

THE SIGNALMAN

The Signalman, or the Story of the Railway, as told by the Signalman himself, in a series of letters to his friend, the Engineer.

THE SIGNALMAN'S HORSE

UNITED WITH

THE SIGNALMAN'S HORSE

1843.

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EM B E L L I S H M E N T S.

J. BARTHOLOWMEW,

THE CELEBRATED JOCKEY.

ENGRAVED BY J. B. HUNT, FROM A PAINTING BY HARRY HALL.

AND

“ THE DOG IN THE MANGER.”

ENGRAVED BY J. H. ENGLEHEART, FROM A PAINTING BY A. COOPER, R.A.

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aide-de-camps, all of whom collect bids, take their station at the end, and the ladies look on and saunter through the carriage repository, which is attached. Some of the bidders put their fingers to their nose when they bid, one finger signifying half, and two a whole Napoleon. Prices are never great, and on one occasion last month none of a whole host of Arabs put up realized much more than £30. They have also an odd plan of putting up a pair of horses separately, and then bringing them out again for a joint bid.

A word for a well-known public character ere we conclude. The testimonial to "Felix," who is now living at Brighton, unable to pursue his profession of an artist, in consequence of a severe stroke of paralysis, is going on favourably so far, under the kind care of Mr. F. Lillywhite. Some fifteen years ago, when Pilch began to decline in play, and before Parr appeared as a shining light, Felix was undoubtedly the first bat in England. His defence was not so good as that of either of those great masters, but his hitting was superior; he could hit "all round." He was somewhat over-fond of hitting, but how often he ran away with a match by it! On one occasion, Hillyer, the then best bowler in England, exclaimed "*I don't know where to drop her, for he is sure to hit her away.*"

J. BARTHOLOMEW,
THE CELEBRATED JOCKEY.

ENGRAVED BY J. B. HUNT, FROM A PAINTING BY HARRY HALL.

BY CASTOR.

We live in perilous times; and accidents by flood and field crowd upon us. Never, for instance, did a hunting season open with such a run of serious casualties; although anybody who has been half an hour with hounds knows the reason why. When boys are bird-nesting, and gardeners gathering raspberries, we must not be surprised to find green fences as well as green fields. The country, in a word, was never known to be so blind at this season of the year; and loose horses, and broken collar-bones, with even more lamentable ills, have been the consequence. But it is not the Eighty Hunter alone who risks his neck. That prime minister of Fortune's favours, the well-worked jockey, may meet with as much mishap in a mile's scurry over the flat, as if he were bound to take everything in his line. How many such may we reckon up within this season or two! Robinson, in the still hale autumn of a glorious career, disabled for ever by a restive brute. Marlow so shattered, that it is doubtful if he can ride again—the poor "Vicar," after successfully overcoming almost every misfortune a horseman could be tried with, slain outright at an awkward turn on a country course. Within a week or two, another light-weight, little Deer, is as fatally injured; later still, F. Bell dies from a fall in a hurdle-race; while but a year previous, another of the best of our jockeys has his career stopped in the very full of its prosperity.

If ever a man ranked high amongst our celebrated jockeys, it was Bartholomew at the time this portrait was taken. If ever a man promised to attain the very first place in his profession, it was Bartholomew.



Harry Ball, Newmarket.

J. B. Hunt.

*J. Bartholomew,
The Celebrated Jockey.*

London. Published by Rogers & Tuxford, 146 Strand, 1858.

when he met with his accident at Goodwood. There was no one, at that period, who had worked his way up to so much good riding ; and no one was there who deserved it more. Of proved ability as a horseman, with a good head and great power, he united the most unimpeachable honesty. Perhaps, indeed, in so trying a kind of life, few have retained so good or so appropriate a manner. " He's a curious fellow," said one of our heaviest bettors to us, when talking him over ; " a shy, odd, reserved sort of man." In fact, just the one for his place. A jockey, like the horse he rides, should not make too much noise, or he will never run on.

