kelly and I went for a walk on the sands, made hard and dry by the sun after the retreat of the tide. He was, as I have said, of agile nature, and commenced frisking and jumping about.

“Can you do hop, step, and a jump?” he inquired.

I confessed to ignorance of the game, though I could, in the ordinary way, both hop and jump, and many years later thought nothing of clearing, on one leg, four substantially-built chairs. The name of the game explained fairly its character—first you hopped, then stepped, and then jumped without cessation of action. The “step” was new to me, and Kelly beat me very easily. I thought the thing worth practising, and next morning was hopping, stepping, and jumping by four o'clock. On the Saturday Kelly and I were again on the sands, and he was soon at what evidently was his favourite exercise. I told him I had improved, but he only laughed.

“I should like a match with you,” he said.

“Oh, wait till I have had more practice.”

“Oh, no! I'm going away. Look here, youngster. I owe you a pony over Hydrangea. I'll bet you

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three ponies to one that I beat you now, no matter how you've improved."

"Right," I said, tempted by the odds, and knowing how I had improved by practice.

"The best two out of three; and you go first," was his remark.

Well, I just beat him, but I was sure he had not done his best, and said so.

"I daresay I might do a bit better," he remarked in a casual way, and off he went again, setting me a much harder task. But, "putting all in," I cleared his mark by two feet; and thus had increased my winning account to a "century." Kelly's language, I am afraid, was not of drawing-room character, though it might now be counted Parliamentary, for they say funny things in the House these times.

"Hydrangea and Hodgman," he exclaimed, "a nice pair! I wish you both were—" well, in, personally, undesirable quarters. "And to think," he said, as he handed over a nice new hundred pound Bank of England note—"To think, damme! of coming down to a hole like this and being done by a youngster like you for a hundred! Young man, I tell you what it is. You're wasting your time down here. Come to London. That's the place for your sort!"

Afterwards Kelly—I forgave the sanded feathers—was very much my friend. By his invitation I visited

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London in the following October, the 9th day, or the Saturday before the Cesarewitch (1847). I met him at Fisher's, in Aldersgate Street, the "Brown Bear,"—where he stayed. Through association with the trade, I suppose, I took stock of the furniture. It was chiefly remarkable for the absence of house-maidenly attentions, and if any one had happened to call without his card he could conveniently have written his name in the dust on the table or the looking-glass. Next day (Sunday) Kelly took me to Tattersall's Yard, where always, morning or afternoon, was to be met a motley company—swells, men about town, bookmakers, horse-dealers, copers, and the rest of the kind. The Rooms, of course, were not open; but none the less, on the eve, so to say, of important events, betting ruled brisk. My companion pointed out to me Mr. Disney.

"That man, Hodgman," he remarked, "owns the winner of the Cesarewitch—Caurouch. I've backed him at good prices. You'd better stand with me; say a hundred to two."

I took the offer, and, as is known, the son of Irish Birdcatcher made all the running and won comfortably by a length from Giselle. By next season (1848) I was fairly launched in London sporting life. But I never saw Kelly again. He

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may not have been a perfect type of the "honest dealer." Yet he had good points.

The star of my fortunes rose with remarkable rapidity. Everything almost in racing that I touched turned to, or, rather, turned in, gold. My investments may have been on a minor scale, but they were pleurably profitable. Sweeps and lotteries were then as common in public-houses as cards prohibiting betting are to-day. They were a powerful attraction to the people, and, so far as my experience goes, were honestly conducted. Whether the excitement engendered by the holding of them was unhealthy or not I leave the learned in ethics to decide. But life without a sweep in the "brave days" of Forty-eight would have, to most, seemed as terribly dull an affair as one of Mr. Gilbert's characters declared existence to be when all went right and nothing went wrong. Of course, I speak in this case interestedly. I was that year borne on the full tide of success. "Big" Willis, who kept the "King's Head," in Newgate Street, ran two substantial sweeps on the Cesarewitch. It was a heavy betting house, and hence there was a plentiful crop of subscribers. One sweep was for four thousand at a shilling a head, and the other for forty at ten pounds a piece. I joined in both, and drew The Cur for each. This was an extraordinary stroke of

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fortune, as the son of Bran named beat thirty-one opponents, starting second favourite to Surplice, a great public fancy because of his Leger success. That, however, entailed a 12 lb. penalty, and Lord Clifden's colt ran unplaced. The Cur, to my mind, was a very good horse in a day when good horses abounded. Thus he, in the said Cesarewitch, beat Dacia by a length in spite of a disadvantage of 3 st. 3 lb., Colonel Peel's filly carrying 4 st. 13 lb, to his 8 st. 3 lb. Dacia was destined to carry off the Cambridgeshire, for which the Colonel started three—she, Taffrail, and Lola Montez. I was then acquainted with the owner of Orlando,—who got the Derby Stakes in "Running Rein's" year—and on the morning of the Cambridgeshire met him outside the Subscription Rooms at Newmarket.

"You run three, I understand, Colonel," I said.

"Yes."

"Do you make a declaration?"

"No. They run on their merits. But I think Dacia is best."

She won cleverly from her stable companion, Taffrail, with Gaffer Green third, and Lola Montez fourth. The public had seized on Dacia, and though the Colonel could have won with Taffrail, and obtained long odds (she started at 25 to 1), he disdained such a proceeding, which is more, I must

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say, than some, even of the aristocracy, would have done who played the "great game" in the "Forties." But Colonel—afterwards General—Peel was a grand specimen of the English sporting gentleman, and, happily, we do not look in vain for worthy successors in this the first year of a New Century.

Racing in those far off days was not, in the matter of stakes, conducted on the present lavish scale. Owners had, in the main, to find their own money. For their profit they were forced to look to their dealings with the holders of books. One has heard, and still hears, of owners who do not and never have betted, and who yet maintain extensive establishments. I am not surprised; nor is there need for wonder. If a stud of fair class horses is decently managed, it should, year in and year out, pay its way, to say nothing of the point of profit. I won, I venture to state, as many races as most of my period. But a glance at my Weatherby's books in no year discloses the netting of great sums: for the sufficient reason that the sums, like the Spanish Fleet on a memorable occasion, were then not in sight. Sometimes stakes, even when won, were of visionary character. The thing would not be tolerated now. But fifty years ago laxity prevailed, and if your horse was let in very nicely it was

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understood the managers of the meeting were giving nothing.

“Stakes?” said a certain Clerk of the Course on an occasion. “Stakes, sir?” in a tone of increasing incredulity and surprise. “Why, we put yours in to win! Didn’t you back it?”

Still, I must own that even for the smaller sums that then existed sport of the highest class prevailed. Thus in the year under notice (1848) I remember being at Canterbury, on August 23, and seeing Pyrrhus the First and Miami run in two-mile heats for Her Majesty’s Plate of 100 guineas. The one had secured, by a neck, the Derby of 1846, and the other had captured the Oaks in the succeeding season. This, in view of modern occurrences, was an extraordinary incident. No longer is there a course at Canterbury; and no longer are Derby heroes and Oaks heroines run in two-mile heats for a hundred guineas plate.

## CHAPTER II

Financial reverses—Flying Dutchman's Derby—A dread of Derbies—Layers of "safe 'uns"—Bon Mot's Liverpool Summer Cup—A home-made guide—Profit therefrom—A run from Bedford Racecourse to Bletchley—The Cambridgeshire of 1851—A near prophecy—A Good Friday visit to Newmarket—Concerning Weathergauge—A Derby thrown away—Objections to Plaiting—A "tip" for Stockwell—His Derby defeat—Davies "The Leviathan"—His heavy losses over Daniel O'Rourke—The turn of the tide—My first racehorse.

To attempt, in a work of this character, a strict respect for chronology were not so much an irksome task for the writer as one calculated to make a tedious record for the reader. Sixty years is a large span of existence, and even with each year restricted to a chapter the book would swell to the size of that Italian historian's masterpiece rather than read which the prisoner preferred to serve seven years at the galleys. Possibly I have dwelt with more amplitude on some matters than may be reckoned either justifiable or desirable. I can only plead guilty, and put the blame upon a memory that lingers, as dwells a lover upon the initial stages of courtship, on a happy time when I thought the ball

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of Fortune was at my feet. Failure was a word I imagined, as I hope all my readers have at times supposed in their cases, that had been expunged from my dictionary. The Turf, though, if a tempting is at times a stern mistress, and by the hour Flying Dutchman (1849) won the Derby I had severe reason for reflection on the fleeting character of riches. I went for a very heavy stake on Tadmor, and the combination of backing the son of Ion and opposing the son of Bay Middleton played havoc with my banking account. The Turf world at the time was divided in about equal sections over the pair, who started at the same price (2 to 1), and ran first and third, the intervener being Mr. Godwin's Hotspur. (I should have mentioned that at the time I kept a list, at the Fleet Street end of Poppin's Court.) Of course Tadmor was, as events proved, "taking on" in "The Dutchman" one of the horses of the century. Yet he, small as he was, proved himself no "slouch," and so stoutly was he galloping at the finish that I thought, and still think, that in another fifty yards he would have overhauled his mighty rival. The experience gave me a dread rather than a dislike of the Derby—in truth of the classics generally as betting then was conducted. Nor did the course of after years do anything to mitigate the feeling. Such men as "Davies the

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Leviathan," "Tubby" Morris, and myself had not then or at any time much chance of laying the "dead 'uns," and usually on the morning of a classic race found ourselves full against the genuine candidates, the "safe" sort falling to Harry Hill, Hargreaves, Jackson, and company, who were the better positioned for, and the more affected, the peculiar business. I do not claim an extravagant delicacy of sentiment. But I will say I never cared for the practice of daylight robbery, while Davies, big as were his transactions, scorned the proceeding, and was rarely approached by the engineers of "dirty work." I once did, for an owner, lay a horse to lose five thousand pounds for the Great Ebor. He was a good favourite, and, in all, I booked the odds to eighteen hundred pounds. At times, so persistent were the inquiries, I thought that the owner was "doing the double" on me. But no! when the last penny had been garnered the pen was put at work. Without explanation the horse was scratched.

"I've done this for you," I said, at settling time. "But no more, either for you or anybody else. Why, I'm ashamed to say I've taken a deal of this money off my friends."

That was a true bill; though it was not my fault they lost, as I warned them not to back the horse.

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“He is,” I used to say, “no good. Don’t back him.” I could not tell them more. But, like many another warner of danger, I was only laughed at.

However, to return to 1849. If necessity is held to be the mother of invention, I think she may also claim to be the maternal relative of pushfulness for the “ready.” After Flying Dutchman had won, and I had lost, it was a case of living and thinking hard; and I cannot recall a hit until Bon Mot, with John Osborne (5 st.) up, won the Liverpool Summer Cup. John was not then the important character he afterwards became. But he had been reared in a good school, and I knew he could ride. I had heard before most that he would have the mount, and my self-made “weekly guide” impressed me with the chance of Osborne’s mount, who had run respectably in Ireland, whence he came. There were not then the “guides” to form that now week by week are issued; and to overcome the inconvenience I used to paste up the returns from *Bell’s Life* in a common school exercise book, which I also indexed. It served me well, but it also brought a deal of bother, friends and acquaintances being ever loaning it. I suppose they thought they could not spare the time to “go and do likewise.” Well, I supported Bon Mot at various prices with the listmen, and he won by a length from the *Essidarius*, starting at 20 to 1.

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There were long-priced winners in those days as in these; and the odds were certainly more easily obtainable. This was the first winner of importance that John Osborne rode, and the second time the colours he carried (Bon Mot was the property of Mr. Disney, owner of Caurouch) had proved fortunate for me.

In the autumn of 1851 I was at Bedford Races, and saw Mr. Waring's Manifold win the Scurry Handicap, when not at all expected by his party. The performance struck me as good, and I desired to get back that night to London in order to back him for the Cambridgeshire. The train service was of indifferent character in those far-off days, and to effect my purpose I needed to reach Bletchley. There was, however, no conveyance procurable, but rather than be foiled I ran the dozen miles, thinking then little of such an exertion. From the station I took a cab to the "Salisbury Arms," a public-house near Charing Cross, where Davies "the Leviathan" kept a list. On looking at his Cambridgeshire prices I found he had Manifold at 100 to 1.

"Davies," I said, "I think this horse will win the Cambridgeshire. What will you lay me at that rate?"

"Ten thousand to one hundred lad." I accepted

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the bet, and paid over the hundred. I was then, as I have said, keeping a list myself, on a minor scale, and next day put Manifold at 40's. To encourage business by, if the race came off as I prognosticated, being talked about I stuck up, so all might see, the following forecast of the Cambridgeshire result :

MANIFOLD . . . .	1
TRUTH . . . .	2
ARIOSTO . . . .	3
FAUX PAS . . . .	4

That, of course, was my view of the handicap. But it did not coincide with the judge's verdict, which went to Truth, with Ariosto second, Manifold third, and Faux Pas fourth. I may add that though I should have won much money over Manifold, I was no loser by Truth, and as I had also done fairly by Mrs. Taft in the Cesarewitch, there was no reason for complaint.

On the Good Friday of 1852 Mr. Thornhill, a confectioner in Gracechurch Street, Bill Mundy, and myself went down to Newmarket to meet Mr. Thomas Parr. He had bought from the Duke of Bedford's stable—the horses in which were under the complete control of Admiral Rous—a bay colt, Weathergage, for a trifling sum under Lord Exeter's conditions. He wanted 100 sovs. in order to be able to run him in the Riddlesworth Stakes of 200

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sovs. each, on the ensuing Tuesday. Thornhill proposed that he, Mundy, and myself should club together, and lend Parr the hundred—a proposition accepted and carried out. But when on the Tuesday I saw that Nabob was a starter I said to Thornhill, “What is this stupid man doing? The horse hasn’t been out of the stable for days, and Nabob’s a top sawyer.”

“Oh, let him alone! He knows what he is about.”

And he certainly did in getting hold of Weathergage at old song price, seeing that that son of Weatherbit that season won the Goodwood Stakes and the Cesarewitch, not to name a variety of small races that Parr so much affected. After Weathergage, with his owner-trainer up, had, on Wednesday, May 19, won the Aristocratic Handicap at Bath in a canter, I advised Mr. Parr to start him for the Derby in the following week. Davies earnestly supported my counsel, offering the colt’s party a wager of 100,000 to 1000. “And,” he added, with emphasis he rarely used, “you’ll win it!” But no. They were going for Barbarian, also a 100 to 1 chance, and he was beaten by Daniel O’Rourke. Neither the winner nor the second was of much account, and had Weathergage started he could not, as the race was run, have easily lost. It may be

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asked why so shrewd a man as Admiral Rous sold Weathergage for a nominal sum. Well, the best of us are apt to err at times, and on Weathergage's failure in a Selling Plate at Northampton just before he was sold no encouragement existed to hold him in regard.

Tom Parr, I may add, was the first trainer who discarded the absurd practice of plaiting a horse's mane before it raced. And I think I was the next to follow. My conversion to the new treatment—or, rather, absence of treatment—was effected through one day seeing a boy at work on a little horse of mine called Soothsayer. He was a black colt, but through excitement and agitation he was, by lathering, more like a grey.

“What are you doing?” I said to the boy standing on the bottom end of a bucket.

“Please, sir, he's going to run, and I'm plaiting his mane.”

“Balchin,” I called, “look at this horse. He's in a nervous funk. Never again plait the mane of one of my horses. It's telling him what he has to do. I'll have no more of it.”

Common sense has, I am glad to say, prevailed, it being the exception now to find that which then was the rule.

One of my purposes in visiting Newmarket on

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that Good Friday was to interview Sam Quince, who kept me informed of the principal doings at head-quarters. His chief news concerned the forthcoming Two Thousand Guineas and Derby. His advice was that Stockwell should be backed for the first and he and Alcoran for the second race. I returned to London that night, and next morning sent a man, of the name of Wilberforce, to do my commission (if possible) with Davies. The Leviathan had Stockwell priced at 25 to 1, and laid Wilberforce to ready money 3000 to 120.

“Will you back him for the Derby?” asked Davies.

“Yes. But not ‘ready.’ In your book. What price?”

“Ten thousand to two hundred.”

“Yes, and what odds Alcoran?”

“Same price.”

“Right.”

Next week (as Quince told me would be the case) Alcoran and Stockwell ran in a sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, over the Ditch Mile, the former winning by half a length. Stockwell, as any one understanding the horse could see, was not nearly ready, and I regarded my Two Thousand wager with fondness. The fancied horses for the first of that season's classics were Homebrewed, Filius, and Daniel O'Rourke, 10 to 1 being tendered Stockwell. But

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the great colt, destined of imperishable fame, cleverly pulled through by half a length from Homebrewed. On the following Sunday evening I called at the "Salisbury Arms," where Davies was generally to be found.

"Well, Bill," I said, "how are you?"

"Come inside, lad. What will you have?"

"We may as well have a settling," I answered.

"A settling? Why, I haven't had a bet with you!"

I produced the Stockwell tickets, each representing 1000 to 40.

"Oh," he laughed, "I see now. You're Wilberforce, are you?" And with that he paid me 3120 pounds.

"Then you have those bets," he went on, "about Stockwell and Alcoran for the Derby."

"Yes."

"I'll hedge them for you if you like."

"Well, hedge Alcoran for 5000."

"And Stockwell?"

"No, thanks. I shall stand him. He's a real good horse. Alcoran should never have beaten him."

Unluckily, Stockwell was afflicted with a bad gum-boil, which had to be lanced; and, of course, the circumstance of him being amiss caused his retreat in the market. None the less, in spite of whatever he lacked in condition, he would, with plain sailing,

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have won the Derby. But Norman could not get through when he sought an opening, and instead of securing a clear course was forced on to the rails, Stockwell, in the scrimmage, having his stifle severely cut. The upshot was a victory for Daniel O'Rourke, whom Stockwell had thrashed in the Two Thousand and whom he trounced afresh in the Leger.

That was a shocking Derby for Davies. Mr. Greville approached him one day with a view to backing Daniel O'Rourke, trained by John Scott, who generally let Mr. Greville into his plans. Davies tendered him 100,000 to 2000, but the price was declined. Then Davies offered to split matters, by laying 100,000 to 1500. But Mr. Greville refused. Davies was equally firm, and, nettled at the refusal of what he considered a good offer, turned to the barmaid at the "Salisbury Arms" (she used to make up his list and take money in his absence) with "Emma, put up 100 to 1 Daniel O'Rourke. But, mind, nobody can have that price to more than a fiver. If the stable won't take 66 to 1, let the public have the money." Mr. Greville heard this, but remained unmoved. The liberal odds tempted the public, and yet Davies did not alter the rate till he had laid "Daniel" to lose £100,000. Afterwards he betted Mr. Greville 50,000 to 1000.

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“You have,” said that gentleman to Davies after the result, “had a bad race.”

“So everybody says,” Davies answered. “But, Mr. Greville, you can have a cheque now for your money.”

“Oh no! Not at all. I positively refuse to accept it now.”

In all, Davies told me, he lost 80,000 pounds over that Derby, and he was also badly hit when the afore-mentioned Weathergage ran away with the Goodwood Stakes—as indeed were all the list-keepers, big or little. Messrs. Tom Megson, Jack Bennett, and Thornhill had managed the business, and that combination was bad to beat. But Davies retrieved himself when Stockwell cantered off with the St. Leger. He had discovered that my opinion of the colt was right, and he “peppered” Daniel O’Rourke and Songstress unmercifully. Of course he had to lay Stockwell for small amounts in his lists. But his big book was a sealed volume when Stockwell was mentioned. On the Leger morning I said to him, “Bill, will you lay me 1000 to 500 Stockwell?”

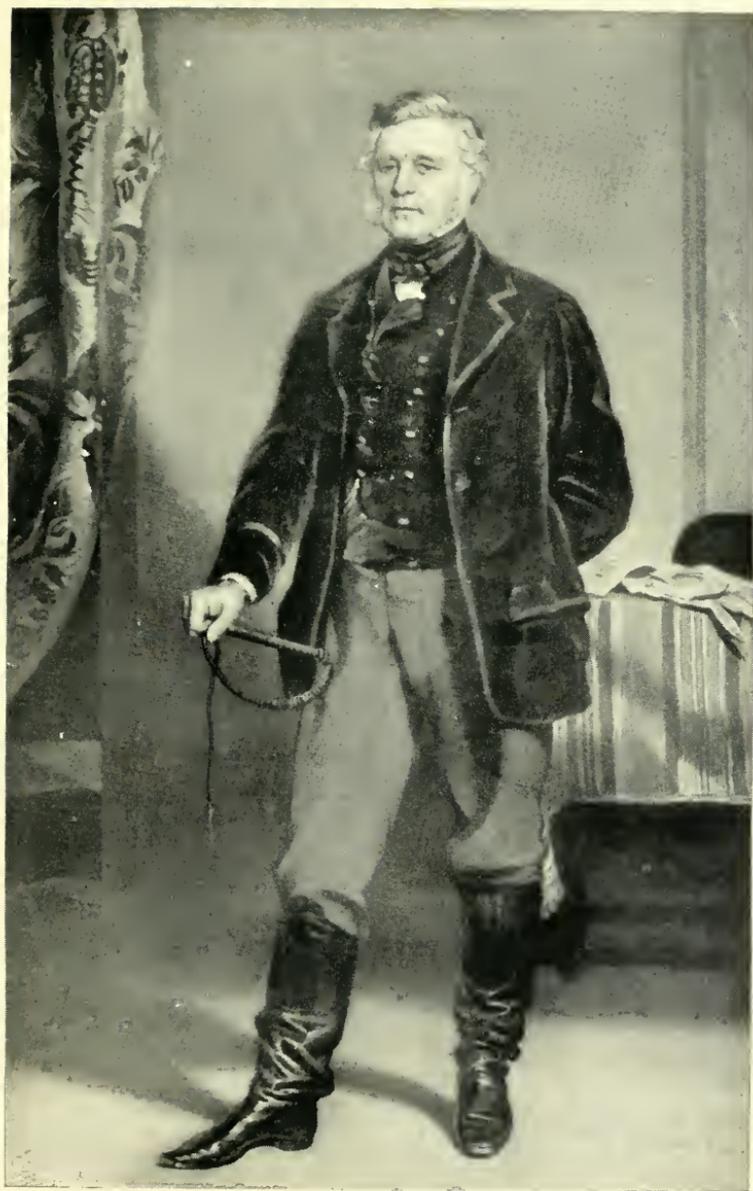
“No. Not a penny. I’ve sworn I won’t write his name in my book.”

Just before the race I offered him a hundred pound note. “You needn’t,” I said, “put that in your book.”

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“All right. I know you’ve always been fond of the horse—200 to 100.” And before even the numbers went up he paid me the 300. There was no doubt what had won, for the official verdict was ten lengths! The turn in the tide of affairs continued for Davies through the autumn, but he took fortune as equably as he accepted failure. He was not at all a man to make a noise whatever befell him; and he rarely shouted over a race. But he broke through his custom over the Cambridgeshire of 1852, for which he had laid a big bet to Mr. Merry against Hobbie Noble, backing Knight of the Shire for himself. The pair singled themselves out some way from home, and as the “Knight” shot forth with a length lead, Davies called, “Go on, Knight of the Shire! There’s that d——d Hobbie Noble after you!”

I especially remember 1852, because it was in that year I first owned a race horse, or, rather, a portion thereof, Mr. J. Barnard (of “Barnard’s Ring”) and I “going halves” in a bay filly by Sirikol from Amata, named Tobolski, whom we purchased for 700 sovs. from Squire Heathcote. At that time there was betting on almost any little race before the day of decision, and having no idea that Tobolski was to run for the Beddington Stakes at the Epsom Autumn Meeting I laid her to lose 700 pounds on



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my list. This I told Mr. Barnard about an hour before the race. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "she's fit and she must run. That was a condition of the sale."

"Then you'll have to back her back. It seems to me we have made a nice mess of affairs."

In a little while I went to Mr. Barnard again. "Who have you put in to do the business?"

"Mr. Sam Merry."

"Well, I've seen him take 2000 to 1000 off Davies."

"That's all right. Half is for us."

Tobolski won by a short head, Wells riding a splendid race. But as we had to pay 700 out, and came within a shade of losing 500, I did not think a deal of owning horses.

## CHAPTER III

Davies "the Leviathan"—His humble start—His letter in retirement—Derby and Oaks losses—A wonderful Ascot—An equine battle—Davies's character—The man who could not whistle—Accident and assault—A sad end.

THE name of William Davies has been of necessity, and frequently will be, mentioned in these pages. Other pens have more or less faithfully depicted the man who by the gigantic nature of his transactions became known as the "Leviathan of the Turf." There had been, possibly, "leviathans" before him; and there are, in a quieter way, "leviathans" now. But no big layer of my acquaintance ever betted with the fearlessness of Davies, and a man with a keener sense of honour never trod earth. In tracing the genealogy of most successful layers, whether of to-day or of the years that have sped, there is usually no need to consult Debrett; and Davies was not an exception to the common run. The initial business of his life was that of carpentering, and in the exercise of his craft he found himself one day repairing the skirting

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board of the Newmarket Subscription Rooms. His hammering and sawing did not prevent him paying heed to the general conversation of the members, and as the betting proceeded he jotted down with his pencil a good many of the wagers. A close examination of the figures showed Davies that the bookmakers had much the better of the argument, and he quickly decided that laying the odds was a more profitable business than fixing skirting boards. The Messrs. Cubitt, of Clerkenwell—his employers—did not long retain his services, Davies flitting to Long Acre, where he put up a list at a public house kept by one Joe Barr. This was his first step on the path to fortune, and the name and fame of Davies as a bold, dashing bettor, thoroughly trustworthy, soon spread over London. After the suppression of the List Houses he took regularly to travelling the meetings, and continued pursuit of the career he had marked out for himself till the hand of affliction fell heavily upon him. The closing passages of his life were saddened by an attack of paralysis, and towards the end he could see no one. Between Davies and myself there was ever a strong bond of friendship, and our transactions were as numerous as on occasions they were important. The last letter I received from him I present :

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“ 18 GLOSTER PLACE,  
“ BRIGHTON.

“ DEAR HODGMAN,

“ Thanks for your kind letter. In consequence of the number of persons who call to see me—most of them strangers, many of them beggars, parsons, or professed religious people—I have been obliged to ask my doctor to give strict orders that I must not see any one. Believe me nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to see you or any of my old friends. Therefore it is with great reluctance I am compelled to decline your kindly offered visit. I hope you will not be offended. My limbs are no better. Otherwise I am in good health and spirits. I was pleased to see Jacky's [Mr. Jack Bennett] name among the winners on the Cesarewitch. I hope he had a good turn. I think I may congratulate you upon having had a very successful year, judging from your increased stud. I hope it is so. I am afraid some of my old pals have not been so lucky. Please to remember me to all inquiring friends; and believe me to remain yours,

“ W. DAVIES.”

There were, of course, with Davies, as with others, the fat and the lean years. He, for instance, lost nigh a fabulous sum when Voltigeur won the Derby in 1850. Voltigeur was the idol of the sporting

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public, much as, a few years back, Victor Wild was the cherished horse of London. Teddington's Derby was another bad one for Davies, and so again was that of West Australian (1853), the losses over him being accentuated when Catherine Hayes won the Oaks. Everybody was paid to the uttermost farthing, but the drain had been so heavy that Davies reached Ascot with no more than two hundred "ready" on him. Among the notes he held were the two first "fivers" issued by the Bank of England. To collectors they would have indeed been treasures, but Davies was tired of them.

"I've had no luck since they were given me. Here, Perry," he said, "will you buy them?"

"How much shall I give you, Bill?"

"How much? Why, ten pounds! That's all I want. And may they bring you better luck than they have brought me."

The parting with the "curios" was followed by a startling change of luck, and Davies told me at the end of the meeting that with the 200 sovs. he had won 12,000 pounds! One of the best races of the week for him was the Fourth Triennial Stakes, the last event of the second day. Herein ran Mr. Gratwicke's Sittingbourne, Lord John Scott's The Reiver, and Lord Exeter's Filbert and Nutpecker. The last named pair were for betting purposes not reckoned

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“on the map,” but heavy and sustained gambling ensued over Sittingbourne and The Reiver, and against them Davies laid till backers were exhausted. I was “reading” the race for Davies, and seeing Filbert coming over the hill by himself, with Nutpecker some distance off second, I cried, “Why, Bill, here’s Exeter’s pair leading. It must be a false start.”

But it was nothing of the kind. To Filbert went the stakes and to Davies the bets. The explanation of the extraordinary result was that as soon as the flag fell The Reiver and Sittingbourne, instead of racing, started fighting, rearing up like mad beasts, and rushing open-mouthed at each other. An incident of this character stands unique in Turf story.

If at times Davies was one of the sternest he could also be one of the kindest of men. The points he insisted upon were complete truthfulness and the fulfilment of promises. A client who had had a bad time, and approached him with an unvarnished tale, was safe of lenient treatment. “You say you can’t pay me on Monday. Very well. When can you pay? Name your own time; only, when you have named it you must pay. And in the meanwhile you can go on betting. I shall not stop any winnings.” Davies had, too, a shrewd sense of humour. In 1850 there lived in the Borough a sporting pawn-

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broker of the name of Powell. In big handicaps he would back many horses with a view to hedging; and he commonly won a little. But the Cesarewitch of 1850 was a "nose-ender" for him. It was won by Mr. Payne's chestnut filly, Glauca, who figured at 66 to 1.

"On my oath, Davies," said Powell when her number went up, "I've backed every horse in the race but that."

"Then, Powell," Davies answered, "I'll bet you a pony you can't whistle two minutes."

"No bet! No bet! I couldn't!"

Powell, it must be added, was a notorious whistler. People said the only times he was not whistling were when he was either eating and drinking or sleeping. In truth, his society at times was intolerable through this irritating habit. But Glauca's victory knocked the whistling out of him.

As I have said, the closing years of Davies's life were clouded; and I always dated the beginning of his physical collapse from the day he fell through the dilapidated Grand Stand to the weighing room below at the Rochester and Chatham Meeting. It was an extraordinary spectacle—that of Davies dangling, hung up by his arms, and struggling in vain to touch the ground. He was promptly extricated, but the shock was severer than the bruises.

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With an idea of shaking off the effects of the accident he ran the circuit of the course twice, though I do not think the "faculty" would have recommended the proceeding. Shortly afterwards he was struck on the head with a heavy blunt instrument by some scoundrel intent on robbery. The plan was foiled by the timely appearance of strangers, but though Davies offered a big reward the identity of his assailant was never disclosed. In 1857 he retired from the Turf, giving a farewell dinner at Brighton. His parting words I still can recall. "Now, gentlemen," he said, "we have, I think, all had a good night; and I am very glad to see you. But now I must say good-bye to you. And it is good-bye. I shall, owing to the state of my health, never see a race-course again. I shall never possibly see any of you again. But I wish you well. Gentlemen—friends, I may say—one and all, good-bye." What Davies said he meant. He was, after that night, at home to nobody. The late Sir Robert Peel once declared that Davies would grant him an interview, and called at his house. But his effort was futile, Davies making no exceptions. The letter I have quoted demonstrates that. He died on October 4, 1879, "after"—to use the words of his memorial card—"many years of suffering."

## CHAPTER IV

Admiral Rous—Handicappers of to-day—Their disabilities—My first bet with the Admiral—"Young Impudence"—Putting weight on Gridiron—Handicapping at dinner—The Derby course—Mr. Dorling's economy prevented—Mrs. Rous's opinion of myself—"He's sure to do you!"—A bet in the dark—The Admiral's testimonial—How conceived—A notable menu.

POETS, it is said, are born not made; and, in a sense, the remark holds true of handicappers. Of course, as practice improves the poet so does the continuous exercise of the art of handicapping improve the handicapper. But no man, be his assiduity what it may, can aspire to high honours in handicapping unless he has a natural bent for the business. The entire absence of rules demands an incessant drain upon the judgment, and the plan that would fit one situation would be woefully unsuited to the next. That we have good and conscientious handicappers now I freely allow; and I am pleased to be able to state that most are my friends. But not one of them would I care to place on a level with the late Admiral Rous, who, in truth, occupies a pedestal by

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himself. Of course being human, he made mistakes at times. But, considering his opportunities of error, his work was singularly free from blunders. Handicapping when the Admiral, voluntarily, and without notion of financial gain, assumed command was no matter of rule and thumb, and though his position in the Jockey Club placed him beyond the province of hampering criticism it was his courage and ability that gained him the respect of all healthy-minded sportsmen. It has been said that he was prejudiced and obstinate. Granting that he was tenacious in his opinions, it must be urged that his so-called prejudices were based on knowledge of the people he dealt with. No owner and no trainer had to fear the Admiral if the game were played with a fair regard to the decencies. When anybody complained to him about his treatment of a horse, he would say, "Well, run him! If you don't run him how can I tell what he is? Run! and when I know your horse's true form I will give you a chance. Not till then."

On his courage I would lay special emphasis, as I think the absence of a spice of dash and daring is one of the defects of our present-day officials. They seem to work as though ever the acceptance was in their mind's eye, and in trying to ensure the contentment of the best horses, the bad too often go by

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the board. In the main the scale at present adopted is of too restricted a character. Handicappers can, if they please, take a range of 4 st. 7 lb. But they rarely avail themselves of the privilege, thinking—and perhaps rightly—that as soon as an owner sees his horse with much over 9st., his first action is to strike him out. For this reason I regret the raising of the handicap minimum to 6st., and I cannot say I have ever heard a sound argument in its favour, while we had better racing, bigger fields, and a larger number of good jockeys when “feathers” were possible. Of course handicappers now have much to contend with, and I hold it most unfair, except in cases of glaring incompetency, that any owner can, if he chooses, bring them before the Stewards for an explanation of their action. The inevitable result is timidity, and we see on occasions a slavish acceptance of running when it is notorious that the same was incorrect from want of condition or other causes. If I were a handicapper, and I saw a horse palpably unfit, or watched him “snatched up,” I would not take an ounce off his back, and the complaining owner would be told the reason in terms he might not appreciate, but which he could certainly understand. Owners themselves are often to blame in being frightened at an apparently heavy burden, and in this connection I recall that the late

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Mr. Fred Gretton declared he would scratch Isonomy for the Manchester Cup as soon as he saw he had 9st. 12lb. to carry.

“Don’t be a fool!” I said. “He can win with all that. He’d have won the Cesarewitch with 9 st. 10 lb. if your other horse, Westbourne, hadn’t swerved on to him.” As a matter of fact, I was the cause of Isonomy having 9 st. 12 lb. Mr. Johnson had him in at 9 st. 8 lb. when he showed me the handicap. “Judge,” I said, “you’ve given the race to Isonomy. Put 4 lb. more on him, and even then he’ll win.”

The friendship that existed between Admiral Rous and myself was of no ordinary character; and yet the beginning of the association was of a prosaic nature. In 1850 I was making a book at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, when the Admiral (then Captain Rous) rode up and asked the price of the Exotic filly for the One Thousand Guineas. She was then at evens; but wishing to get a bet with him I said, “I will bet you 5 to 4, Captain.”

“I take it. What name?”

“George Hodgman.”

The name was fresh to the Captain, and he paused a moment. Whereupon Bill Davies called out, “It’s all right, Captain; only we call him Young Impudence.”

After the race I offered Captain Rous the fiver,

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but he hesitated to take it, saying, "Send it to the proper place." I told him I had crossed the bet out, and he would oblige me by taking the note. That transaction opened up an acquaintance that developed into an enduring friendship; and in later years the Admiral, as he became, scarcely ever published a handicap without first asking, and often taking, my opinion.

