

## THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE.

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## Horses.

### Some Famous Thoroughbreds.

(Written for the "Farmer's Advocate" and illustrated with photos, by G. H. Parsons.)

The question of what animal claims the title of "the horse of the century" is a much discussed one amongst sportsmen. It is a question, however, that never has been, and probably never will be, satisfactorily answered, for every great turf hero has champions who will stick to fancy through thick and thin.

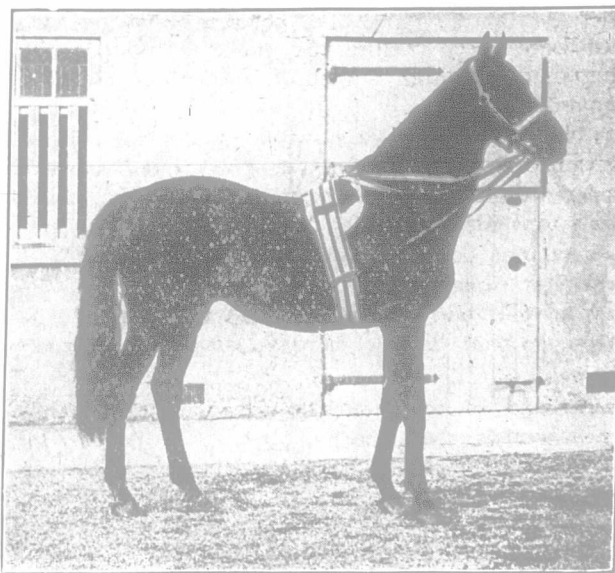
Race-goers of fifty or sixty years back declare that we have never seen the like of West Australian, Voltegeur, or The Flying Dutchman; while those of a later period avow that "Ormonde" or "St. Simon" were the best that ever looked through a bridle; and, coming down to the present day, you find many sound judges who will argue that "Pretty Polly" would smother the lot!

It is not our intention to endeavor to settle this vexed question, but to give a brief sketch of the lives of one or two celebrities, now spending their days in happiness at the stud, whose careers will ever be among the brightest pages of turf history.

The first of our subjects is the renowned "St. Simon," probably the greatest sire the world has ever known. Foaled in 1881, St. Simon is a beautiful brown horse, standing sixteen hands, or perhaps a shade over, by Galopin, out of St. Angela, by King Tom; his pedigree combines some of the stoutest blood in the studbook. Purchased at the death of his breeder, Prince Batthyany, by the Duke of Portland, the nominations of this grand horse for the "classic races" were unfortunately rendered void by the Prince's death, but this did not prevent him making a brilliant career, for he won in smashing style every race in which he took part. At Goodwood, in 1883, in the Hainaker stakes, the son of Galopin commenced a series of successes which he completed by carrying 9 st. to the fore in the Prince of Wales' Nursery at Doncaster, that stamped him as a two-year-old of the highest rank. Next year he came out and defeated Tristan and two others with the utmost ease, for the Trial Match at Newmarket. At Epsom he "walked over" for the gold cup, but Tristan again threw down the gauntlet to him in the Ascot gold cup; however, he could not make an impression on the bearer of the black and white jacket, who won in a canter. Chislehurst was

also disposed of in the same manner for the gold cup at Newcastle. St. Simon then won the Goodwood cup, beating the St. Ledger winner, Ossian, by no less than twenty lengths, this being his last race.

Great as was the name St. Simon made on the race-course, it fades into insignificance when compared with the reputation he has earned as a sire. In his early days at the stud, he gave us those flying fillies, La Fleche, Memior, Mrs. Butterwick and Amiable, whose triumphs in the Oaks four years out of five, form an unprecedented record. It was not until 1896 that he was represented by a colt worthy to uphold his name. This was Persimmon, who carried the Royal colors to victory in the Derby, a race which will be remembered as long as there is a race-course in the land. It was not a mere exercise canter that won our beloved King,



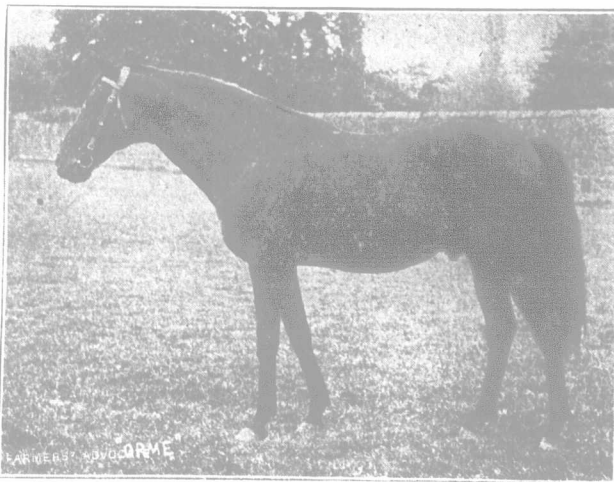
St. Simon.

Photo taken in his 21st year.

then Prince of Wales, his first Derby, but a struggle that was contested every inch of the way, and it was not until the last stride that Persimmon defeated his half-brother, St. Frusquin, by a neck. What a scene it was that followed—cheer after cheer rent the air, which was black with hats, as the noble owner led in his gallant horse. A few years later the same scene was repeated. Diamond Jubilee, an own brother to Persimmon, not only followed in his footsteps by winning the Derby, but joined the select band of winners of the Triple Crown, by securing the Two Thousand and St. Ledger, as well as other good races. We must not forget Florizel II., William III., La Roche, Winifreda, St. Frusquin, St. Maclow, and St. Serf, who are a few of the many good ones that claim the parentage of the great Welbeck sire, whose stock have placed over £500,000 in stakes to their owner's credit.

