

THE COBHAM STUD FARM
TRENTON AND CARNAGE IN THEIR NEW HOMES
SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ZEALAND REFEREE (BY VERAX)
LONDON, February 14.

It was quite like a spring morning instead of early February when about thirty gentlemen met on Waterloo platform yesterday in order to take train by the London and South Western Railway to the famous Cobham stud farm. There were representatives of the leading London dailies, the Melbourne *Argus*, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, and last, but not least, your special "Verax." Mr W. Allison, the well known "Special Commissioner" of the London *Sportsman*, had us in charge, and he represented the management not only of the Cobham Stud but also of the International Horse Agency and Exchange. I also met Mr Wilson, Mr Sidney Dixon, son of the famous "Draid," Mr S Downing, editor of the *Sportsman*, Mr Ewart, who brought over Carnage and Trenton, and many others well known to fame in the world of sport..

Saloon carriages were on the train for us and we had a pleasant run to Cobham. At the station carriages and breaks were waiting to drive us to the Stud Farm, and we bowled merrily along the country lanes and soon reached the new home of Trenton and Carnage. The Cobham Stud Farm is a fine place, retaining most of the characteristics it had when Blair Athol was a lord of the harem there. The stud embraces about a hundred acres of good grass land, and there are about 140 boxes. It is about seventeen miles from London, so quite handy to the big smoke.

Proceedings commenced with a glance at the various mares sent to the horses at the stud, and some of them are of the finest blood extant. After they had been inspected we adjourned to the residence of Mr T Shipley, the stud groom, an old-fashioned low roomed house, of the good old country type. Here we found an excellent luncheon prepared for us with all the delicacies of the season and the best of champagne. There was not much time for speechmaking. Mr Allison, the chairman, proposed "The Queen," and then the toast of "The Chairman" was drunk with enthusiasm. The chairman replied, and then called upon Mr Nat Gould, whose health he proposed, to respond for Australian sportsmen. After Mr Gould had descanted upon the merits of Trenton and Carnage, an adjournment was made to the paddock, where the stallions were paraded for our inspection.

Leading the quartette was Trenton, followed by Carnage, and then came Bushy Park, by Hampton-Sunrise and Son-of-a Gun by Petronel-Ithona by Beadman. Trenton looked decidedly worse for his voyage. Ewart told me the horse had a terrible time of it at Colombo and it took him all he know to pull him round. But he is Trenton all the same, and although lacking the big condition of the English horses, he looked every inch a gentleman. There is the same proud carriage of the head and the same fire in the eyes. Trenton, I could see, at once created a

favourable impression, and many eulogistic comments were passed upon him. Carnage looked a perfect picture and it would have done Mr W R Wilson's eyes good to see him. He carried himself well and looked what he is, a perfect racehorse. My opinion of Carnage is pretty well known on your side of the world, and I am proud to say it has been endorsed on this. Shipley, the stud groom, has a preference for Carnage over Trenton, and so had many of those present, but when Trenton has quite recovered himself he will be hard to beat. Both horses are a credit to the colonies, and it would have done all colonial racing men good to hear the remarks made about them. The American racehorse is the image of the English racehorse, but it is not so with the Australian and New Zealand bred ones. The length of both Carnage and Trenton struck most of the judges present as being very great. It brought back old times to me when I saw Trenton and Carnage. Visions of Flemington on glorious Cup days were recalled to mind. As Carnage passed close by me some dancing spots seemed to float in the air, and I thought I could hear a dull roar which gradually grew into thunder and echoed "Tarcoola," "Tarcoola" in my ears. What memories of the past a famous racehorse always brings to mind. In their new home Trenton and Carnage will have every chance given to them They will have every care and attention and some of the best mares in England will go to them. Carnage's list is full at 50gs, and is rapidly filling for next season. Trenton (listen to this Dan O'Brein and shed a silent tear) will soon be filled for three years at a hundred guineas. The colonies ought to be proud of their champions over here, Carbine, Trenton and Carnage. You can have no idea what a rush there is for Musket blood here, and all on account of the doings of Musket's stock in the colonies. There is a regular run on the bank for it.

Why, what is this? Petronel. Surely not. Is that gay jaunty-looking black with the white spot just behind his hips the horse I saw win the Two Thousand with Fordham in the saddle about sixteen years ago. It is Petronel the son of Musket out of Crytheia. There they are at the same stud in England. Musket's sons, the one foaled in the old land, the other in the new, and both handsome as paint. No connecting link between the Old Country and the new in Australia! You are mistaken politicians, wise though you may be. There is a link at Cobham that binds the two countries firmly, and it is called Petronel and Trenton. To show how Musket blood has caught on, I have only to instance Petronel. This son of Musket, a thorough stayer, has not served more than seven and twenty mares in his life. He is buried alive at the Duke of Beaufort's place. But he has been unearthed at nineteen years of age. Mr Allison is the man who has done it. Petronel is full for the season at 26gs. Mark this: his fee next season is 100gs, and he is rapidly filling at that. It is the colonial Musket blood imported that has given the English Musket blood a rise of only 75%.

Son of a Gun is a fine useful horse, cheap at 30gs. I know of no other stud in the world where a man can see three sons of such horses as Musket, Prince Charlie and Ormonde following each other round a ring. Yet here we have them. Prince Rudolph, a fine dark bay, is by Prince Charlie, from Hester, by Thormanby, and sorcerer is by Ormonde from Crucible by Rosicrucian. A little beauty is Scorcerer, and Mr Allison tells me he was when racing tried good enough to beat Victor Wild, who is at the top of the handicap form here. Prince Rudolph is the exact opposite of Scorcerer. The former is massive, the latter, shall I Frenchify and say

petite. A more level, good looking sound bred lot of stallions I have seldom seen at stud. I have to catch the mail so must draw in a bit.

Ewart told me he returns to Melbourne by the Orizaba, leaving here on the 21st. He goes back to St Albans. He says "there's no place like home". He also says Mr Wilson is ill, which I am sorry to hear. Likewise he says he is off to Sandown today, to have a bit on Mr Gollan's "little lot." Also he relates that Bill of Protland is a grand orse and the best he has seen imported lately.

When we had feasted our eyes on the horses we again adjourned to the hospitable house, and took a parting refresher. Then a pleasant drive back to the station and again a chat on the journey home.

"Clapham Junction!" sings out the porter. I suddenly remember I must get out here to catch the Windsor train. "Druid Junior" follows me and we have a talk about old times on the platform. I express my pleasure at meeting the "Druid's" son. "Yes, my father's books have given pleasure to so many people," he says modestly: "Oh, you like 'Silk and Scarlet': well, 'Scott and Seabright' was my father's favourite. Good night". A pleasant day, I can assure you.