A rather striking instance of acceptance of my views by the Admiral occurred in 1861 over a horse named Gridiron, a four-year old bay colt by Daniel O'Rourke out of Monge's dam. At the Lewes Summer Meeting I had seen him run in the Lewes Handicap, distance two miles. To my mind he could have been a deal nearer the winner, Stampedo, who beat my three-year-old, Balham, by three lengths. Fordham, who rode in the race, was fully of my opinion, advising me to try and buy Gridiron, as only want of condition prevented him romping in. Well, Gridiron was entered for the Cesarewitch, and at the ensuing York August gathering the Admiral gave me the weights to glance at. One of my first searches was for Gridiron, whom I found on the 6 st. 4 lb. mark.

"Admiral, you have given Gridiron this race."

"Oh, nonsense! A very bad horse. He's been sold for £200."

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“Indeed! I rather fancy not. But if he has been so sold it’s a ‘barney.’ A different owner maybe, but the same stable. When you see Mr. Sturt (now Lord Alington), who is staying at Lord Scarborough’s, tell him he has made a very bad bargain by selling him at that price. And tell him also you can get £1000 for him, which I will give myself.”

“Nonsense! You’re mad, Hodgman.”

“Well, I’m not particular to a hundred or so. Get him for 1200 if you can; if not, 1500; and I’ll pay you in the morning.”

Next day the Admiral made haste to meet me by the “Round Tower”—the Stewards’ Stand—remarking: “You are perfectly right about Gridiron. I don’t believe they would take 2000 for him. What an old fool they would have made me look!” When the handicap appeared Gridiron had not 6 st. 4 lb., but 7 st. 13 lb., and even under that substantial burden made a formidable show. With 6 st. 4 lb. the affair would have been a “walk-over.”

On Tuesday, July 31, 1860, I was presiding at a dinner at the “Old Ship,” Brighton, when Mr. Dorling, father of the present Clerk of the Course, walked in and said, “Oh, Mr. Hodgman, I’ve seen Admiral Rous, and he asked me to give you this handicap for you to look over. If you see anything needing alteration, will you kindly do it?”

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“I suppose you’ll make it for yourself,” chaffed “Tubby” Morris, who sat opposite me.

“Oh no! And just to show you, I’ll take 4 lb. off The Don and 6 lb. off Zingari, leaving mine, Wild Bird, as it is, 5 st. 7 lb. And now I shall very nearly win it, though mine’s bad.” Curiously Wild Bird beat The Don a head, and Zingari was third.

It may not be generally known that early in the year of 1876 Mr. Dorling purposed diverting the Derby track in order to avoid paying a rental of £1000 a year to Mr. Carew, then lord of the manor at Epsom. Nobody can say much against the economical tastes of the then Clerk of the Course. If he could have saved so substantial a sum, and not made worse an already bad track, well and good. But any one familiar with the course, and any one who had seen the fresh staking-out, must have immediately recognised that the safety of and fairness to competitors were being sacrificed to motives of economy. I, who by training near, knew every inch of the ground, thought it incumbent on me to direct the attention of Admiral Rous to the matter before affairs had progressed too far, and one day I called on him.

“I wish,” I said, “you would come with me to Epsom, and see what Dorling purposes doing with

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the Derby track so that he may save a thousand a year."

After careful inspection, the Admiral coincided with me to the letter, and he requested the Messrs. Weatherby to write to Mr. Dorling, instructing him that on no consideration was he to interfere with the Derby track.

On the completion of our talk about Mr. Dorling, the Admiral remarked: "Wait a minute, Hodgman, I'll fetch you my handicaps." Mrs. Rous, at the time very poorly, was in bed in the adjoining apartment, the rooms being merely separated by folding doors. When he went for his handicap papers she called out (and of course I heard every word, much as I rattled the fire): "What are you doing there?"

"Oh, I'm only going to show Hodgman my handicaps."

"Now, didn't you promise Westmorland and Sturt that you wouldn't show them to any one? and now, of all men, you're going to show them to Hodgman. *He's sure to do you!*"

When the Admiral returned it was with, "Take no notice. She's not herself."

In the spring of 1877—the year of his lamented death—the Admiral asked me to put him £5 on Scamp for the Northamptonshire Stakes. I said, "Admiral, Scamp has as much chance as you have

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to run on foot. Stand £10 with me. I'm putting £50 on one. I'll not tell what it is until the race is over. When you see the result you will be perfectly ashamed of your handicap."

The horse I proposed backing, and did back, was Queen of Cyprus, and obtaining seven 50's I put the Admiral down 70 to 10. The public were mad for Scamp, but Queen of Cyprus won by thirty lengths! Some days passed before I met the Admiral. He put up both hands in acknowledgment of defeat. "When I go," he said—the gallant old Admiral was then growing feeble—"Hodgman, you must be handicapper."

"They would not stand me above once," I replied.

"Ah, but *I* would!"

Very often the Admiral and I agreed to the letter with respect to horses' chances, as the following note demonstrates:

"13 BERKELEY SQUARE,

"January 21, 1876.

"DEAR SIR,

"Many thanks for your 'City' Handicap. I have commenced at 9 st. 10 lb., and our weights agree throughout.

"The Lincoln Handicap is very good. My pick would be Volturmo, Baumber, Gem of Gems, and Grassendale.

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“Where I shall fail will be relative to the American horses.

“I am,

“Truly yours,

“H. J. ROUS.

“P.S.—I am going to Lord Stamford’s on Monday, for the week.”

This was the first year the Admiral did not make the Lincolnshire Handicap; and I had sent him mine, which I also forwarded to Mr. Ford. It was the Admiral’s constant plan to let me know where he would be week by week, in case I wished to write him.

In the May of 1865 Mr. “Tubby” Morris, Mr. George Reynolds, Mr. Jack Bennett, Mr. John Barnard, and myself were driving from the “White Hart” Hotel to the Salisbury Racecourse. There was a deal of talking and laughing, till Mr. George Reynolds called out to Mr. Morris, “I say, ‘Tubby,’ don’t you think we ought to get up a testimonial to the Duke of Beaufort?”

“What’s that?” I exclaimed. “A testimonial to the Duke of Beaufort? What the dickens for, Reynolds? Because you settle his accounts—is that it, George? No. If you’re in the mood for testi-

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monials get one up for a man who has done something—for Admiral Rous!”

“Capital,” cried Morris. “The best thing you’ve ever suggested, Hodgy. We’ll talk about it as soon as we get on the course.”

The first thing was to learn whether the Admiral would accept the proffer, and Morris suggested he should approach Mr. Greville.

“Not at all,” I urged. “He isn’t the man. Lord Granville’s the one.”

“Of course he is,” Morris owned. “I’ll go to his lordship as soon as I get back to town, and ask him if he will see whether the Admiral is agreeable.”

Everything worked smoothly. Lord Granville saw his old friend, Admiral Rous, who said he should be gratified at such a token of esteem.

On this I said to Morris, “This must be a general affair, and to make it so no one can be allowed to give more than a ‘pony.’” In a very brief space of time, though 25 was the maximum, £4000 was collected—a fact eloquent of the regard in which the Admiral was held by all classes.

The testimonial took the shape of two candelabra, consisting of a stem or stand, in Renaissance style, supporting branches for six lights, and, as a description before me states, “terminating with a figure of

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‘Zephyr,’ the propitious wind.” To quote further : “The stem rested upon a circular base, intersected by four projecting panels, decorated with heads of sea horses. The base was further ornamented by figures in round reliefs of Neptune and Fame, in allusion to the Admiral’s early career, and the renown he earned both as an able officer and an unparalleled judge on the Turf.” There were further “basso relievos, one ‘Pique’ (the ship commanded by the then Honourable Captain Rous) as she appeared when after having taken the rocks on the previous night on the Coast of Labrador, about Point Fortneau, she was, by the great exertions and skill of her captain, hove off in the morning of the 23rd September, 1835, and eventually, although fearfully damaged and almost sinking, brought safely back to England.” In all, this portion of the testimonial cost 3000 guineas and not even the Messrs. C. F. Hancock, of New Bond Street, who manufactured it, from designs and models by the celebrated sculptor, Monti, have ever produced a better. The other portion of the testimonial was a portrait of the Admiral, executed by Mr. Henry Weigall: the best of the grand old sailor I have seen. The presentation banquet took place at Willis’s Rooms, St. James’s Square, London, on Monday, June 18, 1866; and as the occasion was

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an historic one for the Turf I take the liberty of reproducing the menu.

### MENU.

#### POTAGES.

Tortue Claire. Tortue à l'Anglaise.  
Consommé de Volaille aux Quenelles.

#### POISSONS.

Saumon de Gloster racolle. Turbot sauce de Homard.  
Truites à la Tartare. Whitebait.

#### ENTRÉES.

Croustades des Cailles aux Fines Herbes.  
Blanquettes de Poulet aux Truffes.  
Côtelettes d' Agneau aux Petits Pois.

#### RELÈVES.

Petits Poulets à la Printaniere. Jambons de Yorck.  
Selles de Mouton. Haunches de Venaison.

#### RÔTS.

Cailles bardés. Canctons. Chapons.

#### ENTREMETS.

Petits Pois Anglaises. Asperges en branche.  
Gelée de Fraise aux Marasquine. Bavaroise à la Vanille.  
Champignons à la Bordelaise. Petites Bouchées à la Princesse.  
Gateau Condé aux Pistaches.

#### RELÈVES DE RÔTS.

Poudings glacés de Millefruit.

#### GLACES.

Framboise. Ananas. Cerise.

#### FRUITS.

English Pines. Hothouse Grapes. Strawberries. Cherries, &c.

Lord Granville presided at the banquet, and paid

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an eloquent tribute to the worth of his old friend. He said nothing, however, that was fresh to those assembled, though all were pleased at the tribute passed to one who feared no man, and who, in his earlier days, had battled successfully with that cruel mistress, the sea.

## CHAPTER V

Mr. Sykes—Mr. "D'Orsay" Clark—A Cesarewitch Trial—  
A commission saved—A negligent trainer—"Mr. Sykes" at  
Egham—Admiral Rous angered—Mr. Sykes *versus* Robgill—  
Major Brabazon's Bets—Mr. Greville—A "close" character  
—His Muscovite bets—Perkins pockets same—Mr. Shelley—  
"In the wrong Boat"—Eleven thousand pounds posted.

I HAVE been connected with all varieties of race horses—good, bad, and indifferent. But none had a more curious history, I venture to think, than Mr. Sykes, a bay colt by Sir Tatton Sykes out of a sister to Gobbo. His was the misfortune to be foaled in the year in which West Australian and Rataplan saw light. But mighty as was the first named, and of exceeding good character the second, Mr. Sykes's owner, Mr. E. R. Clark (known from the extravagance of his attire as Mr. "D'Orsay" Clark), determined he would offer the pair battle in the St. Leger. He had about as much chance of beating either as I have of flying over the Monument; and as the colt was in at a very light weight for the Cesarewitch I protested against the plan as an unnecessary

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exposure of the horse. But Mr. Clark persisted in his purpose.

“It’s madness,” I said.

“Madness or not, he runs,” was the answer.

“Well, let me give the orders. If he is placed there will be no getting a shilling on him for the Cesarewitch.” It was agreed that I should give Ben Bartholomew his instructions, and these briefly were that if he couldn’t win—and a nice chance he had with West Australian!—he was not to knock the colt about. “Ben,” who frequently rode for me, obeyed his orders to the letter, and informed me afterwards that though by no possibility could he have been placed, he could have finished fourth. This made it plain that under, I think 6st. 7lb., Mr. Sykes could not reasonably be beaten for the Cesarewitch.

Still, to make assurance doubly sure a trial was determined upon, I lending Tobolski for the spin, in which Missive and Winter also took part. The trial came off one pouring wet Saturday at Newmarket, the finish being adjacent to the Bushes. Only one “tout” saw the spin, and as he had to lie prone in a turnip field under a pitiless deluge, most of the company thought he had earned his information, though Mr. Clark wished to borrow a horse to gallop him down. [This “tout,” by the way, turned

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out to be my man, Quince, and he considerably surprised me by sending a telegram containing the correct result to my London address.] The gallop was in the highest degree satisfactory, and read the better after Missive, who had been beaten a long way, headed a respectable field at the Chester Autumn Meeting for the Handicap Stakes, a mile and seven furlongs affair. We then agreed to have 4000 sovs. on Mr. Sykes for the Cesarewitch, and Mr. Clark wished immediately to commence betting, the race being fixed for the following week. At that time it was easy to back a horse from Saturday to Monday night to win any sum in reason—say a hundred thousand pounds—without exhausting the market. Consequently, the day being Wednesday, I urged that nothing should be done till the end of the week, especially as no news of the horse's well or ill being had reached us at Chester. We met at Mr. Clark's chambers in London on the Friday morning, to arrange the details of the financial campaign. Some twenty letters were awaiting him, and among them three communications from the trainer of Mr. Sykes—saying, first, that the horse was not himself; second, that he was no better; and, third, he was still bad. We were a very flabbergasted party; also an indignant one, inasmuch as the trainer had been told to write to

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Chester, and by his not doing so we might easily have lost heavily. No thanks were due to him that the commission had not been executed.

“What’s to be done?” said Mr. Clark.

“Nothing, apparently. But if you like I will go down and see the colt.”

“Do.”

And there and then I started for Royston. The stables of the trainer were by no means of an ornate character, nor were they spacious as a market-place. They were more fit for herding swine in than housing thoroughbred stock. The colt, I saw, was in hopeless plight, and I expressed myself pretty plainly to the master of the place, rating him for the state of his stables and his negligence in not writing to Chester. Very high words passed, and we parted without assuming the formality of friendship.

“Don’t you,” wrote the trainer to Mr. Clark, “ever send that Newgate Knocker down to see me again.”

The illness of Mr. Sykes was of prolonged character, and, not the first of his kind, he drifted into the lowest equine society. If my memory is not at fault, the next I saw of him was at Egham, on the 30th day of August, 1855: that is, after a space of two years from the time his trainer wrote of me as a “Newgate Knocker,” a term of opprobrium which

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is beyond me to explain. Mr. Sykes then formed one of a party of three for the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes, distance a couple of miles. And the principal cause of his starting was that, unknown to each other, the connections of Fulbeck and Winkfield had promised Mr. Clark 50 sovs. each to make running for their horse! The betting ruled even money Winkfield and 6 to 5 Fulbeck, while 10 to 1 was vainly tendered against Mr. Sykes, who was not expected to win, and whose jockey had no idea the horse had ability to win. But when the jockey found himself carried strenuously to the front he certainly did not over-exert himself. The horse, however, took matters very much under his own control, and in the end dead-heated with Fulbeck. That Mr. Sykes should have won easily was apparent to the meanest intellect; and, red hot with passion, Admiral Rous was quickly at the weighing-room door.

“This dead-heat,” he thundered, “is to be run off, and Fordham shall ride Mr. Sykes.”

That was impossible, as naturally Major Bringhurst stood out for Fordham again riding his horse Fulbeck. On that the Admiral went to Preece, Mr. Sykes's jockey, to whom he said, “You, sir, make your way home on that horse as best you can. If you don't win, or I see you don't try to win, mind

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I'll warn the whole lot of you off!" The general opinion was reflected by the betting on the decider, 4 to 1 being laid on Mr. Sykes, who won in a canter by a length.

At this time Mr. Clark owed a Mr. Hargreaves a sum of £500, for which he had given a bill, then overdue. Mr. Hargreaves (in his day a commercial traveller) was recognised as one of the shrewdest men on the Turf, and he did a deal of Jackson's often undesirable work. He wasted no moments in grasping the bearings of the situation; and act promptly followed thought.

"You owe me," he said to Clark, "£500. I want it."

Clark pleaded he couldn't pay. Hargreaves insisted he must, or take the consequences. Clark again cried in his wailing voice, that rose to a protesting shrill, that the thing was impossible: he hadn't—on his honour he hadn't—got £500. But he might as well have prayed to a stone as to Hargreaves.

"Look here, Clark," he said, "here is a way out of the difficulty. I will burn that bill, and in addition, here, give you a cheque for £500. All I want in return is Mr. Sykes for the end of the season."

"Oh, give me the cheque, and take him! Oh, take him! He's brought nothing but trouble to me."

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The bargain was then and there made, the lease of the horse being made out to the Honourable Francis Lawley. The deal was no bad one for Hargreaves, as on the Egham form the five-year-old looked indeed bad to beat in the forthcoming Cesarewitch, a 3-lb. penalty only raising his burden to 6 st. 8 lb. In truth, the race was a certainty for him if he did not again go amiss.

Everybody, however, fortunately, did not think so, and particularly adverse to him, and keen on the chance of their own horse, were the friends of Mr. Tom Parr's Robgill. One of his staunchest supporters was that fine, dashing bettor, Major Brabazon (Colonel Higgins). He ridiculed the idea that Robgill could lose, and freely supported his opinion with his money. I met him about ten on the morning of the race, in front of the Newmarket Subscription Rooms.

"Well, Major," I said, "Mr. Sykes will start a better favourite than Robgill for a hundred."

"I'll bet that," was his response.

"Tubby," Morris said, "I'll follow Hodgy. I'll bet you a hundred."

"Done," answered the Major.

On the course, after the horses had gone to the post, Major Brabazon came to our coach and shouted, "Robgill beats anything for a thousand!"

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"I'll take Sykes," I said.

"Right, Hodgman! Two thousand?"

"No. I'm finished."

"I'll bet you the other thousand," called out Morris.

"Right."

Then in stentorian tones the Major cried, "Robgill beats anything. I'll bet 5000 to 4000."

"Good bye, Major," was my retort. "You've settled matters now. Morris and I have lost our hundreds. But you'll have to pay us the thousands."

Well, Robgill, who did start favourite, was not placed, and Mr. Sykes won with plenty in hand by a couple of lengths, the present trainer, Mr. Fred Bates, riding him. Thus, in eventful fashion, Mr. Sykes, as a five-year-old, won the race he could not, health continued, have lost as a three.

Muscovite, I may add, was one of those beaten by Mr. Sykes. A rare good horse was this son of Hetman Platoff, but he was outlandicapped when asked to give Mr. Sykes, of the same age, 2 st. 11 lb. His chance had come in the previous year (1854), when, by-the-bye, Mr. Greville, his owner, did not get all the money he won. A very "close" sort was Mr. Greville. I remember him once saying, "If you should try a horse in your bedroom by yourself, by heavens the result would be known all

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over England!" In his Turf proceedings he was as "keen as a razor," and whoever had the better of Mr. Greville needed to be an early riser and void of walnut shells on his eyes. Even his commissioners were rarely let into his secrets. When he gave them their instructions he invariably impressed upon them that though he was risking his own money the horse was not worth theirs.

"I've got so many friends who want to be on," was his common formula. "There's very, very little for myself."

The late Mr. John Warrington (father of the present "Teddy" Warrington) did a good deal of Mr. Greville's business, but, as he told me, he was so constantly "put off" that he rarely benefited. Of a different turn of mind was a Mr. Tom Perkins, a Manchester man, who acted for Mr. Greville. Not that he was not "put off." In fact, he was so often "carted" that one day he swore the next big deal should be for himself—if it came off! This said deal happened to be Muscovite, for the Cesarewitch of 1854, and Perkins, acting on Mr. Greville's orders, backed the horse to win £13,000, £2000 of which had to come from a Mr. John Whittaker, who kept a fish shop in Manchester. In the ordinary course of events the London settler for Mr. Perkins sent word, on the Monday after the race, that he had

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collected the whole of the money save the £2000 from Mr. Whittaker, who had written to Beeton's, in Milk Street, Cheapside, saying he was not in a position to pay, and asking that all his Cambridgeshire bets should be scratched. On hearing this, Perkins called on Whittaker to see if he could get something. But Whittaker was obdurate. He had lost, and was not going to pay!

"Well," said Perkins, "if that's your intention, Whittaker, I'll be frank with you. You can wipe off that £2000, and send and receive in London your winning bets if with that amount knocked off there's a balance for you. I tell you plainly that I don't intend tipping up old Greville a farthing. The bets are in my name, and they're going into my pocket. Mr. Greville has put me off any number of times. Now, without his permission, I am going to put myself on."

Whittaker acted as advised, and never afterwards "looked back." It is impossible, of course, to pen a word in extenuation of the action either of Mr. Perkins or of Mr. Whittaker. But I must say that when the tale got abroad Mr. Greville did not receive a deal of sympathy. He was so very, very close.

If the victory of Muscovite, by their piratical policy, benefited Messrs. Perkins and Whittaker it



MR. "JUDGE" JOHNSON

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had a contrary effect on the fortunes of Mr. John Shelley, at that time a prominent layer, and owner of Lifeboat and Gunboat, two rattling good horses. From "information received" he went a raker against Hetman Platoff's son, and, filling his own book to the hilt, desired to continue the opposition. With this purpose he put in Mr. Jimmy Barber to lay the horse to lose ten, twelve, or twenty thousand pounds. Barber went to Colonel Higgins (Major Brabazon), who, for Barber, for Shelley, laid 11,000 to 1000 against Muscovite. But the Colonel was careful.

"This," he said, "is a bet with you, Barber. I know nothing of Shelley, and if the horse wins I shall look to you for the money. You perfectly understand."

"Certainly."

Later, Colonel Higgins, learning on unimpeachable authority that so far from Muscovite being all wrong he was very much right, went to Barber, with, "I understand you have laid that money against Muscovite for a friend of yours of the name of Shelley."

"Yes."

"Well, tell him he had better get out. He's in the wrong boat."

Barber saw Shelley, and told him. But Shelley refused to be convinced.

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“Never mind,” he remarked, “what the Colonel says. I shall not get out. And to save any trouble about the money, if that is what he is thinking about, I will post now. Here are eleven one thousand pound notes.”

Barber cut the notes in halves, retaining one set himself and giving the Colonel the other.

Such extraordinary hostility roused the fears of the Muscovite party, and led to the expulsion from the stable of the person who was thought likely to serve the layers. With the agent of “safety” removed from the premises Muscovite soon hardened in price, and at flag fall touched 3 to 1. His was one of the easiest victories ever associated with the Cesarewitch, perhaps the easiest, save and except that of Dulcibella.

## CHAPTER VI

Wild Dayrell's Derby—His "nobbling" arranged—How prevented—A costly "getting out"—Palmer the Poisoner—Marlow's opinion—Mr. Fred Swindell "readied"—Saved by the success of Doubt—Cockburn's grim assurance—Who set the law in motion.

THE present generation can have only a historical interest in the Derby victory of Wild Dayrell in 1855. But some who were at that period in the active pursuit of racing may—if they backed the horse—not even now be aware how near they came to losing their money; in truth, of not "having a run" for the same. I am in a position to relate the circumstances, as I played a principal's part in the spoiling of the intended roguery. A brief period before the Derby—for which Wild Dayrell had been heavily backed alike by the stable and the public—I received a letter from a man I never cared for—indeed, always suspected—he was what was then known as a "dangerous party"—making an appointment, which, unaware of the business on hand, I kept. He was not long in unfolding his purpose, which was the fearless laying of Wild Dayrell.

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“You are in a position to lay him. So get all you can out of him. And think of me.”

“Come, come,” I said. “I don’t quite understand you. Will this horse run?”

“No! He’ll be ‘settled’ before then.”

“Ah,” I remarked, “I’m much obliged to you. But I’m afraid you have come to the wrong man. I have no wish to be mixed up in that kind of business.”

He was disagreeably surprised at my attitude, for being a young and at times a heavy layer he thought I would be sure to jump at the chance of operating against a “safe ’un.”

“Well,” he said, “as you say you won’t act, Hodgman, I suppose I can trust you not to interfere.”

“It’s your business,” I returned, “not mine.”

Immediately he had cleared off I jumped into a cab, and whipped off to Bishopsgate-street, to see my old friend, Mr. Frank Robinson, to whom had been entrusted the London backing of Wild Dayrell by the stable. He was soon in possession of the facts, and quickly wired to a Mr. Manning, at Northampton (he had the supreme control of the Derby commission): “I will be down by such and such a train. Meet me.” After hearing the incidents, Mr. Manning, with my friend, made haste

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to Hungerford, near by which place Wild Dayrell was trained by Rickaby, the grandfather, I believe, of the present jockey. So soon as the trainer heard of the proposed dastardly outrage he picked on the suspect, and without a word of explanation pitched him neck and crop out of the stable. From that moment till the hour of the race Wild Dayrell was carefully guarded by trustworthy attendants, and, with Bob Sherwood in the saddle, won by a couple of lengths from Kingstown. It was currently reported at the time that the intending "nobblers" of Wild Dayrell had, apart from laying him, substantially befriended Kingstown, the property, by-the-bye, of Harry Hill. With the unmasking of the plot came a rare disturbance "among the doves" of those who "pulled the strings." They had taken such liberties that they had to get on somewhere somehow: with the result that Wild Dayrell started at even money.

Of all the cold-blooded murderers whose names are discoverable in the calendars of crimes probably none deserves more execration than William Palmer of Rugeley, who rightly expiated his monstrous deeds on the scaffold. In the way of Turf business I had many dealings with Palmer, but, fortunately for myself, he never owed me a large sum of money, and though I frequently visited him

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at his old-fashioned house at Rugeley, occasion for eating and drinking did not arise. There was, to my mind, always an air of undesirable mystery about his proceedings, and, a dead gambler at heart, he cared not so much about the price of a horse he fancied as the substantial character of the bet. It was, my intuition taught me, only desirable to deal with Palmer when he was known to be in funds, and long before he was arrested for the murder that justified his hanging he bore a most sinister reputation. Thus after Charlie Marlow was brought in with a broken leg through the fall of Palmer's Sweetmeat filly, Nettle, in the Oaks, his comment, made in my hearing, on the misfortune, was "It serves me right. What business had I to ride a d——d poisoner's horse?" This was in the month of May 1855, and as Nettle was deemed of such character as to be entitled to favouritism for the Ladies' Race the position of Palmer, to the ordinary eye, must have seemed one of passing respectability. The defeat, through accident, of Nettle—she bolted, and fell over the chains near the New Mile post—was a great financial blow to Palmer, who had plunged upon the filly, heroine in the previous season, when the property of Mr. T. Wilkinson, of the Gimcrack Stakes.

Mr. Fred Swindell had a very "narrow squeak"

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of not preceding the unfortunate Cook. In truth, he entirely owed his salvation to the success of a mare named Doubt in the Wolverhampton Handicap of 1853—then a rare betting race, both before and on the day. It was, in fact, as big a financial concern as some of the chief handicaps are now. Ordinarily I attended Wolverhampton, where for a number of years I had a couple of bedrooms and a sitting room at the “Swan” Hotel. Through some business in town I was unable to attend the races in 1853, and, hearing of this, Mr. Swindell asked me if I would let him have my lodgings.

“Yes,” I said; “but whom are you going with?”

“Palmer.”

“All right, Fred, but take my advice and be careful of your pal.”

“Thanks. I shall be all right. By-the-bye, he says he has a good thing in Doubt for the handicap. I’ve put him 500 on at 7’s; and I’ve got 250 on myself. You had better have a ‘pony,’ lad.”

“Certainly,” and we parted—and I honestly believe that would have been a final farewell if Doubt had failed to win. That Swindell was doctored for death in case of the mare’s defeat cannot indeed, in view of all the circumstances, be questioned. Palmer, as has been mentioned by others, had a peculiar way of drinking his brandy

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and water, he emptying his glass at one gulp. You gained more flavour so, he asserted, than by sipping. The real reason was that the poisons he conveyed to the liquors of his victims should be sure of effect. When he and Swindell had their "toddy" on the Saturday night—the races began on Monday—he persuaded Fred to adopt the gulping fashion. Next day Swindell was very unwell—so queer that he spoke of going home. But Palmer persuaded him to stay on.

"Well, get some fresh advice," said Swindell. "I can't make out what is the matter with me."

A doctor was called in by Palmer, and he, naturally instructed by the poisoner, endorsed the view that Swindell should remain at Wolverhampton rather than journey to London.

"Mr. Palmer is treating you admirably. You could not be in better hands," were his parting words, as Swindell informed me.

Monday, the day of the race, brought no improvement in Swindell's state, and he was confined to bed while Doubt was running for his life! There were nine starters, of whom Musician and Pastrycook were most regarded. Neither gained a place, the first falling to Doubt, who, ridden by W. Sharpe, pulled through by half a length from Montagu. The racecourse then was very near the town, and no

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great distance from the "Swan." So as soon as Doubt had won Palmer hurried from the course to the hotel. As the bet—3500 to 500—was in Swindell's name, his death before settling day would have made void the wager. Palmer's interest was now to save the life he had already jeopardised. In the twinkling of an eye he had Fred out of bed, before a big fire; started vigorously rubbing the calves of his legs; and administered some exceedingly hot soup; measures which brought the needed relief. While the trial of Palmer for the poisoning of Cook was proceeding, Attorney-General Cockburn (afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England) called on Swindell, when I happened to be chatting with him. The conversation, over a bottle or so of claret, turned to the trial, and naturally to the Wolverhampton incident.

"Fred," said Cockburn (the pair were great friends), "I cannot understand how you escaped the scoundrel. But I'm sure to hang him—sure!"

"Oh, be easy with him!" returned Swindell.

"Easy! Yes! You mark my words, I'm sure to hang him."

And hanged he was. I may mention that it was through the insistence of Mr. Ishmael Fisher, the proprietor of the first Victoria Club, and of Mr. George Herring, happily still alive, that Palmer

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was eventually brought to book. His sinister reputation I have already referred to, and after Cook's death, under suspicious circumstances, the gentlemen named represented to his mother and his stepfather the necessity for action. "You will be almost as bad as he is," they said, "if you don't do something." Once the law was set in motion the end was inevitable. It was never known, and it never now can be known, how many people, in the course of his nefarious operations, Palmer got rid of. He thought no more of poisoning a man or a woman to serve his ends than a chemist would of dosing a cat. To the last Palmer asserted that his agent of death was not strychnine. This was more or less a chemical quibble, for he may have employed *Nux vomica*, from which strychnine is obtained. If he did not use *Nux vomica* or strychnine it is probable he resorted to morphia, the active principle of opium, which produces analogous symptoms. I write this not of my knowledge of toxicology, but from information gleaned in a conversation concerning the matter with Mr. Edgar Nicholson, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of Fenny Stratford, Bucks.

## CHAPTER VII

Virago—The best filly of last century—Unplaced in a selling race!—Mr. William Day in error—Heavy Chester Cup betting—The handicapper awake—City and Suburban and Great Metropolitan won on one day—Virago's Epsom trial—The real weights—Mr. Lambert's letter—"Something out of Virago"—Lord Glasgow—Insistence on more weight—"Don't hesitate to shoot"—A memorable Saturday on the Heath—Racing for Life.

MUCH discussion has arisen, at varying periods, as to which horse is entitled to the character of being the best of the past century. Those familiar with the giants of the last sixty years have no hesitation in awarding the position of pre-eminence to Ormonde. It has been my privilege to see all the mighty ones of the period mentioned, and I unhesitatingly vote in favour of the late Duke of Westminster's great horse, who even when a roarer was able to set considerable opposition at defiance. I knew all the best horses—West Australian, Voltigeur, and so forth. But I never came across the equal of Ormonde. Whosoever challenges the position of the son of Bend Or will indeed be hard pushed for argument; and in the main most critics are agreed. But there

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is no such unanimity, as in truth there has been no such discussion, as to which counts the best filly of the century that lately was sealed in the book of history. If my opinion were asked I should, after careful thought of all the magnificent fillies I have watched seek Turf honours, unreservedly place Virago on the highest pedestal. She was a daughter of Pyrrhus the First and Virginia, and the property of Mr. Padwick. Her glorious career commenced most ingloriously, for at the Shrewsbury Autumn Meeting of 1853 she ran unplaced in a selling race. That truly stands an extraordinary circumstance; nor is it one to be explained away by the suggestion that her trainer, old John Day, was unaware of her exceeding worth. Her full merits may not have been known to him; but the Danebury trainer had, through a rough up, a shrewd suspicion of her ability, and to get her beaten in a selling plate towards the end of her juvenile days was part and parcel of the game.

Mr. William Day, son of John Day, says, in his "Reminiscences," when speaking of Virago's "selling" effort, "I should remind my readers that in those days it was only the winner that could be bought or claimed, or she would not have run, as her merits were too well known at the time to her party to run the risk of losing her." In one way

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and another Mr. William Day has seen fit to be very severe on some of his contemporaries, particularly when his pen was dealing with the dead. Therefore there is the less reason for refraining to point out to Mr. William Day that his own claims to perfection cannot go unchallenged. If Mr. Day will turn to his "Calendar" of 1850 he will find, on page lv., these words :

"At a meeting of the Jockey Club, held at Newmarket on Wednesday in the Second October Week, 1850, it was—

"Resolved—That any horse running for a selling stake or plate shall be liable to be claimed by the owner of any other horse in the race for the price for which he entered to be sold and the amount of the stake—the owner of the second horse to be first entitled to claim."

This, I take leave to think, is pretty explicit, and as the Rule is repeated in the '51, '52, and '53 volumes it is clear that, despite Mr. Day's emphatic pronouncement, *Virago*, according to Jockey Club law, could on that November day at Shrewsbury have been claimed. As a matter of fact, her party were very uneasy till the claiming time had expired. After her defeat, and when retention was assured,

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Mr. Padwick went to Shelley and said he wished to back Virago for the Chester Cup of the following year! A beaten selling plater for a Chester Cup seemed a safe thing to lay in the middle of November, and Shelley betted Mr. Padwick 5000 to 75. In another quarter, I think it was from Jack Bennett, he procured a similar wager, and the winter through her party picked up all the long odds, until layers said, "Who the devil is this Virago?"

The news of the amounts she had been supported for I mentioned to the late Mr. Topham, who then framed the Chester Cup weights. "She's a bad selling plater on the book," I said, "but according to the market she's something out of the ordinary."

This caused Mr. Topham to take care of her, and when the weights were issued she had 21 lbs. more than her party expected. In a fit of passion Mr. Padwick (not then aware of what she was capable) scratched her; and in so doing sacrificed what to many would have appeared a tremendous fortune, for even with the penalty, by her Epsom successes, she would have incurred Virago could not, save by accident, have been beaten. She was indeed a marvellous creature, winning the City and Suburban and the Great Metropolitan (under a penalty) within the space of an hour! On each occasion she

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won in a common canter, and after her twin successes those who had laid her so deeply for the Chester Cup were indeed relieved that she had been scratched. Had she been able to run she must, as I have said, won, and the Ring would have received a shaking up of unparalleled character.

