

SPORTING POLITICS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have perused your first number of THE SPORTING REVIEW, and I like the tenor of the basis to be structured your new venture upon, and if you honestly and honourably strive your utmost, travelling in the grooves you have shadowed forth, I feel assured there is room for valid success—your assurance that nothing scurrilous will be permitted to bespatter your columns will be appreciated much by the multitude, and if you set out to impartially review and expose all zig-zag three-cornered arrangements that goes under the name of Sporting, and really do it, your paper will be a blessing in the midst of the land, and hailed as a long-felt want. I am glad, too, that you recognise properly conducted Trotting Associations, as I consider the breeding and development of superior trotting harness horses will prove an important boon to the community at large. I heartily congratulate you upon being enabled to prevail upon "Old Turfite" to resume his sporting correspondence in THE SPORTING REVIEW, as he is a reliable and experienced authority of no mean merit in racing and breeding of thoroughbreds, and he, as your sporting correspondent, in my opinion, will greatly aid the circulation of your paper, as he thoroughly knows what he is about, and is well acquainted with the shady doings of the past among the racing fraternity. The very knowledge of his being in active work again will make racing scandals less frequent in many ways. I do not agree with all he says against the use of the totalizer, he being an old racing man does not like the innovation of its introduction into racing circles—very few old racing men do, but as he only dates his active racing commencement from 1850, I can date my experience some years before that, therefore, I deem it he will take no offence at my disagreeing with him on that point, and on some future occasion, if you will allow me, I will make use of your columns and try to show the advantage of the totalizer to the general public attending the racecourse, and lessening the evil of shady bookmakers' class.

AN OUTSIDER.

CHESS.

[We shall be glad to receive communications from chess players on any interesting items concerning the game, or if we receive sufficient support we will devote a column to chess, giving clippings from American papers of any game of interest.]

A REMINISCENCE OF MORPHY.

THE Baltimore *Sunday News* gives the following as a game which was played by Morphy during his visit to Paris in 1859, and "which is not in the books":—

"THE TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE."

WHITE.	BLACK.
Paul Morphy.	M. S.
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 4
2 Kt to K B 3	2 Kt to Q B 3
3 B to B 4	3 Kt to B 3
4 P to Q 4	4 P takes P
5 Castles	5 Kt. takes P
6 R to K sq.	6 P to Q 4
7 B takes P	7 Q takes B
8 Kt to B 3	8 Q to K R 4
9 Kt takes Kt	9 B to K 3
10 Q Kt to Kt 5	10 B to Kt. 5
11 R takes B (ch)	11 P takes R
12 Kt takes K P	12 Q to B 2
13 K Kt to Kt 5	13 Q to K 2
14 Q to K 2	14 B to Q 3
15 Kt takes Kt P (ch)	15 K to Q 2
16 Q to Kt 4 (ch)	16 K to Q sq
17 Kt to B 7 (ch)	17 Q takes Kt
18 B to Kt 5 (ch)	18 B to K 2
19 K to K 6 (ch)	19 K to B sq.
20 Kt to B 5 (ch)	20 K to Kt sq
21 Kt to Q 7 (ch)	21 K to B sq
22 Kt to Kt 6 (ch)	22 K to Kt sq
23 Q to B 8 (ch)	23 R takes Q
24 Kt to Q 7, mate	

The annual meeting of members of the Pakuranga Racing Club will be held on Friday, 22nd. inst., at Mr. Blomfield's office, Durham Street.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MINING DAYS OUT WEST.

I SPEND no happier days in the year than those that I annually pass with my old college chum, Smith, in his quiet little rectory in Devon. Who ever would have dreamt that Smith, the hardest rider of Tollitt's screws, the stroke of his eight, and the soul-vexer of Dons, would have settled down as an exemplary country parson, devoting most of his time to listening to and relieving the complaints of all the old women, and becoming the recognised doctor, lawyer and adviser of the whole parish? We sit up yarning till midnight, and Smith is never tired of listening to my adventures "out west," and when he asked me the other evening, over a glass of grog after a good day's trout fishing, "Don't you often wish you were out there now?" I found it difficult to answer him yea or nay. So I'll tell my readers what I told Smith, and let them answer whether they would like the "life of an honest miner" or not. The first mines I ever tried were Leech River in Vancouver's Island. I landed in Victoria, with an enormous box containing an "outfit," which was the combined result of my friends' suggestions. Every one wanted a hand in that box, or rather its contents. One suggested a small cargo of Cockle's pills as a good "spec." another decided that an oilskin suit and a sou'-wester were indispensable, while a City man said I might as well not go at all as go without lots of beads for the Indians. I had that box just four days at Victoria; I sold the contents by auction, and lost about £30 over it. I remember that the thing which fetched most was a large Noah's Ark, which a religiously inclined old lady gave me, with strict injunctions to present it to that youthful Indian whom I should first succeed in inducing to leave off having cold missionary for breakfast, and take to digging potatoes. If that old lady could only know the sequel of that Noah's Ark, she'd die of remorse. A trader bought it for one sovereign; it passed through another trader's hands, who sold it as a "big medicine" to a chief of the Oregon Indians. One of his children took to sucking the paint off Shem's coat and the elephant's trunk, was siezed with colic, and went to the Great Spirit. Noah's Arks are at an awful discount ever since. I never shall forget my first walk to Kennedy Flat. I had never shouldered a pack in earnest till then, and 60lb under a hot sun over an awful trail is no joke. However, I had an idea somehow that if I got to the North Forks I should be able to ramble along all day, now and then picking up a nugget or two. I always pictured a claim as a deep hole very like a well, and that the owner always had his tent pitched close by, the said tent being tolerably comfortable, with a few books, dogs, guns, &c., scattered about. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I first saw Kennedy Flat. There were some log huts scattered about on the banks of a rushing torrent, where a few men were engaged in "rocking." There was, of course, a store, with two empty flour barrels outside, on one of which a man was sitting whittling a stick, with his hat tilted very much over his eyes. I approached this man, and asked him where the mines were. He looked at me fixedly for some time, and said at length, "You're right straight from the old country, I guess?" I replied in the affirmative, and again asked where the mines were. "Have you 155 dollars in gold in your pocket, young man?" I answered that I had. "Well, then, take my advice free gratis, get up and git; take the fust steamer, and go home." I often think that chap knew human nature. I knew a young fellow who came to Victoria with about the same ideas that I had. He went up to Cariboo, and came down flat broke. He had sense enough to see that he had better get back if he could; but he hadn't the 155 dollars in gold. A happy thought struck him, however, and he set up a first-class boot blacking chair outside the St. Nicholas Hotel; in three months he made £80, and went home. He is now a Co. in a city firm, and always gives a shoeblack 2d. Leech river claims were pre-eminently poor diggings, and the life there preternaturally slow. There wasn't even any drinking there, as a drink cost three bits, or 1s 6d, and there was hardly three dollars among the whole crowd. Two Yankees, how-

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