from Moonga, by Goldsbrough from Kernel, by Angler from Cocoanut, dam of Trident and Navigator. Moonga raced with success, and in addition to Sea-horse has left winning performers in Bundook, Mongonui and Zealous, while Powerful, a two-year-old brother to Seahark, fetched over 800 guineas at Major George's sale. Jewel, a pony by Soult, is also one of those selected. She is three years old and promising. Blue Peal will go by the same boat.

Long-distance rides have always been a favourite subject with poets and writers of romance, and the telling of the story is nearly always the same. The gallant, lion-hearted steed gallops at full speed, on and on, with no slackening of pace for a hundred miles or so, after which he naturally begins to show some signs of distress. Instead of "easing off," however, the rider makes a passionate appeal to the animal's better feelings, and bids him remember the girl with the tear-laden eyes that awaits his (the rider's) coming, or the succour he is to bring to a besieged city, or the like, and that acts on the noble animal like a hot bran mash lined with a bottle of "Old Scotch," even though it might be a Flanders-bred horse and the appeal was made in English, Scotch, or even pure Irish. We all know how Dick Turpin rode his gallant Black Bess from London to York, a small matter of 201 miles in 12 hours—at least, the learned editor of that delightfully moral and improving work, "Lives of Highwaymen," says he did, and his statement is trumped by Harrison Ainsworth as well. I don't take much stock of the Turpin yarn myself, unless Richard spat on his hands and gave Bess what Wallace Brownlow calls "a good old rosiner" before he started; in fact, the Turpin tale was formerly tacked on to a highwayman named John Nevison, better known by his friends and admirers as "Nicks." He was duly tried and "stretched" before ever Turpin was born or Bess was foaled. Having robbed a traveller at Gad's Hill one morning, Master "Nicks," who rode a splendid bay mare, determined to prove a "halibi," and so he started at 4 a.m. for Gravesend, where he refreshed his nag while waiting an hour for a boat. Then he started full speed, and never drew rein till he reached the bowling green at York, where the Lord Mayor was enjoying a game, and asked that worthy if he could "oblige him with the time?" He was told it was just a quarter to 8, so Mr "Nicks" had ridden 190 miles in 15 hours, which proves he must have been in pretty good "nick" himself, and his mare also. When "Nicks" was tried for the Gad's Hill job, he brought the York Mayor along to clear him, and was duly acquitted. Macaulay declares the Turpin ride to be 200 years old at least, and it has been applied to a dozen "Knights of the Road" who have risen to fame—and the gallows.

An amusing account of a time trial which took place many years ago is told by an American correspondent in his notes on the veteran English trainer, Anthony Taylor. He says: "Anthony Taylor, a veteran English trainer, was sent home recently by the American Jockey Club. He has lately been in hospital, and was in reduced circumstances. He was a brother of the late Alec Taylor, and thought his brother would have willed him something, but was disappointed when he found himself left high and dry. He first came over here as a trainer for R. M. Sanford, who ran Mate and other horses in England. Later he trained for the late August Belmont, also for Pierre Lorillard. Of recent years he had found out that all the trailing berths are conferred on the rising talent, and America has no place for an old-timer. He could get no employment worth having, and had a hard time to get along. It was a charitable act on the part of the Jockey Club to send him home to his relatives, who will doubtless find him a comfortable home. When he first came over and was taking control of Mr Sanford's stable, that owner said to him: 'Now, Taylor, I know your countrymen are much opposed to the use of the watch in training. But I want my horses trained like the other Americans, by the watch, and I shall bring you a timer the next time I come down, so that you will have one to use.'

"In due course Sanford came to Monmouth Park, where Taylor had the horses, bringing with him the timing watch as promised. 'Now, Taylor,' he said, 'these horses are going to work, and I want you to take this timing watch and time them with me. See if we make it alike.'

"'All rate, sir,' said Tony, giving the boys on their horses the necessary instructions, to work the horses a mile, back to the winning post where they stood. It was a mile oval track.

"The horses started in due course, and Sanford and Taylor both clicked their watches on them as they broke. After they had finished the gallop, Sanford looked at his watch to see the time. Then, turning to Taylor, said: 'How fast did you make it, Taylor?'

"Tony looked down at his watch, but, unaccustomed to using it, had forgotten, in watching the finish of the work, to stop it. He looked up at his patron, with a broad grin, and said: 'I started 'un all rate. But, by gum, I forgot to pull the bloomin' trigger.'"