How good Virago was even Mr. Padwick had no idea—not to the day of his death. John Day was a very reticent person, and while giving Mr. Padwick a general idea, he withheld the details. Mr. William Day says Virago “was tried at Findon before the Epsom Spring Meeting, with Little Harry, a five year old, at 10 lb., and beat him easy over two and a quarter miles, myself riding the old one, and the rest beat a long way. This, at least, proved how she was, if we may take it that she was Little Harry’s equal at even weights, and he afterwards won the Ascot Stakes, carrying 8 st. 7 lb., beating Kingston, the same age, at 7 lb., and fourteen others.” It is to be feared that when penning those sentences Mr. Day’s memory was as treacherous as his knowledge of the trial weights was fanciful. It may be said that a son should know more of his father’s business than one outside the family. Yet I venture to state that only one man, besides the trainer, knew the real strength of Virago’s trial for the Epsom events, and that was my old friend, Mr. George

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Lambert. Between him and John Day prevailed a friendship, based on mutual interests and personal liking, only to be dissolved by death. I reproduce the pertinent points of Mr. Lambert's letter to me, the same bearing date January 22, 1901 :

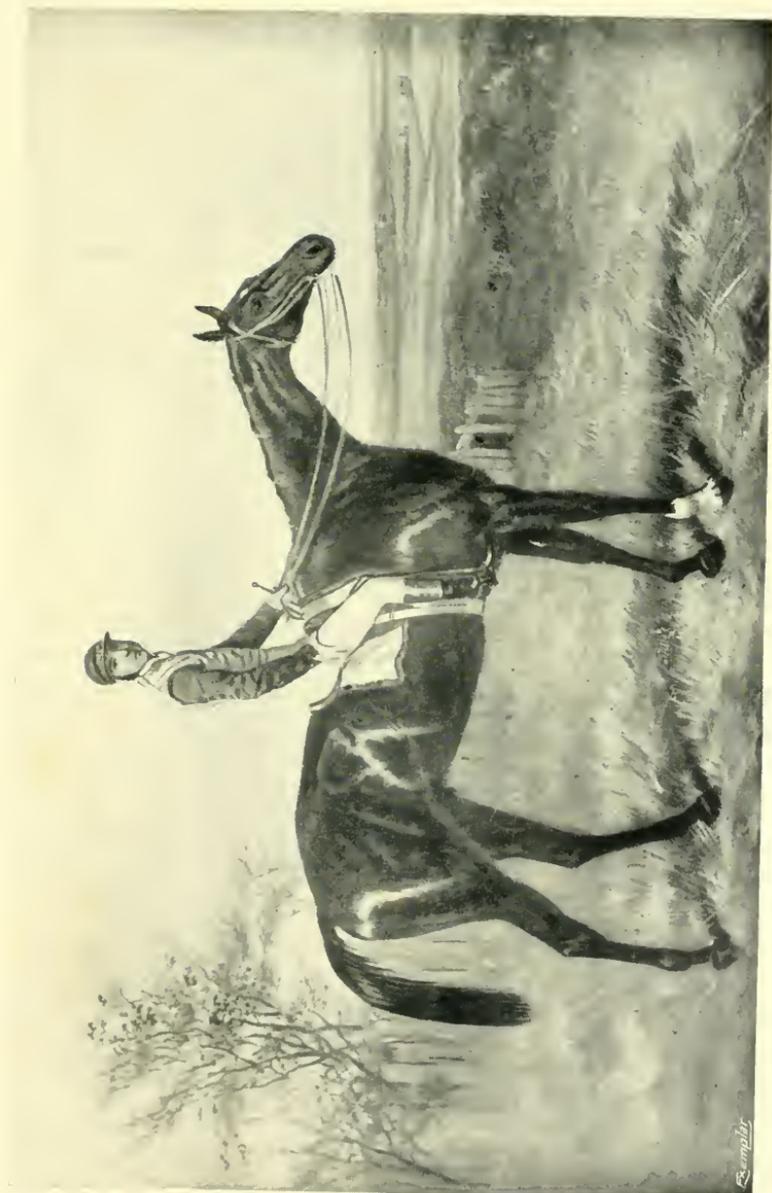
“Virago was tried, when a two-year-old, one mile, and old John Day thought her better than Crucifix. Little Harry tried her for the two Epsom events. The weights I never knew before the Goodwood Cup. She was tried as follows :

“Virago 8 st. 7 lb.—3 years.

“Little Harry 7 st. 7 lb.—5 years.

“Little Harry won by a neck. The old man told me this as they started for the Cup. Mr. Padwick never knew it—nor any one else.”

Trainers of the present time might well sigh for another Virago, who was only beaten once as a three-year-old. This was at York, in a T.Y.C race, when odds of 2 to 1 were laid on her. And I recall, as though it were but yesterday, the Ring expressions at her failure. “At last,” was the general comment of the bookmakers ; “at last we have got something out of Virago !” That something had been a long time coming, as, in addition to the City and Suburban and the Great Metropolitan, Virago had swept



EMIGRANT (CHARLIE BOYCE UP)  
*Winner of the Grand National, 1857*



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off in succession the Great Northern Handicap (6 to 4 on), the Flying Dutchman's Handicap (4 to 1 on), a 1000 guineas stakes at Newmarket First Spring Meeting (3 to 1 on), the Goodwood Cup (6 to 1 on), the Nassau Stakes ("Any odds," says the *Calendar*, "on Virago"), and the Yorkshire Oaks ("High odds on Virago"). Then came the defeat mentioned; but she speedily picked up the winning skein, taking the Cup at Warwick and the Doncaster Cup.

Many as are the tales that have been told about the eccentric Lord Glasgow, the yield is even at this time far from exhausted. A more eccentric man scarcely ever breathed; and I was present at the dinner-table when he asked Admiral Rous how he had handicapped a certain horse of his. On learning the weight he burst into a violent fit of indignation—not because he thought he had too much to carry, but because he reckoned he had too little!

"If, Admiral," he exclaimed, "you don't put 7 lb. more on I'll scratch him this instant."

"You have," said the Admiral, "very little chance as matters are; but if you wish it, you can have 7 lbs. more." And of course the horse did not win.

"Don't hesitate to shoot!" was an instruction that gained a certain statesman of modern times an amount of notoriety that he could readily have

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dispensed with. In this direction, so far as his horses were concerned, the Earl of Glasgow knew no such word as "hesitation," his thinning-out process by aid of the gun being a common topic of conversation at the period he figured largely on the Turf. A bad horse, in his opinion, was only fit to be shot; and as the majority of his racing stud were indifferent, there was ample need for gunpowder.

On one occasion, however, the horses beat their master. The incidents I refer to occurred on Saturday, October 30, 1852, at Newmarket. On Friday night Lord Glasgow declared that he intended to run six horses the next day, and that the losers should pay the penalty of death. The news spread in wildfire fashion, and many who originally proposed "cutting" the last day of the spun-out Houghton proceedings changed their plans. The first to take her chance of life or death was Senorita, a bay filly by Hetman Platoff, matched against Lord Clifden's Plunkett over the last half of the Abingdon Mile.

"Good-bye, my girl! Good-bye, my beauty! We've seen the last of you!"

Such and various were the cries from the crowded coaches as she went to the post; while some who were near her at saddling-time plucked hairs from her tail. What betting existed—there was, indeed, very little owing to the excitement—favoured

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Senorita, who saved her existence by a length and a half. The next to try his luck was Knight of the Garter, a chestnut colt by Faugh-a-Ballagh. His opponent was Lord Exeter's Ilex, with the course the last mile and three-quarters of the Two Middle Miles. By three-quarters of a length, after a stern tussle, did the "Knight" earn his continued right to corn. The case of Double Thong, a bay colt by Assault or Irish Birdcatcher, who was pitted against Lord Clifden's Feramorz, appeared to the onlookers desperate, as in a true-run race the latter would easily have conceded the former 2 lb. Across the Flat. The Fates, however, were as decidedly that day in favour of the Glasgow colours as usually they were adverse; for as soon as the flag dropped Feramorz bolted, leaving Double Thong to win by a hundred yards. Caracara, a brown colt by Irish Birdcatcher, was the fourth on the fateful list, being matched with Lord Clifden's Sackbut over the Ditch Mile. His paper superiority caused 3 to 1 being laid on him; but his was a near thing, as he only triumphed by a short head. In truth, until the number went up nobody could confidently say which of the pair had won. When Caracara's number was hoisted there was general cheering, and "Caracara's health!" became the general toast. Feeling was at a high tension by the time the sister

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to Caracara went down to give battle to the Duke of Bedford's Hesperus Across the Flat. "She's certain to be shot," was the common comment; and 3 to 1 was laid on her rival. But the odds were cleverly floored, and Caracara and his sister were handsomely toasted. With Ernestine the Duke of Bedford would not oppose the filly by Don John from Miss Sarah, preferring to pay forfeit. So ended as memorable a day on a racecourse as I can recall; and the strange part of the business was that neither before nor afterwards did luck flow so steadily Lord Glasgow's way. Flatman rode the first four winners; but he could not do the weight (7 st. 7lb.) on the sister to Caracara, over whom Tommy Lye threw a leg.

## CHAPTER VIII

Mr. Drinkald—His eccentric attire—Why I laid Boiardo for the St. Leger of 1854—A riot at Doncaster—The fighting brothers Broome—Black Tommy and the Derby—Ten Thousand pounds to a suit of clothes—Mr. Drinkald's bitter pill—Blink Bonny's triumph—The Leger defeat—Mr. Swindell's advice—The Jackson confederacy—Prioress's Cesarewitch—A dead heat between three—A change of jockeys and of result—My opinion of Fordham—How Captain Little "kidded" him—Heiress's defeats—Dulcibella's Cesarewitch—Her previous running—Ladies in hiding.

MR. DRINKALD, who played a prominent part on the Turf in the Fifties, was one of the most extraordinary looking men that I ever saw. His straight, jet black hair nearly touched his shoulders, and his countenance was of a hue that would have befitted a gipsy. The curious hat, with a remarkably narrow brim, that he always affected accentuated the strangeness of his appearance, further heightened by the conspicuousness of his clothes. Yet though by reason of his "get up" he attracted attention, he was no seeker for popularity. In truth, one of his aims in life appeared to be to excel in the "gentle art" of making enemies. Still, to those he affected he could be very agreeable, though I confess

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I did not think a deal of his humour when the night before the St. Leger of 1854 he approached me in the Subscription Rooms at Doncaster with:

“I understand, Hodgman, you have some money to lay against Boiardo.” What he said, under the circumstances, was sufficiently irritating, but equally so was the manner of the saying.

“What d——d fool has been telling you that?” I asked, being nettled.

“Oh,” he returned in his bland way, “you have been christened right. You undoubtedly are Young Impudence!”

“Young Impudence or not,” I answered, “here are the facts. At the present moment if Boiardo wins I shall have to pay £15,000, which is no laughing matter. Bill Davies, I suppose, has told you to come to ask me to lay Boiardo, thinking it a joke.”

He admitted Davies was the instigator of the inquiry.

“Oh, well, I suppose it amuses him, and it can't do me any harm.”

“But how is it you are so bad against Boiardo?”

“I will tell you all about the affair. You know Mr. Baily, of *Baily's Magazine*, in Cornhill. I am in the habit of calling in there for a chat with him. He knows all John Scott's business—or at

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least a deal; and at times bets for him. He asked me to back Acrobat [the stable companion of Boiardo] and to lay the latter: as Acrobat was the better. Well, I backed Acrobat for him, and laid Boiardo for him at 3000 to 30. And, of course, I followed suit to a heavier tune. Well, when Lord Derby's lot were tried, Boiardo won easily. Mr. Baily got out of his money, but I couldn't, beyond laying some of my Acrobat money off. Now you see the reason why Davies is joking with me about having Boiardo money to lay. Still," I went on, "I will lay you an even thousand against the colt, and," suiting the action to the word, "stake the money."

"No," returned Drinkald, "I'll take you 1000 to 800, and never mind about staking."

This I declined, and we separated, to be always afterwards on a friendly footing. Fortunately, for my interests, Boiardo broke down in the race, and my friend, Mr. "Tubby" Morris's horse, Knight of St. George, won from Ivan, with Arthur Wellesley third. The third would have been a winner for me to a little bit, for I had a wretched book.

Now, although the stable, on the strength of the trial, went solid for Boiardo, the public would not be stalled off Acrobat, their investments keeping him at 7 to 1. He "ran nowhere," as the saying

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is, getting a very handsome beating indeed from Ivan. The pair met on the same terms on the Friday, in the Doncaster Stakes, run over a quarter of a mile less ground than the St. Leger. Ivan, not unreasonably, was favourite, but his position was threatened by Acrobat, over whom the Scott party went for a tremendous stake. This time Acrobat, having, as the phrase runs, his head loose, ran a very different horse, beating Ivan in a canter by a length. On Templeman returning to weigh there ensued a scene almost unparalleled in Turf annals—the nearest approach being that which occurred at Epsom when Paul's Cray beat Phenix. The mob, red hot with fury, swarmed round the weighing-room, intent on lynching Templeman, John Scott, or anybody connected with Acrobat on whom they could lay violent hands. Some bother had, however, by the ominous murmurings of the morning, been anticipated, and conveniently placed at the door of the weighing enclosure were the famous pugilists, Johnny and Harry Broome. The incensed Tykes made an ugly rush, but on the leaders the fighting brothers rained pitiless blows, and with assistance coming the entrance was desperately held. Whatever the Broomes received they had stoutly earned, as without them there was a grim prospect of murder.

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But to return to Mr. Drinkald. Anxious as he may have been to get 1000 to 800 about Boiardo for the St. Leger of '54, when three years later it came to one of his own horses in the Derby he preferred to have the market to himself. I must say that nobody but himself believed in his Black Tommy, so Mr. Drinkald escaped interference. Such a contemptuous opinion had Harry Hill of the Derby pretensions of the son of Womersley that he laid the owner a genuine bet of £10,000 to a suit of clothes! I was at the moment of the finish of the race standing with Mr. Drinkald in Tattersall's enclosure. His Black Tommy, on the upper ground, flashed past looking all over a winner. In truth, it seemed any odds on him. Thinking the stake in his pocket, Mr. Drinkald shouted out. "Thank God! I've won the Derby, and not a soul is on but myself!"

"By heavens!" I said, "they haven't put your number up, Drinky! They've put up Blink Bonny's."

I never saw a man turn such a sickly colour. His swarthy cheeks seemed blanched; and he gasped as if he had received a heavy punch under the heart. By a neck had the spoils gone to Malton, and instead of receiving £10,000 from Harry Hill, Mr. Drinkald was the loser of a suit of clothes. Black Tommy, I may add, started at 200 to 1.

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Blink Bonny next won the Oaks, and, of course, developed into a strong favourite for the St. Leger. Various tales have been penned and spoken of as the cause of her defeat. Those, however, "behind the scenes"—who were thick in the "inner business"—never doubted but she was "stopped" at the instigation of Jackson and his friends. Old Mr. F'Anson, I know, was warned by Mr. Fred Swindell that all was not as all should be with the "coachman." But Mr. F'Anson would not listen to such an aspersion. "The same thing," he added, "was told me before the Derby. The rumours prevailed again before the Oaks. Well, he won both. And I shall not listen to slander now."

I had, because of the shortness of the price, laid extra against Blink Bonny for the Leger; and told Swindell of the matter. His reply was, "Lad, keep heavy against her. F'Anson won't listen to me. But I know I'm right."

Right or wrong, Blink Bonny was never in the race, and the truth was that the Jackson confederacy had laid Blink Bonny and gone for the winner, Imperieuse. That St. Leger day was a sad one for Highfield House, and yet one cannot but admire the staunch loyalty of Mr. F'Anson. It is a serious business to take a jockey off at the last moment, and much the more distasteful when he

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can point out that he has won for you the Derby and the Oaks. It is beyond denial, however, that Jackson had then the "pulse" of many of the Northern riders, and it is beyond me to recall a man who was so positioned to pull, and did pull, the strings in favour of his pocket. The Turf has known many "dangerous" men, but the equals of Jackson and his confederates have yet to be born.

Taking one thing with another the season of 1857 must be held to have been prolific in exciting incidents. Thus in the Cesarewitch Mr. Ten Broeck's Prioress, Captain Smith's El Hakim, and Mr. Saxon's Queen Bess ran a dead heat. The American jockeys of that period were not as those of to-day. One would have had to travel far and look hard to find such specimens of all in horsemanship that was indifferent. They were, in truth, about as bad as anybody could make them, they riding, for instance, with the reins twisted round their wrists! Tankerley, the jockey on Prioress, was of the Yankee school, and it was evident to me, from my place on our coach, that he ought, at the least, to have won by a couple of lengths. Taking a flying leap from the vehicle, I called out to "Tubby" Morris, "They must run off! Put me a hundred on Prioress. And do the same for yourself. I'll run and see Ten Broeck to put Fordham up."

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I caught Mr. Broeck at the paddock entrance, and said, "Will you put Fordham up?"

"Can I get him?"

"Yes. He told me he should have liked to have ridden for you this morning."

"Get him, then."

I soon found Fordham, and engaged him, with the satisfactory result that Prioress won comfortably by a length and a half from El Hakim, who finished a head in front of Queen Bess.

I always had a high—indeed, the highest—opinion of Fordham, whose superior, taking him all in all, has not appeared in my time. He would, when able, always ride for me; and, in turn, I was ever glad to hand him my colours. Only once, in a friendship extending over a great number of years, do I remember being thoroughly "at elbows" with him. This was over a mare called Heiress that I had in 1860, which I had bought of Mr. Carew of Epsom. She had run moderately in the Great Metropolitan, and yet I thought she ought to win a good race. In June I took her to the Bibury Club Meeting, for the Stakes. She was not in high racing trim, and I told Fordham not to knock her about. But Captain Little, on The Greek—he was as good as most professionals—"kidded" so nicely that Fordham fell into the trap, and thinking The

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Greek beaten came to win the race, to find, when he had clapped on full steam, that the Captain had a bit up his sleeve. Fordham, in a way, lost his head, and freely plied whip and spur.

"Well, Mr. Butcher," I said to him as I looked at the bloodstained sides of the mare, "you've done a nice thing."

"I couldn't help it," he answered. "The Captain got me racing, and I had to come along."

"Humph!" I returned, walking away.

Well, Fordham, with me, was "Mr. Butcher" for some time. Then he came and begged me to "drop it," saying that though he allowed he did knock the mare about he thought he had had enough reminders. In this he was perfectly right, and, as the French say, the incident closed.

With this same Heiress I was not destined to have any luck. She nicely recovered, and I put her in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. She received 6 st. in each, and I rather fancied my chance, especially for the Cesarewitch, a race for which I had an especial fondness. My first investment about her was a thousand pounds, which Mr. George Herring put on for me, returning me 42,000 to 1000. I afterwards took 30,000 to 1000, and, with the mare satisfying me, began to "dream dreams" of netting a huge stake. Unluckily for

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me, I had to meet Dulcibella, who scampered home alone, with Heiress but third. Time upon time friends told me Heiress could not win while Dulcibella kept well. I failed to make it out on form, as on August 1 I, at 10 lb., had with Wild Bird—a very, very bad horse—beaten The Don a head, and he, at 10 lb., on August 16, had “lost” Dulcibella. This was at Oxford, when The Don beat Little Gerard by a neck, with Zingari third; and, adds the *Calendar*, “a very bad third.” There were eight runners, and Dulcibella was seventh! Consequently, knowing what a wretched horse Wild Bird was, and how bad, too, must be The Don, I was not impressed with Dulcibella, always presuming she had revealed her true form at Oxford. This she could not have done, or else in the space of six weeks William Day had wrought in her an improvement that approached the miraculous. It was this rapid, this startling improvement in horses’ form that roused the wrath of Admiral Rous, and the stables from which sprang these equine miracles were generally by him cared for.

Dulcibella did not, as I have stated, forget to half win. The official verdict was ten lengths. It could easily have been a hundred. Before the race Mr. Fred Swindell came to me, and said, “Do you fancy yours?”

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“Yes, I do. But, Fred, I’m told that Dulcibella could draw a cart and beat me.”

“I believe she could, lad,” was his answer. “And be sure you don’t lose by her”—a remark that caused me to save my money. A fortnight later Heiress took her chance in the Cambridge-shire, but, as in the Cesarewitch, could only finish third, Mr. Swindell’s Weatherbound securing for him an immense stake by a head from Mademoiselle de Chantilly. It was commonly reported that Weatherbound had been tried with Dulcibella; and most likely this was the case, for William Day and Mr. Swindell were inseparables.

Heiress, I may add, never won me a race. So I made no bargain over her when I purchased her from Mr. Carew, whose wife I had put on 5000 to nothing for the Cesarewitch. It was in that year (1860) that Mrs. Carew and a lady friend of hers were placed in a very awkward predicament, or, rather, I had better say, put their husbands in one. They hid themselves, one evening, after dinner, in a curtained embrasure of the billiard-room at Beddington House (Mr. Carew’s home), with an idea of frightening their spouses. But in the meantime Mr. Jonathan Gain and myself had called in for a smoke and a chat, and thinking the ladies were in the drawing-room, the four of us adjourned to the

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billiard-room. The conversation over the game was rather of the smoke-room order. Once or twice I thought I heard a stir, and at last said, "Carew, there's some one in the room!" I went to one embrasure, pulled aside the curtain, but "drew blank." But Mr. Carew, in another, had unearthed the "quarry"—his wife and her friend! Gain and I beat a precipitate retreat to allow the ladies to retire. But we did not forget, on return, to chaff the husbands on the prospect of a curtain lecture lasting till the morning. They certainly had been very frank in their admissions, and in relating those kind of reminiscences that warmed the blood of Falstaff in his old age.



VESTMINSTER

Winner of the Cambridgehire, 1869

See page 103



## CHAPTER IX

Lord Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins)—Our Friendship—His letter—A shooting incident at Beddington—The long-eared parson—Shillelagh—His successes—Accident and death—I sue the Railway Company—Mr. Hawkins against me—I win once and lose twice—Hawkins on “The Claimant”—His belief in him—His later opinion—A fortunate “get out”—The Claimant sharpens a knife.

IN their professional capacity lawyers perhaps are best avoided. At least, proverbial wisdom dating back to antiquated times, and enforced by modern precept, conveys the warning some by their necessities cannot and others by their disposition will not heed. For my part, I have a strenuous dislike of law, and, on their social side, a great regard for lawyers, or, at least, for those it has been my privilege to know familiarly. One whose society was always enjoyable in his unbending moments was Mr., afterwards Sir, Henry Hawkins, now Lord Brampton. We have met on the racecourse, in the shooting field, at rooms where play ran high, though I never saw him gamble; and, unfortunately for myself, once as an opposing counsel in the courts. The sternness that

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became him on the bench was an absent factor in his earlier days, when he was the jolliest of companions, with a keen relish for a joke of yours, and frequently the cause of laughter in others. Since, through advancing years, his lordship ceased attending Epsom for the Derby, I have missed sight of him, but on his elevation to the peerage I wrote a congratulatory note—my first communication to him—and received the following answer, the only letter I had from his hand, which I am sure he will not mind being published :

“5, TILNEY STREET.

“*December 26, 1898.*”

“DEAR MR. HODGMAN,

“I thank you much for your note, and all your good wishes. It amused me to read your reminiscences of the old days, though I cannot write about them so vividly as you do.

“Poor Carew! He was a good fellow, and a very liberal, kind-hearted man. I remember the day's shooting at Beddington well, though I do not remember hitting much myself. But oh! how old friends have died off since those cheery days!

“With all good wishes for the new approaching year,

“Believe me,

“Always yours truly,

“H. HAWKINS.”

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The day's shooting at Beddington, to which his lordship refers, was on the last day of January 1858, he and myself being the guests of Mr. Carew. I had been trying Old Robert in the morning, and, hastening on Emigrant from Epsom, joined the party just as lunch was being finished. After I had had a hasty meal (though I always think a hungry man in ten minutes can eat enough to last him a few hours) Mr. Carew said, "Come along with me, Hodgman."

"No," said Hawkins, "let Hodgy stop here."

"All right."

"Which way, Hawkins, will you shoot?"

"Up."

"Then I'll shoot down."

At that moment a rabbit flew by, and I caught her broadside, nearly cutting her in two. "I've given that — something, Hawkins," I said.

"Hush, hush!" he cried. "There's a d——d old parson the other side of the hedge."

"All right, Mr. Hawkins," piped the cheery cleric, "I heard you." Whereupon Hawkins whispered me: "Ears like a donkey, Hodgy!" Hawkins, in those days, was a regular man of the world, and the things that he didn't know were scarce worth learning. The knowledge of all sorts and conditions of men that he then gained proved a valuable asset to him in his career.

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I have mentioned that once Mr. Hawkins was against me in the Law Courts, and here is the tale. In 1861 I purchased Shillelagh from Lord Strathmore (otherwise "Rollicking Bob") for £50. He was a chestnut colt by Teddington from Thorn, as quiet as a lamb, but as game as a fighting cock. He was then three years old, and I put him in the Autumn Flying Handicap at Worcester, wherein he ran third. The next race was the Shorts Selling Stakes, winner to be sold for 30 sovs. I started him again, and he failed by a neck to Grant, a Flying Dutchman filly, who was sold for 33 gs. Fortunately he was not claimed. At the end of that season I changed my trainer, engaging Ben Land. One day in the spring part of 1862, I said, "Ben, where's Shillelagh?"

"You'll find him round by The Warren wall, his old walking-place."

I went back to Land with, "Why, I shouldn't have known him. He's picked up wonderfully these past six weeks."

"Yes, he has. And I think he's a good horse. But he's not quite yet to my liking. An eye-opener in public wouldn't do him any harm."

So I ran him in the Earl Spencer's Plate, putting up Jack Reeves, who had been standing down for a long time for impudence to the starter, and who

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would not have got back except for my intercession with Admiral Rous. As I pointed out to the Admiral, the boy had done nothing grievously wrong, and endless suspension for cheekiness was an excessive penalty. "If you let him come back," I said, "I'll put him up."

"Well, well! I hope he has learnt his lesson. Tell him he can weigh to-morrow."

Reeves professed the utmost gratitude, and, as I said, I gave him the mount on Shillelagh. "I don't want you," I said, "to knock this horse about. He's not quite fit." Reeves's idea of not knocking a horse about was to spur him at the post, and spur him all the way, and he had the satisfaction of finishing second to Biondella, with twenty-two behind. I have often wondered what Reeves would have done had I told him to ride out to the last ounce. I thought that I had brought an honest boy back to the Turf, but certainly not a clever one. However, I suppose it was over-anxiety that caused him to lose his head, and I am glad to be able to state that on settling down in Austria as a trainer he commanded alike respect and a competency.

Shillelagh's next race was in the Inkerman Plate at Epsom, which he won. He also took the Free Handicap at Newmarket, of 25 sovs. each, and an hour later a £50 plate. The horse was exposed and

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the "little fish" had to be caught. In June at Epsom he was fish matched over half a mile for 100 sovs. with Mr. Hall's ("Spectacle Perry") Fravola, this being the last race of the summer meeting. My party at the time were very strong, and as I advised them to bet, they did in no half-hearted style. But Mr. Hall and his friends were equally keen, and sovereign for sovereign was found. In all, a huge sum was at issue, and I had to thank Fordham for the half-length victory. Shillelagh was conceding a year, and the performance stamped him a good horse, Fravola being particularly smart. At Ascot Shillelagh won the Queen's Stand Plate, and at Worcester the Flying Stakes—thus making six races off the reel. At the Worcester station, when next morning the journey for home began, the railway man called out, "Horses for the South come this way." "This way" meant past a lot of iron girders that were strewn on the ground, and just as Shillelagh was clearing them an engine screamed by, and, startled, the horse jumped back among the obstacles, and so severely cut his sinews that, mortification arising, he was dead inside three days. Holding the Company at fault, inasmuch as they should have had clear ground for valuable thoroughbred stock, I sued them for a thousand pounds, and the jury returned a verdict in my favour. I had given evidence that to me he was

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worth nearer five thousand, whereupon Hawkins, who was acting for the Company, quietly passed a note up : " Never mind what he was worth. Tell us how much you got out of him." The Company immediately gave notice of appeal, and Hawkins said to me, " We appeal, Hodgman. And as sure as you're a living man we'll beat you." He was a true prophet ; to the Company went the second trial ; and I tried for the " rubber." The second appeal came on before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, with (I think) Justices Smith and Payne. The latter, being the juniors, delivered their judgments first, and went solid for the Company. Their senior, however, was against them, he stating that he totally and entirely differed from his learned brothers. He considered the Company's servants guilty of gross negligence in leaving girders about a place over which valuable horses had to pass. " I will," he said (I am writing from memory), " go so far as to say that if I had been in the habit of inviting friends to dinner, and one night I dug a hole, and told them nothing about it, and one of them fell in, and was injured, I should be responsible." This was, I thought, common sense, though not in any way satisfactory, seeing I had two to one against me. I saw Hawkins outside the court, laughing at me ; and I went to him. " What did you tell me this morning,

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Hawkins? That it was a thousand to one on you?"

"Yes. And so it was. And we've won."

"You have. But it would have been a thousand to one against you if the old 'un had spoken first." He only laughed afresh.

The names of Hawkins and the Claimant are indissolubly linked in the public memory; and how far instrumental he was in getting the alleged "Sir Roger" convicted is well known. But it is not common property that in the beginning the clever lawyer really thought the impostor was the genuine man. This, though, is mere truth. Anyway, one Sunday Hawkins met my old friend, Mr. George Lambert, in Hyde Park, and asked him if he had seen me lately. Yes, he had.

"Well," said Hawkins, "when you see him again—and make it your business to see him—tell him that Tichborne is the man, and that he ought to bet on it. And so ought you, Lambert." That was enough, and Lambert took 400 to 200, I sharing in.

Months later Hawkins crossed Lambert again. "By-the-bye," he asked, "did you and Hodgman back that man Tichborne?"

"Yes. We took 400 to 200."

"Then hedge it. I was wrong. He's an impostor. I know just about enough to hang him."

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Fortunately for us Tichborne still had his champions, and one of the chief was Mr. George Reynolds. At Newmarket, when the case was all the talk of the hour, he came to our carriage and said, "No matter what any one says, I'll back Tichborne. I'll take 200 to 100 now."

"Done," said Lambert.

"Twice?" asked Reynolds.

"Yes."

All I can say is that the Claimant must have been a very clever man to have even for a time deceived Hawkins. It is, of course, idle to deny that he had both considerable brains and immeasurable effrontery. Yet in little ways he gave himself away. Mr. Warner, of the Welsh Harp, was, at a time, one of his chief backers, and used to have him out to dine with him at Hendon. But one Sunday came disillusionment. The carving-knife cut rather badly, and Mr. Warner could not coax an edge on.

"Give it me," said "Sir Roger."

And the deftness with which he handled carver and steel was an eye-opener for Mr. Warner, who, when their guest was absent from the room said to his wife, "We're done! He's a butcher right enough!"

## CHAPTER X

Mr. "Ned" Smith—His financial difficulties—A poaching episode—His victim's threat—"Who shot the fox?"—Margery Daw—Useless for racing—A paddock failure—I give her away—Her subsequent value—She throws See Saw and Ecossais—Extraordinary career of the latter—Doeskin: another "gift horse"—Rocket's trial for the Cesarewitch of 1858—Faith lost—I try to buy Tame Deer—Confidence in Rocket restored—Colonel Forester's opinion—Rocket's victory—Mr. Edward Green—His "averaging" habit—How I purchased Emigrant—Mr. Green has half share—Emigrant's Grand National training—Accident to his jockey, Charlie Boyce—I hedge my money—Boyce wins with one arm tied up—Lucas's Repository—Mr. Hodgson forces a fight—The result—Heavy damages claimed—I sell my responsibility—The trial—Baron Martin suggests arbitration—Acceptance of Admiral Rous—His judgment.

MR. EDWARD SMITH—or "Ned Smith," as he was more commonly known—was a reporter on *Bell's Life* when that paper was remarkable alike for its brilliancy and its power in the world of sport. He was, in his time, an athlete, a fine shot, a rare judge of prize-ring matters—in a word, an all-round sport. On his financial side, however, he was unfathomable, as no matter what the quantity of money he won, he was perpetually in difficulties.

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He raced under the name of "Mr. Mellish," and at times had quite a large number of horses in training. When out and about he drove a very fast pony in a smart trap, and there were few that could pass him on the road. One day he had some shooting with a friend of his, a Mr. James Gray, a very respectable, if anything starchy, old gentleman. Smith was never wanting in impudence, and as they drove home he said, "Next time you come to Newmarket I'll give you a little shooting at my place."

Mr. Gray expressed his thanks, and in due course the day of the "shoot" dawned, Smith driving his friend to the coverts, leaving the pony and trap in charge of the boy.

"Now, Jim," he said, "we must get to work quickly, as I have to attend the races." The place swarmed with game, and in less than an hour they had shot sufficient almost to fill the trap. Smith then looked at his watch. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "we must be off. I've some writing to do, and mustn't be late for the course. I've some even better shooting than this for to-morrow. Come along, Jim, give a hand with the game. I can't afford another five minutes." Very hurriedly did Smith hasten along the road, putting the pony to its best pace. The sudden departure, the hastening home, the careful manner in which the game was

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covered over set Mr. Gray thinking: until with an illumined mind he grasped the situation. "Smith, you d——d scoundrel! you've had me poaching! That's no more your place than it's mine. By God! if I'd been caught I'd have shot you!" Smith would not admit the accusation. "Nonsense, Jim, I wouldn't think of such a thing." But none the less poaching they had been, and I have no doubt but that the keepers had been squared to be deaf for a brief period.

Another tale of Mr. Smith and a shooting incident may conveniently be placed here. One autumnal Saturday Mr. Carew (the lord of the manor at Epsom) had a shooting party, of which I was to form a unit. I was rather late, and meeting Smith on the road (he was not shooting that day) we walked on together. Somehow in our search for the others we got into an awkward corner, thick-set with trees. It was dangerous to move, as, though nobody could be seen, the guns were at work all round us. At a moment when I was least prepared the game rushed all our way, and I fired without taking particular aim.

"Good God!" said Smith. "You've shot a fox!"

So I had, for there was Master Reynard on his haunches, with open, gasping mouth—and then dead.

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“This is a pretty kettle o’ fish,” Smith commented. “What shall we do with him?”

“Oh, leave him where he is!”

“No. That won’t do. There’d be an awful row about it. I will conceal the crime.” And, ripping open the lining of his coat, he popped Mr. Fox out of sight. By this lunch time had arrived, and we walked to Mr. Carew’s house. The journey of about a mile and a half, and the weight of the fox, were too much for the stitches of the lining, and at the critical moment, when we met the rest of the party opposite the house, out tumbled the fox.

“Who shot the fox?” they all roared.

“There is the culprit,” said Smith. “Hodgy—Hodgy alone—did it.”

However, the accident was soon explained, and the matter left my mind till the ensuing Monday, when I strolled into Tattersall’s Yard. The first man I noticed was Harry Hill, with Smith whispering at his ear.

“Good morning, Hodgy,” called Hill. “Feeling all right?”

“Famous, Harry. Never better.”

“Have you had any shooting lately?”

“Yes,” I shouted, so that everybody could hear, for the grin on many faces told me that Smith had not been idle. “Yes, Harry. I had some on

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Saturday. Capital. I shot a d——d old pal of yours—a fox!" The laugh then went the other way.

That Smith was a really first-class judge of the thoroughbred I should be the first to allow. Yet though, at different times, I purchased many horses from him, I never came into possession of one that did me the least good. My first deal with him was Margery Daw, a bay filly by Bocket out of Protection, the price being 400 sovs. I kept her some time, and found her entirely useless for racing; and even as a hack she was a failure. Soon after I bought Adamas for 500 sovs. But though a smart horse in his day, he lost his form; and I sent him to stand at Stockwell, at a stud farm kept by a friend of mine, Mr. "Billy" Smith. I had Margery Daw covered several times by Adamas, but he could never stint her, and matters were the same when, after I had made her a present to Mr. "Billy" Smith, he put her to Grecian. "Billy," finding he had too many horses to keep, asked me to take Margery Daw back, but I had had enough of that lady, and declined.

"What am I to do with her?" he asked.

"Do? Why, sell her, and the others as well."