James Bartholomew, though more familiarly known as " Ben," is Yorkshire bred, and Newmarket born. His father, who came from the vicinity of Doncaster, married and settled at Kentford, some four miles from Newmarket, on the Bury road. He kept there, for some time, " The Cock" Inn, a hostelry well known to the Chifneys, Arnulls, Wheatley, Goodison, and others of the old school of jockey, as the turning point in many a weary walk. It was here, in their wasting excursions, they could take just five minutes' rest ere trudging back again ; and it was here, in the March of 1824, that one of the most worthy of their successors first saw the light. Many a wrinkle must " Ben" have heard, and treasured up, from those Eldons of their order ; and often must he now regret that he can no longer follow in their footsteps on the Bury road. Of course, the ruling passion was soon contracted ; and at a very early age, the hero of this brief history left the Cock Inn for William Ridsdale's stables at Newmarket. His schooling here, however, was of but short duration. In twelve months Mr. Ridsdale lost most of his horses, and Ben was for some time out of work. Still, he had already established something of a character as a quiet, steady lad ; and this, with his former master's strong recommendation, soon procured for him another. He could scarcely have chosen a better tutor than the late Joseph Rogers, under whom Bartholomew completed his education, and for whose stable he made his first appearance in public. With " the old man," indeed, he soon became a great favourite. The lad's portrait was introduced into a picture with a famous mare, and " many is the half-crown I got from being asked into the parlour to show how like it was to me." It could not have been, either, a difficult one to take ; for, just then, Ben's face was a good deal like a full moon, and his figure about as broad as long.

The connection with the Rogers' stable has never been severed ; although Bartholomew soon came out as a jockey on his own account. As far back as the spring of 1841 we find him in regular practice at Newmarket, where, in the Craven Meeting, he won a race at 6st. 12lb., for Mr. Batson, on Barbara ; and in the Second Spring Meeting, the Suffolk Stakes for Pettit, on Langolee, drawing 5st. 11lb. Two seasons after this, in 1843, he gets a mount for the Derby on Mr. Harvey Ocombe's Fake-away ; a gentleman who, like Mr. Rogers, has never since tired of him. It is one of those jackets—the purple and white—Bartholomew always looked at home in. From this period up to the close of 1847, our young jockey came fairly into repute. A variety of circumstances gave him a great deal of riding for his old master's stable, and some of his best races are to be traced to this era in his career. In 1845, for instance, he won the New Stakes at Ascot, for Lord Londale, on Joy ; beating the then-renowned Sting by a head, with a very large field behind them ; no less than twenty others ran, with 12 to 1 as the market price against Joy. Then, again, in the autumn of the

same year, he had the best of another still well-remembered contest; when, for the same noble lord, he won the Grand Duke Michael, on Jericho, overcoming George Edwards on the favourite, the handsome Idas, also by a head. But Jericho, although not altogether the most fortunate, was always a fancy of Ben's; and in the opening of the next year, he pulled through another famous race with him. This was for the Port, which brought out a field of four, the picked horses, and, still more certainly, the picked jockeys of the day:—Sam Day, on Old England; Flatman, on Miss Elis; Robinson, on Idas; and Bartholomew, on Jericho. The finish was left to Jericho and Old England; and the Calendar, which had just then taken to registering particulars in full, records it as “a splendid run in with two; ending in favour of Jericho by a head.” In 1847 we can remember him at Ascot, on Jericho, for the Cup; and more successful with Trouncer, for Mr. Coombe. But it was not a good year, and by the next he had Lord Exeter's first jacket in his keeping. The engagement was not a long one; and by the time the Midas and Stockwell turn had come, their triumphs had to be written under “the Norman Conquest.” The Bishop of Romford's Cob, Sword-player, Tisiphone, Cosachia, Gardenia, and Glenalvon, were amongst the best which Harlock could prepare for Ben's finishing touch. In the next few years, we have him still creeping on, with Captain Lane, Mr. Ford, Lord Glasgow, Mr. E. R. Clarke, Mr. Osbaldeston and others, added to his list of employers.