The "Australasian" of the 17th has an interesting article on "Racing in New Zealand," from the pen of "R.," who it will be admitted has summed up the situation in such a way that very little exception can be taken to his conclusions. He is a little out, however, in the statement that, excepting on big Cup days at Riccarton and Ellerslie, a large assemblage is seldom drawn to our racecourses. This is probably so in the South Island, but here in Auckland the attendances keep up surprisingly at nearly all our meetings. Here is the article referred to:—"When one is in the hurly-burly of a sporting life, he is inclined, whatever his misgivings may be, to look with the kindest eye on the pastime which is at once his recreation and pursuit. In coming in contact with all that is best in the life, he is apt to minimise the reading on the reverse side of the shield. We dwellers under the Southern Cross are marked all the world over as great lovers of the sport of horse-racing; it is obvious the distinction has been fully earned. But how would our devotion stand if the accompaniments of the sport were taken away? The waning interest in sport, for the sake of sport, has been deplored from time to time by those that take heed of the tastes of the people, yet it is very questionable if a proper realisation of the state of things has been come to. Those living in an atmosphere that has been gradually vitiated do not discern the foulness in the air. Returning to New Zealand after the lapse of more than a year, and being now only an interested spectator, it has come home to me that instead of being a nation of horse-lovers we are merely a nation of gamblers. The noble animal, then, is only tolerated by the bulk of the supporters of the turf as a means of speculation. As all the speculation is regulated by the totalisator—which is regarded as the fairest possible means of arriving at the equitable chances of the horses—the gradually increasing turnover at the machines accounts for the apparent flourishing state of racing. But the sums put into the totalisators at the racecourses do not adequately represent the amount gambled on turf events. Indeed, with decreased attendances at the racecourse sides, the money invested with those willing to face the risk of paying totalisator prices is ever mounting up. Most of the investors nowadays never see, nor have any desire to see, a race run. They are quite content to speculate upon information received, and if the information tends to their enrichment are well satisfied; if, on the contrary, they back the wrong one, they confound their luck, more often than not ascribing their undoing to the machinations of unscrupulous racing men. It is these stay-at-home backers that know all about the illicit means by which scoundrelly owners, trainers, and jockeys and all of that ilk, take down the confiding public. On their good days, the freely-spoken opinion of these people, the turf is a grand institution. When the fates are against them, racing is condemned as a sink of iniquity.

"The 'Australasian' has pointedly called attention to the decadence of the ring in Victoria. I imagine the reason of this is that there is so little ante-post betting now indulged in that bookmakers cannot stand to be shot at over a few horses when they have really no cover. The advent of the totalisator meant the knock-out of bookmakers betting to figures in this State, still up to the last few years the New Zealand Cup, with the weights issued months before its decision, created a betting market, and an owner could probably get £10,000 about his horse. With decreasing business, it is now a bad look-out for those with Cup books. Starting-price betting is the rage, and the rush to get on only comes when the emissaries of the course send the very latest good thing. The greed of clubs for totalisator revenue is one of the things that tend to the demoralisation of the sport. Every little tin-pot racing institution that can get a license, not content with a single day's racing, spreads out its meagre stakes over two days, and into as many events as will be sanctioned. The clubs here often run not defeat their own ends in this way, for the better-class horses are not attracted, and the public stay away. The long-drawn-out system, however, suits the gambler at a distance, for he has more chances to indulge in his propensity, and one race is as good as another for him to speculate on. The big clubs even are not above the avarice of seeking to drain their patrons through the machine, for summer and winter they set down eight events per diem for decision, such being the maximum allowed by the rules. This is playing to depraved tastes. The horse-lover likes to see the contestants for a coveted prize both before and after running; and what time is there for doing so on a Grand National afternoon, with eight events to be got through? It is all hurry and bustle—enjoyment gives place to irritation. Except on the big Cup days at Riccarton and Ellerslie, which in a broom-fashionable functions, a large assemblage is seldom drawn to our racecourses. The zest for seeing equine contests would seem to be evaporating among the present generation, and when this is admitted it must be held that the sport is far from being in a good way."