At auction she fetched 26 gs., going to the bid of Mr. Pedley. He went wrong financially, and at

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Doncaster in 1865 she was, with See Saw at foot, sold to Mr. Richard Bell—for years manager of the Cobham Park Stud—for 55 gs. He afterwards sold her to the elder Mr. W. Blenkiron for 950 gs., when she was carrying Crinon, who made 1800 gs. as a yearling. At the dispersal of the Middle Park Stud, consequent on Mr. Blenkiron's death, the Cobham Company, in July 1872, gave 1200 gs. for the mare, while her Blair Athol foal realised 500. Apart from See Saw she threw Dunbar and Ecossais, the latter of whom had not run at the time of her sale. He was an extraordinary horse, winning his three juvenile engagements—one the New Stakes at Ascot—and then going, next season, so completely to the bad that he was made a present to his trainer, old Tom Jennings. Tom promptly had him "cut" (this was in 1874) and did not race him till 1876, when at 7lb. he beat Trappist at Windsor. That was in August, and in October at 15 lbs. he cantered away from Lowlander, later carrying 11 st. 3 lbs. successfully in a Flying Welter, giving some of the runners 4 st. ! All courses were alike to Ecossais, and he was—when well and backed—indifferent to weight. Old Tom Jennings told me that he had never tried a two-year-old so highly as he had Ecossais—a fact that caused him to start an odds on chance for the New Stakes, which he won by half a dozen

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lengths. "Old Waterworks," as the late Mr. Tom Jennings was familiarly known, frequently chaffed me about my judgment in giving Margery Daw away. But even that monument of patience might have been forgiven for tiring of her.

Still, I cannot say that my experiences of making presents of apparently useless mares give rise to pleasant reflections. Thus, years before Margery Daw, I had a filly called Doeskin, by Newminster—on whom by-the-bye, the celebrated Jimmy Grimshaw had his first winning mount, the race being a handicap sweepstakes, run at the Houghton Meeting of 1859. I kept Doeskin till the following autumn, when at Newmarket I ran with her second to Mr. Whittaker's White Rose, whom I claimed. I then said, in the presence of Mr. H. Savile, "I shan't run Doeskin again. I shall give her to a young lady friend to ride."

"Oh," he returned, "you saw that mare I was riding the other day?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll swop, and you can give my mare to the young lady."

"Why, what do you want Doeskin for?"

"Well, you see, she's by Newminster, and I want to breed from her."

"What, breed from a pony like that! She's only

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14·2, and though her legs are good they're no thicker than a stout walking stick."

"Never mind your objections. Can I have her?"

"Yes, take her now."

Her first alliance was with Skirmisher, I think; and, anyway, in due course she threw Blueskin, Sealskin, Moleskin—and other "skins"—all animals about 16 hands, powerful of bone; in fact, the very opposites of their dam.

Reverting to Mr. Ned Smith and my bad luck with the horses I bought of him, I may mention that I gave him 600 guineas for Rupert, who turned out a perfect brute; and I know not, nor do I care, what became of him; and yet when I offered to buy one that indubitably would have paid me well, Mr. Ned Smith would not—I rather fancy he could not—sell. The reference is to Tame Deer, whom I borrowed to try Rocket with for the Cesarewitch of 1858. Also in the gallop were Sweet William and Queens-town, these—with Rocket—being partnership horses between Mr. George Lambert and myself, though I let Mr. Edward Green have half of my share. The trial took place a week before the Cesarewitch, on the Lewes Racecourse, Fordham riding Rocket, Custance Queenstown, Covey Tame Deer, and Jim Goater Sweet William. It was a very foggy morn-

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ing, and more by accident than knowledge of their whereabouts the parties came together. Mr. Lambert and I had the arrangement of the weights, and not knowing quite how good Tame Deer was, we put him in at evens with Rocket, to ensure a clinking pace, while Queenstown was allowed 18 lb. We expected Rocket to win, but Tame Deer came right away, and Rocket was beaten a couple of lengths by Queenstown, Sweet William breaking down. On this form, apparently, Rocket would win no Cesarewitch, and, rather than bother in that direction, I was more intent on securing Tame Deer. I said to Mr. Lambert, "I'm afraid it's no go. I shall get off and see Ned Smith. If he will sell, I'll buy Tame Deer." Smith, who was a bit seedy, I found in bed. I told him every detail of the trial, and said, "Now, Ned, you owe me a lot of money. I've tried to be a friend to you. Not one of the horses you have sold me has been of any account. So I think you should sell me Tame Deer. I'll give you a thousand this moment for him." Smith looked rather sick, and said, "I'm much obliged to you, George. But I can't sell." This told me it was not his horse.

But to take up the tale of Rocket's trial and Rocket's Cesarewitch. The trial, unlike the birth of a certain Thackerayan character, was not

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wrapped up in mystery, with the consequence that though before the spin we had taken 20's, the offers extended to 33's and 40's. Yet the intention always was to run, with Custance up. The Houghton Meeting then (1858) commenced on a Monday, and Queenstown was started for the Handicap Plate decided over the Cesarewitch course. She gave 1 st. 3 lb. to Harry Bluff, who could win races, and beat him a head. Tame Deer was in the race, but I do not think Mr. Ned Smith backed him that day. After Queenstown had won, I dropped into conversation with Colonel Forester ("The Lad").

"How did you gallop Rocket with Queenstown?" he asked.

"At 18 lb., Colonel, and the mare beat him by two lengths."

"Well, Hodgman, I think that is good enough. She'd nearly win with his weight. Rocket, depend upon it, will take a deal of beating, and I'm going to back him."

The situation certainly, in the light of the success of Queenstown, looked brighter, but I did not go to market again, then standing to win 5000. Mr. Lambert speculated afresh, while Mr. Edward Green stepped in and went for 25,000 sovs. There was, though, so much money for Prioress and Malacca that even at flagfall 14 to 1 was obtainable.

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Custance rode with spurs, but no whip, and just got home by a head from Prioress (Fordham), and The Brewer (Hughes), who dead-heated for second place. Mr. Lambert, I may add, gave 800 sovs. for Rocket and Queenstown, purchasing the pair from Mr. Padwick. Mr. Lambert and I had many transactions both in betting and buying. I have never met a fairer dealer or a firmer friend.

With Mr. Edward Green matters did not run so smoothly. He was a very heavy bettor, and often when I asked him to put me a tenner on he would make his own investment three hundred. This I did not mind, except that he "averaged" the price. Thus he would get 10's to his first outlay, and then accept 5's, returning me 6's or 7's. Morris knew this, and used to chaff me about Green being my "master." One day at dinner at the Regent Hotel at Leamington, I called to Green, "What did my fiver on King of Greece bring in?"

"Thirty."

"Tut, tut," said Morris. "That's not fair. I laid you eight fifties, and I saw you take another eight fifties. The governor ought to be on at 8's."

"But I took 5's and 4's afterwards to money. I average matters."

"Oh, that's it, is it! You scarcely know a horse from a hen. You follow me blindly, win any amount

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of money, and yet I can't have the first rate of odds to my pocket-bet. Green, it's not good enough. After to-day we cease business transactions, and if you'll tell your man to come to The Warren I'll send you the horses I think are yours. Now, Morris, I hope you are quite satisfied that Mr. Green is *not* my master."

There and then the connection between Mr. Green and myself terminated, though we remained on friendly terms. But I always thought, and continue to think, that he might have played the game a little more generously. But he was a man hungry for money, and a rare "pincher" in prices. Yet he had every reason to be fair to me, for I was generous with him. Thus, at his earnest request, I let him have half my portion in Queenstown and Rocket, and I also consented to a partnership in Emigrant: not because, at any time, I wanted the money, but by reason that I thought I was serving him.

Emigrant won the Grand National in 1857, and I may as well relate how I came possessed of that horse, than whom a better fencer never saw Aintree. I was at Shrewsbury one evening in the spring of 1855, staying at the George Hotel. Old Ben Land had bought Odiham and Emigrant for a steeplechase—either one or the other, or both. He was

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playing cards, which went against him all the night, and he lost heavily.

“Well,” said he, “if things go on like this I shall have to sell Emigrant.”

I was not playing, but looking on. “I’ll buy him at a price,” I said. “What do you want?”

“Six hundred.”

“No. I’ll not give that. I swear I won’t.”

After bargaining I gave him 590—just that I might keep my word. The Shrewsbury engagement was included, with the proviso that Odiham also was to run, and that if Emigrant won I paid Land another hundred.

Next morning, on my way to the course, Green, who had been waiting for me, came up with, “I hear, Hodgman, you have bought Emigrant. Can I have half of him?”

“Well, I don’t mind sharing, Green, but matters are this way. There’s the 590 I’ve paid Land; I intend having 200 on; you, I suppose, will risk 200. Now, if he loses, can you put your hand on, say, 500? That’s a plain question, and wants a plain answer.”

“I have,” said Green, “the money in my pocket, Take it now.”

“No. I don’t want it now. As long as you say you can pay, that’s sufficient. You have a half

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in Emigrant." Both Green and I had a rattling race, our gains far exceeding the cost of the horse.

I kept Emigrant at Epsom part of the summer, until the ground became very hard. Then I sent him to Codford, in Wiltshire, one of my other places. Late in the autumn he returned to Epsom, and commenced a preparation, extending the winter through, for the Grand National. As I have said, I do not think ever a better fencer than Emigrant has been to Liverpool, and so confident was I of his ability in this direction that he was not schooled in the orthodox way, a little hurdling sufficing. When the weights appeared (Emigrant had 9 st. 10 lb.) I thought he was a paper certainty, and backed him substantially, as did Green. Unfortunately, Charlie Boyce—his intended jockey—about a week before the race went out hunting, and severely hurt his right arm. On hearing of the mishap I hurried from Northampton, and when I neared home Boyce tried to wave an umbrella at me, to show me he was practically all right. It was nonsense, however, as I told him. I was so annoyed that I could scarcely speak to him, for I had asked him to keep quiet, in view of landing a big stake, in which he was to share. I might certainly have looked elsewhere for a jockey, but there was none I thought the

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equal of Boyce, and I was so upset I did not care what happened.

“Take the horse,” I said to Boyce, “to Liverpool, and ride him if you can.”

On the morning of the race he asked me how he was to ride him. “Do as you like,” I answered, for I had hedged a deal of my money the night before. Had the jockey been in sound condition I should have gone for a stake of 25,000. But how could anybody be confident, no matter what the character of the horse, with a jockey forced to ride with the upper part of his right arm strapped to his side? I knew too much of the game to feel decently hopeful, let alone extravagantly “cocksure,” as I have always held the opinion that to win a National a jockey should be in almost prize-fighting condition. Green, who only looked to the betting side of the business, never gave a thought to the style in which Emigrant was handicapped through the temporary infirmity of Boyce, and threw in for over £25,000. Emigrant won, but so beaten was Boyce that he needed assistance to the weighing-room. His was a rare exhibition of grit and pluck, but even while admitting this I could not feel enthusiastic about the victory. It is true I won £5000 or thereabouts. But great indeed would have been the spoils had Boyce not gone hunting on that in-

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auspicious day. Of Boyce, as a man or as a rider, I know not how to write too eulogistically. To my mind, over a country he was so far the best of his contemporaries that I should not care to select a second. He was a splendid specimen of physical development, and, singularly handsome ; his manners were charming.

The big betting centre at Liverpool in 1857 was a place known as Lucas's Repository, and thither I went on March 2 to lay off some, or most, of the money I had on Emigrant, because I had no faith in Boyce's ability to last the tiring journey under his physical disabilities. We used to gather at a large green baize-covered table, round which stools were placed. All the leading men on the day mentioned were present, including William Davies, Harry Hill, Mr. Wm. Marshall (father of the present Mr. W. Marshall), Harry Dowson (clerk to Davies), and a host of others : among them Mr. Harry Steel, whom I met for the first time. Also of the company was one named Mr. Hodgson, reported to be the holder of a judicial position in India—how true I know not. But, at any rate, his frame of mind that day was anything but becoming the possessor of such a post. I was carelessly sitting on the table with my leg on a stool, when Mr. Hodgson approached me in an insolent and overbearing manner about

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Emigrant. Naturally I was in no mood for interference, especially from people I did not know, and I asked Mr. Hodgson to go away. But he refused to budge an inch, and poked his face into mine, with, "And what was Emigrant doing at Worcester?"

At Worcester, I may explain, the weather was extremely bad, and owing to the wet and the cold the reins slipped from the hands of his rider, who came off. The horse was quickly remounted, and in the end only suffered a narrow defeat. I may also add that at the time Emigrant was not mine, but the property of Ben Land. This by way of explanation.

But to return to Mr. Hodgson, and the trouble that his temper brought upon him. "What," he repeated, "was he doing at Worcester? What are you laying him for the National for? Is it to be Worcester over again?" He then fell back on abuse, and, working himself up into a pitch of uncontrollable excitement, exclaimed, shaking his fist in my face, "I'll give it you—by G—d, I will!—before you leave this room." I merely laughed at him, and took no notice of his threats. Like a man half demented he strode up and down the room, breathing vengeance, until Mr. Drinkald came to me and said, "Hodgman, I believe that man will hit

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you. And he has two big gold rings, about the size of knuckle-dusters, on. Don't you let him have the first go at you!" With that I thought it was about time to close the incident, which threatened seriousness. So I jumped on my feet, and, buttoning up my coat, stood strictly on the defensive. In the twinkling of an eye Mr. Hodgson "peeled," rolled up his shirt sleeves, and made a rush. I fainted, dodged, and, seeing an opening, drove the left flush on his mouth. Up went his feet and down his head, striking the fender heavily. He bled profusely, but pluckily jumped up, and came pell-mell at me again. I manœuvred, thinking he would stop, and not desiring to hurt him more. But he was mad with his self-fed passion of hatred, and rushed furiously on to me. I gave him another plug—and that was the finishing stroke. He fell, knocked out, and was conveyed in a cab to his hotel. He was smothered in blood: so was I—but with his, not my "vital fluid."

I took little—I may say no—notice of the matter for a considerable period, until I received notice of an action against me by Mr. Hodgson for damages for assault—the said damages, I think, being placed at £2000. I went to my friend Mr. Thornhill, the well-known confectioner of Gracechurch Street—who was also an owner of racehorses—and told

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him of the matter. He ridiculed the action because he knew all the facts.

“It’s nothing, Hodge. If you like, I’ll take the action off your hands for a tenner?”

“Do you mean it?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“Well, that’ll suit me. Here, old boy, is a tenner—and a clean new one.”

We had a drink over the affair, and Mr. Thornhill, pointing to a splendid ham, said, “That’s for So-and-So”—one of Mr. Hodgson’s solicitors—“and that”—directing his finger to a fat turkey—“is for So-and-So”—the other partner of the legal firm Mr. Hodgson was employing.

I said, “I don’t care how you work it, or what you do. I’m out of it. And a jolly good job. But stay! suppose I get three months?”

“Oh, you’ll have to do them. They wouldn’t let me! But there’s no fear. Hodge, my boy, it’s a walk over.” With that I dismissed the matter from my mind, forwarding all correspondence I received to Mr. Thornhill.

Mr. Hodgson was as persistent in his legal as he had been in his pugilistic business, and in due course—I think in the spring of 1858, just prior to the City and Suburban—my party and myself had all to go to Liverpool. Harry Hill, Harry Dowson, and

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Mr. William Marshall volunteered evidence, while Mr. Drinkald would have gone if necessary. Still, he wished to be spared the journey, and was left out. The case came on before Baron Martin, who was appealed to by plaintiff's counsel to order witnesses to leave the court. The Baron declined to so act, saying that he did not attach such importance to the case—which was a pull for our side. After a spell Baron Martin broke in with, "I really think this is a case not for the courts, but for arbitration."

"I agree with you, my lord," said my counsel. "And, if I may be allowed to make a suggestion, I think Mr. Henry Hill would be a proper person to settle the affair."

"Oh, certainly," said the plaintiff's counsel sarcastically. "Quite the proper person, considering that he is the chief witness for the defence!"

Mr. Greville was next suggested, to which Baron Martin was agreeable, but the plaintiff's party hesitated. Whereupon I whispered to Hill, "Harry, Admiral Rous! Tell our man." So soon as the Admiral's name was mentioned Baron Martin said, "I do not think a better gentleman could be chosen." The other side acquiesced, and, with matters so arranged, we streamed from the Court for the South for the City and Suburban.

The arbitration proceedings, in due course, took

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Place at Admiral Rous's house, 13, Berkeley Square, and lasted several hours. After every scrap of evidence had been offered, and threshed out, the Admiral, without leaving his chair, gave his award. "The plaintiff," he said, "on the evidence put before me, clearly asked for all he got. He was the aggressor, and whatever befell him he merited. I give judgment for the defendant, with all costs."

Mr. Hodgson, on the plea of continued indisposition, did not appear in person at the arbitration proceedings, and when Mr. Thornhill, who was responsible, by reason of the "bargain" of the "tenner," sought to find him for the costs, he proved a very "rare bird." However, after a time—as he was on the point of leaving the country—he was neatly "attached," and had to settle the heavy account before he was liberated.

## CHAPTER XI

Sir Joseph Hawley—Reasons for engaging John Porter as trainer—I sell Sir Joseph The Beacon—His sarcasm about that horse's food—"Was it sawdust?"—Lord Westmorland—A dispute over my boy Morris—I give way, and beat his lordship—Tom Heartfield—A fine horseman—Vestminster—His trial—I mystify Lord Westmorland—A good haul—Vestminster and the Cambridgeshire—A pertinacious "tout"—Strong measures necessary—An ague-stricken "chucker-out"—My confidence in Vestminster—Mr. Gideon's warning about Cerdagne—Mr. Foy's "little beggar"—The French filly handsomely beaten.

IN most reminiscences relating to the Turf the name of Sir Joseph Hawley necessarily largely figures. But in not one that has come under my notice has been told the unvarnished tale of the reasons that induced him to entrust his horses to my esteemed friend, John Porter. Sir Joseph was a man of peculiar temperament. He had a consuming hatred of advice, and would tolerate anything rather than interference. Yet the most self-willed of us are from our necessities at times forced to seek counsel. Still, I own I was surprised when one day Sir Joseph approached me for guidance on so vital a matter to him as the choice of a new

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trainer. At the time Mr. Manning (uncle of the present Mr. Manning, Clerk of the Scales at Newmarket) had control—in the way of preparation—of the Baronet's team. Unfortunately, Mr. Manning was in poor health—indeed, was entering on the last mournful stage of life.

“Poor Manning is settled,” said Sir Joseph. “I must look round for a new trainer. Can you recommend any one, Hodgman?”

“Well, Sir Joseph,” I answered, “to be frank with you, you're such a funny man to please.”

“I don't know that I am,” he returned. “I know what I want, and, as far as I am able, what I want I mean to have. I desire a trainer—a man who can and will get my horses fit. But over them I hold complete control. The man I wish mustn't advise or suggest, or do anything but train. I decide placing, accepting, running, or scratching.”

“In that case,” I said, “I know the very man to suit you. Perhaps Lord Westmorland may stand in your way. He might not like to part with him, as he thinks a deal of him. His name is John Porter. Where he is Mr. George Lambert and myself have horses. But that makes no difference. I cannot, however, answer for his lordship.”

“Oh, bother Westmorland,” Sir Joseph exclaimed. “I'll see that he is agreeable. For that matter, he



MR. JOHN FRAIL, OF SHREWSBURY

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can know all my business. What stable is Porter in?"

"Bill Goater's at Findon."

"That's the stable," said Sir Joseph emphatically.

"I'll see into the affair."

A short time after I met Sir Joseph walking with Lady Pigott in Regent Street. He stopped me and said, "Oh, I have engaged Porter. And I'm much obliged to you." The combination, as all know, worked with successful smoothness.

I had not many dealings with Sir Joseph either in the sale or the purchase of horses. In fact, I can only recall one transaction; and that took place in 1857. In that year Harry Hill won with The Beacon a £50 plate at Newmarket, the race being over the Cesarewitch course. At Shrewsbury later, at our lodgings, a deal of chaff arose as to the worth of the horse named.

"Will you sell him, Harry?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"Three hundred."

"It's a deal," I said, and The Beacon became mine. I could make nothing of the horse, with whom it was not a case of improvement following a change of stable. One day Sir Joseph said, "You still have that horse, Beacon?"

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“ Yes.”

“ What will you take for him ?”

“ What I gave for him.”

“ And that was ?”

“ Three hundred pounds.”

“ I'll have him.”

The Beacon had not long been the Baronet's property before he wrote to me, “ I have been wondering what you fed The Beacon on. Will you kindly say whether it was saw-dust? I am very pleased with him now. He has greatly improved.”

The second change had evidently been beneficial. Sir Joseph ran him in the Cesarewitch of 1858, wherein his weight was 4 st. But he was disappointed about his jockey, and, failing anybody else, put up Billy Bottom, who could not go to scale under 5 st. ! This action was typical of Sir Joseph, capable of going to any extremity when he had “ made up his mind.” The flouting of the handicap was not attended with success, as The Beacon ran nowhere. But in the Cambridgeshire he beat all but Eurydice, this meaning he defeated thirty-four opponents. Nor did he lose the race by more than a length. In the ensuing season he won the Queen's Plate at Newmarket over the Round Course, and afterwards was sold to the Italians. He certainly did come on apace while Sir Joseph

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Hawley's, but it is beyond the fathoming of man to say why a horse does well at one place and badly at another when the treatment is practically the same.

Lord Westmorland, mentioned in connection with the Hawley-Porter business, was a great friend of mine, and many were the dealings between us. His lordship was a man gifted with charming ways, but with all his urbanity he was a keen judge of racing, though, at times, was too apt at gambling on selling races—a proceeding, as the lady novelist would say, fraught with peril. He had a very high opinion of the merits of the jockey, Morris, who was apprenticed to me, or rather my trainer, at the same time as was Tom Heartfield, to my thinking one of the best boys that was ever lifted into a saddle. At the Warwick September Meeting of 1864 Lord Westmorland wished Morris to ride his Practitioner in the Shorts Handicap, wherein I was running Hawkshaw. This was rather a "tall order," and I demurred. "My lord," I said, "it's unreasonable. I want Morris for Hawkshaw." "And I want him for Practitioner. And I mean to have him." "Well, he's my boy, and, my lord, as you talk in that tone you shan't have him." The subsequent conversation was not of a complimentary character on either side, but I think I had the better of the verbal argument.

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Anyhow, when the storm had cleared the air, I cooled down. "After all," I said, "I'm not so particular about Morris. Damme, my lord, you can have him. I'll put Heartfield on mine, and beat you." Practitioner was a hot favourite, while 8's and 10's were laid against Hawkshaw, on whom I had only a "fiver." Curiously, the finish was left to the pair, and the upshot of an exciting struggle was supremacy for Hawkshaw and Heartfield by a neck. I must say his lordship took the set-back in the best style. He laughed heartily, shook hands, and praised Heartfield without stint.

It would indeed be a difficult task to praise Heartfield too highly, and to show the sincerity of my words, I may mention that on one occasion the excellence of his horsemanship cost me a Cesarewitch. The matter came about this way: in 1864 I claimed a chestnut two-year-old colt by Marsyas (which I named Verdant), at Brighton, from William Day for 150 sovs., and soon discovered that in him I had gained possession of a rattling stayer. Evidence of this was forthcoming in the spring of the following season, when, with Heartfield up, he dead-heated with Golden Dust (T. Cannon) over the Ditch Mile, and won the decider in a canter. In the Great Ebor Handicap he was nicely weighted, and, though not quite ready, I determined he should take his chance,

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esteeming, however, more highly the prospects of Claremont, whom Fordham rode, while Heartfield was on mine. I met the two jockeys together in the paddock, and said, "Fordham, I have 1500 to 500 about yours, and, Heartfield, I've 800 to 100 about yours. He's short of a few gallops, and will run well. Don't knock him about, though win if you can." About a mile from home the pair came away from the others, and there ensued as magnificent a struggle for supremacy as ever was witnessed on the Knavesmire. Endeavour, though, as Fordham might, he could not shake off Heartfield.

"You're winning," said Mr. Tom Lawley to me. "No. It will be a desperate finish."

And it was, Heartfield beating Fordham a head. As soon as Fordham dismounted, I said, "I wish you had won, George."

"So do I. But that's the best boy I've seen for years. I did everything to beat him, but it was no good." Nor was Verdant, as he never ran again, while the same year Claremont died. Undoubtedly the severity of the struggle left its mark on the pair, and unquestionably also had Verdant escaped more lightly he would have taken, on the handicapping that must have prevailed, Cesarewitch honours.

It soon became an understood matter between

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Lord Westmorland and myself that the one could at any time borrow a horse of the other for trial purposes. If his lordship sent over for one of mine, my trainer had instructions to comply with the request; supposing the animal asked for were fit and well; and I had the same privileges with respect to his horses in training. In the year 1868, a short time prior to Ascot, I met him and asked him if he had anything with which I could gallop a two-year-old.

“No, Hodgman, I haven’t.”

“But,” I said, “what about the old mare?”

“Oh, she isn’t mine.”

“She’s been galloped, hasn’t she?”

“Yes. And really I see no reason why you shouldn’t borrow her. It will be all right.”

In due course she was sent over, and I tried my youngster. On the morning of the first day at Ascot (1868) I met his lordship in the paddock.

“Oh, Hodgman,” said he, “how did that gallop go?”

“Well, I tried three of mine with the mare, and she just won. So it looks as if none was good. The colt I thought smart was beaten a good distance. But one stuck a bit to her, and as two or three friends want me to put something on for them, I shall risk a little. It’s Westminster, in the Maiden

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Plate. You had better put me a couple of hundred on. But, my lord, on no consideration must you touch it yourself. It's not worth your while."

Fordham, whom I should like to have had riding, was engaged for Mr. Drewitt's Claret; so I put up Parry.

"Now, Parry," I said, "don't go down to the post too early. I've seen Fordham. Join him. Canter past the stands, and then walk. It will be all right with the starter if you are a trifle late."

I then went to his lordship. "I will see you just before the race, by the steps of the Stewards' Stand. There is one I may wish to save on; and it will be at a good price."

As Vestminster was walking to the post I met Lord Westmorland at the spot mentioned.

"Have you put that two hundred on, my lord?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What price?"

"Twenty-four hundred to two." Then he added, "Which is the one you wish to cover on?"

"Vestminster! Put me five hundred more on on him. And mind, my lord, you must help yourself."

"But what does all this mean? I can't understand it."

## SIXTY YEARS ON THE TURF

“You’ll understand it after the race. Get the money on.”

The verdict was a head in favour of my colt, Parry riding capitally. Lord Westmorland was soon with me, full of congratulations.

“Well, what price to the ‘monkey’?”

“Eights.”

“What did you do for yourself?”

“I won six thousand,” he cried delightedly.

“But what was the meaning of all the mystery?”

“You,” I said, “are as big a fool as I am. You’ve a large following, and you tell them everything. I do the same myself, too often to my cost. Had I in the morning asked you to put me seven hundred on, and told you the trial, the news would have been all over the place. You know you couldn’t have kept quiet. Lord This and Lady That would have known. And in the end we should have had to take 5 to 2, or less. Now the money yields a nice average.”

“By Jove! Hodgman,” he said, “you’re quite right. We’re both at times bad at keeping secrets.”

In the next season (1869) I laid myself out for the Cambridgeshire with Vestminster. Springtime I bought a horse called Van Amburgh for £800 from Mr. George Angell. He was in the autumn trial, with another, and one I borrowed from Lord

## SIXTY YEARS ON THE TURF

Westmorland. I was then training at Telscombe, and was constantly annoyed by the presence of a man named Brown, brother to Tom Brown, the trainer at Newmarket. He was supposed to be a keeper, but observing my trials was more in his way than preserving game. In truth, he was ever prying into my business, and, through his reports to bookmakers, upsetting my plans. I cautioned him once or twice, adding :

“Now, be reasonable, Brown. Whatever you want on at any time you can have with me, and it shall cost you nothing. But I’m not going to be pestered with your presence.”

The offer did not suit Brown, and the caution was thrown away. He only became more diligent in his policy of annoyance by making public my private affairs. Now, it stands to reason that I had no wish to have my Cambridgeshire trial sent here, there, and everywhere before I had a penny piece on. So I went to a public-house, in the Borough, kept by Jemmy Welch, a fine boxer at his weight.

“Jemmy,” I said, “can you send me down a man capable of looking after a good rough ’un?”

“Yes.”

“Well, let him put up at that little pub between Lewes and my place. I’ve made all arrangements.”

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The arrival was a splendidly built man close on six feet in his stockings. He came down dressed very quietly, more resembling a parson than a pugilist. His occupation was that of doorkeeper at Jessop's Dancing Saloon, from which often an objectionable patron had to be handed down with alacrity rather than tenderness. I kept him for a fortnight without needing his services. But on the day of the trial I went over to see him. He was very bad with ague, and looked as if, in his shaky state, a boy could beat him. I told him that I was going to try a horse, and I wanted Brown cleared off.

"Well, guv'nor," he said, "he's a bad 'un if he can't beat me as I am."

"It can't be helped. He may not be on view. If he isn't, so much the better. If he is, you must move him off."

As soon as I saw my trainer, Balchin, he cried: "That Brown's there, hiding in the furzes."

I went to him and tried persuasion. But he only cursed me. So resort was had to force.

"I want this man," I said to the Londoner, "to go to the bottom of the hill."

"What are you doing there?" he sharply queried. "Get up!" And he roused him with his foot.

Brown sprang up to strike at the pugilist, but

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before he could get his blow home the professional caught him a snorter in the face that sadly marred the symmetry of his nose and loosened his teeth. The "claret" was "tapped" with a vengeance. We had to find him a cloth and water so he could cleanse himself. Mr. Brown had no more stomach for fighting, and, in charge of two of my boys, went off. That night his friends from the village rallied, and, armed with hay-forks, pitch-forks, and so forth, went to the inn to pay out the Londoner. But the bird had flown. I had, after the trial, driven him to Brighton, and about the time the incensed yokels were "seeking his liver" he was safely in the metropolis. Solace for Mr. Brown's wounds was found in "golden balm," and afterwards he ceased to tout.

Vestminster did not win his trial, failing by a neck. I had, however, set him a severe task, and was very well satisfied. I put Mr. George Herring in to back him, and he kept the market a bit open by first taking 800 to 100 about Vestminster and Van Amburgh coupled. On the morning of the race I met Mr. John Gideon by the Bury Hill.

"What," said he, "do you think will win?"

"My horse—Vestminster."

"Well, George, I hope he will. But there is one at 66 to 1 that you ought to save on."

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"Thanks. But I've done betting."

"Right. But, mark my words, the filly I mean, Cerdagne—she's by Newminster—will go close."

"Now one like that of which we know nothing [she came from France] may beat me. But I'm sure of beating the English lot."

I told, later, Admiral Rous the same; and after the result—Vestminster, 1; Cerdagne, 2—won by three-quarters of a length—with Cardinal York third, three lengths away—he hastened to congratulate me alike on the victory and my weighing up of his handicap. I had said to Mr. Gideon that I had finished betting; and then I meant it. But there was a very long delay at the post, and Mr. John Foy, riding past, called out:

"I've seen your little beggar, Hodgman, and I don't like him. I'll lay you eleven fifties."

"Right. Book that."

"Twice?" he asked.

"No."

"I'll take you eleven fifties," called "Tubby" Morris.

The bets were hardly recorded before I cried, "Foy, that little beggar you don't like has won now." And he pulled through comfortably. Cerdagne was conceding 18 lbs., and this made her a very good filly. As I remarked to Admiral Rous

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in the morning, if she could beat me at that difference she would have had no difficulty in winning the Leger. At that time I had no boy of my own that could do Vestminster's weight (6 st. 4 lb.); so borrowed Gradwell, a well-behaved, bright little lad, from Jimmy Barber. Poor Jimmy was then out of touch with fortune, and found the thousand-pound note I gave him in the evening most acceptable. Altogether I cleared about fifteen thousand pounds, and, moreover, had the satisfaction of knowing that most of my friends were on.

## CHAPTER XII

Racecourses that were and are not—Thunder at Stamford—How I missed him—Stamford's extinction: reason—Mr. Sam Merry and Davies the Leviathan—Mr. Merry's stratagem—Davies's good humour—Shrewsbury—Mr. John Frail—"Passage of arms" with Mr. Attorney-General Cockburn—Funny things at Shrewsbury—"A New Race"—The getting-home stakes—An undesirable entry—The difficulty solved—We go for the "undesirable"—An extraordinary race—The sharing of the spoils—Egham—Mr. James Weatherby loses his watch—Mr. Lefevre's opinion of racecourse thieves' cleverness—The watch again disappears—And again—"For the last time."

MANY an interesting article could be written about meetings that have been and are no more. One sees at odd times in the papers references to departed Croydon and 'Appy 'Hampton, now resuscitated as Hurst Park. The suppression of the former was no matter of genuine concern, for it could never aspire to the dignity of Gatwick. But there are some resorts one could have wished enduring life, and among them may be placed Stamford, which faded from the fixture list in 1874. One of the best straight miles existed at Stamford, and to old stagers its final meeting (1873) was rendered

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memorable by the success of Thunder in the Lonsdale Cup. That son of Thunderbolt, then a three-year-old, won by half a length from Thunderer (of the same age), who was in receipt of 2 st. 3 lb., though, of course, Thunder stands immortalised in Turf story by his City and Suburban victory in 1876, when with 9 st. 4 lb. in the saddle he played with over a score of opponents, among them being Hesper (6 st. 6 lb.). I may mention that previously I had tried to purchase Thunder for 4000 sovs., from Matthew Dawson. But when I went to him the old man shook his head. "Too late, Hodgman. I've sold him to Mr. Clare Vyner."

Stamford's extinction was in large measure brought about by laxity of management, the cause of so many collapses. Mr. Sam Merry, the Clerk of the Course, was an amusing, rather than a dignified official, and, into the bargain, gambled heavily. His consequent temporary financial embarrassments caused him much thought in the way of search for devices to circumvent "the enemy," but I think his masterpiece was effected when he outwitted Bill Davies many, many years ago. He was very much in Davies's debt, and, try as he might, no settlement could be had.

"All right, Mr. Merry," said Bill one day. "Wait till I come to Stamford. I'll settle you there."

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The Clerk of the Course's office was, so to speak, part and parcel of the Ring, and hence Mr. Merry could not step outside without putting foot in Tattersall's. Davies's idea was to post him as a defaulter to the Stewards, and so prevent him fulfilling his duties. Mr. Merry was as slippery as an eel and cunning as a fox, and, in the end, he had the laugh on Davies. Thus he ran up fencing from his office door to the course, posting a policeman at the entrance gate with strict instructions to allow nobody to pass who was not running a horse! Consequently, he could not be ordered out of the Ring for the sufficient fact that he was never in it! The reason of the stratagem was an open secret, and the incident supplied the humour of the day, Davies laughing heartily when Mr. Merry popped his head over the fence and called out, "Good morning, Mr. Davies! I'm here! I hope you're very well this morning, Mr. Davies." Afterwards, when Mr. Merry's luck changed, the outstanding account was settled.

Shrewsbury is another course with a past, but not a present. Indeed, the ground over which in the long ago we raced and chased is now covered with buildings. The meeting was managed by the father of the present Mr. John Frail, who began the business of his life as a barber. The old gentleman

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was never ashamed of his initial occupation, and the circumstance once served him well in a court of law. He was a witness in some Parliamentary bribery case, and, on getting into the box, Mr. Attorney-General Cockburn pounced upon him.

“What is your name?”

“John Frail.”

“What are you?”

“A barber at Shrewsbury.”

“Ah, John Frail! According to my instructions a very frail man! Have you been long at Shrewsbury?”

“Yes. Nearly all my life, and”—not relishing the joke on his name—“I know you, and you should have known me. I shaved you many times at Shrewsbury when you were courting two sisters.”