Though in his twenty-fourth year, St. Simon, who is still in the possession of the Duke of Portland, looks as well and fresh as ever, which will be seen from the photo, that was taken so recently as last September.

We now come to Orme, one of the gamest and most unlucky horses that ever trod the turf. This son of the mighty Ormonde and Angelica (own sister to St. Simon) was bred by the late Duke of Westminster, at the famous Eaton stud, fifteen years ago. A beautiful bay, with a small white star, standing fully 16 hands, Orme is as near perfect as any Thoroughbred stallion



Orme.

in the country, as regards conformation, and if he ever entered a show-ring, he would soon be put at the top of his class.

The Richmond stakes at Goodwood saw Ormonde's best son make a successful debut in public, and after going down to the speedy Signorina for the Lancashire Plate at Manchester, he captured the Middle Park Plate, Dewhurst Plate and Home-bred Post Foal stakes, all at Newmarket, a series of performances which made him greatly respected for next year's "classics." However, "there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," as the saying goes, for early in the following season the public were horrified to learn that a dastardly attempt

had been made to poison Orme. The news of this outrage caused a tremendous sensation at the time, and large rewards were offered for information that would lead to the conviction of the offenders, who, unfortunately, were never discovered. The poison did not prove fatal, however, but the Duke's horse was too ill to go to the post for the Two Thousand and Derby, races that he would in all probability have won. He had sufficiently recovered by July to run for the valuable Eclipse stakes of £10,000, at Sandown, which he won. Orme's next appearance was at Goodwood, where he beat Watercress, a smart performer, for the Sussex stakes. He ran well, but unplaced in La Fleche's St. Ledger, and wound up his three-year-old career by winning the Great Foal stakes, Champion stakes, Limekiln stakes, and the Subscription stakes at the turf headquarters. The following year this good horse, who had now quite recovered, won the Rous Memorial stakes at Ascot, and ran the race of his life in the Eclipse stakes, which he won for the second time, carrying the tremendous weight of 10 st. 2 lbs., beating Medecis, La Fleche, El Diablo, and others. There was a great scene of enthusiasm after his victory, as the British public dearly love to see a good horse win, and their sympathies were always with Orme and his owner, on account of the malicious attack which had been made on the former. After another win at Goodwood, Orme terminated a splendid list of successes by attempting to give Childwick 2 st. 5 lbs., and only succumbing by half a length in the Limekiln stakes.

After leaving the post for the paddock, with over £30,000 stake money against his name, Orme earned fresh laurels and undying fame as the sire of Flying Fox, who, as everyone knows, is the highest-priced horse in the world, being purchased by M. E. Blanc, at the Duke of Westminster's sale, in 1900, for 37,500 gs. Flying Fox won the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Ledger, in addition to three of the great £10,000 races in 1899, and is the sire of some very high-class colts, amongst which Ajax, Adam, Gouvernant and Jarjay stand out prominent. It must, however, be mentioned that their successes were gained in France, where their sire is located.

In a beautiful paddock, by the side of the river Dee, surrounded with a high moss-covered red sandstone wall, Orme wanders about in peace and contentment. His temper was rather unmanageable when he first took up duties at the stud, so the plan of isolation was adopted, with most satisfactory results, for he is now quite tractable. Though getting on in years, the old horse does not show any signs of wear, and in the Eaton paddocks are more than one youngster that looks like worthily upholding the name of their sire.

(To be continued.)

### Winter Care of Brood Mares.

The general hygienic treatment of brood mares should, in general terms, be much the same as that of other horses, but greater care is necessary to insist that certain conditions, as regards food, exercise, etc., are observed. In the pregnant mare, not only is she herself to be considered, but upon the treatment she receives, to a very great degree, depends the life of the foetus. The object of the breeder is to keep the mare in good health and condition, and at the same time insure, as far as possible, the production of a strong and vigorous offspring. Any person who is interested in horse-breeding cannot have failed to notice that in the spring of this year, 1904, there was a very large percentage of foals stillborn or so weak when born that it was not possible to raise them, and they perished at variable ages, from a few hours to a few days, or, in some cases, a few weeks old. Now, under the most favorable circumstances, we occasionally notice an occurrence of this kind, and we are often unable to account for it, but when the percentage of such cases is great, as it was during the foaling season mentioned, we must look for the cause. Upon consideration, I think different causes can be given, which, operating singly or together, produced the result noted. In the first case, the number of mares bred during the spring of 1903 was out of proportion to the number of good stallions whose services were obtainable by the breeders. As a consequence, in many cases the stallions were bred to too many mares. It is an acknowledged fact, and one that all observant breeders have noticed, that when the generative powers of a stallion are overtaxed, the progeny is not as strong and vigorous as under more favorable conditions. If we admit these facts and the theory, we will be forced to attribute to this cause some blame for the quality of colts born last spring. Then, again, breeding mares should have regular exercise. The weather was so severe and the roads so bad for such a long time during the winter of 1903-1904 that it was practically impossible to either allow the mares to take voluntary exercise in the yards or to give them the necessary exercise in harness. In many cases, they were not even provided with box stalls, but practically stood, day after day, week after week, and, in some cases, month after month, tied up in a single stall, without even having to take a little exercise to get water, and, in the meantime, were tolerably well fed. This, I think, had a greater action upon the progeny than the cause first stated. Observation has taught us that idleness