

horse Tristan a terrible beating in a trial match, which was run off before racing commenced at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.

There being but little inducement, for want of engagements, to keep St. Simon in training, he retired to the stud while still full of the vigour of youth, and commenced his new duties at Heath House, Newmarket, moving the next year to Welbeck.

The year 1880 was marked by the appearance of his three daughters—Signorina, Semolina, and Memoir. Of these, the former, to the huge delight of her owner, the Chevalier Ginistrelli, won the Middle Park Plate, and every other race in which she took part as a two-year-old, and it is worthy of note that, in the first year of their running, St. Simon's stock won, between them, a sum of 24,285 sovereigns in Stakes.

In 1891, La Flèche, a filly for whom the late Baron Hirsch gave the then record price of 5,500 guineas for a yearling, made her appearance upon a race-course, and in the following year she credited St. Simon with being the sire of the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, The Oaks, and the St. Leger. In 1893, Mrs. Butterwick, another daughter of St. Simon, won the Oaks, an example followed by Amiable in 1894. So far, with the exception of Florizel II., foaled in 1891, St. Simon had been remarkable for the excellent racing qualities of his daughters, but in 1895 Persimmon and St. Frusquin took up the tale on behalf of his sons, and it will never be forgotten how, after the latter had won the Two Thousand Guineas, there ensued between them that ever-memorable struggle for the Derby, when, at the finish, the longer stride of Persimmon prevailed, and, amidst a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm, our King, then Prince of Wales, went out to lead his Derby winner in. In the autumn of that year Persimmon won the St. Leger, thus crediting St. Simon with a third winner of that race.

Four years elapsed, until in 1900 Diamond Jubilee outdid the performances of his elder brother Persimmon by winning the three great classic races, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and the St. Leger, and in the same year the other two classic events, the One Thousand Guineas and The Oaks were respectively won by Winifreda and La Roche, both daughters of St. Simon, who could thus lay claim to the grand boast of having sired the winners of all the classic races of the year.

Of the "Ten Thousand Pound" races won by the stock of St. Simon, were the Eclipse Stakes by Persimmon in 1896, by St. Frusquin in 1897, by Diamond Jubilee in 1900, and by Darley Dale in 1904. To these must be added the Princess of Wales' Stakes, won by St. Frusquin in 1896, and by St. Denis in 1905, and the Jockey Club Stakes, won by Persimmon in 1896, and by Pietermaritzburg in 1901. From 1891 to 1896 St. Simon reigned supreme as the premier stallion of England, a position which he again occupied in 1900 and 1901. During the nineteen years of his stud life his sons and daughters won, between them, the enormous sum of 529,431 sovereigns in stakes, and it has been computed that the stud fees earned by St. Simon himself amounted to not less than 300,000 sovereigns.

Here we must end a brief notice of the doings of a very famous horse, by whose death, last year, the race of British thoroughbreds was the poorer for the loss of a stallion of exceeding excellence.

NIMROD.

## "ON THE KINCHIN LAY."

V.—MOUNTAINS OR METAPHYSICS?—(Continued.)

I SHOULD have kept silent as to Righi's misdemeanours, but as he "gave me warning" just before the catastrophe, I do not feel bound to regard him as a comrade. His no-reason for desertion was the publication of my first article! As, weeks before, he had copied this article for me in his own handwriting, his surprise and indignation at its contents are no better than a lie; and the use of the pretext implies premeditated treachery, or an unusual slowness in making up his mind. A slump is feared in the Darjeeling market for foreign noblemen.

Utterly sick at heart, I made all my preparations for retirement to those dear domestic joys that make the heart of every true born Briton go plunk-plunk-plunkety-plunk. For me

All the rains and ruins are over,  
And all the seasons of snows and sins,  
The days dividing lover and love—

But will my peace be as sweet as that now known to these dead men? Not if I know my wife!