Mr. Frail was soon informed that he could leave the box. The shrewd wit that served him upon this occasion benefited him through life. He was a man who meant to make his way in the world, and he so accomplished his purpose that at this moment the name of the Frails is one of the best known in Turf official circles.

I am not prepared to say that everything at Shrewsbury was managed on the lines that now, say, prevail at Windsor or Manchester. Ways and means then, in the absence of a considerable public, formed

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a serious question; and the authorities tolerated many things their successors would regard with amazement to-day.

Some funny things have been done at Shrewsbury, particularly at the Autumn Meeting. But whatever took place was generally with an idea to help out some decent sportsmen who at the finish of the season were hard up. The year I have in my mind's eye was that of 1862, and the last day (Friday) of Shrewsbury was the final of the season. Hence with many it was a case of "neck or nothing." On the Thursday, Captain Little, Captain Townley and Mr. George Eade went to Mr. George Angell and said, "Matters are serious. We're all broke. What's to be done? Can you get up a race?"

Angell replied, "I'll think matters over. I've no power. But I'll go and see Hodgman, and talk the matter over with him."

He approached me with the idea of making up a small handicap, for gentlemen riders, with jockeys the usual extra. I went to Mr. John Frail, sen., and said, "I want you to put another race in for to-morrow, for gentlemen riders. There are four of the swells dead broke, and we must get a race up for them. I know there are already plenty of races on the card, but it will stand this one."

"All right. I leave the affair in your hands."

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I saw Mr. Charles Frail (the son, now, alas! dead) and said, "Put a notice up outside, as follows :

### "A NEW RACE

"The WELTER HANDICAP, of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds and upwards. Gentlemen riders : jockeys 5lb. extra. The winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Half a mile."

"And," I went on, "enter Mr. Hodgman's Sheerness ; Mr. Angell's Astarte ; Mr. Dunne's [he was Mr. George Bryan] Zora ; and Mr. J. Barber's Abron."

These were all we wanted, and as the notice was not exhibited till it was striking four o'clock—the time of closing—I imagined everything would be right, especially as I was going to assist in the framing of that handicap. But when I went back I saw, tacked on to the four entries I had supplied, "Mr. Priestley's Tom Sayers, 3 years."

"Who put this in?" I asked Mr. John Frail, sen.

"I don't know. Here, ring the bell and have Jack up."

"Jack," he asked, "why did you take this entry when the notice plainly said the race closed at four o'clock, and I know at that time he hadn't been nominated? It's not a legitimate entry."

"Well," said Jack, "I didn't notice, father. Mr. Justice [who raced as Mr. Priestley] gave it me,

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saying he had no notion of such a race closing ; so I thought I might take it."

"All right," said his father. "That will do."

Mr. Angell was over at the George Hotel ; so I sent for him to come and see Mr. Frail and myself.

"Here, George," I said, "there's a nice mess. Mr. Priestley has entered Tom Sayers. What's to be done?"

"I don't know," returned George. "But he's a wretched bad horse. Let him alone."

I said "No. There might be an upset. George, *we will go for him.*"

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "He's such a bad 'un, we can't!"

"But we must. Yours they would be laying 3 or 4 to 1 on ; same with mine ; same with either Barber's or Bryan's. Perhaps this unnecessary entry will be for the best after all. I'll see we have good men up, and we're doing this for them. None will know till they get to the post, where Captain Townley is to tell them."

On the morning of the race—that is, next day—I suggested to Fordham (without adding a word) that he ought to see Mr. Priestley about the mount on Tom Sayers, as I thought he might win. In all innocence Fordham found out the owner, who was only too glad to have him, and give away the 5 lb.

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extra. That was enough. We knew George would try for all he was worth, and bad as was his horse we were determined he should win. It had been arranged that Captain Little should ride Abron, but as the horse was such a terrible puller, I said that Palmer was the man.

"Now, Angell," I said, "we must put a thousand pounds on Tom Sayers. How is it to be done?" Mr. Angell was agreeable, and said he would leave the matter in my hands.

"All right," I answered. "I'll attend to the betting. You go and see Fordham weigh out, and keep with him. Leave the rest to me. I've seen Townley, and arranged everything."

I went straight to Mr. George Payne, and said: "I want you to put me a thousand pounds on this race."

"What do you mean? The thing's impossible. You couldn't get it on."

"Oh, you'll be able," I laughed, "to get anything on this cove. It's Tom Sayers."

"Good gracious! He's not worth a thousand pence! He's a wretch!"

"It's all right, Mr. Payne. We've good men up. Nobody will know anything till they get to the post. Look at the names!"

"But," he answered, "I can't get a thousand on."

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At that moment Mr. Ten Broeck was descending the Grand Stand steps.

“Mr. Broeck,” I called. “I want you. I have asked Mr. Payne to put me a thousand on Tom Sayers.”

He laughed. “A brute! You’re mad, Hodgman!”

I told him all I had informed Mr. Payne, about the good men, &c. &c., and, in the end, Mr. Payne took one part of the Ring for five hundred, and Mr. Ten Broeck the other for the same amount.

At the post Captain Townley said (out of the hearing of Fordham) that he (Fordham) was to win on Tom Sayers. At the first attempt Tom Sayers—he truly was a brute—refused to jump off, and the others (although it was a start!) obligingly came back; and at the next “go” he was soon allowed to take the rails. After travelling about 100 yards, Captain Townley called out:

“For heaven’s sake, George, push the beast along. We’re going for you! It’s a man or a mouse to-day!”

Fordham then had a two-lengths’ lead, and Captain Townley said, “Now, let’s have a bit of a flutter.”

Before they reached the bottom end they were pressing Tom Sayers a bit too close.

“Gentlemen,” said Townley, “let him get nearer home. Then we’ll flutter again.”

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They "fluttered" so astutely that while Tom Sayers crawled home by three-quarters of a length, merely necks separated the others. The only owner concerned in the race who was not in the game was Mr. Priestley, the owner of the winner! And he tumbled head over heels into the fog. Thus, on reaching the paddock from the weighing-room, he asked a friend what was favourite.

"Why, yours is!"

"Mine?" he queried incredulously. "Why, I'll bet four ponies against him myself."

"I'll take it," was the answer.

I turned round, and said, "You've a good bet there. I'll lay you a level fifty he wins."

"Done!"

After the race I told Fordham all about the business; and he roared with laughter. "I thought," he said, "they were confoundedly kind to me. I ought to have been left on my beast a hundred yards."

The thousand laid out brought in 2500, which was cut up as follows: Captain Little 500; Mr. Eade (Mr. Edwards) 500; Captain Townley (Mr. Dixon) 500; Jimmy Barber and Mr. Dunne 250 each. Perry and Palmer had 150 between them, and the remainder—350—Mr. George Angell and I shared. The tale soon leaked out, and a considerable time elapsed before I was ceased to be asked:

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“Well, Tom Sayers, how are you going?”

I append the *Calendar* return of the race :

### THE WELTER HANDICAP.

Mr. Priestley's Tom Sayers, by King Tom, 3 yrs., 10st. 3lb.	G. Fordham	1
Mr. Barber's Abron, aged, 11 st. 1 lb.	Palmer	2
Mr. Dunne's Zora, 4 yrs., 12 st. (car. 12 st. 3 lb.)	Mr. Dixon	3
Mr. Hodgman's Sheerness, 3 yrs., 9 st. 10 lb.	Perry	4
Mr. Angell's Astarte, 4 yrs., 10 st. 12 lb.	Mr. Edwards	5

Evens on Tom Sayers. Won by three-quarters of a length, a neck each between second, third, and fourth.

Close on twenty years have sped their way since the racehorse speeded along the Egham turf, the meeting finding its termination in 1884. A better track for the purposes of racing none could have desired, but at times visitors possessed of portables had reason for wishing they had left them at home. One who on an occasion so wished was the late Mr. James Weatherby, in the day of which I am speaking head of the now world-famous Old Burlington Street firm. Mr. Weatherby was a perfect type of the “fine old English gentleman.” He could crack a joke or a bottle with the best, and was fond of reciting in the morning the dishes of the feast of the evening.

“Hodgy,” he would say, “I did myself well last night—very well indeed.”

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"You look it," was my answer. "Judging by your appearance, no one ever did himself better."

One day, however, at Egham, he came to me considerably put about.

"Hodgy, I've lost my watch."

"Well, what kind of a watch is it?"

"Oh, it's an old relic of the family's."

At that moment Mr. Lefevre came up, with "What's the matter, Mr. Weatherby?"

"I'm just telling Hodgy that I've lost my watch, and I'm rather annoyed, as it's a heirloom."

"Oh," said Mr. Lefevre, "those thieves, they are very clever. Only two days back they took two hundred and fifty pounds in notes out of the lining pocket of my waistcoat. I would, I swear, give the thief fifty pounds if he would show me how he did it. I thought it was as safe as though in the bank."

"Well," I remarked, "how about recovery? I don't see a detective handy. I'll have a look in the other ring. I suppose you would like to get it back, Mr. Weatherby."

"I should indeed."

"Well, if I see one of the detectives, what shall I tell him you will give for it?"

"Oh, a tenner; though it's not worth that or anything like the sum—except to me as a memento."

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I soon met the detective I was in search of, and told him what had happened, and that if the watch was returned to 6, Old Burlington Street, ten pounds would be paid and no questions asked. He jumped on a stool, and took a rapid glance of the occupants of his ring.

“Mr. Hodgman,” he said, “there’s not a prig here. Do you know where the watch was lost?”

“Mr. Weatherby was standing close by the judge’s box.”

“Oh, that’s not in my ring. How long is it since the watch was missed?”

“About an hour—perhaps more.”

“Oh,” he said, “Boss Tyler’s party would work that. The watch by now is on its way to Bristol. But I’ll do my best.”

In a very few days the heirloom was returned to Old Burlington Street, and the ten pounds paid.

Not long after I met Mr. Weatherby, and casually asked: “And how’s the watch going on?”

“Oh, I forgot to tell you. It went again.”

“But you told me you would never take it on a racecourse again.”

“So I did. But one day I forgot to leave it at home, and it went. Still, I’ve got it back, though it cost me another tenner.”

Nearly twelve months had passed when, in a joking

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spirit, I remarked : " I hope you haven't been losing any more watches, Mr. Weatherby."

" Oh, Hodgy," he said, " unthinkingly I put it on again."

" And—— ?"

" It went. But, Hodgy, mark my word, it's gone for good. There are no more tenners. The beggars thought they had an annuity. But they've got the old thing, and they can keep it."

## CHAPTER XIII

Custance and Fordham—Dr. Shorthouse's frank criticism—  
"Driving Jack out of Town"—Archer's opinion of Fordham  
—Macaroni's Derby—Lord Clifden beaten a head—Mr.  
Oldaker's unfortunate statement—The serious result to him-  
self—Fordham heart-broken—Mr. William Day "carpeted."

AMPLE, and entertaining, as are the "Reminiscences" of my old friend, Harry Custance, he has, I venture to gently remind him, neglected to mention a comical incident that occurred at Carshalton when I lived there close on forty years ago. Custance and Fordham came down one day to ride in a trial the next morning on Epsom Downs. In the evening we three went to a little hostelry, known as "The Greyhound," kept by an old gentleman of the name of Denby. While we were seated in the cosy smoke-room, Dr. Shorthouse dropped in; and here I must mention that I had instructed Mr. Denby and his family not to call Fordham and Custance by their names—the one was to be "Simpson" and the other "Wilson." After sitting talking I, knowing the Doctor's prejudice against both Fordham and Custance, said, thinking there would be some fun,

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and noticing that the Doctor (who did not then get a deal about) had not recognised either, "Doctor, what do you think of Custance's riding now?"

"Custance!" returned the peppery old gentleman, "He be d——d! He can't ride a bit. He hangs on. That's all he does."

Custance, at first, was inclined to take the affair seriously, till I winked at him.

"Well," I said, "perhaps there is some truth in what you say. But surely you will allow Fordham is better."

"Oh, yes! He's a bit better. But, mind you, not much. Tom Chaloner can beat his head off!"

The fun was a little bit too real for Fordham, so I suggested the three of them should take a hand at cards, I looking on. They set to work on some simple-seeming game, called, unless I am mistaken, "Driving Jack out of Town." The stakes were nominal, but Fordham and Custance between them won from the old Doctor five shillings. Both were as pleased as if they had netted a big sum. They might not be able to ride, but they were too clever for him at cards.

"Now," I said, "I must be off. Doctor, in the morning I am going with these two gentlemen up to The Warren to have an hour's shooting and a

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look at the house. Will you come and have a bit of lunch with us here?"

"Certainly."

The hour's shooting was a trial, and when the business was ended we returned to the "Greyhound" anticipating the Doctor. We were standing outside the house, and soon saw him walking briskly up. He carried a very heavy ashplant, with a top on it about the size of a decent cauliflower. Just before he reached us he raised his stick, and shaking it at Custance and Fordham called out :

"Oh, Mr. 'Simpson' and Mr. 'Wilson,' I've found you out! I know now who you are! But I haven't altered my opinion. Neither of you can ride!" The only answer was a hearty laugh.

This was a humorous occasion. But I recall another, in connection with Fordham, that was very grave. It was on Derby Day of 1863—the year of Macaroni. No sterner struggle than that between he and Lord Clifden for supremacy in the chief stake of England had been seen on Epsom Downs from the time they were consecrated to the horse; and only in the last stride did Tom Chaloner—ever one of the doughtiest opponents of Fordham—squeeze Mr. Naylor's colt home. The verdict was a head; and I should say one of the shortest on record. Fordham was naturally upset by so narrow a defeat,

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and the man who can retain philosophic calm after losing a Derby by the length of his hand must be a masterpiece of composure. Fordham was no such stranger to sentiment, and the chief fault of that magnificent horseman was his excessive sensibility. It is perhaps too late in the day to attempt to praise him. But no rider, neither of his own nor any other day, excelled him; and I question if his equal, all round, has been seen. Even the "terrible Archer" acknowledged Fordham's unapproachable artistry, while he had a "holy horror" of his "kidding."

"You look a trifle put out, Archer," I said one day.

"Yes. And I feel what I look. And you'd perhaps be put out if you'd been riding against Fordham in that race. He was 'cluck, clucking' at his mount the whole of the way. I thought I had him beaten two or three times in the two miles. But, with his infernal 'cluck, cluck' he was always coming again. Still, two hundred yards from home I supposed I had him dead settled. 'I'll cluck, cluck you,' I thought, and at that instant he swoops on me and beats me easily. Yes, I *do* feel put out."

However, to the Derby of 1863. I had arranged for Fordham to dine with me at Carshalton, of the party being Mr. George Lambert and Mr. Mannington, the noted vet. of the day. Mr. Lambert and

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myself drove home, leaving Fordham and Mr. Mannington to follow on their horses. They somehow missed each other, and Fordham fell in with Alfred Sait, the famous steeplechase rider. As they trotted along, across Banstead Common, a Mr. Oldaker, Clerk of the Course of Harpenden, joined them. He was a well-known acquaintance of Sait, but did not recognise Fordham in his "mufti." On reining up, he said:

"Well, Sait, I've often heard it said that Fordham pulled horses, but I wouldn't believe it. Now I am satisfied. *I saw him with my own eyes deliberately pull Lord Clifden this afternoon.* I did."

Sait tried to stop him, but Oldaker persisted, blackguarding (as he supposed) the absent Fordham like a pickpocket.

"To do such a thing, and the horse favourite! It's shocking. I can't make out what the Stewards were about!"

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and Fordham made an ugly rush, sideways, at Oldaker, forcing him into the abounding prickly furze. Not in the least understanding matters Oldaker cried:

"Cheese it! Here, sir, you cheese it!"

"I'll cheese you!" Fordham savagely retorted.  
"I'll cheese you!" And, raising his whip, he rained



DR. SHORTHOUSE

*From a copy of a sketch made by Mr. GEORGE J. B. JACKSON, of Croydon  
Kindly lent by Mr. T. W. GALE*

*See page 171*



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blows upon Oldaker's head, back, and shoulders, until Sait interfered.

"Oldaker," he said, "you've asked for this. This is Fordham."

"Beg my pardon!" cried Fordham; and Oldaker immediately apologised. But Fordham was mad with rage. "Beg it again, you scoundrel!" And up went the whip afresh.

Seeing how matters were, Sait said, "Mr. Oldaker, we're going to Carshalton. You had better go the other way."

"Don't speak to me," said Fordham, when Oldaker had gone. "But don't leave me. I'm cruelly hurt."

The horses joggled along at funereal pace; and, in the end, Sait rode ahead to explain the cause of the delay. We were all very sorry, and a sadder man than Fordham was when he appeared I do not wish to see. "George," I said, "we've been waiting dinner for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Hodgman, I don't want any dinner. I'm too upset."

Nor would he come into the room; but sat on the stairs, and cried. Later he journeyed to London, and next day, quite himself, rode Suburban to victory in the South-Western Stakes. I know that Custance tells the tale differently. But the above is the true story.

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Fordham, as the preceding anecdote shows, was most jealous of his reputation, and whenever he was attacked (if he heard of it) he brought his traducer to book. An instance of striking character cropped up in 1858, after he had been beaten on Happy Land by Wells on FitzRonald for the Two Thousand Guineas. In explanation of the defeat, William Day, who trained Happy Land, made some disparaging remarks to Lord Ribblesdale, the owner, about Fordham's riding. "If," he said, "I train a horse to win a race and a jockey doesn't second my efforts, is it my fault, my lord?" The insinuation reached Fordham, and he promptly laid the matter before the Stewards of the Jockey Club. This put William Day in a tight corner, and he received a severe wiggling from the heads of the Turf Senate. Fordham, right off, told Day that never again would he ride a horse he owned or a horse he trained. Day thus did not mend matters, and always afterwards Fordham kept a close eye on any of his horses that he thought would be improved by a gallop or so.

## CHAPTER XIV

My best horse—Victorious—His unsightly head—I buy him for 125 sovs.—Vision—Her Brocklesby victory—Subsequent successes—Her trial with Victorious—He gives her 2 st.—The defeat of Le Bearnais—Tom Jennings's opinion—The Goodwood trial—The Sweepstakes victory—Admiral Rous's idea—The Nursery success—Lord Granville takes under the odds—Jackson's disgraceful offer—A dead-heat at Wolverhampton Cause of same—Shelly feet—Mr. Jackson and the "Short-house" ale—Victor—How purchased—Frozen out at Lincoln—"Not quite like a thoroughbred"—A half-crown for luck—A Royal Hunt Cup track—A Royal Hunt Cup trial—Mr. George Herring drinks champagne and throws "cold water"—Victor's victory—He breaks down in the Cambridge-shire—Sold for an old song—Success at the stud.

HAD the late Duke of Westminster been asked which was the best horse he ever owned, he would unhesitatingly have named Ormonde. And were the question put to me which of the many horses that passed through my hands I most regarded, I should say, right off, Victorious, a bay colt by Newminster from Fairplay's dam. I bought him privately from Rawcliffe Paddocks, near York, now Mr. Vyner's place. The original purpose was to send him up to auction at Doncaster, but he had

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the strangles so bad that he could not be taken out of his stall. I do not think I have ever seen a horse in a worse state, or one that looked so unsightly. His head was so disfigured that no fair view could be gained of his limbs and body; so I said to the groom :

“Cover his head up with a sack, and then perhaps I can see what he is like.”

The more I examined him the better I liked him, and I made up my mind to run the risk of evil results from his affliction, and purchased him then and there for 125 sovs. The stud-groom, a real good fellow, who had done me several turns, said :

“You had better pay me now, sir, and settle the matter. There’s about a score owing for him at present.”

I instructed him to call at Doncaster the next day, when I paid him the hundred and twenty-five. When I told my friend Mr. Mannington of my purchase, he expressed a wish to see the colt.

“Well, seeing him won’t do much good now. He’s mine, and he’s paid for. Still, John, I should like you to examine him, and give an opinion as to whether you think his illness will affect his wind. But whether he turns a roarer or remains sound, I am sure he is worth the money I have paid.”

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Mr. Mannington's report was that the horse was going on as well as could be expected, though he was a bit inclined to think that the illness, because of its severity, might leave its traces. "But if," he said, "he fully recovers, you have got a rare bargain. He would be worth ten times the money. I positively declare, George, I have not for many years seen a yearling I like better."

Happily, Victorious came from his affliction sound as on the day he was foaled, and had he not suffered from shelly feet he would never have been beaten.

The same year—1863—I purchased a yearling filly, Vision, by Windhound from De Ginkell's dam, at auction for 50 sovs., at Nelson's Yard, York. I had strolled casually into the place, and was looking at the filly, thinking her a nice one, when the auctioneer, Mr. Johnson, catching sight of me, said :

"Gentlemen, she's too cheap at thirty. Stand aside, and let Mr. Hodgman have a better look at her. I'm sure he'll give more money."

I had no idea how she was bred, but liking her quarters and general air of liveliness, bid thirty-five.

"Forty," said Mr. Saxon.

"Fifty," I called ; and she was mine.

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I am aware that this is not the orthodox way of purchasing blood stock, as I know that, according to the modern school, you should study strains and families of this number and of that. But I never went deeply into such matters, and if I thought a colt or a filly would race I was a buyer. Nor did I pay much heed to elegance of contour so long as the legs were all right; and when some one said to me of Paul Jones, "What an ugly head he has!" I thought a sufficient answer was that the horse and not myself had to carry it.

Both Vision and Victorious progressed nicely at Epsom, and I ran the filly in the Brocklesby Stakes. There was a field of eleven, and with Water Baby and Blackbird the popular fancies, any price could have been had about Vision, who nevertheless, with Perry up, won by half a length from Blackbird, with La Méchante third. In the next week she met this pair in the Little John Plate at Nottingham, and, despite a 5 lb. penalty, again beat them. The second victory proved her first was no fluke, and clearly she was the sort that could safely be put in a gallop. At Warwick she won the Two Year Old Stakes, and had the prizes been of much value the opening of that season would indeed have been profitable to me. But to the Brocklesby only 40 sovs. were added; to the Little John Plate, 30;

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and to Warwick race, 50. Small wonder that owners in those days had to exercise their wits to make things pay! After being beaten at Ascot in the Fern Hill Stakes, she won a race at Hampton (25 added!), and following a failure at Newmarket in a sweepstakes, I sold her for, I think, 300 sovs.

But before I parted with her she had told me all I wished to know about Victorious. I galloped the pair on the Friday before the Epsom Summer Meeting, which started on Tuesday, May 24. The trial was between the three V's—Victorious, Vision, and Vixen. As I was driving to The Warren I met David Hughes, the jockey, brother to Mr. Tom Hughes.

“What are you after, David?” I called out. “I suppose you’ve heard I’m going to have a gallop, and you’ve come to see the spin?”

“Nothing of the kind, Mr. Hodgman. I didn’t know you had a trial coming off.”

“Jump up,” I said, “and we’ll have a glass of champagne at The Warren.”

After the drink, I said: “Let’s get along, David. I’m going to try the three V’s, and I believe one of them, Victorious, is the best horse in England. Now, David,” I went on, “I’m going to ask Victorious to give Vision 2 st. What do you think?”

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“It will be a great thing if he does it.”

“Oh, he'll do it,” I returned, “or I shall be abominably disappointed.”

Fordham rode Victorious, Perry Vision, and Morris Vixen; the course, half a mile. About 150 yards from home Fordham and Perry were together, each riding hard. In the next five or six lengths Victorious shot out, and won in a canter. I started him on the Thursday of the race week for the Two Year Old Stakes, of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, twenty-nine subscribing. Count Lagrange's Le Bearnais came with a very tall reputation from Newmarket, and started a hot favourite. But in the handsomest style Victorious won by a length, and I had a very nice race, winning about £2000. Old Tom Jennings, who trained Le Bearnais, was much impressed with Victorious, and said :

“Governor, that horse of yours is a real good one.”

Afterwards he won a race by ten lengths at Hampton, and scored at Nottingham.

Through the courtesy of the Duke of Richmond, I was able to take my Goodwood horses to the Park a fortnight before the races, putting up in one of the Lodges, where I also stayed for Brighton and Lewes. I took Victorious there, and tried him up the Halnaker gallop—one of the best in England—

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with Confederate (3 years). The young 'un gave the old 'un 3 lb., and beat him by a neck, thoroughly satisfying me. I did not race him till the Friday, when he was engaged in a sweepstakes endowed by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and the Nursery Stakes of a mile. The first named was the second event on the card and the other the fifth. Before the sweepstakes was decided I met Admiral Rous, and asked him how he would ride Victorious against the pair of old 'uns he had to meet, Birch Broom and Cranbury, both very fast.

“Oh,” he said, “I should wait—most decidedly.”

“Well, I differ from you, Admiral. I'm going to take the jockey's whip away, put a pair of spurs on him, and tell him to pelt right through as hard as he can.”

“Very bold, very bold,” commented the Admiral.

“Not at all. The old 'uns have to give me 29 lb., and that's too much, if it's utilised, at this time of year. They both go like the wind, and might easily come and beat me for speed in the run home, especially as I have only a boy up. To win I must keep them on the stretch the whole of the way.”

Morris, who rode, obeyed his instructions to the letter, and Victorious won by a length. The Admiral was much impressed with the performance.

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“Hodgman,” he remarked, “that’s a very fine horse. Do you run him in the Nursery?”

“Yes, I do. It’s a mile, and staying is his game. And, Admiral, Fordham rides.”

“Well,” he said, “with all he’s got I see nothing to beat him.”

“It will be a big thing if he does it. But I shall back him to win me a thousand, and I expect I shall get a good price at flagfall.”

In those times there was much betting upon such a race as this Nursery long before the numbers were put up, and on occasions the “early birds” did not get the best of the bargain. One of these on that day was Lord Granville, who hearing from Admiral Rous that he thought Victorious was sure to win, stepped into the Ring and took two big bets—five “monkeys” with Jackson and six “monkeys” with “Tubby” Morris. Jackson was a dangerous man to bet with, and, as proof, I state that after he had laid Lord Granville the 2500 to 500 he came to me and said, “I’ve laid the odds to a monkey against yours, Hodgman. Would you like to have the bet, or part of it?” That was typical of Jackson. His passion through life was to make horses safe, and he was not particular about the methods he employed.

“No, thank you, Jackson. Not for me. Mine is going to win if he can.” At that moment the

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Admiral approached me with, "Why, you're running another, Hodgman—Victory." "Oh yes! But he's very bad, and he's only running to give Morris practice."

I waited till the last moment, and took 1000 to 80. I saw Fordham, and said, "I've 1000 to 80, George. You have the odds to a pony."

Fordham got a nice place on the rails, and making nearly all the running won by a neck from Mr. W. Day's Watchbox (who had a pull of 21 lb.) and Waldegrave, they dead-heating for second place.

Later I remarked to Fordham, "George, how came you to make running with all that weight, and in such a field?"

"Well, you know—you know—I got a nice place, you know," he answered. "And I was always going easy—always easy—very easy indeed, you know, you know."

Lord Granville was one of the first to offer his congratulations. I thanked him, but said, "My lord, you may know a deal about politics, but you know d——d little about betting. You've taken 5500 to 1000 about my horse, and you ought to have had 12,000 to 1000, and could have got it, my lord, if you had gone the right way to work. By-the-bye, how came you to risk such a stake?"

"Oh, Rous told me."

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"Well," I said, "one of the men you betted with came to me, and asked me to have a 'monkey' of your bet. So, you see, you might have been throwing a chance away."

"Ah, Hodgman, I shouldn't have done it except for Rous. He had seen you, and I knew by that that everything was right."

The next race of Victorious was the Chillington Stakes at Wolverhampton, in the month of August. Herein he had only to give The Grappler, ridden by Fordham, 3 lb. As in the Goodwood Nursery he had beaten that horse anyhow at 21 lb. disadvantage, the affair seemed a "soft one." At exercise that morning I met Fordham.

"You will walk over for the Chillington Stakes," he remarked. "Wadlow tells me The Grappler doesn't run."

So I said to my trainer, Balchin, "You may let Victorious have what he wants. He walks over."

Being a bit of a glutton, he did himself royally well. Just before weighing out time, Fordham ran to me with, "Oh, I'm so sorry. Wadlow this moment has had a message from Captain Christie, saying he must run The Grappler, and of course I have to ride him."

I was in a nice fix, but thinking Victorious had such a deal in hand, I determined on a fighting

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policy. The public, of course, knew nothing of Victorious being fed, and odds of 7 to 1 were laid on him. He was not a quarter himself, and could only manage a dead-heat. Mr. George Payne was in a rare state.

“What are you going to do, Hodgman? I’ve laid 100 to 15 three times.”

“Oh, I shall run it off. But you shouldn’t have betted without seeing me.” And I told him of the occurrences.

“Well, I shall back him again.”

In the decider only 9 to 4 was laid on Victorious, and he claimed a neck advantage. He ran in the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Doncaster, but he ought not to have been started, as he had had his foot in a bran poultice for forty-eight hours, and could merely finish third. Still, the race did him no harm, and two days afterwards he, with 6 lb. the worst of the weights, in the Eglinton Stakes ran Wild Agnes to a neck. As a three-year-old he was a very difficult horse to train, owing to the brittle character of his feet. At times, indeed, he could not wear a shoe. In the Chester Cup he was much knocked about, and in the Gold Cup at Ascot he hit his leg badly. That finished his racing career, and he went to the stud, dying a very old horse in the neighbourhood of Hereford.

Jackson, the practical controller at that period of

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the Wild Agnes stable, won a huge stake by the success of the filly. He invited me to accept a slight shade of odds against Victorious to a very big sum. But I said, "No. You're going heavy for Wild Agnes. That tells me she is all right. And my horse is not the horse he was. I shan't bet." I cannot say I was ever very partial to Jackson, who was saturated with self. If he could get something for nothing he was always to the fore. It was the custom of myself and friends to have our carriages at Newmarket well laden with food and wines, while each day there was a two-gallon jar of Mr. Jacobs's (he kept the "Wellington") ripping old ale—the sort that would have caused a glow of satisfaction to the lover of Lorna Doone, John Ridd. Jackson was very partial to ale—especially other people's, and he and two of his pals, in my absence (for I was the biggest beer drinker of the party), would help themselves so freely that often the jar ran dry in the middle of the afternoon. As the Americans say, I "grew tired," and one day at Carshalton mentioned the matter to Dr. Shorthouse. "I'll stop Mr. Jackson and his pals," he said. And he gave me a little phial of stuff, the proper quantity for two gallons—"to be well shaken before taken." None of our party touched the ale that day, and by the time Jackson and his friends had

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finished the jar they were so seriously amiss that "for the stomach's sake" they needed a little brandy. We let a great number of people into the secret, and the repeated flights over the heath to get from sight of the three ale drinkers were punctuated with roars of laughter. After that neither Mr. Jackson nor his friends tampered with our ale. They never knew when the "Shorthouse brew" was on tap.

I have mentioned in connection with Vision how little intention at times I had of dealing in blood-stock till the accident of situation prompted me. An even more striking case, I think, was my purchase of Victor in 1861. The February of that year was an awful time; indeed, so bad were the conditions that the Lincoln races had to be postponed, a start not occurring till Friday, February 15, the Lincolnshire Handicap being run on the Saturday. Sportsmen "in residence" by the Cathedral were naturally hard pushed for ways to spend their time, and the general resort was to cards. I was not much given to that diversion, and used rather to stroll about the town and beyond. When starting for one of my jaunts, I happened to pass the yard of the "Saracen's Head," and, glancing in, found a rough sort of a countryman holding a horse. At the moment I had no more idea of making a deal

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than I had of flying over the moon. I took fair stock of the horse, and rather fancied him, as he possessed good quarters and was well ribbed up, his chief defect being his forelegs, which stood over a bit.

"He don't look quite like a thoroughbred," I remarked.

"That's just what he is," was the retort. "Perhaps you don't know much about horses."

"You're quite right. I don't. If he is thoroughbred, what's he by?"

"By Vindex, Sir Charles Monk's horse."

"Ah, well! Just let that boy trot him about."

The boy took hold of the halter-string, and cantered him up the yard. I had another look at him, and was satisfied.

"What's his figure?"

"Eighty pounds."

"I suppose he's yours," I remarked.

"Whose the h——ll do you think he is?" was the rough retort.

"All right. Keep your temper. I'll give you eighty pounds. He's mine."

I pulled the eighty pounds from my pocket, and handed them over. The countryman was extremely satisfied with the deal, and pressed on me, for luck, a half-crown, smacking it into my hand with a force that left the impression.

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“He’s yours, governor, and I hope he brings you luck.” That horse was Victor, destined two years later to win for me my first, and my only, Royal Hunt Cup.

Victor did not do much that season, running twice, and on neither occasion being placed. As a three-year-old he only ran once, also without distinction. The spring of 1863 was a very dry one, and the ground at Epsom became very hard. I knew of a good stretch of galloping ground at Winchester, though it was then in a dilapidated state. I spent a hundred pounds on its preparation because of its extreme resemblance to the Ascot Mile, and the Royal Hunt Cup was the race I had in view for Victor. He, when the place was completed, took his gallops there, thriving admirably. At the Epsom Summer Meeting I had with Libellous run second to The Drummer Boy, my horse carrying 8 st. 12 lb. to the other’s 7 st. 7 lb. over six furlongs, with a party of sixteen behind. The next week I despatched Libellous to Winchester to try Victor at 7 lb., and my Lincoln purchase just won, by, I think, a neck. This satisfied me, and I sent for Mr. George Herring to meet me at The Warren, when Mr. Tom Hughes was also present. The day was dreadfully hot, and we sat in the shade of the trees, slaking our thirst with a champagne cup. I told them both

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of the trial, when Mr. Herring, who could administer a cold water bath better than most, said, "Oh, I don't think much of that, George. That's no catch."

"Well, I didn't ask you to come down and hold an argument with me. I suppose I know my own business. At least, I think I do. I don't know what you want, George. The trial's good enough for me."

"Who rode Libellous?" asked Mr. Tom Hughes.

"Your brother, Tom."

"Oh, that's all right. I now say it will win."

"So do I," I answered. "And, George, I want you to put me a thousand pounds on. That's what I think of it."

Starting favourite, with Morris up, he won by four lengths, but in the Cambridgeshire he broke down, and I sold him at Tattersall's for 28 gs. He went to Ireland, where he begat many good winners—of the number Valour, hero of the Manchester Cup in 1881.

## CHAPTER XV

Matches—Fashionable forty years ago—A match I lost and won by—Lord Westmorland lays the odds, but hedges—My “old brood mare,” Paul Jones!—Match with Admiral Rous—Mr. “Spectacle” Perry—His sporting ambition—He presents me with Otho, who beats his Tubal Cain—Another match—Mr. Perry satisfied—Sensational betting over a match at Goodwood—Mr. “Teddy” Brayley—His want of judgment and obstinacy—Morris’s opinion of his Derby horse—Paul Jones’s Chester Cup trial with Mariner—Even weights or no gallop—The result—Mr. Brayley helps himself—Paul Jones as a yearling and a two-year-old—His Derby and Brighton running—Why wrong—I train him myself for the St. Leger—A satisfactory trial—Steel gets me 37,000 to 1000—An unlucky defeat—Fordham’s explanation—Mr. Graham’s munificence—Inexplicable Cesarewitch running—Butler’s folly—An unfortunate cannon—A “certainty” upset.