Bartholomew did a good deal in a quiet way for Captain Laue, and was very great on that clipping two-year-old Payment, for Mr. Ford. He, however, considers Ruby the best young one he ever handled. Becoming more and more known and liked, and a favourable opening or two occurring, the year 1855 saw our jockey fairly established amongst the best of his trade. He had an immense deal of riding, in this season—on Fly-by-Night and Lord Derby's horses for Scott's stable—was as well mounted by Mr. Stanley on Mary Copp and Co.—fourth for the Derby, on Flatterer; third for the Oaks on Capucine; with a very good week at Ascot, always a favourite course of his. Lord Bruce, Mr. Rudstone Reade, and Sir Charles Monck now took their turn for his services.

No year could have opened more auspiciously than did the following. Bartholomew had unquestionably the call of any man of the day, and no one was less likely to abuse such an advantage. He was by this recognized as the first jockey for Scott's stable, with many others always anxious to have him when they could. Up to the time of his accident he rode in every race of any importance*—the Two Thousand and Thousand Guineas Stakes, the Chester Cup, the Derby, the Oaks, the Ascot Cup, the July, and, in fact, in all the great events previous to Goodwood. How Fly-by-Night did not win the Derby is still a mystery with him; as, indeed, after the Ascot performances, it was to most people. Bartholomew was again in luck here, winning a rather remarkable race for the Cup on Winkfield; made, as it was, yet more memorable by the excitement of the owner, who, it is said, never got over it. His jockey's fee was the handsome sum of two hundred. At Goodwood Ben opened still under the most favourable auspices. On the first day he won the Gratwicke for Lord Derby on Fazzoletto, and the Lavant on Impérieuse, for “Mr. Newland.” The next day, as is too well known, he was one of the most injured of all the jockeys down in

* This half-year's work shows 66 mounts, of which he won 31.

the fearful smash for the Goodwood Stakes. At the turn near the Craven starting-post, Chevy Chase ran on the bank, and then fell back into the course; a whole crowd of horses, of course, coming on to her, seven of which were also down. These included Bartholomew, on Baron Rothschild's Hungerford, and Mundy on Jolly Marine; both so severely injured as to have to remain for several weeks in the Chichester Infirmary. A subscription, amounting to £450, was subsequently divided between these two, and Ashmall and Hearnden, who were also, though less seriously, hurt.

Bartholomew wintered carefully and well; and with every prospect, as it was thought, of resuming his riding this last spring. Unfortunately he has now found it impossible to waste, and during the year he has been but twice up. In the Newmarket Craven Meeting, he reached 9st. on Pit-a-pat for his old employer, Mr. Coombe (in the Craven of '56 he had ridden for Mr. Coombe at 8st.); and at Ascot, for the Cup, he again rode Winkfield at 9st. 3lb. As the horses went to the post on that bumper day, a cry rose in the Stand that somebody was off! It turned out to be again poor Ben, whose stirrup-leather had broken, just as Winkfield twisted suddenly round. He, however, rode the race, and we so saw him safely through probably the last he ever will ride.

Since then, Bartholomew has abandoned all hopes of the cap and jacket; and, with a young family depending upon him, has at once taken to another calling. He is now the landlord of the Crown Inn, Newmarket, a business in which his past career will be sure to serve him. He has deservedly gained the respect both of his employers and his fellows; and neither, we trust, will refuse to give him another fair start.

CHARLEY SCUPPER'S RACING YACHT.

CHAP. XV.

After the affair in Thames-street, and the proceedings before the magistrate as to the "Bank of Elegance £5 note," Joe Strand met with a great deal of ridicule from his companions, during the few days they remained in town, which was almost as much a source of annoyance to him as the loss of his money. They would persist in asking him, occasionally, if he was inclined to go to Thames-street; when another would add, "Would you oblige me with five sovereigns for a five-pound note?" To which Joe would sometimes indignantly reply, "A five-pound note, indeed! You are not worth so much money." When the other would immediately add, "No; but I thought perhaps you wouldn't object to a 'Bank of Elegance,' Joseph." And whenever money was moving amongst them, or the word "change" chanced to be uttered, something was sure to follow in reference to Joe's unfortunate adventure. "Our 'lossifer' is the man for change. Joe will cash it for you. Take it to the Bank of Elegance," and such like remarks, which caused much fun and merriment among themselves, but to poor Joe Strand's temporary annoyance.