



THE TURF.

[BY OLD TURFITE.]

IN another column will be found an advertisement of the sale of the Wellington Park yearlings on Wednesday, December 31st. They consist of four colts and six fillies. A short time ago I had the pleasure of looking over the stud, and now will give my opinion of them *seriatim*. The brown colt by Woolbroker out of The Jilt I did not see as he was in a far paddock, and being told that he was only an average one I did not go over, as I am not so agile as I was forty years ago, when I first commenced racing and breeding. The roan filly by Captivator out of Vivandiere is a clever shaped one, with plenty of size, standing on good legs and feet, and if she does not make a parson she will a clerk. The bay colt by Leolinus out of Maid of Athol is a useful looking cut and come again kind of customer, taking more after the dam than his sire, not having the long back that Leolinus generally transmits to his stock. He has rare legs and feet with good action, and should certainly pay his way if he falls into proper hands. The chestnut filly by Nordenfeldt out of Victoria is a little lady all over, and gives you the idea of being a very speedy one, but being a December foal she is not so forward as the others and will require lots of time. The chestnut filly by Nordenfeldt out of Yattacy, I did not fancy, but as doctors differ so do judges of thoroughbred yearlings, and I may be wrong. The brown filly by Nordenfeldt out of Pungawerewere is a well grown racing-like filly, and will catch the eye of a good many bidders on the day. The brown colt by Nordenfeldt out of Albatross is a fine upstanding colt with capital legs and feet, plenty of substance and a good mover. If I am not much mistaken, he will make a good racehorse far above the average, and should nearly go into four figures, especially after Teksum's recent performances, as he is very closely related to him, one being by Musket and the other by Nordenfeldt, one of his best sons. The bay filly by Nordenfeldt out of Ouida is a perfect beauty. There is hardly a fault to be found with her, having plenty of size and substance, and her action whether up or down hill in the paddock is all that could be desired. The brown colt by Nordenfeldt out of Frailty is as good a looking youngster as I have ever seen, and far away the best out of the old mare. He has not the coarseness and heavy body that distinguished Trenton and Cuirassier, but at the same time he has plenty of size, beautiful shoulders, good back and quarters well let down, nice clean hocks close to the ground, with splendid legs and feet, and his action as he slips over the ground is perfection. It will much surprise me if he does not turn out a better horse than his half-brother Trenton and far superior to the much talked of Cuirassier, and if I could afford it he should not leave Auckland under four figures. The bay filly by St. Leger out of Necklace though last is not least, and is little, if anything, inferior to the half-sister of Hilda's. Though Necklace is an untried mare at the stud I would as soon have this filly as the other. In conclusion I may draw the attention of my readers to the fact that none of Mr. Morrin's yearlings are made up or forced, being all in the good hard condition that trainers so much like to work upon."

A PARAGRAPH headed "An Explanation Needed" and a letter signed "A Well-wisher of the Turf" appeared in this week's *Observer*. I am not in the habit of noticing anything published in that paper, but as I am informed by several of the outside public that I am the author of that letter, also the prologue, I beg to give a most emphatic denial to such a statement. The facts are these. The author of the letter called on me, requesting to have it inserted in the *SPORTING REVIEW*, stating at the time that he had sent it to the *Observer*. I informed him that the *SPORTING REVIEW* played second to no other paper, especially to such a one as the *Observer*. At the same time I told him that the Secretary of the A.R.C. had called upon us explaining the matter, and as it was a mistake that might have occurred to anyone, I did not see the use of his letter. He went away not well pleased at my remarks, as he said that my pen was the most powerful among sporting writers.

THE AUCKLAND AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL SHOW.