Now that one begins to get proportions of things the

tragic side glimmers up in the Aristophanic gloom. To us it is ever to regret Pache infinitely, the courtly gentleman, the soldierly spirit, the good comrade, let me add for my part, the only one of the party who understood his duty and did it. While he was rear-guard, there was little or no trouble about supplies; and nothing is to be more deplored than the unfortunate misreading of his instructions, due to a damped letter and my vile handwriting, which brought him up to Camp IV, and began the series of disasters.

It has just been suggested to me (an unnamable insect is crawling outside my tent) that some hypersensitive member of the Alpine Club, or other person pledged to attack climbing without guides may feel hurt by the strictures which I have thought necessary to pass upon some of their methods, and turn to criticise mine. I hope so, that I may renew my confidence in that adage of my nonage "Even a worm will turn." My position will be to take no notice of any criticisms on climbing made by anyone who is not at least good enough to repeat some of the climbs I have originated. I therefore hereby challenge any man who has climbed only with guides to repeat my ascent of the outer pinnacle of the Devil's Chimney on Beachy Head from the sea, i.e., without touching the top of the cliff at any point during the ascent.

I choose this climb because of its proximity to London, and lest anyone should complain of the expense, I will pay for his first-class single railway fare to Eastbourne for his dinner, bed, and breakfast at the best hotel, and for a scavenger and a bucket at the foot of the cliff.

Thus I forestall the triple-distilled venom, the piffle about the folly of climbing without guides, which the satraps of Savile Row are doubtless collecting "in their teeth, and in their throats, and what is worse, within their nasty mouths." Lower down the street are nine tailors busily trying to make a man, but at the top six hundred things do their best (one must suppose) and the result is pretty poor.

To return to pleasanter subjects (my boy has squashed the unnamable insect), I have written my report of the "accident" to the Deputy Commissioner, and am ready to return to the rains and leeches of outrageous Sikkim.

I have made the necessary suggestions as to searching for the bodies, building a great commemorative cairn, and so on—suggestions only, for no longer will I give one single order when up on the glacier, crying to heaven, are the murdered monuments of disobedience.

I have uttered no word of reproach to the Doctor, nor he any word of explanation to me. The former, since he is genuinely sorry for his error (as if that were any good) or at least for the pain in his back; the latter, probably in fear of the retort "Vos explications sautent sur quatre cadavres"—"Your explanations stumble over four dead men."

It must be clearly understood that the words of criticism I am compelled to print are dictated solely by regard for the true theory of mountain craft, the which I will maintain with my life. No personal grievance should induce me to pen one line against a good friend, nor should I condescend to notice an enemy, but the misrepresentations which those professional liars who have exhausted all the meanness of trickery in the endeavour to prevent the names of the people who climb without guides being known, so that their own foul names may a little longer enjoy a fictitious reputation which the British public are certain to circulate, compel me thus to speak out fearlessly and frankly the true causes of the disaster.

So I muse, as I wander down the sweet-smelling meadows, watered by delicious streams, and clad in exquisite flowers, which fringe the lower part of the Yalung Glacier. It is, indeed,

"A land of clear colours and stories,

A region of shadowless hours,

Where earth has a garment of glories,

And a murmur of musical flowers."

And so from musing I slide into meditation. True it is that materialism has conquered, but only by exceeding its connotation to something very like what Berkeley meant by spirit. True that man is only a machine, or even less, a thing all cause and no purpose; the admission only requires that the idealist should take a larger unit. True, above all, that all this beauty and tragedy have no existence, but in my own mind, and it comes upon me, as upon Mansur el Hallaj long ago, "Ana 'l Haqq, wa laysa fi jubbati il Allah." (I am the truth, and within my coat is nothing but God) or upon the Osirian in ages beyond history: "I am Osiris! I am Osiris! I am the Lord of life triumphant over death! There is no part of me that is not of the gods!" Let this be my epitaph upon my good friend Alexis Pache; and not that other consciousness which comes intruding,