The practice of giving a prize Cheshire cheese of the value of £sova to each of the owners of placed horses in the Chester Cup is still maintained. In noticing the victory in this race of Carabine, by Cicero from Maintied, the own sister to Mr Leonard Marshall's Tyrenian, a contributor thus refers to this old established event:— "Racing is said to have been carried on when Castra, as the place was then called, was occupied by the Twentieth Legion of the Roman Army, but this is only legendary. What is certain, however, is that records of racing on the Roodee in 1511 are still in existence. Prebendary Robert Rogers, of the Cathedral, who died in 1596, tells of a 'silver bell, which was ordayned to be the reward of that horse which, with speedy runninge, then should runne before all others.' There is an order of the Corporation of Chester, dated the 16th day of January, in the third year of Henry VIII., directing that this bell, of the annual value of three shillings and fourpence, the reward of 'speedy runninge,' should in future be always run for on a course on the Roodee. The Chester Cup, however, as at present known, was first run for in 1824, when Doge of Venice, 6yrs, carried 8.2 to victory. Since then many famous horses have been among the winners, notably Hymettus, General Chasser, King Cole, Alice Hawthorn, Joe Miller, Leamington (twice), St. Albans, Tim Whiffler, Daisy (twice), Beeswing, Paul Jones, Knight of the Garter, Freeman, Pageant (twice), Carlton, Dare Devil (twice), Kilsallaghan, and Count Schomberg. Last year the race was won by Mr P. Lorillard's b c David Garrick, by Hanover—Peg Woffington, 6yrs, 8.10, the race being worth £2030. Sir E. Vincent's Australian-bred horse Stolcado, by Cranbrook—Tiwoona, 6yrs, 9.13, was third, five lengths behind. This year's winner was bred by Lord Londonderry, and was purchased as a yearling by Mr Jay for 100 guineas. He ran five times as a two-year-old, winning in his first essay the Juvenile Selling Plate of £100, at Salisbury, and being purchased directly after by his present owner for 170 guineas. He afterwards ran third in the Hollybush Plate at Gatwick, second in the Clumber Nursery at Nottingham, and second in the Fryston Nursery Handicap Plate at Pontefract; and wound up the season by being unplaced at Manchester. Last year he won on five out of seven essays, the Thirsk Handicap Plate of £124, at Thirsk; the Warwickshire Plate of £183, at Birmingham; the August Handicap of £273, at Haydock Park; the Nottingham Handicap Plate of £435, and the Manchester November Handicap of £1575."

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TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph.—Special to "Graphic.")

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

Although the glory of the Dunedin Jockey Club's birthday meeting has in a measure departed, the gathering still has an attraction for regular racegoers. These mustered in fairly strong numbers at Wingatui on Thursday. The general public, however, stayed away, and the attendance was small in consequence. Considering the state of the weather the Club could hardly have expected any other result. The wind blew keenly from the south, and with the ground in soaking condition under foot, owing to the recent rain, it was not altogether surprising that only enthusiastic followers of racing ventured out. Those who did go had no reason to complain if they did not mind getting their feet wet. They were treated to some capital sport, and on the whole the winners were not difficult to pick.

A strong favourite in Huku led off by appropriating the Hurdle race. The creditable performance accomplished by the son of Vanguard in the Ashburton County Handicap on the previous Thursday prepared backers for a satisfactory result, and nobody was surprised when he cantered home an easy winner in front of Dormant. The second event, the First Hack race, nearly fell to a first favourite also. The Auckland-bred filly Yasult, who carried two-thirds of the money invested on the tote, succumbed to Khakl by only a head. The winner is a five-year-old gelding by Lakeshell from Dudu, bred by Cutts, and the property of a Christchurch gentleman who races under the nom de course of "Mr Soapy Sponge." In the Maiden Plate and the Winter Welter Handicap the favourites both got home first. The former event fell to the Cambridge owned Clanburn, a gelding by Carbine—Jill, from the old hurdle race mare Lady Sockburn, and the latter by Ordnalf, a son of Fitz Hercules and the Apremont mare Parvula. Kotokoto looked to have the Maiden Plate at his mercy a hundred yards from home, but Clanburn finished most resolutely, and got up actually on the post. Kotokoto made some amends for his failure later on when he easily appropriated the Selling Race. The son of Reflector and Busybody found his way into the hands of an Invercargill racing man, and at the £80 paid for him he ought not to be a dear horse. He is a rare cut for a jumper.

Of the ten horses coloured on the card for the Birthday Handicap, Nihilist, Calibre, Artillery Maid were withdrawn, leaving seven to go to the post. Terrapin, who carried a pound over-weight to secure the services of R. King, was made favourite, while Canteen, Lady Lillian, and Pampero were all well supported. The last-named had not done well for the last week before the meeting, and I doubt whether his connections expected him to win. As it was, he never showed prominently, and figished fifth. Of the unbacked division, Jupiter was obviously too backward to do himself justice, and Glenelg was never dangerous. Transport, however, made the running right into the straight, and for a moment it looked as if he might stay right home. When it came to the final struggle, however, only Canteen, Lady Lillian, and Terrapin were in it, and the first named, running very generously, achieved a long-delayed victory with something to spare.

Perhaps the principal feature of the afternoon's racing was the defeat of Red Gauntlet in the Tradesmen's Handicap. The son of Lochie looked well, and was backed as if the race was the best of good things for him. He was easily beaten by Windwhistle however, and I can only conclude that his connections were guilty of underestimating Sir George Clifford's very useful filly.

The death is announced of the stallion Gorton, the son of Thunderbolt, who was imported to New Zealand by Sir Hercules Robinson. Gorton never raced. He was located at the Hon. George McLean's stud at Warrington for many years, and ultimately found his way into the hands of Mr H. Brown, of Ashburton. Eurocly-don was far and away the best horse sired by him, but Blizzard, Britomart, Conjurer, and St. Elmo were all good performers, and Mistral, another of his progeny, is noted as the dam of that useful horse Pampero.