FOR some years the Auckland Agricultural Show has been a thing of the past owing to mismanagement. Like everything else of its kind in Auckland, they started on too large a scale. The whole thing was grossly mismanaged, and it got heavily into debt; eventually, not being even able to pay the interest on the mortgage, the mortgagees foreclosed. There are still the grounds, and the buildings falling into decay—a miserable memento of Auckland's incapacity to carry out anything for the good of the Province. For a long time Auckland has been without a show, though the settlers at different centres held their own shows, and many of them were really successful, and the different kinds of stock, etc., exhibited by them were most creditable. All this failed to stimulate the magnates of sleepy Auckland. Nelson is generally called "Sleepy Hollow," but it is not a patch on Auckland, for as far as their population will allow them they do their best to keep things alive. Auckland not being aroused, the Mangere Farmer's Club determined to attempt the resuscitation of the Auckland Agricultural and Industrial Show on the 14th and 15th of November, selecting as the place Potter's Paddock, Epsom, instead of the old ground at Green Lane. I am not going to discuss this selection, as I do not know if the old ground, with its sheds, etc., was obtainable, also whether the tramway's arrangement was preferable to the railway's. The show was partially successful, and in a pecuniary sense I should say decidedly so, as the attendance on the second day was very numerous. The Committee, as well as their secretary, have much to learn with regard to shows. It was a great pity when they first made up their minds to have the show that they did not exhibition business, and had seen shows both at home and in the Colonies. I met several on the ground who were perfectly competent, one or two Lincolnshire farmers—one especially, who would have been glad to have superintended matters if he had been asked, and who has seen many of the best shows in England, and would have required no remuneration. The great fault of the affair was that it was

spread over too much ground, thus making it a weary tramp to go all round. Though not a first-class pedestrian, three of my companions retired before I had completed my rounds. I may venture to say that not one in fifty looked over all the cattle, which composed the best part of the show, or one in a hundred tramped across to see the pigs. Then, again, the class numbers were not put up, and it took an infinite deal of trouble to find out the class, and in some cases it was impossible unless you knew what you were dealing with. On the second day confusion reigned supreme, numbers got mixed, prize horses, etc., were ridden and driven about the place, and deep were the anathemas of many who went out on Saturday, that being their only chance, specially to see certain things. Whose fault this was I am at a loss to say. I only know one of the authorities personally, though afterwards I was introduced to another, and they both expressed their disgust at the turn affairs had taken. One thing I must notice: Catalogues were sold in one part of the ground at a shilling and in another at only sixpence. One of the highest officials on the ground asked me what I thought of the judging. I told him that in the classes I understood the judging was simply atrocious, and he coincided with me that throughout the show it was bad. It is extraordinary that persons who have, or are supposed to have, some money, are asked to become judges, and are egotistical enough to consent, though they absolutely know nothing of the business. The judging of the horses and jumping was particularly bad. What recommendations had Colonel Dawson? You only had to see him in the saddle trying to perform over hurdles and you would know that he never performed over a country in his life, at least in the first flight. Colonel Carre has burst like a meteor upon us, having come into notice by trying to float a company to purchase the Sylvia Park Stud. He is a retired artillery officer, having served most of his time in New Zealand and India, and that time in the batteries. I do not know him personally, but it only requires anyone to have heard or read his speech at Cambridge, or to have a few minutes' conversation with him on horsey subjects, to find out that he has no practical knowledge of horses or their breeding. Still these two are appointed judges, while men like Redgate, Burt, and others are passed over, because they have not the "Colonel" before their names, or a supposed large banker's account.

I am not going to do as many writers do, *i.e.*, give an elaborate account of the show, but shall only confine myself to such classes as I understand; and even then I am labouring under a disadvantage, as I received no ticket (not that I grumble about the "Colonial Robert,") but I was not allowed to pass in to the sacred precincts. When I entered the grounds I requested a pass from a gentleman with a rubicund visage, with a ribbon on his button-hole (not a blue one), who said, "I am on the Committee, but cannot grant your request," so I had to chance it with the public. I had not gone far before I came across two of the right sort.

Commencing with the horses. On opening the catalogue the following met our eyes:—"The judges are directed to award prizes only to horses which they consider free from hereditary unsoundness, and in ladies' hacks general