MATCHES, it must be owned, are not very fashionable nowadays. But forty years ago they were a popular diversion, and men would stand out for a pound much as boxers do at present. I was always very partial to match-making, and do not, of the great number in which I was engaged, recall having lost more than three. One of these was with Paul Jones, when a two-year-old. He was pitted against Chivalry for 200 sovs. at the Newmarket Second October

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Meeting of 1867, Chivalry being the property of Mr. Samuel Haughton, father of the present Mr. George. At first I thought I would pay forfeit, as my horse, having been thrown up, was more like a covering stallion than aught else. But I afterwards reflected that the gallop might do him no harm: and how did I know Chivalry was all right? So I took him from London on the morning of the match, arriving about eleven o'clock, and had him saddled down the Criterion Course. Chivalry, I found, was all right; so I knew I had no chance. Still, I thought it might serve Paul Jones in future if Chivalry beat him at a stone, for ordinarily 2st. would not have brought them together. I did not go near the betting men, and only myself and trainer saw the colt. While Chivalry was on his way to the post Mr. George Beckett rode up.

"What have you done?" I said.

"Taken 1200 to 1000 you don't win."

"You never mean," I exclaimed, "to say I'm favourite?"

"You are—6 to 5 on."

"Great heavens! Those who are backing him haven't seen him. He's as fat as a bullock. I should like to have half your bet."

"So you shall. Book it."

At that moment Lord Westmorland came up.

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"Hodgman," he said, "I've laid 600 to 500 on you."

"On *me*, my lord! Why the colt's not trained. Gallop back, and get out of your money. And you can lay mine to lose me 500."

Chivalry must have been very bad, for Paul Jones only lost by a length and a half. I did not see his lordship till next morning, when I asked what my "monkey" had brought in.

"Six hundred. And many thanks. I got out a winner." Thus in the two deals I won 1200, so clearing a 1000, more by accident than design, for I had no intention of betting, and imagined people would lay substantial odds on Chivalry. After the race I met Joe Lowe, the trainer of Chivalry, looking pretty glum.

"What did you do, Joe?" I remarked.

"Ah, Mr. Hodgman, I laid 30 to 20 on you. *But I hadn't seen your brood mare!*"

If this was a match I lost it was not one I lost by. But I had the worst of a deal with Admiral Rous in 1868. I then had a two-year-old filly by The Dupe from Couleur de Rose (afterwards named Duplicity) and he one by Knight of St. Patrick from Noisette called Nutgirl. For over a month we had been chaffing each other about the respective merits of these youngsters, and the Admiral proposed a

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match, for £50 a side. But I wanted 7 lb., while he thought 3 lb. would be sufficient to make the affair a close thing. In the end I gave way, and the pair ran over the last four furlongs of the Rowley Mile, when Fordham on Nutgirl beat Parry on Duplicity by three-quarters of a length. I had no bet on the race; nor did the Admiral. But he was as pleased at the victory as though he had won a thousand pounds.

“You see,” said he, “you’d have beaten me had I given you 7 lb.”

Mention elsewhere occurs of the matching of my Shillelagh with “Mr. Hall’s” Fravola, on the final day of the Epsom Summer Meeting of 1862. “Mr. Hall’s” right name was Perry, and as there were several Perrys about, he was, to his familiars, by reason that he wore glasses, known as “Spectacle Perry.” Mr. Perry was on the Stock Exchange, but his heart was in sport, though he was pretty ‘cute at the business of his life, and no one whom he knew, deserving of a turn, looked to him in vain. One of his ambitions, on his sporting side, was to beat me in a match, and he must be given whatever credit attaches to perseverance. We were talking on a day, and I remarked to him, “Perry, you have a little horse, Otho.”

“Yes. But I’ve sent him up to auction, at a fifty reserve.”

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“Oh! I should rather have liked to have bought him.”

“Well, George, as for that matter if he doesn't reach his reserve I'll make a present of him to you.”

I attended Tattersall's for the sale, and said to Mr. Richard Tattersall, “There's a horse, Otho, to be sold. If he fails to command his reserve, fifty, put him aside. He will be mine. Mr. Perry has given me him on that condition.” I added, “If any one bids fifty I shall go on. So keep your eye on me.”

Nobody bid fifty: so he became mine. I won a race with him in the spring of 1862, and in July I met Mr. Perry at Newmarket. He was passing our carriage, and called out:

“Well, Hodgman, do you want any more matches?”

I returned, “Yes; and, if you like, with the little horse, Otho, you gave me. I'll back him against your Tubal Cain, at 7 lb., for 200 aside, on the last six furlongs of the Rowley Mile.”

The match was concluded there and then. Half an hour later Mr. Perry returned. “Hodge,” he said, “I'll give you a ‘pony’ if you will make the distance five furlongs.”

“No; I made it six furlongs because though yours is much the better horse, at 7 lb., he is a roarer, and mine stays.”

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“Very well. Let the match remain.”

The race came off at the First October Meeting, Fordham riding mine and Sam Rogers Tubal Cain. Opinions were evenly divided, but Fordham set a strong pace, and won in a canter by three lengths.

In the early part of 1865 Mr. Perry showed fresh anxiety for a match. We were talking at the Club, and he remarked, in a casual sort of way, “Would you like another match?”

“Yes. I’m not particular. What shall it be?”

“Well, I have an old horse, The Principal.”

“And I have an old ’un, The Monk, I’ll run him against yours, even weights, over the Rowley Mile, for 200 sovs.”

“That,” he said, “will suit me; and this time, Hodgy, I shall win.”

So the public thought, when the race was decided on the second day of the Craven Meeting, as they laid 6 to 4 on The Principal. I again put up Fordham, while Billy Boyce threw a leg over the favourite, who was beaten three parts of a length. Afterwards Mr. Perry said, “Good-bye, Mr. Hodgman. I’m quite satisfied. I shall have no more matches with you.”

Speaking of matches recalls an incident of Houghton Week, 1849, when “Mr. Gordon’s” The

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Bee Hunter and Lord Airlie's Clincher were pitted against each other over the T.Y.C. for 200 sovs. a side, the first named conceding 7 lb. Immense rivalry existed between the partisans of each, and the betting, without any exaggeration of language, was stupendous. "Monkeys" and "thous" were as marbles in a playground, and even hardened gamblers were amazed at the sums at stake. It might have been the last race of the last day of the world, so sublimely indifferent to settling occasion seemed those who had caught the fever. To the general relief the horses ran home locked together, and the judge decided they had dead-heated. The character of the betting was more than the Duke of Richmond (the father of "Mr. Gordon") cared for, and from that time he kept but a restricted stud. Had a dead-heat not resulted, whichever party had won would have ruined the other.

The tale has often been told of how the late Mr. "Teddy" Brayley enjoyed such a run of luck that he professed he grew tired of winning. Whether he meant what he said the saying certainly was his, the remark once escaping his lips in my hearing. With most men a kind of superstitious feeling that Fortune is not to be flagrantly flouted without entailing reprisals would act as a restraint against such an expression; and it is regretful to add that

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in the closing years of his life Mr. Brayley was bitterly acquainted with the fleeting character of riches. I am no believer in the superstition mentioned, or any other. So I do not attribute Mr. Brayley's downfall to retribution from the Fates, the rather fixing the blame on the poorness of his judgment. And the evil of the business in the end was that he often obstinately stuck to his erroneous ideas in the face of information and evidence. Thus, because at Ascot in 1869 he beat Vestminster with Duke of Beaufort he would not believe in my horse winning the Cambridgeshire; and the more I told him that Vestminster at the time of his defeat was not himself, the more he protested he knew better. This same Duke of Beaufort let him down badly in the Derby of that year. He formed a notion that he was a good colt, whereas the best judges told him he was a bad.

"I'll back him all the same," he said, and took 30,000 to 1000 off "Tubby" Morris.

"He'll see 10 to 1," he told Morris as he booked the bet.

"I tell you what it is," said Morris. "If your horse goes on nicely, you bring him to the post fit as he can be made, and the people like him, you'll be able to get 100 to 1, never mind 10's."

Matters were not so bad as that, but all the same

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Duke of Beaufort stood at 50's, doing rather better than many thought would be the case by running sixth.

But perhaps the most striking instance of Mr. Brayley's infatuation with his judgment was revealed in the spring of 1868, when I tried Paul Jones with his Mariner for the Chester Cup. The spin took place at Telscombe over a very severe two-mile track, on about as bad a morning as the elements could have conspired to devise. A bitter wind swept across the downs, and with the wind was a blinding rain. It was not at all a day on which to idle about, and I pushed on with matters.

"Here, Fordham," I said, "look sharp. Let's get this over. You weigh out at 9 st., and you Cannon at 8 st. 7 lb." (I should explain Fordham was to ride Paul Jones and Tom Cannon Mariner, the other in the trial being Vixen, with a little boy up, to make running).

"What's that?" shrieked Mr. Brayley. "Your Paul Jones give my Mariner 7 lb. ! Ridiculous !"

"Not at all," I said. "You'd have no chance with Mariner at Chester with my horse's weight. And, Brayley, I shan't back mine unless he beats yours easily."

"Perfect nonsense ! Your horse can't, and isn't

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going to try to give my horse weight. There'll be no trial if the weights are not level!"

Seeing that, of his vanity about his Mariner, Mr. Brayley was determined, I had to give way, and it was a case of 9 st. each. I expected Paul Jones to win, but scarcely anticipated that he would so completely smash Mariner up as to thrash him by about a quarter of a mile, which he did. In fact Mariner, from our standpoint, could not be seen.

"Oh," cried Mr. Brayley, "I wouldn't have had this happen for a thousand pounds! Mariner, I'm sure, has broken down!"

After an interval Vixen passed us, and in time Mariner, with Tom Cannon drenched to the skin.

"What's the matter, Tom? what has happened?" called Mr. Brayley excitedly. "Has he broken down?"

"Nothing of the kind," Tom returned. "That big brute [Paul Jones] had me settled half a mile from home. Mine was stone cold at the bottom of the hill."

That satisfied even Mr. Brayley, who ceased his lamentations, and on getting to town anticipated me in the backing of my horse, with the result that I was left with the "skim" of the market. No more than 7 to 4 was laid at flag-fall, and that price

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could not be had to money. The last bet I laid was 700 to 400 to Mr. "Rosebery" Smith, more to oblige him than because I wished to hedge. He wanted 1400 to 800, but that was out of reason, as the only bet I had was 4000 to 1000. There have been equal certainties in racing, of course; I question, however, whether a greater has existed in connection with a handicap.

Paul Jones, as a yearling, only cost me 100 guineas at public auction. I liked the look of him as he was led into the ring—a colt of great bone, perhaps a trifle coarse, but quite the sort to work upon. After the sale I met Mr. Mannington.

"I hear," he said, "you have bought that Buccaneer colt, Paul Jones."

"Yes."

"Well, it's a funny thing, but I've been looking everywhere for you to persuade you to buy."

"It is curious. Well, he's mine, and I must say I like him very much."

"So do I; and I feel sure that, with average luck, he will do you some good."

Paul Jones, as indicated, was a sort that could not be hurried; and I did not have him anything approaching my fancy till the Goodwood week of 1867. Even then he was scarcely cherry-ripe; but he was so well in the Mile Nursery that I resolved

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to back him. I gave the commission to Mr. John Foy, who returned me what I thought was a very poor price, his explanation being that Captain Hawkesley had had the market. I replied that the Captain was not acting for me. There were four-and-twenty runners, and, starting at 5 to 2, Paul Jones pulled through by a neck from Kingsland. Quince, one of my stable lads, had the mount. He was a very fine horseman; and, seeing that Butler was on Kingsland, young Quince must be held to have shaped well. After the race Mr. Foy said: "Well, you've won, but I wish the second had."

Surprised, I asked, "Why?"

"Because I had a big interest in him."

"Well, I should have thought you might have told me, Foy, in case I wanted to save." He turned away and laughed.

"That," I said to myself, "is John Foy all over."

After his Chester Cup victory Paul Jones took his chance in the Derby, figuring third favourite to Lady Elizabeth and Blue Gown. This position was assured him by the magnificence of his action in the preliminary canter. As the saying is, he went down best. To put matters at the utmost, he ran well, without ever threatening victory; and when at the top of his form, I should say he was always 10 lb. behind the winner, Blue Gown. I had a good look

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at my horse after the race, and was the reverse of pleased. He struck me as being on the "beefy" side, and I did not, knowing what a gross feeder he was, think he had had sufficient work. The form, I was certain, was much wrong, as *Speculum* ran third; and at any time *Paul Jones* was 5 lb. and a neck in front of the Duke of Newcastle's colt. He was indulged with a walk-over for the Rous Stakes at Goodwood, and failed later in the afternoon to get a place in the Stewards' Cup—won by *Vex*,\* who

\* *Vex* was a brown filly by *Vedette* from *Flying Duchess*; hence full sister to *Galopin*, who was foaled in 1872. I could make nothing much of *Vex*, for though a beautiful lengthy filly she was of so excitable a disposition that she used to beat herself at the post, the perspiration pouring off her in, so to say, bucketsful style. I thought she would suit Lord Westmorland for the matches of which he was so fond, as she, when all right, went like the wind. She cost me only 96 guineas, at auction in Newmarket High Street. After her Goodwood exposition of brilliancy I was naturally keen on her relatives. But though I bought the progeny of *Flying Duchess* from Mr. Simpson for three years, they did not realise expectations. In truth, they no more resembled *Vex* than a hen does a horse; and I am as sure as I am of my own existence they were not by *Vedette*. The fact was, Mr. Simpson's stud was conducted in deplorable fashion. The whole business was a hotch-potch, through the dilatoriness and haphazard ways of Mr. Simpson and his associates. There is only one ending to an establishment so conducted, and that bankruptcy, which speedily overtook the owner of *Vedette*. Had misfortune not befallen him, I should certainly have come into possession of *Galopin*, whose likeness to his full sister, *Vex*, was as pronounced as were his excitable ways. I have often been asked whether I thought the alleged *Vedette-Flying Duchess* produce I purchased between *Vex* and *Galopin* were by *Vedette*, and I have ever answered in the negative.

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early in the year I sold to Lord Westmorland for 200 sovs. At Brighton, in the Cup, Speculum gave Paul Jones 7 lb. and a handsome beating—form that I knew to be wrong, and puzzled indeed was I to make out what had come over my colt. He had in no way lost his action; he was not in the leastwise ungenerous; and the fault, I concluded, must be in the training.

“Balchin,” I said, “I am going to have Paul Jones trained for the St. Leger—*trained*, mind you. He can't be as bad as the Cup running makes him out. I shall be down every day to see him do his work, and then I shall be satisfied.” Nor did I whenever possible, fail to act up to my word, suffering any inconvenience, travelling any distance, in order to keep an eye on my colt.

In the Yorkshire Oaks a fortnight later a Birdhill filly, named Maesllwch—that I had purchased from the Duke of Beaufort—ran a good third to the Duke of Hamilton's Léonie and Mr. Watt's Mysotis, and later in the afternoon won the Chesterfield Handicap, distance a mile. I determined I would try Paul Jones with her, and the pair were stripped on Friday, August 28 (1868). To Maesllwch I set Paul Jones to concede 2 st. 7 lb., a task he cleverly accomplished. By taking a line through Léonie—who was uncommonly smart—I made out that I had



VICTORIOUS

Winner of the Goodwood Mile Nursery, 1864

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a rattling chance of winning the St. Leger, provided Paul Jones kept well. On the following Tuesday I went to the Warwick races, and met Mr. Harry Steel. "Billy Marshall," I said, "has offered me 5000 to 25 against Paul Jones for the Leger, and so has Stephenson."

"Well, I shouldn't take the bets. I think it's all the odds against him."

"Now, Steel, don't make a mistake. I've scarcely left that horse since Brighton. This time I've seen that he is trained." And I told him the trial.

Steel was well aware that when I laid myself out for a coup I was not in the habit of practising self-deception, and his grave face became more thoughtful.

"I'm so satisfied," I added, "that I want you to put me a thousand pounds on."

"You didn't take those bets?"

"No."

"Right. I'll manage the business. You attend to the horse."

I did not again meet Steel, or hear from him, till I saw him in the Subscription Rooms at Doncaster.

"I've done that for you," he said. "You have 37,000 to 1000."

Fordham, who had been engaged for Formosa, begged off, as it was common property she was not herself, in order to ride Paul Jones, at

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the finish a 100 to 15 chance. As the world has known for these past thirty odd years, Formosa, despite her amissness, beat my colt by a couple of lengths. But the world has not known that Fordham always blamed himself as being the cause of the defeat.

“I thought when I saw Osborne at work on Mercury I had the race safe, and took matters a bit easy. If I had, as I should have done, come clear away, I must have won in a canter. Mr. Hodgman,” he said, “I have lost you the Leger and all that money. I shall never forgive myself.” This Fordnam told me in my rooms on the night of the race, and he wished there and then to go home. But I saw no sense in that, though I own that I was very disappointed, an added tinge arising from knowledge of the fact that if Paul Jones had won the Austrians would have bought him for 5000 sovs.

Still, if I lost the race I gained some whisky. Mr. Graham, the owner of Formosa, was a spirit merchant, trading under the name of Nicholson—“Nicholson’s London Gin.” He shook hands with me after the weighing-in, remarking, “I’m glad I’ve won. But my filly was amiss, and I went for yours, Hodgman.”

Mr. Graham was not prodigal in his ways, and “Tubby” Morris, who stood with us, said, “Well,

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anyway you can afford to send us some whisky out of the stakes."

"So I will." And he took the addresses of Morris and myself. I met Morris later, when he asked, "Did you get any whisky from Graham?"

"Oh, yes! An eighteen-gallon cask."

"A what? Why, the old skinflint only sent me a two-gallon jar."

I laughed. "Well, Tubby, that's all he sent me, I hope it won't break his heart."

By running second in the St. Leger I incurred a 6 lb. penalty for the Cesarewitch—an unfair arrangement that no longer prevails. Still, Paul Jones was even then in receipt of 15 lb. from Blue Gown, and I put 500 sovs. on. To my dismay the horse, indubitably one of the finest stayers of his year, walked in with the crowd. That bit of running never was explained, and I cannot explain it now; all I know is that Jackson did the financial work for me. He was standing by me on Leger day, and remarked, "Your horse will nearly win the Cesarewitch."

"He must have a chance," I said.

"Shall I back it for you?"

"Yes. Put me 500 on."

The thing was done on the spur of the moment, but I afterwards reflected that I might, without travelling far, have selected somebody in whom I

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had more reason for confidence. I was so piqued at the disgraceful running of the colt that I promptly struck him out of the Cambridgeshire, and had the mortification of witnessing the success of See Saw, whom I had beaten "all ends up" in the St. Leger. It is as well at times not to act on impulse. In the Chester Cup of the following year (1869) Paul Jones was handicapped at 7 st. 9 lb., and I thought he held a respectable chance of "repeating history." The *Ægean* was favourite, ridden by Wilson, while Butler was on my horse. The pair went "hammer and tongs" for each other, clapping on the pace to such an extravagant extent that at a period they were fully twenty lengths ahead of the rest, each jockey riding as though the five furlong were the finishing post. The ordeal was more than horseflesh could endure, and gradually The *Ægean* and Paul Jones dropped back, pumped out; so that Fordham, on Knight of the Garter, at the Grosvenor Bridge, had the race nicely in hand. Dalby, who finished third, conceding Paul Jones 2 lb., met him next day in Her Majesty's Plate. I gave Butler a severe and deserved rating for his ridiculous riding. In truth, I had a good mind, as Fordham was disengaged, to make Butler stand down, and told him so.

"If," I warned him, "you do to-day what you did yesterday, I will never put you up again."

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Butler rode as well that afternoon as on the previous afternoon he had ill, and Dalby was beaten by a couple of lengths, this circumstance supplying clear proof that Paul Jones should have been in the thick of the Cup fight. That autumn—1869—I planned three coups: Paul Jones for the Great Yorkshire Handicap; John Davis for the Cesarewitch Stakes; and Vestminster for the Cambridgeshire. The easiest of realisation I took to be the first and the hardest the third. But curiously—so strangely Fortune shuffled her cards—the most difficult was the only successful effort. Still, Paul Jones was for the “Great Yorkshire” a “moral,” accidents excepted. Unfortunately, the interfering agent of accident was present. A quarter of a mile from home, when full of running, Paul Jones was cannoned on to the rails, and Butler’s feet came out of the stirrup irons. He made a marvellous recovery, but the race was then lost, poor third honours being my horse’s share. Afterwards Paul Jones did nothing, and was sold with the rest of my racing stud.

## CHAPTER XVI

The Duke of Hamilton—He puts me a thousand on Valiant—A “good thing”—The Duke misses a chance—What I said to him—His laughing agreement—I buy John Davis of him—The Brighton Stakes running—“Tubby” Morris and Billy Nichol think they “smell a rat”—A drive to Telscombe—John Davis’s extraordinary trials—He beats Provider 150 yards—Fordham wishes to ride at 14 lb. overweight—I lose Butler and put up Sammy Mordan—His eccentric disobedience—A Cesarewitch thrown away—I sell John Davis for 19 gs.—The Stewards’ Cup—The Duke of Hamilton’s Midlothian and Lollypop—His Grace’s declaration—His orders to Custance—My orders—I try to buy Sutler.

WHOEVER knew the late Duke of Hamilton with any degree of intimacy found in him a staunch friend and a charming companion. There was nothing namby-pamby about His Grace, a man of rare physique, and able, when occasion arose, to use his fists with admirable dexterity. The very soul of kindness, he would do anybody he liked a good turn, and many lost a real friend when he was “gathered to his fathers.” His Grace and myself always hit matters excellently, and the number of business transactions we had together is beyond my memory to recall. It must be understood that the members

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of the Ring were always anxious to bet with him, for if at times he dealt them a shrewd blow, they in turn had their hauls, and never had to wait a moment for their money. The first big thing the Duke did for me was at the Shrewsbury Races, on Thursday, November 16, 1866. I had a horse called Valiant running in the Hawkstone Welter, and, thinking his chance an extraordinarily good one, determined to risk a thousand. Had I gone to the bookmakers myself I should have in all likelihood had to lay odds to get on such a substantial sum. So I saw his Grace early in the day, and said, "I want you to put a thousand on Valiant."

"Oh, I can't, Hodgman. I really can't. I'm short of money."

"You misunderstand me," I answered. "I want you to put a thousand on for me. Mind, it's a good thing, and you ought to back it for yourself. But I don't want you to bet till the last moment. Please stand by the steps in the Ring, and keep an eye on me. When I take my hat off, begin. If you can't get the thousand on, do what you can."

The bookmakers time after time approached the Duke to know if he fancied anything. But he turned a deaf ear to their requests until I gave him the signal, which was not before Fordham, who rode, was well on the way to the post. Then the Duke

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said to Jackson, as if he had suddenly made up his mind, "I'll back Valiant."

"I'll lay you two monkeys."

Then Stephenson offered 600 to 300, and Bayliss, wishing for a deal, sprung 410 to 200, making in all 2010 to 1000. The horse won anyhow, and after seeing Fordham weigh in I went to his Grace. The bookmakers promptly deciphered the situation, remarking, "Oh, he does your business now! What next?"

"Well, your Grace," I said, "what have you done?"

He told me, and I thanked him, adding, "And what did you put on for yourself?"

"Oh, I put nothing on. Not a penny."

"Well," I said, "excuse me, your Grace, but you are a d——d old washerwoman. I told you it was a good thing."

"So you did. And I really think I have been slow."

The incident lived long in the ducal memory. Indeed, a short time before his death the Duke called to me in the Birdcage at Newmarket. He was seated with Mr. Langley ("Pavo" of the *Morning Post*) under the shed.

"Hodgman," he said, "what was the name of that horse I put you a thousand pounds on at Shrewsbury? It began with a V."

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"Valiant," I answered.

"Yes, yes."

"You got me 2010 to 1000."

"I did. And now, Hodgman, would you mind telling our friend 'Pavo' what you called me when I told you I had done nothing for myself?"

"Well, your Grace, if you want the exact words, I said you were a d——d old washerwoman."

"Yes. And, mind you, Hodgman, you called me by my right name."

In 1869 I noticed that John Davis was advertised for sale in the "Calendar." He was a brown horse by Voltigeur from Jamaica, and then aged. He had done the Duke of Hamilton capital service, but as the horse was getting on in years he determined to sell. I had seen this said John Davis run in the Northamptonshire Stakes, and from what I then noticed considered him good for racing. I met the Duke one day, and remarked, "Your Grace, I see John Davis is in the sale list."

"Yes. He goes up."

"Have you put a reserve on him?"

"Yes. Five hundred."

"I will give you that now."

"Well, Hodgman, I can't take him out of the sale, you know."

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“May I mention to Tattersall that you told me the reserve price?”

“Certainly. Do what you like.”

I went to Mr. Tattersall, and said that if there was no bid over 500 he was to knock the horse down, at the reserve price, to Mr. W. S. Stonehewer, a rich Yorkshire Justice of the Peace, who stood over six feet high, and was dearly anxious to win a big handicap. The reserve was not reached, and John Davis was knocked down as I had instructed Mr. Tattersall. I immediately wired to Mr. Stonehewer, “Have bought the horse. Dine with me to-night at the Bristol Hotel, Brighton.” I gave him the five hundred pounds over the dinner-table, and he filled in the cheque and sent the same off to Tattersall’s at once. Though he was a Yorkshireman, Mr. Stonehewer lived at Shoreham, and I let the horse go to his farm, where he galloped round haystacks! This was the only work he did before he ran in the Brighton Stakes, wherein he was ridden by Butler.

I said to Mr. George Cutt, “I want you to put me £10 on John Davis. Go to ‘Tubby’ Morris, and put £5 on with him, and lay out the other with Billy Nichol. Don’t you touch it yourself. He may win, but he has not been trained.”

Just as the horses were going out Mr. Cutt took

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£50 to £5 from Morris and a similar bet from Nichol. I was standing close by the last-named, and asked, "What has he done, Billy?"

"Oh, you know d——d well what he's done. I've laid him 50 to 5 against your 'boiler.'"

"I'll take 100 to 10," I answered.

"No, thank you. Not for me!"

Morris, who overheard us, thinking a coup was intended, soon covered his little bit, and added to it; and Billy Nichol sent all over the Ring to back the horse. By this means he was kept nicely in the market, which was exactly what I wanted. I watched the race by the side of Billy Nichol, and saw that John Davis ran remarkably well—so well indeed that Billy called out, "You'll win, Hodge! You'll win!"

"I hope I may," I said. But the want of condition told its inevitable tale, and he died away up the hill.

What I had noticed told me that John Davis retained his action to the full, and was a bit too good for haystack training; so he was sent off to Telscombe, and I entered him in the Cesarewitch in Mr. Stonehewer's name. On the afternoon the weights came out I was at the club, and Bill Mundy read out the lists for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. After he had finished I said to

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Mr. T. Hughes, who stood next me, "Tom, I shall win both those races, the one with John Davis and the other with Vestminster." On the following morning I drove from my place in Nightingale Lane, Clapham, to Telscombe. My first stop was at an inn just beyond Croydon, and on the signboard, in gilt letters from a scarlet ground, was

"JOHN DAVIS."

I was thinking deeply at the time of the horse of that name, and the incident caused me to pull up and have a drink, telling the landlord the reason of the call. Next morning I saw John Davis do his work, and he went with such dash and resolution that I was delighted. That year there were at the First October Meeting two races decided over the Cesarewitch course. One of them was won by Mr. Ray's Wildflower, by Wild Dayrell. She won with ridiculous ease, and, the owner being a friend of mine, I borrowed her to try John Davis with. There were several others in the spin, but Wildflower, as representing recent form, was the chief tell-tale. I put her in with 2 st. less than the old horse, who simply played with her. Indeed, he won with such a deal to spare that I did not see how under 6 st. 12 lb. he could possibly be beaten in the Cesarewitch. The trial, in fact, seemed to be almost

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too good to be true, and I resolved on another gallop, this time on Brighton racecourse. Meanwhile I had met Sir John Astley.

“Hodgy,” he said, “I hear you are going to gallop your Cesarewitch horse.”

“Yes, I am, Sir John. Next Friday, over the Brighton racecourse. I have tried him, but I want to test the spin.”

“Will you put Provider in for me?” he asked.

“Certainly. What weights shall I put on?”

“Oh, the handicap weights.”

The result was striking confirmation of the first test, John Davis cantering home from Wildflower, while Provider was beaten 150 yards. I saw Sir John on the first day of the Second October Meeting, and told him what had happened.

“Much obliged, Hodgy,” he said in his cheery way. “But I shall run. You have no chance if you keep them in the stable.” On that day Mr. Ray ran Wildflower in the Handicap Plate, decided over the Cesarewitch course. She, carrying 7 st. 2 lb., won by a neck from Mr. Savile’s Miss Gratwicke (7 st. 9 lb.): so evidently the mare was in form. Going on my trial, I made out that John Davis at 6 st. 12 lb. was Wildflower at 4 st., and I thought, “If that isn’t a certainty, racing never knew one.”

Fordham, who rode in both trials, begged me to

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let him have the mount at 7 st. 12 lb. I said, "George, how can I, for the Admiral's sake, do such a thing? Put up a stone over weight? No! I can't do it. The Admiral would never forgive me."

Godding's boy, Dan Butler, was engaged, but, for some reason, this said Godding, a very peculiar character, took offence, and swore that I shouldn't have the boy—not a little finger of him. Having said this, no matter what persuasion I brought to bear, he declined to change his mind. This was a great blow, and with Fordham impossible he suggested the only course was to put Sam Mordan up. My orders to him were, "Sam, you've only to get fairly away. Get him nicely balanced, then put your hands on his neck, and he'll do the rest. You'll come home by yourself." But Mordan paid no heed to the instructions, and instead of allowing his mount to stride out, as directed, he pulled and sawed him about, singing, as some of the jockeys who rode in the race told me, "Mittith Thammy Mordan's husband will win the Thetherwitch to day. Mittith Thammy Mordan will have her thewing mathine to-night." Could more egregiously foolish tactics be imagined? Fordham, who rode Taraban, kept an eye on the horse, and repeatedly shouted, "Sammy, go on! Let his head loose!" But Sammy would not listen, and threw the race away by a

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length and a half to Cherie. Provider, three lengths away, was third, and him John Davis should have beaten by a hundred yards. My commission, executed by Steel, was a heavy one—over a thousand at a fine rate of odds. I had no patience even to speak to Mordan, especially as through being tangled up with the runners he had got the horse struck into, two hours being occupied in walking him from the course to the town. I determined to put him up for sale, and he realised the magnificent price of 19 guineas. The Rugby vet. who bought him was afterwards offered thousands. The horse got no end of stayers, among them Don Juan, who brought off a big thing in the Cesarewitch for Mr. George Lambert in 1883.

But to return to the Duke of Hamilton. In 1878 his Grace won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood with Midlothian. The public had fixed on Lollypop as the better of the Duke's pair, and so he was. But a gallop revealed that either at the weights could win, and as nice odds could be obtained about the little horse, Midlothian, while Lollypop was nearly favourite, the Duke determined to give the first-named the preference. I shared the general view, which ran for Lollypop, and I put a fair amount of money on the son of Souvenir. I chanced

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on the Duke at exercise hours, and said, "Well, your Grace, what about your horses?"

"Oh, I'm going to declare with Midlothian."

"But he can't beat Lollypop on his merits."

"Perhaps not. But he'll beat him to-day."

"That's a nice thing, and my money's on Lollypop!"

"Well, Hodgman, you're on the wrong one. But there! I'll see you later." The jockeys had weighed out when I saw the Duke again, and he asked me if I had noticed Custance (Lollypop's rider) about.

"Here he is," I said, Custance that moment coming in sight.

"Custance," said his Grace, "I've declared to win with Midlothian. You understand now?"

"Yes, your Grace."

"And you ride Lollypop accordingly."

"Yes, your Grace."

"Has your Grace finished?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Well, Custance, these are my orders. You let Lollypop have his head, come right through, and you'll win by the length of a street."

His Grace and Custance laughed, and the latter walked away to his horse. "Well, Hodgman," said the Duke, "What have you done? Have you backed Midlothian?"

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"Not a penny piece. I'm on Lollypop."

"But you must be on Midlothian. Book 16 to 1 to a pony with me."

Well, with Lemaire up, Midlothian won by four lengths from Lollypop, but it took Custance all his time to prevent the big horse getting nearer than second, he riding in Life-guardsman fashion. At night the Duke called at our place (Mr. Lambert, Mr. Tom Hughes, and myself "joined forces" for Goodwood at Pilleygreen Lodge), and his first words were, "Well, Hodgman, I told you Midlothian would beat Lollypop."

"Yes, you did," I returned. "But if Custance had not been tied down with orders he could have won anyhow." The proceedings of the evening were of the liveliest character, the Duke staying till past ten o'clock.

When in 1879 I saw by the advertisements that the Duke purposed selling Sutler, I resolved that if possible I would become possessed of the son of Barbillonne, of whom I had a very high opinion. "I will," I said, "give you 1500 for him, if you don't want the money immediately."

"He must go through the ring, Hodgman," he answered, "and if he is knocked down to you, you can pay when you like. But I must say," he added, "that I think 1500 is too much for him."

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“He’s worth that to me,” I returned. “I know where to place him.”

I put Mr. Charles Hibbert in to buy him, explaining the circumstances, which the Duke confirmed. “Fifteen hundred and no more,” I said to Mr. Hibbert: so that, by necessity, when Mr. John Percival, acting for Sir George Chetwynd, made a bid of that amount Mr. Hibbert retired. Sutler did fair service for Sir George in minor kind of stakes. But I always regarded him as a horse that should have won a big handicap.

## CHAPTER XVII

Mr. Fred Swindell and the Truth gelding (1874)—Admiral Rous's hesitancy—His message to Mr. Swindell and the bluffing answer—I fall into the trap, and lay the gelding for the Cesarewitch—Mr. Swindell's silence—The Admiral's bet and wish—Archer's weakness—The "good thing" fails—Woodlands for the Cesarewitch of 1876—The Admiral's disbelief—Some fine bets—Rosebery prevents their realisation—The Curate—Tom Green's idea of not hurrying a horse—The Lincolnshire Handicap—How raised to a thousand pounds—The Ring subscribe a "monkey"—Mr. Ford's gratitude.

IN the Cesarewitch of 1874 Mr. Fred Swindell entered a gelding by Wamba from Truth, then a four-year-old. He had not run since his juvenile days, when he figured in selling plates without success. Bill Scott had his management early on, but in 1874 Mr. Swindell directed him to send the gelding to Matthew Dawson, as he wished him to be tried. He was sent, and never returned to Scott, who was a deal cut up by the business. But Swindell was a long-headed man, and knew that if he kept the horse with Matthew Dawson he could make sure of the services of Fred Archer, then able to go to scale at 6 st. 1 lb. On September 8, 1874,

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as I was going upstairs at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, about 8.30 at night, I met Admiral Rous.

“What!” I said, “not dined, Admiral? It’s nearing nine o’clock.”

“No. Dinner’s not till nine. Such hours don’t suit me. But I suppose I must put up with them.”

“Well, I’ve finished dinner,” I returned, “and am going over to the Warwick Arms at Warwick, where Lambert, Swindell, and the ‘school’ are staying.”

“Oh,” interposed the Admiral, “do you know anything about the Truth gelding?”

“Who does he belong to?”

“Swindell.”

And with that he pulled his handicap for the Cesarewitch from his pocket, and showed it me.

“What does all this mean?” I asked, pointing to the Truth gelding. “You have him in at all sorts of weights—7 st. 4 lb., 6 st. 12 lb., 6 st. 4 lb., 6 st., 5 st. 12 lb. What does it mean?”

“Well,” he answered, “I am told by several people that he’s a rod in pickle. Others say he is bad. And I’m bothered because he hasn’t run for two years. That is the reason why I can’t settle on his weight. As you’re going to see Swindell, would you mind asking him about what sort of a horse he is?”