The Hon. Geo. McLean has named his yearling by Lord Rosslyn-Tiara "Crown Imperial," and his youngster by Lord Rosslyn-Mistral "Eichem."

The well-known trainer, R. Mason, is at present enjoying a well-earned holiday in the North Island.

Among the latest aspirants to honours over hurdles is Scottish Minstrel. The son of Clanranald ought to be a success at the illegitimate game.

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

Matters at Riccarton have been very dull indeed. Of the few horses in active work some have been away in Dunedin, and the remainder have been restricted merely to useful tasks. Riccarton is always quiet at this time of the year, and generally remains so until the advent of the visiting horses for the Grand National Meeting towards the end of July.

In spite of the wet weather which it encountered, the Ashburton County Racing Club made a profit of more than £50 over its Autumn Meeting. As a result it has added £10 to the prize for the Ashburton County Stakes. The amount is to go to the owner of the third horse.

Although Liberator is once again an inmate of Holmes' stable, it is not likely to be seen with the colours up for some time to come. He looks so rough and infirm that Holmes despairs of getting him ready in time to run at the Grand National Meeting. The ancient son of Betrayer might very well have been left to spend his old age in the paddock.

The following horses may run prominently at the North Otago Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting on Thursday:—Newborough Welter Race, Roller or Tufto; Winter Welter Handicap, St. Elma and Lapidary; President's Handicap, Cameo and Dundas; Redcastle Welter Handicap, Hastings and Magical Agent; Hyslop Handicap, Lady Dundas and Gladiator.

The weather was fine on Saturday for the concluding day's racing of the Dunedin Jockey Club's May meeting, but owing to frost supervening on the rainfall of the previous four days, the course was heavier even than it was on the first day. The attendance was fairly large, but speculation was not sufficiently brisk to compensate for the slackness on Thursday. The amount passed through the tote during the meeting was £1500 less than the sum handled at the corresponding gathering last year. Huku added to his winning record by appropriating the second hurdle race, but the result might have been different if Tufto had run straight. The latter was going particularly well when he refused at the last fence. Old Goldspur made an exhibition of a number of moderate opponents in the Invermay Welter Handicap; and Pallas, who was sent all the way from Christchurch for the express purpose of competing in the Waironga Handicap, was allowed the doubtful pleasure of a walk-over. Lady Lillian was made favourite for the Provincial Handicap, but Canteen, Pampero, Windwhistle, and Red Gauntlet were all well backed. The last-named ran in a manner which suggests that either he must have gone off or he dislikes soft ground. Windwhistle lost a good deal of ground at the start which she was never able to regain, and Lady Lillian was never really dangerous. Canteen ran well, but was beaten fairly and squarely by Pampero and Terrapin. The running of Pampero was a contrast to his performance in the Birthday Handicap. The gallop in the latter race evidently did the son of St. Clair a great deal of good, as he was short of work before the meeting. Off-chance, a mare whose identity has given racing officials in the Otago country districts some trouble this season, won the Novel Handicap; and St. Elma, a daughter of St. George, defeated the Soult mare Yeast in the Hack High-weight Handicap. Lady Lillian was made an odds-on favourite for the Farewell Handicap, and the sturdy daughter of Lady Zetland sent backers home happy with a win, although she had very little to spare at the finish.

The following business on the Auckland R.C. Grand National Hurdle Race and the Great Northern Steeplechase has been done in Christchurch:—300 to 9 against Moifaa and Tirea, 250 to 7½ Moifaa and Waiwera, 250 to 7 The Guard and Tirea, 200 to 4 Waiwera and Tresham, 200 to 6 Cavallero and Tresham, 200 to 6 Cavallero and Waiwera, 200 to 5 Moifaa and Moifaa, 200 to 5 Plain Bill and Plain Bill, 200 to 4 Waiwera and Frost, 200 to 4 Gobo and Tirea.

Mr J. Grandley, who is paying a visit to England, has resigned as judge of the Dunedin Jockey Club. Mr Ewing, who has been acting as locum tenens, has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

The people who are endeavouring to form a club to hold meetings at the Forbury Park have made an offer of £10,000 for the property. The proposal to open the course does not appear to have met with much favour in Dunedin.

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TAKAPUNA JOCKEY CLUB.
WINTER MEETING.

The weather looked rather doubtful on Saturday morning for the opening of the Takapuna Jockey Club's Winter Meeting, but after several sunshowers the afternoon cleared, and it was fine overhead. As no work had been permitted on the course proper for some time, it looked really in nice condition before the proceedings commenced, but as soon as the first race was over it could be seen that the track would be cut up—and, indeed, the going proved very heavy. Be well had Tresham been working in private that the Maiden Hurdle Race was regarded as at his mercy by most of those who had seen him performing in