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“Now, Admiral, you really don’t seriously expect that that old fox would tell me anything?”

“Well, he might. Just ask him.”

I walked over to the Warwick Arms, and found the party I expected. After general greetings I turned to Swindell with, “Fred, I’ve a message for you from the Admiral. He asked me to ask you what sort of a horse the Truth gelding is. I told him he really couldn’t expect an old fox like you to tell me anything. Still, I’ve carried out his wishes. Is there any answer, Fred? At present he has you down at all sorts of weights—from 7 st. 4 lb. to 5 st. 12 lb.”

“Tell him,” said Swindell, “that if he’s got 6 st. on him he may scratch the d——d horse. And further, tell him he can have the brute for a hundred.”

“Say two hundred, Fred,” remarked Mr. Lambert. “The old boy might take you at your word, and give a hundred.”

“Well, two hundred, Hodge. And, mind, tell him what I say I mean. If he puts 6 st. on him he can scratch the beast.”

On my return to Leamington I saw the Admiral, and delivered the message.

“Thanks,” he said. “I’ll put him down 5 st. 12 lb. I’ll do it now.” And he took up the pen and jotted down the burden.

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The next day, on reaching the Ring, I looked in vain for Mr. Swindell. He had disappeared, as was his way when he wished to avoid questions. At night I wrote him: "Your horse's weight is 5 st. 12 lb. I should advise you to leave him in. Those who have told the Admiral he is a 'rod in pickle' are sure now to back him, and if he is as bad as you say you can lay him." He returned no answer, and at Doncaster, after the acceptances were declared, I went to speak to him; but he made a flimsy excuse for hurrying away, and next morning "stepped it" to London.

Considering the friendly terms we usually were on I thought the treatment, to say the least, was peculiar. Still, I paid no great attention to the matter, for Swindell at times acted in funny fashion. The following week I went to Ayr, and while out for a walk in Glasgow on the Tuesday morning I heard a tap at a fruiterer's window.

"Hallo, Musgrove," I said.

"Hallo, Hodgman," he returned, "what are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm up for the races, and was taking a constitutional."

"Very glad to see you. By-the-bye, are you betting on the Cesarewitch?"

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“No. But if you want to back one I don't fancy I'll lay you a fair price.”

“Well, the Truth gelding.”

“Oh, I'll lay that one. 1000 to 30.”

“No. Forty ponies.”

“Right.”

“Forty fifties.”

“Yes.”

“Forty hundreds.”

“No. Forty fifties will be enough.”

At night I wrote to Mr. Swindell, informing him of the bets, and, in accordance with the custom between us, I expected an answer, saying whether I should “get out” or “hold on.” But he never dropped me a line, and purposely kept out of my way till the Sunday night before the Cesarewitch. In the meanwhile there had been a tremendous backing of the Truth gelding, and I had a sorry-looking book. On the day named he walked into my rooms at Mr. Heavens's house at Newmarket. I said, “Well, Fred, *you* here! This is nice treatment. You've neither answered my letters nor spoken to me since Doncaster.”

“Well, lad, I've not been very well.”

“But your d——d horse seems all right. And I've been nicely carted.”

“Well, lad,” he answered, “I'll lay thee nineteen ponies.”

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“But what about the forty fifties?”

“Nay, lad, I know nothing of that bet. Thou must get out of that thyself. I’ve not much money on.”

As a matter of fact he had backed the horse to win £100,000. Next morning, by the Subscription Rooms, I met Admiral Rous.

“Admiral,” I said, “that old fox came to my rooms last night. I’ve scarcely had the chance of speaking to him since that night he told me you could have the Truth gelding for a couple of hundred.”

“Yes, I know. Mr. Swindell has played a very high game with me.”

“He’s laid me nineteen ponies,” I remarked.

“Why, just this instant,” said the Admiral, “he laid me twenty ponies.” (The Admiral, I may add, after the weights were declared, would bet with anybody.) “He tells me,” the Admiral went on, “that he’s very moderate, but that he may pull through. I took the bet, but I do hope he will be beaten. Matt Dawson, however, says the race is as good as over.”

Nothing further passed between the Admiral and myself till the number of Lord Allesbury’s *Aventuriere* went up first in the frame, with that of Truth gelding in second place, Glover, on the

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daughter of Adventurer, just beating Archer on the Truth gelding, who carried 3 lb. overweight, and started at 5 to 1. I always hold that it was Archer rather than the horse that was beaten. Even in those early days Archer would waste, and he went to scale as weak as a rat. Had he been allowed a few pounds extra he must have won in a canter. So, after all, poetic justice was meted out, the cleverness of Mr. Swindell in getting his horse in at 5 st. 12 lb. being the cause of the failure of the coup. To show how Archer had wasted, I may add that on the following Thursday he had considerable difficulty in riding at 6 st. 4 lb. Instantly the numbers were hoisted the Admiral came to the Ring-side and called out in a loud tone, "Hodgman! Hodgman!"

Then the Ringmen took up the cry, till I said, "All right. I see the Admiral."

I went to him, and he grasped me tightly by the hand.

"I'm delighted," he said, "delighted. To think, after all, he's been done, and my dear old friend Payne has won."

"I am glad, too," I said, "especially as at the last moment I took 500 to 20 about the winner from Steel."

Two years later—that is, 1876—Mr. Swindell

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had a horse named Woodlands, a four-year-old chestnut colt by Nutbourne out of Whiteface. In looking over the handicaps for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire at the Admiral's house, 13, Berkeley Square, I told him that he had Woodlands too well in at 7 st. 2 lb. for the Cesarewitch. But he would not listen to me, saying that Swindell was going for the Cambridgeshire, in which he had given him 8 st. "Well, Admiral, if I were you I should put 7 lb. on his back for the Cesarewitch and take off 7 lb. for the Cambridgeshire. And when the race is over I think you will say my views were right."

"No. I will not believe in him for the Cesarewitch. Nor shall I think of him winning even with 7 st. 2 lb."

Finding the Admiral wedded to his own ideas, and hearing that all would be right with Woodlands, I took the liberty of backing him, as a set off to the laying against the Truth gelding. That day, in the evening, I went to the Victoria Club, and met an old friend, Bob Reece.

"Bob," I said, "to-morrow morning—not to-night—do you think you could find Charlie Bush?"

"Yes."

"Well, here are two one-hundred-pound notes. Try and run against Bush early, and see what he

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will lay you Woodlands for the Cesarewitch. You should get forties."

That was the price Bush offered, but Bob, reminding him it was to be a "ready" transaction, asked for a little more, and obtained 4200 to 100.

"Twice?" he queried.

"No. Once is enough."

I had made an appointment for Reece to meet me at the "Two Brewers," in Jermyn Street, to "report progress." "Now," I said to him, "about half-past two or three o'clock take that other hundred-pound note and back the horse with the little men." He returned me forty fifties and forty ponies twice—so my bets in all about Woodlands were 8200 to 200. The weights came out that evening, and a glance at the *Calendar* showed the Admiral had "stuck to his guns"—there was Woodlands, 4 years, 7 st. 2 lb. I backed the horse again, and stood, at long odds, to win, in round figures, £12,000. On the morning of the race Woodlands was favourite, and I laid off 2000 to 400. Mr. James Smith came to me, and said, "Hodgman, how do you stand about my horse?"—that being Rosebery.

"Well, Jim," I answered, "I'm against him."

"Do as you like," he remarked, "but I'm sure to win. You can have what you like at 9 to 1."

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I thanked him, and, to the best of my recollection, I had £35 on at that rate, my fancy, of course, being Woodlands. But I had always a great respect for Mr. Smith, and believed in his judgment, also in that of his commissioner, Mr. Harry Steel—a fine, straightforward man. Mr. Swindell was not destined, with Woodlands, to avenge the defeat of the Truth gelding, for Rosebery beat his horse in hollow style by four lengths.

Still keeping to tales of Mr. Swindell, I may mention that in 1874 I ran a horse called The Curate in the Lincolnshire Handicap, which was won by his Tomahawk. In 1873, he then being a four-year-old, I thought a good deal of The Curate, even to the extent of winning a Cambridgeshire. But, unfortunately, one day in the summer a terrific storm swept over Telscombe, the thunder and lightning being appalling. The visitation was reckoned the severest ever experienced in the district, and my stables were shaken to their foundations. The Curate was terrified, and in his fear reared up and fought the walls of his box, in so doing injuring himself severely. When I fetched Mr. Mannington to him The Curate was apparently a hopeless cripple, but by careful attention he was brought round and became practically sound. I thought that perhaps a change of quarters would be to his benefit, and so

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I sent him to Tom Green at Beverley. He met me in London, and took charge of the horse—who still bore signs of his injury—at Victoria Station. This would be in the beginning of the December of '73. I explained to Tom Green all about the accident, and said, "Now, be careful with him. He is on no account to be hurried. I can give you till next autumn."

Later Green wrote, saying, "You had better enter The Curate in the Lincolnshire Handicap. We need not run him, but I should like to see how he is treated."

Then came another letter telling of the marvellous change that had come over the horse, and stating that if he was nicely handicapped at Lincoln he would win. I wrote back to Green asking if softening of the brain was setting in. However, to satisfy him I entered the horse, and at his urgent solicitation, accepted. Green was cocksure he trained the winner of the race, and, thinking I might be wrong, though I was nine-tenths sure I was not, I took 2000 to 100 for a win, and 500 to 100 for a place.

"I shall not," I wrote to Green, "put a shilling on for you. You must please yourself what you do."

"Come down," he returned, "and look at the horse. You won't know him."

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I own his improvement was great, but I was very sceptical of him holding a winning chance, as instead of three the horse needed twelve months. I met Swindell afterwards, and he said, "Why, they're a-backing your horse."

"I have a hundred each way, and shall have no more. I don't think he will win. I can't make out how Green has got him so fit. He must have rushed him. Fred," I said, "you will win this handicap with Tomahawk. He's a good horse."

"If you think so you can back him. I have some money on myself. I think as you do."

I took fourteen ponies about Tomahawk off Bill Mundy, and he won from Oxford Mixture, with Shylock third, and The Curate fourth, missing a place by a neck. I afterwards sold The Curate to Fred Swindell for a thousand pounds, and he won several races with him, though no big handicap.

Tomahawk's year was the first time that a thousand pounds were added to the Lincolnshire Handicap; and the man to whom the credit is due for the further endowment of the stake was Mr. Harry Steel. He came to me in 1873, after Westminster (not then my horse) had won, and said, "Hodgman, don't you think that this handicap ought to have a thousand added? The others are

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all going up, and if something isn't done this will be left in the lurch."

"Certainly. But where are you going to get the extra five hundred from?"

"Why, we'll get it out of the Ring. Go round for it. Will you ask Mr. Ford [the father of the present Mr. W. J. Ford] whether he will accept it?"

Mr. Ford, a dear good old gentleman, was delighted. He said he felt the race should be one of a thousand added, but that the estate could not then bear the burden. "It would make our meeting," he remarked.

"Well, it shall be made."

The raising of the "monkey" from the Ring was an easy matter, Steel, Billy Nichol, and myself being the collectors. After the race Mr. Ford came and thanked Steel and myself.

"It's the best meeting, by a long, long way, we have ever had. In future, a thousand shall always be added to the Lincolnshire Handicap. And we can now afford the money ourselves."

## CHAPTER XVIII

Veni, Vidi, Vici, especially Vici—The Nottingham *fiasco*—What the faithful paragraphists invented—I present Vici to Fordham—The incident of the lane—Tom Cannon comes into possession—He thinks he is in luck's way—Mr. Tubbs' cheque: its value—King Lud—Determination to purchase—Mr. Tom Lawley's advice to Lord Lonsdale—King Lud's Ebor running—His Lordship's promise—I get good odds—An easy Cesarewitch victory.

IT is the misfortune of most owners in their time to come into possession of a horse on whom the vocabulary of obloquy might be exhausted without the language of exaggeration being used. One of the kind indicated that reached my hands was Vici, a son of Fazzoletto and Heiress. I had three unnamed horses at the time, and, chaffing me about my fondness for the "V's," Lord Stamford suggested they should be called Veni, Vidi, and Vici. They certainly came (to hand), and they as assuredly saw (the racecourse). But there was not a deal of the conquering character about any one of them. Vici undoubtedly could go a bit. But without allowing that, like "the little girl who had a little curl which reached right to her forehead," when good he was



VICTOR

Winner of the Royal Hunt Cup, 1863

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very good, I certainly must grant that (as she) when he was bad he was horrid. No doubt he could go when he liked. But the mood for vigour in the proper direction was so rarely upon him that he was a constant source of annoyance and trouble. I remember one race at Nottingham in the July of 1867 when he was only opposed by Mr. J. Barber's Contract. The public betted 7 to 4 on him, and it was soon a case of 100 to 1 on if he did not resort to pranks. When he had the race at his mercy he took it into his head to get out of the course, and jumped the rails, leaving Contract to finish at his leisure. Some of the faithful paragraphists of the day suggested that because I had good prices at the clubs about Vici, I paid Mr. Barber to run Contract, so that there should be a race. I do not claim credit for more than an average amount of common sense, but I certainly do think I had sufficient prudence not to risk a deal of money on such a horse as I knew Vici to be. The extent of my betting on that race was exactly a five-pound note: so where Mr. Barber's "corner" came in I leave the paragraphists to discover. Next day I ran Vici in the Chesterfield Handicap, and he won: upon which he was made favourite for the Goodwood Stakes, though he carried very little of my coin or confidence. He was, unfortunately for his backers, in his worst mood,

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while Veni, whom I had passed to Mr. E. Green (he well re-named her "Eye Sore"), finished second. Vici later won me a Welter Handicap at Egham, but I was weary of his vagaries, and at the end of the season made a present of him to Fordham.

Fordham used him as a hack, while, further, he was a splendid jumper. But with added age came increasing eccentricities, and on one occasion, at Slough, Vici stopped two hundred yards from home, and try as George might, neither backwards nor forwards nor sideways would he move. "Stop where you are, then, you beast!" exclaimed Fordham, removing the saddle and walking away.

"Where's the horse, sir?" said his man.

"I don't know, and I don't care. I left him in the lane. You can either fetch him or you can leave him."

Ultimately Vici returned home, but Fordham had had enough of him, and passed him on to Tom Cannon. The genial master of Danebury soon knew he had a horse, for a change of quarters brought no change of mood. He was an equine law unto himself, and about as persuadable as the proverbial pig. One day at Stockbridge, when Tom Cannon was on him, he whipped round and thrust his rump through a bow window and he was altogether capable of anything in the way of misconduct. Cannon was

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naturally not over-keen about retaining possession, and considered himself in luck's way when a Winchester horse-dealer, of the name of Tubbs, met him out hunting and asked, "Will you sell that horse, Tom?"

"Yes. I'll take thirty pounds for him."

"I'll give it you if you'll ride him home to my place."

Cannon did not dally by the way, taking the precaution that he was preceded by an old mare in whose society, and in whose society only, Vici was amenable to reason. Right off Mr. Tubbs drew a cheque for thirty pounds, and Tom went back in satisfied mood. That did not last long, however, for in due course the document was returned bearing the usual bankers' superscription when there is an absence of assets! What Tubbs did with Vici I cannot say. But to this day Cannon laughs if I ask him about Vici, Tubbs, and his cheque.

On the horses that ought to have been theirs, but through the curious twists of Fate were not, the majority of owners could tell tales without any straining of the truth. As I have shown, I was distinctly unlucky to miss Galopin, and I was not in Fortune's way with respect to King Lud. Though that son of King Tom won nothing as a three-year-old (he did not run as a two), I had particularly

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paid him attention, and thought few finer horses of the powerful type had ever looked through a bridle. In 1873 he was advertised for sale with the rest of Lord Zetland's horses. I went to Mr. Swindell and said, "Fred, King Lud's for sale. He ought to be bought. I'm sure he can win a Cesarewitch. Will you join me?"

"Yes," he replied, "willingly. We will go together."

Shortly afterwards I met my old and much esteemed friend Mr. Tom Lawley. I have always held his judgment in respect, so I said, in order to get his opinion, "Tom, Swindell and I are going to buy King Lud. What do you think of him?"

"Why, he's a real good horse, and can win almost anything. But, George, I'm sorry to say you won't get him at any price in reason."

"Why?"

"Well, you see, I had no notion that you had an idea of buying him, so I wrote to Lord Eglinton, advising him to purchase. He said he was not disposed then to make a deal, and that caused me to send to old Lord Lonsdale. I said in my letter that he must, or at least ought, to buy the horse, who, properly managed, was certain to take a big handicap. And he's written me back to say that, cost what he may, King Lud shall be his. So,

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George, I'm rather afraid you're out of the running." I told Mr. Swindell how matters stood, with the consequence that neither of us went near the sale. King Lud, I think, fetched 1500 or 1600 gs., and we were prepared to give 2000. But his lordship, I expect, would not have been beaten.

King Lud passed under Captain Machell's management, and was not stripped until the York August Meeting (1873), when he took part in the Great Ebor Handicap. He was a deal on the big side, but ran remarkably well for a mile and a half, and, had he been fit, would have easily won. I met his lordship later, and said, "That's a very nice horse of yours that ran to-day, my lord."

"Yes, Hodgman, I like him very much. He's not fit yet. I didn't back him.."

His lordship, I may add, rarely exceeded ten pounds in a bet.

"Now," I said, "my lord" (for I had been looking over the Admiral's handicap), "if you don't run this horse till the Cesarewitch, and he keeps all right, you cannot lose."

"Well, if you think so, Hodgman, he shan't run till the Cesarewitch. I'll see to that."

"Then I may back him?"

"With confidence." Unquestionably the late Lord Lonsdale was one of the kindest of Nature's

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noblemen, not especially because he was so amiable in this particular case, but because at no time would he hesitate to do good to a fellow man. A little while after leaving his lordship I met Mr. Robert Lee, a prominent member of the Ring.

“Well, Mr. Hodgman,” he remarked, “do you fancy anything for the Cesarewitch? I’ve a book on it.”

“Yes. I fancy a horse that ran to-day—King Lud.”

“I’ll bet you 1000 to 20 against him.”

“Oh, no!”

“Well, 1000 to 15.”

“Yes. I’ll take that—twice?”

“Yes.”

“Three times?” I asked.

“No. Twice will do.”

Later I backed the horse again, and stood, in all, to win 3000 sovs. On the morning of the race Lord Lonsdale told me that Captain Machell thought that the horse would run very fairly, but that it was no good thing. “Still,” he added, “I have my tenner on. Steel got me 400 to 10.” Right to the finish King Lud stood at a good price, the starting odds being 1000 to 45. But he won, with much to spare, under the guidance of Bruckshaw; and in the ensuing season upset the odds laid upon Boiard for the Alexandra Plate at Ascot, the deft handling then being Custance’s.

## CHAPTER XIX

Jockeys—The American Invasion—The poet's mistake—Americans in 1857—Mr. Ten Broeck and English jockeys—The two sides of the shield—The causes of our decay—Apathy of trainers—Disinclination of owners—A "corner" in jockeys—The "little boy" bogey—What about Johnny Reiff?—Why he is an exception—A Gilbertian travesty—A plea for a lower scale—Some Chester Cup examples—Striking figures—The easiest proves the hardest way—Why trainers are negligent—Thomas Dawson—Old John Osborne—J. Godding—Matthew Dawson—Why I put up Morris—Admiral Rous's comment—"My boys"—Heartfield, Morris, Quince, &c.—Confirmation by Custance—The good the Americans have effected—Mr. Greville's indignation at an attempt to ruin his jockey—The striking case of Herbert Jones—W. E. Elsey's wisdom—Inimical surroundings for boys—E. Hunt's Cup successes—What they brought him—Jockeys' fees protected—Mr. W. G. Craven's wise legislation—What will be the end?

HAD anybody, some ten or so years ago, dared to hint that the first season of the twentieth century would see American jockeys in such demand in England as by their presence to be a serious danger to the livelihood of many of the home school, his alleged foolishness would have been held a fit matter for ridicule. Yet the apparently impossible change has come to pass, and there are no signs of any

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abatement of the invasion; rather, the reverse is threatened. In truth, to judge by American communications the United States will soon be denuded of its leading professionals, the offers emanating from English owners being of irresistible character. That there are here and there still English owners firm believers in the old school must be allowed. But the great trend of opinion runs solid for the Yankees when they preserve the proprieties, and only his folly in pursuing practices he must have known the Turf authorities could not tolerate has caused the absence of Sloan from the saddle in England. If the present state of affairs is satisfactory to the English division, then indeed are they easy to please.

" We yet retain  
Some small pre-eminence. We justly boast  
At least superior jockeyship, and claim  
The honours of the Turf as all our own."

This may have been true at the moment when the poet Cowper designed the preceding lines. But it is so far from the fact at the present as to cause the quotation to carry a quaintness never anticipated by the author. Superior jockeyship, if not all the honours of the Turf, were in very truth our own when, say, in 1857 we saw the American Tankerley taken off Prioress (after she had dead-headed with El Hakim

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and Queen Bess for the Cesarewitch) and a different result ensue by the substitution of Fordham. In fact, by the conspicuous absence of ability in the American riders Mr. Ten Broeck was eager for the services of Englishmen. So it comes to this: that in the course of fifty years—that magnificent half-century of progress the historians delight to dwell upon—our English jockeys have so misused their opportunities that instead of American owners looking for English riders, English owners are scouring the States for American jockeys, whose countrymen rarely give patronage to ours. If this is pleasing to our so-called insular pride that same must be a very funny quantity.

When the causes of a disease are on examination apparent, the proper treatment, if the case be not too far gone, should effect a return to health. The present disease of decay in English jockeydom is of desperate character, and necessarily demands a desperate remedy. You do not cure peritonitis by outward application of a semi-warm bandage. You require a boiling hot flannel saturated with turps. And, similarly, for the jockey disease only a drastic remedy will suffice. If the only remedy be held to be too drastic, matters, so far as we are concerned, will end rather than mend, with the result, possibly, that the English boys will be reduced to “strapping” the

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horses the Americans ride. To my mind the evil has been wrought by :

(1) The extraordinary apathy of trainers in the education of apprentices ;

(2) The grievous disinclination of owners to allow apprentices to ride ; and, thus,

(3) The steadily decreasing numbers of capable English jockeys, and by consequence (till came the American invasion) the high terms, they could, owing to the existence of a "corner," not so much ask as dictate.

With regard to the third point, I suppose I have not lived these seventy-seven years without understanding that, in a measure, a man, whatever his trade or profession, has a right, by the exercise of his skill, to do the best he can for himself. That is a proposition of such self-evidence as to need no demonstration. But, none the less, I am not prepared to allow that it is for the best interests of the Turf that a diminished number of jockeys, by the very restriction of their numbers, should be so placed as to be able to demand princely salaries ; while I am equally certain that if stable affairs had been managed on a basis of common sense, the opportunity of demanding extravagant terms would not have arisen. But stable affairs have not been so managed, with the consequence of an absence of youthful riders

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who, were the apprenticeship scheme in fair sway, would offer strong competition to the old hands. The sporting proverb runs that nothing beats a good old 'un except a good young 'un. The lack of good young 'uns has tended to the enrichment of the old 'uns, who lived in a paradise of apparent security till the Americans swooped down "like the wolf on the fold."

In olden times the average trainer usually had three or four boys that, apart from causing to work in the stables, he taught to ride, and that he saw were given opportunities to ride in public. Practice, everybody knows, tends to perfection, and without practice there can be little cleverness. There has grown up an idea that it is not safe to trust a little boy when a coup is in contemplation; and yet, on the other hand, there is a rush for Johnny Reiff even at the expense, as some would call it, of putting up two or three stone of dead weight! How can the views and the practice be reconciled? "Oh," it may be said, "Reiff is an exception." Yes; he is an exception, because he has been exceptionally treated. He has had exceptional—which should be common—facilities of tuition; he has had exceptional opportunities of practice; and, above all, he has had exceptional supervision by his relatives. These are the reasons why the younger Reiff is an exception to some of our youngsters.

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It is a disgrace to a country boasting Turf pre-eminence that the constant cry should concern the dearth of light-weights. If an owner's horse is let lightly in he is afraid to bet because he cannot find a boy! Could anything, in the way of putting the tail before the head, be more exquisitely Gilbertian? Already we have raised the handicap minimum to 6 st., and there have been demands for a rise to 6 st. 7 lb. I did not always think so, but I am convinced now that a return to even 4 st. 7 lb. would be an immense benefit to the Turf. In that case trainers would be compelled to look after and bring out apprentices, and owners, in turn, to allow them to be put up. Suppose we had such weights and such fields as existed for the Chester Cup in the 'Fifties, where should we be? Regard the following examples:

### THE CHESTER CUP OF 1851.

Mr. Lister's NANCY. 3 yrs., 4 st. 12 lb. . . . .	Kendall	1
Mr. Saxon's THE BLACK DOCTOR. 3 yrs., 5 st. 4 lb. . .	Rickards	2
Mr. Gratwicke's HESSE HOMBURG. 3 yrs., 5 st. 6 lb. (inc. 10 lb. ex.) . . . . .	T. Smith	3
Mr. Brown's Haricot. 4 yrs., 6 st. 12 lb. . . . .	G. Oates	0
Mr. Glen's Damask. 4 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Charlton	0
Mr. E. Herbert's Sir Robert. 4 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb. . .	Roden	0
Mr. Pilling's Lady Eden. 4 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Osborne	0
Mr. Foster's Mickleton. 4 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Hammond	0
Mr. Lawson's Caurire. 5 yrs., 6 st. 6 lb. . . . .	Metcalf	0
Mr. Carew's Eva. 5 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb. . . . .	Basham	0
Mr. C. Peck's York You're Wanted. 4 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb.	Hiatt	0
Lord Clifden's Wallflower. 5 yrs., 6 st. . . . .	Mann	0

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Mr. Martin's Wilmont. 4 yrs., 6 st. . . . .	Gorst 0
Mr. Kemp's f. by Gladiator-Sprite. 4 yrs., 5 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Wells 0
Mr. R. Martin's Rubina. 4 yrs., 5 st. 10 lb. . . . .	T. Harrison 0
Duke of Richmond's Hurry Scurry. 3 yrs., 4 st. 9 lb. . . . .	
(car. 5 st.) . . . . .	Garvey 0
Mr. Stebbing's Knook Knoll. 3 yrs., 4 st. 8 lb. (car. . . . .	
4 st. 13 lb.) . . . . .	Sherwood 0
—	
Mr. Maugan's Russborough. 4 yrs., 8 st. 6 lb. . . . .	Flatman 0
Col. Anson's Backbiter. 6 yrs., 7 st. 9 lb. . . . .	Simpson 0
Major Pitt's Vampyre. Aged, 7 st. 7 lb. . . . .	Dockeray 0
Lord Waterford's Duc au Darras. 6 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb. . . . .	H. Robinson 0
Mr. Wilkin's Langton. 5 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb. . . . .	Arnold 0
Mr. Meiklam's The Italian. 4 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb. . . . .	Lye 0
Mr. Drinkald's Sauter la Coupe. 5 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb. . . . .	Rodney 0
Lord Eglinton's The Knight of Avenal. 4 yrs., 7 st. . . . .	
3 lb. . . . .	J. Sharpe 0
Lord Strathmore's Montague. 5 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb. . . . .	Crouch 0
Mr. Treen's Rhesus. 5 yrs., 7 st. . . . .	Treen 0
Mr. Harrison's Seaman. 4 yrs., 7 st. . . . .	G. Harrison 0

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

Here we have a field of twenty-eight, and seventeen of the runners carried under 7 st. The thing, as I have said, would be impossible at this day. Why it is not possible is because apprentices are not brought out as they were.

To show this is no singular instance, take the case of

### THE CHESTER CUP OF 1852.

Mr. Farrance's JOE MILLER. 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Goater 1
Mr. Meiklam's STILTON. 3 yrs., 5 st. 8 lb. (inc. 10 . . . . .	
lb. extra) . . . . .	Alderoft 2
Lord Clifden's POODLE. 3 yrs., 5 st. 3 lb. (inc. 10 . . . . .	
lb. extra) . . . . .	T. Sherrard 3

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Mr. Spencer's Benita. 3 yrs., 4 st. . . . .	Fordham	4
Major Pitt's Vampire. Aged, 6 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Glazebrook	0
Mr. Morris's Hungerford. 4 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Basham	0
Mr. H. Hill's Hothorpe. 4 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Arnold	0
Mr. Langshaw's Gholab Singh. 4 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Neep	0
Lord Waterford's Cockerow. 4 yrs., 6 st. 8 lb. . . . .	W. Wynne	0
Mr. Martinson's View Halloo. 6 yrs., 6 st. 6 lb. . . . .	E. Harrison	0
Mr. Fisher's Breba. 4 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb. . . . .	Hiskman	0
Mr. Farrance's Cardinal Wiseman. 4 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb. . . . .	J. Wynne	0
Mr. Drinkald's Dulcet. Aged, 6 st. . . . .	A. Pavis	0
Mr. Delamere's Harp. 4 yrs., 6 st. . . . .	Atherton	0
Mr. Diskey's The Indian Warrior. 3 yrs., 5 st. 11 lb. . . . .	T. Smith	0
Mr. R. Martin's Wilmont. 5 yrs., 5 st. 10 lb. (car. 6 st. 1 lb.) . . . . .	Chilman	0
Mr. Thomas's Sister to Fencer . . . . .	J. Doyle, Jn.	0
Lord Waterford's Redmond O'Hanlou. 3 yrs., 5 st. 8 lb. (inc. 5 extra) . . . . .	Garvey	0
Mr. J. Osborne's Merry Bird. 3 yrs., 5 st. 6 lb. . . . .	Carroll	0
Mr. Pilling's High Sheriff. 3 yrs., 5 st. 6 lb. . . . .	T. Sherwood	0
Mr. Copeland's The Lady Amyott. 3 yrs., 5 st. . . . .	Kendall	0
Mr. Phillip's Kohinoor. 3 yrs., 5 st. (car. 5 st. 3 lb.) . . . . .	Wells	0
Mr. W. D. Holtby's Ulrica. 3 yrs., 4 st. 12 lb. . . . .	Dodd	0
Mr. Saxon's Richard Primmer. 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Quinton	0
Mr. Greville's Scarecrow. 3 yrs., 4 st. 7 lb. . . . .	Steggles	0
Mr. J. Smith's Barley Sugar. 3 yrs., 4 st. 4 lb. (car. 4 st. 8 lb.) . . . . .	Cliffe, Jn.	0
—————		
Mr. Martinson's Nancy. 4 yrs., 9 st. 1 lb. . . . .	F. Marson	0
Mr. Maugan's Russborough. 5 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb. . . . .	Keegan	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's Mountain Deer. 4 yrs., 8 st. 6 lb. . . . .	Hiatt	0
Mr. Phillips's Truth. 4 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb. . . . .	J. Doyle	0
Mr. Moseley's Alonzo. 5 yrs., 8 st. . . . .	Simpson	0
General Anson's Backbiter. Aged, 7 st. 12 lb. . . . .	Charlton	0
Mr. Greville's Ariosto. 4 yrs., 7 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Dockeray	0
Lord Wilton's Lady Evelyn. 6 yrs., 7 st. 8 lb. . . . .	Flatman	0
Lord Eglinton's Hippolytus. 4 yrs., 7 st. 8 lb. . . . .	J. Sharp	0
Mr. Phillips's Le Juif. 4 yrs., 7 st. 6 lb. . . . .	Knott	0
Mr. Palmer's Goldfinder. 4 yrs., 7 st. 6 lb. . . . .	W. Sharpe	0
Mr. E. R. Clark's Old Tan Tucker. 6 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb. . . . .	G. Mann	0

## SIXTY YEARS ON THE TURF

Mr. Saxon's The Black Doctor. 4 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb.	J. Osborne	0
Lord Waterford's Duc au Darras. Aged, 7 st.	D. Doyle	0
Sir W. Booth's Retail. 6 yrs., 7 st.	Kitchener	0
Duke of Bedford's Hesse Homburg. 4 yrs., 7 st.	Esling	0
Mr. Nott's Birmingham. 4 yrs., 6 st. 12 lb. (car. 7 st. 12 lb.)	Knight	0

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

Fordham, it will be noted, at this time could ride 4 st. Of the forty-three runners, twenty-six carried under 7 st., and of the first four two were burdened with less than 5 st. and two with less than 6 st. These instances were by no means isolated, as will be revealed by a glance at

### THE CHESTER CUP OF 1853.

Mr. Palmer's GOLDFINDER. 5 yrs., 7 st. 6 lb.	Aldcroft	1
Mr. Knowles's TALFOURD. 3 yrs., 5 st. 6 lb. (inc. 10 lb. extra)	Ashmall	2
Mr. Parr's TRIFLE. 4 yrs., 5 st. 12 lb.	Wells	3
Captain Scott's Allegro. 4 yrs., 6 st. 12 lb.	J. Jones	0
Captain Key's Little Jack. 6 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb.	Stanway	0
Mr. Morris's Timid Fawn. 5 yrs., 6 st. 8 lb.	Hiatt	0
Lord Waterford's Bellewstown. 5 yrs., 6 st. 8 lb.	D. Doyle	0
Mr. Cooper's Ianthe. 5 yrs., 6 st. 6 lb. (car. 6 st. 10 lb.)	Crouch	0
Mr. Greville's Scarecrow. 4 yrs., 6 st. 4 lbs.	Harding	0
Mr. E. R. Clarke's Constantine. 4 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb.	Quinton	0
Mr. l'Anson's Braxey. 4 yrs., 6 st. (car. 6 st. 2 lb.)	Chilman	0
Mr. E. R. Clark's Missive. 4 yrs., 5 st. 8 lb.	S. Steggles	0
Captain Scott's Helena. 3 yrs., 5 st. 7 lb. (car. 5 st. 11 lb.)	Carroll	0
Mr. Kimberley's Snowdon Dunhill. 3 yrs., 5 st. 6 lb.	Rickards	0
Mr. Willans's Peggy. 3 yrs., 5 st. 6 lb.	Bates	0
Mr. Burke's Hannah. 3 yrs., 5 st.	Hughes	0
Mr. J. M. Stanley's Contentment. 3 yrs., 4 st. 12 lb.	J. Steggles	0
Mr. J. Wilkinson's Lord Lieutenant. 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lb. (car. 5 st.)	Olliver	0

## SIXTY YEARS ON THE TURF

Captain Lane's Auchinlech. 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lb. (car. 4 st. 13 lb.) . . . . .	Perfect 0
Mr. Thompson's Guicowar. 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lb. . . . .	J. Gill 0
Mr. Balfe's Rosalba. 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Fordham 0
Mr. T. Powell's Anne Page. 3 yrs., 4 st. 7 lb. . . . .	C. Prior 0
—————	
Mr. Nichol's Newminster. 5 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb. . . . .	Templeman 0
Baron Rothschild's Leopold. 4 yrs., 8 st. 1 lb. (inc. 5 lb. extra) . . . . .	Charlton 0
Lord Wilton's Lady Evelyn. Aged, 8 st. . . . .	Flatman 0
Mr. Morris's Indian Warrior. 4 yrs., 7 st. 6 lb. . . . .	Basham 0
Sir W. Booth's Retail. Aged, 7 st. 4 lb. . . . .	Kitchener 0
Mr. Saxon's The Black Doctor. 5 yrs., 7 st. 3 lb. . . . .	Abrahams 0

Won by half a neck ; half a length between the second and third.

Of the twenty-eight runners in the above race exactly two thirds were handicapped at under 7 st. Could we find twenty-one light weights now? Their plenitude was continued, as note

### THE CHESTER CUP OF 1854.

Captain Lane's EPAMINONDAS. 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Fordham 1
Mr. MORRIS'S INDIAN WARRIOR. 5 yrs., 7 st. 6 lb. . . . .	Basham 2
Lord Derby's ACROBAT. 3 yrs., 5 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Garvey 3
Mr. Meiklam's Peggy. 4 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb. (car. 6 st. 6 lb.) . . . . .	Aldcroft 4
Mr. Howard's Catspaw. 4 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Ashmall 0
Mr. Parker's Aldford. 4 yrs., 6 st. 6 lb. . . . .	J. Goater 0
Mr. Magenis's Sandhurst. 4 yrs., 6 st. 6 lb. . . . .	Olliver 0
Mr. E. R. Clark's Dear Me. 6 st. 2 lb. . . . .	F. Marson, Jn. 0
Mr. W. H. Scott's Tom. 3 yrs., 5 st. 4 lb. . . . .	Bearpark 0
Mr. G. Mather's Eva. 3 yrs., 5 st., 3 lb. (car. 5 st. 5 lb.) . . . . .	Carroll 0
Mr. Barber's Domino. 3 yrs., 5 st. 3 lb. . . . .	Forster 0
Mr. G. Mather's St. Clare. 3 yrs., 5 st. 1 lb. (inc. 5 lb. extra) . . . . .	Creswell 0
Mr. Thompson's Sir James Graham. 3 yrs., 5 st. (car. 5 st. 1 lb.) . . . . .	J. Gill 0
Mr. Howard's Star of Surrey. 3 yrs., 5 st. . . . .	Porter 0



MR. RICHARD TATTERSALL.

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## SIXTY YEARS ON THE TURF

Mr. Drinkald's Jack Frost. 3 yrs., 4 st. 12 lb. (car. 5 st.). . . . .	Bundy 0
Mr. Hill's Dr. O'Toole. 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Salter 0
Mr. F. Knowles's Baalbec. 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Wood 0
Mr. Bailey's Lurley. 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Edwards 0
Mr. E. R. Clark's Jujube. 3 yrs., 4 st. 4 lb. . . . .	R. Bullock 0
Mr. Night's Jephson. 3 yrs., 4 st. 4lb. . . . .	Reyner 0

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Mr. Nichol's Newminster. 6 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb. . . . .	Templeman 0
Mr. Barber's Cobnut. 4 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb. . . . .	Clements 0
Sir J. Boswell's Annie Sutherland. 4 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb. . . . .	Charlton 0
Mr. Handley's Lancashire Lass. 4 yrs., 7 st. . . . .	Cliff 0

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

Of the runners, amounting to a couple of dozen, above enumerated, nineteen carried less than 7 st., and six less than 5 st. There was indeed in those days no paucity of light-weights. As a final example of what must be held to be a crushing indictment of the present system I recite the runners for

### THE CHESTER CUP OF 1856.

Mr. Parker's ONE ACT. 3 yrs., 4 st. 13 lb. (inc. 10 lb. extra) car. 5 st. 1 lb. . . . .	Hibbert 1
Mr. Howard's YELLOW JACK. 3 yrs., 5 st. 8 lb. . . . .	Fordham 2
Lord Chesterfield's TYPEE. 6 yrs., 8 st. . . . .	Flatman 3
Mr. J. Osborne's Yorkshire Grey. 4 yrs., 5 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Chaloner 4
Mr. Heywood's Courtenay. 4 yrs., 6 st. 6 lb. . . . .	Withington 5
Mr. Jackson's Lady Tatton. 4 yrs., 6 st. 12 lb. . . . .	Bates 0
Lord Clifden's Poodle. Aged, 6 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Crouch 0
Mr. O'Reilly's Vandyke. 4 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb. . . . .	Ducker 0
Mr. Shepherd's Cardsharper. 5 yrs., 6 st. 8 lb. . . . .	Musgrove 0
Mr. Greville's Quince. 5 yrs., 6 st. 8 lb. . . . .	Plumb 0
Mr. W. Robinson's Siding. 4 yrs., 6 st. 8 lb. (inc. 10 lb. extra) . . . . .	G. Quinton 0
Mr. Barber's Goorkah. 6 yrs., 6 st. 6 lb. . . . .	Mundy 0

## SIXTY YEARS ON THE TURF

Mr. F. Fisher's New Brighton.	6 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb.	Hughes	0
Mr. Rigby's Imogene.	4 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb.	Quinton	0
Mr. Parker's Aldford.	6 yrs., 6 st. (car. 6 st. 3 lb.)	Alder	0
Mr. J. M. Stanley's Mishap.	5 yrs., 6 st.	Creswell	0
Mr. T. Parr's Fatalist.	4 yrs., 6 st.	Carroll	0
Mr. E. Parr's Stork.	3 yrs., 5 st. 6 lb.	Snowden	0
Mr. Sidebottom's Aleppo.	3 yrs., 5 st. 5 lb.	Taylor	0
Mr. Ridley's Hospitality.	3 yrs., 5 st. 3 lb. (inc. 5 lb. extra)	Bullock	0
Mr. Morris' Bubble.	3 yrs., 4 st. 6 lb. (car. 4 st. 10 lb.)	Grimmer	0
Mr. J. Wood's Vine.	3 yrs., 4 st. 7 lb. (car. 4 st. 10 lb.)	Britton	0
Sir T. Hawley's Redan.	3 yrs., 4 st. 7 lb.	Dwyer	0
Mr. T. W. Redhead's Van Dunck.	3 yrs., 4 st. 6 lb.	J. Snowden	0

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Mr. Osbaldeston's Rifleman.	4 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	Bartholomew	0
Mr. E. R. Clark's Mr. Sykes.	6 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb.	F. Marson	0
Mr. Howard's Scythian.	5 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb.	Wells	0
Baron Rothschild's Hungerford.	Aged, 7 st. 10lb.	Charlton	0
Mr. Copperthwaite's The Early Bird.	5 yrs., 7 st. 10lb.	Aldcroft	0
Captain Lane's Epaminondas.	5 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb.	G. Mann	0

Won by a head ; a head between the second and third ; two lengths between the third and fourth.

Of the thirty runners above enumerated twenty-three carried less than 7 st.

If these considerations do not cause dissatisfaction with the present returns then indeed is one as the voice crying in the wilderness. Of late years the apparently easiest way—the way of raising the weights to suit the jockeys, instead of “raising” the jockeys to suit the weights—has been the popular ; and we are now realising that the chosen was the hardest way, as is not of infrequent occurrence in politics and letters as well as on the

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Turf. For any one to assert that 4 st. 7 lb. boys, and so on, cannot be expected to ride is to show a singular ignorance of Turf history, as the preceding tables demonstrate. They could ride in the Fifties, and round, too, such a course as Chester, which we are informed nowadays is so dangerous that many jockeys prefer not to take a mount! The halcyon times for recruits to the Turf were the years from 1850 to 1870, during which period a huge number of boys could go to scale at from 4 st. to 6 st., with the worst as good as the best of their size and age of the present period.

The fault is not the modern boys'. It attaches to the trainers and, in the first place perhaps, to the owners. I have often discussed the matter with the heads of the training profession. "Why don't you bring out apprentices?"

"What's the good of taking the trouble?" is the general answer. "Owners won't put them up."

"But you could use them for your own horses."

"Oh, it's a deal of trouble, and doesn't pay."

It might not in the beginning, for most on the Turf are indelibly and in painful degree wedded to fashion. But in the end, with perseverance, would come the reward. Thomas Dawson was not a man who affected foolishness; and what boys he turned out! It was the same with old John Osborne, and

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in greater degree with J. Godding, from whose hands came polished jockeys like French, David Plumb, Huxtable, Sayers, Parry, Butler, Wilson, &c. &c.; while Matthew Dawson sent out, among many others, Archer, F. Webb, and Billy Grey. "Once upon a time" a trainer regarded a good home boy as necessitous as a good horse or two. My own plan with my trainers' boys was to put them up on any available occasion, and, as I have mentioned, though I was sure Victorious could in the Mile Nursery at Goodwood in 1864 give the weight to Victory I none the less ran the latter for the sake of Morris. "Why do you run Victory? Has he a chance?" asked Admiral Rous. "Not a thousand to one?" "Then why run him." "To give Morris practice." "Oh," he said, "a very good plan." In thus acting, if I was serving the boys I was also benefiting myself, as when I wanted them for a "good thing" they were ready to hand. In this way I assisted in the polishing of Heartfield, Morris, Quince, Vidler, Johnson, Gaston, Mitchell, and others, exceeding a dozen, and all could be trusted to ride well; some magnificently. My trainers were not solitary pursuers of the plan. The custom was common, and in this way the old was continually being leavened with the new. We, in those times, never had to murmur at the absence of capable

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recruits. Every year brought a fresh stream, and in this connection I take leave to quote from Harry Custance's charming "Reminiscences." Custance says :

"Whilst on this topic [of Fordham's fine horsemanship] I must relate a little anecdote of Fordham's re-appearance in the saddle after an absence of two years through illness. Mr. T. Jennings gave him his first mount in the Bushes Handicap on a horse called Pardon, belonging to Count Lagrange, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting of 1878. Fordham would not mount in the Birdcage, as no one hated flattery more than he did. We went down the course together to the Ditch Mile starting-post, and he got into the saddle half-way down. He seemed all right at first, but just before we got to the post his spirits failed him, and he said to me :

" 'Cus, I wish I hadn't got up.' "

" 'Why, George?' was my answer ; whereupon he resumed :

" 'Look at those kids ; I don't know one of them.' "

There were several small boys, and only Archer of the older ones riding.

[The "small boys," I may add, were Lemaire, Heather, Hopkins, Gallon, Barker, Greaves, J. Berry, Kendall, and Morris.]

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“I said: ‘My dear George, don’t you trouble about that. *They* will know *you* soon when you get up side of them, especially at the finish.’”

Thus we see that in two years, even at so late a period as 1876-1878, a new school had arisen which knew not Fordham, and which Fordham did not know. The circumstance would in vain be looked for of late days. We have been suffering, to use a commercial term, from a restriction of output.

And the result? That until the Americans came over a certain number of “crack” or “fashionable” jockeys (the phrase is not mine, but the accepted of the hour) practically ruled the Turf, till it became almost a matter of arrangement which of a certain set should win, while, granting everything to be fair, owners were forced to pay princely retainers to be sure of services on needed occasions. In this latter particular, I own, the arrival of the Americans has brought no relief. Yet they have done good by forcing the pace, and so increasing the accuracy of the running. Since they flocked over we have not been pained with the experience of a mile and a half race being a trot for a mile, and then a burst for speed, with the too common result of the speedy instead of the staying horses winning. I have said that the arrival of the Americans has not lessened the cost of jockeys. Perhaps in their direction the

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figures unfortunately have been exalted. In truth, one hears of thousands, and fifteen hundreds, and two thousands, and more, as though money were plentiful as dirt in the gutter. These figures offer a striking contrast to those that prevailed in the days of Mr. Greville, who was a deal incensed when somebody offered his jockey, Flatman, fifty pounds a year for third claim! "Fifty pounds a year for third claim!" exclaimed the owner of Muscovite incredulously. "*Do you want to ruin my jockey?*"

Of course, rates of pay all round have risen since Mr. Greville's days, but they have not risen with jockey-ratio, else would employers be in sad financial plight. My boys, and other people's boys, on occasions got nothing beyond their wages, and they jumped at the opportunity of practice. I insist on practice because I am no believer in "infant phenomena." Naturally, when a boy comes into a stable he must show some adaptability for the business of riding. That, I fancy, is an essential in all departments. Failing adaptability tuition is a waste of time; and the indentures can in the cases of inadaptability usually be amicably cancelled. The plea of trainers, as I have stated, will be that the absence of incentive is in the disinclination of owners. Truly, if in these times you are not a fashionable—or an American—you stand in danger of being

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nothing. Take the case of Herbert Jones, who is attached to Egerton House. Here is a jockey who can go to scale at about 7st. 4lb., and despite the fact that he rode Diamond Jubilee to victory in the Two Thousand Guineas, the Newmarket Stakes, the Derby, the Eclipse Stakes, and the St. Leger—through the confessed inability of either Watts or M. Cannon to manage Persimmon's brother—he was allowed to go through what should have been *the* season of his life with only thirty-seven mounts, of which he won on seven! One would have thought, and been pardoned for thinking, that with Royal patronage of the extent indicated by the privileges enjoyed by Jones more call would have been made on his services. But the Turf world is full of contradictions which pass the understanding of man.

Recent legislation has held out some inducements for the putting up of apprentices, but owners, against their interests, are slow in response. They have through their supineness found themselves in the past hampered by a Jockey Ring of extended ramifications, and now they are thrown back on Americans at, so to say, any price, their position becoming desperate when these are unavailable or they cannot do the weight. Perhaps, with this and that jockey crossing the Channel, because things here are not as they were, and no healthy influx of

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recruits discernible, they will realise the seriousness of the situation, and, by being less exigent, tempt their trainers to return to the old and the same path. It was indeed pleasant to see W. E. Elsey, when Weldon left him, turn to his own, in Yarnell and Foster, both of whom, when afforded the chance, did well for the shrewd Baumber trainer.

That some of the present surroundings of the Turf are inimical to the continuance of a young lad in the prime of condition and in the possession of good habits must be allowed, whatever sadness there is in the admission. Many a one of fair promise has gone to the wall almost ere he has fulfilled his indentures. To the lack of restraint may be traced the cause; and without being an anti-tobaccoist it has grieved me to see boys, depending for their future on their nerves, sucking at cigars nearly their own size. That way inevitably lies ruin. A boy, no matter what the measure of his horsemanship, is after all no more in mind than his age indicates. The greater his success the greater the surrounding dangers from designing men and, alas! nowadays women, and unless he be carefully guarded the things that should be his making may cause his undoing. One of the most regrettable features of the time is the "hero worship" of jockeys. At a period they had little worship and often little money. E. Hunt—

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now a spectator of the scenes in which once, with credit to himself, he was an active participator—has told me that for riding Shannon to victory in the Goodwood, the York, and the Doncaster Cups he received no more than, for the three victories, twenty-five pounds, that being in 1871. Before and beyond that date jockeys were frequently hard pressed for travelling money, and many are the fivers that Mr. Lambert, Mr. Swindell, Mr. George Angell, myself, and others lent professionals disappointed of their legal dues. It was at the instance of Mr. W. G. Craven—then a Steward of the Jockey Club—that a rule was passed which protected jockeys from defaulting and dilatory owners, it being decided at a meeting of the Club on April 18, 1880 :

“That all jockeys’ fees shall be paid to the Stakeholder or the Clerk of the Course at the same time as the stakes.”

I said at the moment that that was the best and the fairest thing ever done for jockeys, and time has proved the accuracy of the expression. The desire now should be not to do something for jockeys in the way of fees, but to get owners, through trainers, to do something for themselves by ensuring a constant supply of fresh young hands. If, however, only the “fashionables” are to be employed—whether English

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or American—then indeed will the future be worse than the present state of the English Turf—which indeed, with one thing and another, threatens to become English in name only.

## CHAPTER XX

Another tale of Mr. Swindell—He and Mr. B. Phillips seek a “settling” in Manchester—The nature of the same—A case of obstinacy—Captain Hawkesley suffers and sulks—The late Harry Hall—The New Barns fracas explained—Harry Morgan—The Stewards in the sixties—The “Tout” and the late Lord Russell—Mr. Willes (“Argus” of the *Morning Post*) offends—A Solemn Council—Resolutions and Amendments—“Argus the Exile”—A new tale about Hermit—William I’Anson as a starting-price engincer—Lord Russell’s views on the needed age of whisky—I am taken for Mr. Gladstone at Waverley Station—The reason for the V’s.

MANY tales have I told ere this of Mr. Fred Swindell, but there is one it would, perhaps, be a pity to leave out. As most of his acquaintances knew, Swindell had what is termed a dry sense of humour, and the gift upon one occasion was certainly not appreciated by one of his Manchester friends, a Mr. “Billy” Phillips. The pair were in Cottonopolis, with not a deal to do, and their thoughts ran upon the extent of the “old.”

“While I’m here I ought to get some in,” said Swindell, “and, Bill, I think So-and-so [I purposely, for reasons, suppress the name] ought to pay up, especially as I hear he’s won a good bit lately. Shall we call on him?”

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“Yes. Certainly. I want some too,” returned Phillips.

“Well, we won’t frighten him by going together. I’ll try him first, if you like, and you wait round the corner.”

The shop, I may add, was in Market Street. In walked Fred into the establishment, and asked “Is Mr. So-and-so in?”

“Yes,” answered a grim old typical Lancashireman. “He is. I’m Mr. So-and-so.”

“Oh, you’re not the man I want. He’s much younger.”

“Ah! my son perhaps.”

“Yes, I think so,” said Swindell.

“And what’s the nature of your business?”

“Well, he owes me some money. It’s been owing a long time, and I think it ought to be paid.”

“Ah, and what might it be owing over?”

“Oh, it’s some bets, and I think it ought to be settled.”

“You do, do you? Well, I settle those sort of accounts, and,” seizing a long ebony office ruler, he roared, “I settle them with this! Now, if you’re not out of this place in a second I’ll kick you out.”

“What did you do, Fred?” I asked, for Swindell told me the tale himself.

“La-ad,” he solemnly returned, “I went out

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quicker than I went in, and I went out backwards, for the old man looked like assisting me, and he had the right sort of feet."

Mr. "Billy" Phillips, when he saw Swindell, was naturally anxious to hear the result of the visit.

"Did he settle?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," said Fred, "he settled with me—well, partially. I've got a bit," and suiting the action to the word he slipped his hand into his inside pocket as though depositing notes.

"I'd better go for mine then," remarked Phillips.

"There's no time like the present," said Swindell, and off Phillips strutted.

The formalities of inquiry were about the same, but the old gentleman did not waste much time in parleying, being in an even more irascible mood.

"Oh," he shouted, "you're another of 'em, are you? Settle! Yes! Take that!" And crash came the ruler on the head of poor Phillips, who in the twinkling of an eye found himself hatless and bleeding in the roadway, the infuriated parent roaring: "If there's any more of you, send 'em along! This is my settling stick!" It was a long time before Phillips forgave Swindell, who did not think the joke would be carried to the extent it was.

There is a firmness which becomes a man, and

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there is an obstinacy which tells against his fortunes. One of the most obstinate men of my acquaintance was Captain Hawkesley, and as illustration of his temperament I may relate an incident that happened in the autumn of 1865. The Shrewsbury Autumn Meeting that year lasted from Monday to Friday, and most of the visitors from afar were "in residence" on the preceding Sunday. On that day I met Captain Hawkesley (he raced in the name of "Mr. Pardoe"), when he asked me if I had anything I would sell him that might win a race.

"Yes," I answered, "there's Valentine, the Adamas filly that ran second in the Brocklesby when yours was left at the post."

"The price?"

"Three hundred, and a hundred on the first time you back her."

"Can I have a trial?"

"Yes. I will send a note to the stables. But, Captain, make the trial early. There are a lot of people about, and they might spoil your price."

The Captain, as I have stated, was bad to advise, and delayed the spin until close on nine o'clock Monday morning, which was not an especially clever move. However, Valentine fully satisfied the Captain, and he determined ere the week ended to have a plunge. She was in a race on the Monday

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that was at her mercy. But he could not run her that or the next day, or the ensuing, or the fourth. I begged of him several times to start her, but he curtly told me he knew his business best. On the Friday I had a filly named Vexatious, in the Nursery Plate at 6 st. 4 lb., and Valentine was handicapped at 7 st. 1 lb.

“I mean to run mine, Captain,” I said. “You’ve had every chance; and as it’s the last day I must have a cut in.”

“Do as you like,” he returned. “I’m going to back mine. Do you want your hundred on?”

“Certainly. That was part of the deal. But I shall have two hundred on mine, and, Captain, mark my word, I am sure to beat you.”

The answer was a laugh of ridicule. “I am not afraid of yours. I shall put you the hundred on.”

What with the trial and the waiting policy everybody was on the look out for Valentine, and, as Captain Hawkesley put his money down freely, she soon stood at 5 to 4, while I obtained 600 to 200 about my Vexatious. One of the firmest friends of the Captain was Mr. Pryor, who, as the present bearer of the name, raced in the Mexican blue jacket. He was of a different type to his friend, and on his asking me what I thought, I related all that had passed between the Captain and myself.

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"Well," said he, "I've a good stake on Valentine, but I shall save it on yours."

Vexatious won by a neck from Professor Anderson, with Valentine a bad third. Mr. Pryor was naturally a bit obliged to me for saving him his money, and did not mince words of congratulation.

"H'm," I remarked, "Captain Hawkesley takes a very different attitude. He passed me a minute ago as though I had been his greatest enemy on earth."

"He can only blame his own obstinacy," Mr. Pryor commented. For three years the Captain "nursed his wrath to keep it warm," as though I were the party at fault. Assuredly he had lost a deal of money, but he risked his stake with his eyes open. However, the more you try to persuade some people for their good, the more they are upset when, things eventuating your way, they are placed in the wrong. In the end the Captain came round, shook hands, and confessed he had only himself to blame.

The late Harry Hall, of Spigot Lodge, was, if at times a man of sardonic humour, never a lovable creature, and I have heard him boast that he cared for nothing on the earth, under the earth, or over the earth. He and I had a "passage of arms" in 1893, after Golden Drop had won, in startling style,

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at an outside price, the Manchester November Handicap. I own I was to blame in letting my temper get the better of my reason, and if one can it is always better to take a "set back" with a philosophic calm, either natural or assumed. Still, there was some excuse for the personal ebullition in the circumstance that if one man had ever tried to serve another that man was myself to Hall. Through me he obtained £500 for the services of his boy, Morgan, for Sutton in the Cambridgeshire. This was in 1875, and three years later I arranged that Mr. Gretton should give him the same sum when Morgan rode Isonomy to victory in the same race, while had Harbinger annexed the Cesarewitch another thousand would have gone into his pockets. Yet again, I sold him Pascarel for 500 sovs., to Mr. Fred Gretton; so that, in one way and another, I was continually serving his interests. Consequently, considering our relations, and taking into account that the benefits were, so far, all one-sided, I thought he might have "opened his mouth" about Golden Drop. Moreover, he had plenty of opportunities. Thus at the Derby Meeting I said to him:

"Harry, you'll win at Manchester."

"Perhaps I shall, and perhaps I shan't. I haven't backed him. And if I back him I want some one to do the business who can hedge the money if I don't

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fancy him on the morning of the race." That was his answer.

"Why," I said, "here's Billy Unwin. He's the very man. I'll call him over."

"No, no! not at all; tell him to write to me."

Mr. Unwin wrote, and received an answer that there was no need of hurry, and that he (Hall) would see him at Manchester. On the Thursday (the first day of the meeting) he told Unwin he could say nothing; he had better wait till the next day. Came that day, and though he saw Unwin and myself he spoke to neither.

On the morning of the handicap I said, "Go to him, Bill, and ask him point blank whether he does or does not want anything done." The answer was his stereotyped grunt; and, delivered of that, he walked away. The result was that neither Unwin nor myself had a penny piece on. These are the unvarnished facts of the case, and I think they throw some mitigating light on a scene that I do not recall with pleasantness. Of Harry Morgan I should like to say a good word. In his day he was a capital jockey, one of the very best; and even now he can ride in a trial with most. He never entertained a harsh thought of anybody, and his one fault has been his foolishness to himself.

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In the Sixties the Stewards and the members of the Jockey Club were more thin-skinned than their successors of this day; and for the most trivial offence against their laws, or sometimes their opinions of propriety, a man might find himself "warned off." My old friend, "Mr. Rodney" of Newmarket, has received many precious paper documents of an alarming character for exercising his vocation of "horse-watcher," but not one ever troubled his digestive organs, while when the late Lord Calthorpe became more attentive than usual "Mr. Rodney" consulted the late Lord Russell (when Sir Charles) and discovered, by his acumen and research, a spot on the Heath that was no more under the control of the Jockey Club than are the plains of Timbuctoo. One of the most curious incidents, as showing the sensitiveness of the members of the Jockey Club, occurred in 1862, and as the majority may find the tale a fresh one I reproduce the items, taken from a

"Report of the Principal Proceedings of the Jockey Club during the year [1862], abridged from the Sheet Calendar.

"Lord Winchilsea having called the attention of the meeting to a letter in the *Morning Post* of October 20, signed 'Argus,' in which the Tarragona case was prejudged in an offensive manner :

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“It was moved by Lord Stradbroke and seconded by Mr. Greville :

“That the meeting was of opinion that it was not expedient to take notice of anonymous writers in public prints.

“On a division the numbers were :

“For Lord Stradbroke’s motion . . . . . 10

“Against it . . . . . 12

“It was then moved by Lord Winchilsea, and seconded by Admiral Rous :

“That a letter be written by Mr. Weatherby to Mr. Willes, a gentleman writing under the signature of ‘Argus’ in the *Morning Post*, requiring him to make an apology for certain offensive expressions used by him in the *Morning Post* of October 20, affecting the character of the Jockey Club.

“This was carried on a division, the numbers being :

“For the motion . . . . . 13

“Against it . . . . . 7

“The meeting then adjourned till Friday after the races.

“At the adjourned meeting on Friday :

“Mr. Willes’s answer to the letter that was written to him in pursuance of the resolution passed at a meeting of the Club on Wednesday having been read,

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“The following resolution was moved by Lord Winchilsea and seconded by Lord Glasgow :

“That Mr. Willes having been required to make an apology for certain offensive expressions reflecting on the character of the Jockey Club, used by him in a letter signed ‘Argus,’ published in the *Morning Post* of October 20, 1862, and not having done so, be warned off the Lands and Property of the Jockey Club at Newmarket.

“To this the following amendment was moved by General Peel, seconded by Mr. Greville :

“That a Special Meeting of the Club be called for the purpose of taking Mr. Willes’s letter into consideration, and deciding what is the best course to be adopted.

“The meeting having divided on the amendment, the numbers were :

“For the amendment . . . . . 6

“Against it . . . . . 11

“The meeting then divided on the original motion, which was carried, the numbers being :

“For Lord Winchilsea’s motion . . . . . 11

“Against it . . . . . 6

“Adjourned.”

“And so home,” as Mr. Pepys would have said. It all reads rather comical now : and at the time the humour was not unapparent. Mr. Willes—who

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was a brilliant and forcible writer—was not disturbed by the solemn conclusion, and only laughed when next spring I at the Epsom Meeting ran a colt, by Autocrat from Vera, under the name of “Argus the Exile.” He was a very bad horse, but curiously he managed a dead heat with one called “The Welcher”! This only emphasised the humour of the situation. To the best of my recollection Mr. Willes never apologised.

Although, as I have said, I rarely won upon a Derby, I did secure a little on Hermit in 1867. Had I not been prejudiced against the son of Newminster and Seclusion, I might have gone for a splendid stake at a moderate outlay. I knew, as did the rest of the world, that he had broken a blood-vessel. But I knew also that of which the world was ignorant, that to outward seeming he was thoroughly restored. Still, there is with a horse of blood-vessel breaking propensities always a danger of repetition when the steam is turned on; and, as I say, I was prejudiced. How I came to know that Hermit was all right was through Mr. John Reeves, a very clever trainer at Epsom. He met me on the Saturday before Derby Day, and said, “Oh, Mr. Hodgman, I took the liberty of opening your gate and letting down your chains this morning.”

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“What for?” I queried.

“Well, Bloss, the trainer of Hermit, wished to give the horse a good pipe opener, and he asked me whose place yours was. I told him, and he said, ‘What sort of a man is he? Would he object to me having a gallop? It’s the very place I want.’ I said I didn’t think you would object, and, anyway, I added that I would chance it.”

“Oh, that’s all right, Reeves. And how did Hermit go?”

“Splendidly! I led him, or, rather, tried to lead him, on Molly Carew, but he galloped clean away, and pulled up thoroughly sound. I was so pleased I went straight to London, and took 2000 to 30. You had better do the same. I think he’s sure to win.”

At first I said I would, but I let the matter drop, and only won upon him through my book. I am aware that my friend Custance states in his “Reminiscences” that Hermit had not had a canter for nine days till he was sent a mile on the Tuesday morning—the day before the Derby. But Custance at the time of the Saturday spin was, on his own statement, at Chantilly; hence he could not be expected to know, and as he was not riding Hermit, but The Rake, Bloss would hardly tell him.

“We have changed all that since then,” said the

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Mock Doctor in the French farce when his patient suggested, because he was examining the right, that the heart was on the left side. Such a striking physical revolution has yet to occur. But in a way the change that has come over the system of betting is no less startling than would be counted the transposition of the cardiac organ. There is perhaps as much gambling as of yore in bulk. But it is spread over a wider surface, and the serious operations in the majority of cases scarcely commence till the numbers of the runners for a particular race are hoisted. Nor by many is the Ring ever affected, for there has grown up a species of speculation generically known as the "s.-p." (starting-price) business, that extends from, so to say, Land's End to John o' Groats. And the purpose of the operators is that not only shall the horse win, but that, by the absence of money for him at the post, with victory shall be associated long odds. The practice has certainly not added to the gaiety of the Turf, and by reason of the need of secrecy many friendships have been sundered. That man with a large number is hero who can "place" a thousand pounds without any coming back to the Ring, and against such the travelling layers, who also have, in most cases, their "s.-p. joints," fight tooth and nail. In their day the patrons of Highfield House, Malton, have

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administered some severe blows to the starting-price agencies, particular cases of note being the Lewes Handicap successes of Newcourt and Street Singer, and the Manchester Cup victory of The Docker. William I'Anson, however, was not always an adept at arranging this kind of coup, and in connection with the burly Yorkshire trainer and "s.-p." business, I recall an amusing incident that occurred at Carlisle in the summer of 1885. I'Anson was running Prince Rudolph in the Grand Stand Handicap, and as the horse was entering the course he turned to his friends with, "There goes the winner. You can all go and back him. *Mine's on starting price!*"

The inevitable result was a flooding of the market with money for the horse.

"What's winning?" said I'Anson to me.

"Why, you've won, Bill. It's all over now!" I cried, for Prince Rudolph was pulling Luke out of the saddle.

"Capital!" was his remark. "Yes, he's won. Good horse!" Then, "Hodge, what price was he?"

"Five to four."

"Five to what? Why, I thought he'd be at 5 to 1. Mine's on starting price. Who's been backing him here?"

"Well," I remarked, "considering what you

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almost publicly said when the horses went out, I don't see how you can be surprised." That certainly was *not* the accepted way to engineer an "s.-p." coup.

In the lively days of elections, when verbal expressions of dissent were considered tame, there were, according to reports, such signs as the following to be discerned in shops: "New-laid eggs, Fresh eggs, Eggs, Election eggs." Many as were then the varieties of the hen's produce, they are exceeded these times by the different sorts of Scotch whisky that appeal to the popular palate. There is your plain Scotch, your special Scotch, your extra special Scotch, your ten-year-old Vatted, your fifteen-year old Nectar; and, I expect, your Ambrosial Liquid that floated with the Ark what time it glided over the waters that covered the earth. That much of the virtues of these separate and distinct "Scotches" exists only in the advertisements is, I hope, not an uncharitable thing to imagine; and as so many are puzzled which sort to purchase, it may not be out of place to put on record the opinion on whisky of my dear and lamented friend, the late Lord Russell of Killowen. Both before and after he was raised to the peerage it was his annual custom to meet me in the paddock at Ascot, on the Tuesday,

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and have a chat over a sandwich and a glass. "Now, Hodgman," was his general salutation, "come and have your bitter beer, and I'll have my whisky and a sandwich." One year (when he was Sir Charles), just as we separated, three friends from Scotland came up to me.

"Hodgman," said one, "I've some fifteen-year-old whisky—the right stuff. Have a drop?"

"No, thanks. I've just had a bitter with Sir Charles Russell."

"Sir Charles *who?*" he sarcastically returned. At that moment Sir Charles passed by, and I said to him, "Sir Charles, some Scottish friends of mine say they have some fifteen-year-old whisky. Would you like to try it?"

"No thanks," he replied, "*Five-year-old whisky satisfies me if it is good stuff when laid down.*"

"By Jove!" said the owner of the whisky, "it was Sir Charles, and, after all, there is a deal of truth in what he said."

Everybody is familiar, in a way, with the Ladas who won for Lord Rosebery the Derby Stakes of 1894. There may, though, be some—here and there a stray one—not aware that his lordship owned a colt of the same name in 1869, a period at which the "Primrose Lord" had only passed his majority by the space of a year. He was a brown

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colt by Lambton, from Zenobia, and at a time he, as the later Ladas, was regarded as likely of Derby honours. Anyway, his then youthful owner came to me at the Lewes, on April 21, 1869, and asked me what I would take for my horse Target, an aged son of Artillery, who the previous day had run second to Citron in a welter, and that afternoon had an engagement in the Lewes Spring Handicap.

“Well, my lord,” I said, “I will take 500 sovs. for him. Mind you, he’s not worth that sum, as he can only, with the best of the weights, scramble through little races. But I find him useful, as he is a rare one to lead work.”

“That’s exactly what I wish him for. I want him to lead Ladas in his Derby gallop. Will you sell?” answered Lord Rosebery.

“Yes, he’s yours, my lord, after the handicap, which he will win, and it’s worth betting on.”

Target, who only had 7 st. to the 8 st. 12 lb. of the four-year-old Epworth, with Butler up, pulled through by a neck, the field reaching to eighteen. I had a very fair race, as Target started at 8’s, though I am not aware whether his lordship betted. When all was over, I said :

“He’s yours, my lord.”

“Yes,” he answered, laughing; “but, Hodgman,

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I really think you ought to have thrown the race into the deal."

Target, I suspect, led Ladas a bit too well in his gallop, for he was allowed to start at 66 to 1 at Epsom, and ran without distinction.

My task and my readers' labours are now nearing a close. For those who have followed me, even in haphazard fashion, I can only extend the thanks of an old man, well past the allotted three score and ten, and trust that if not instruction they have derived some amusement from a perusal of these pages. One incident and one explanation follow, and then the pen is put aside. Most followers of the Turf, and all who are keen on the noble art of boxing, know my young—young to me in years—friend, Mr. T. W. Gale, otherwise "Tommy" to all and sundry. We were together in Edinburgh at the time Mr. W. E. Gladstone was stumping Scotland. In my later time I have frequently passed for that Right Hon. gentleman's "double," though, I suppose, two more mentally and politically opposite men never were born. As my photograph precedes these pages, readers can judge of any similarity between myself and the "Grand Old Man." Mr. Gale was always insisting on the likeness, and one evening at Waverley Station he and his friends passed the word round

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that Mr. Gladstone was travelling *incognito*. At first the crowd was incredulous, but soon the people flocked round my carriage, and misled, perhaps, by the dim light of the autumn eve, thought I was Gladstone. The station was quickly in a ferment, and "Speech! Speech!" startled the porters at their work. "Speak!" said Mr. Gale, as the train was on the move. "Show yourself." So I thrust my head from the window with, "Thank you, gentlemen! So-and-so will win the Cesarewitch!"

"Victor, Victorious, Vestminster, Verdant, Vex, Vixen, Valentine, Veni, Vidi, Vici,—why so many 'V's,' Hodgman? Were you a great admirer of Sam Weller, that you so affected the 'V's'?" asked a friend.

"Sam Weller be bothered!" I answered. "I never renamed a horse, but I selected 'V's' because I should know where to pick upon my horses in the Index to the Calendar when I wished to refresh my memory with their form." That is the simple explanation of what many may consider an eccentricity.

My tale is spun. Readers, fare ye well!

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