

handicappers. Merrie England, 9st 3lb, and Crackshot, 9st 2lb, are both infirm horses, so they cannot be depended upon. Medallion, 8st 12lb, is remarkably well in. His running last season was of a most curious kind. Notwithstanding that I believe him to be the best three-year-old that we saw out. Freedom, at the same weight, has nothing to complain of, and should he remain in the Colony will show a bold front. Hilda has gone to the stud. Dudu will not get the distance; neither will Cissy with 8st 5lb. Occident, at the same weight has been scratched; while Cynisca, 8st 3lb, has rather an enticing look. St. Andrew, 8st has never shown his ability to stay a distance. Wolverine, 7st 13lb, last year's winner, reads well, but he is another of the unsound division. Going further down the list, Stern-chaser, 7st 2lb, is under orders for the other side. The Workman, 7st 1lb, if he trains on, looks on paper a thoroughly good thing. We then come to the light weight division. Of these Aronoe, 6st 3lb, reads about the best. But I should advise my readers not to back any horse until the weeding takes place. Those that read the best on paper at the present time are Tirailleur, Medallion, Stern-chaser, The Workman, and Aronoe. I will go more closely into the handicap in a future issue.

The correct weights for the Caulfield Cup are just to hand, and so it is impossible to take more than a cursory glance through them this week, for, like the Melbourne Cup, they take a great deal of looking through. At the same time one must try and find out what is being kept for the big event, as many of the horses are engaged in both. Of the top weights, last year's winner Vengeance, 8st 13lb, and Correze, 8st 11lb, are well in, but so they are at Flemington. Bungebah, 9st 7lb, will like the mile and a half better than the two miles. Sir William, 8st 11lb, has a weight that should bring him to the front; so has Paris, 8st 6lb, and Annesley, 8st 6lb, who will like this distance better than a longer one. The next that catch the eye are Loyalstone, 8st 1lb, Magic Circle, 8st 1lb, Wilga, 7st 12lb, Meltonian, 7st 10lb, King William, 7st 11lb, Bendigo, 7st 10lb, The Harbour Light, 7st 8lb, Mikado II., 7st 10lb, Dillon, 7st 7lb, Elsie, 7st 2lb, Forty Winks, 7st 2lb, and Patrol, 7st. Of course it is impossible for a man to back all these, and as the bookmakers have long since stopped giving so many against the field, which in this case would be about thirty, it is therefore better to leave it alone until the second payment, which is due on August 25th, is made; but if compelled to take a long shot, Paris, Wilga, and Annesley should afford hedging.

The following appears in the *Otago Witness* of June 11th:—"Replying to the question what is the amount of the largest fortune ever lost on the turf an English exchange replies: 'About half a million sterling. There are three men who stand out pre-eminently in this respect, although in each case the turf and betting were only partly, and not wholly, the means whereby they dissipated large fortunes. Jack Mytton (1796-1834), the Squire of Halston, descended from an ancient Shropshire family, squandered, in the course of a few years, the sum of £600,000, which would be equal to about a million and a-half at the present day. At the age of 38 he died, in March, 1834, bankrupt and penniless, within the gloomy walls of the King's Bench Prison. The Marquis of Hastings, born in 1842, had a short and reckless career, in which he dissipated a large fortune principally on the turf, and is said to have lost on one race—the Derby, which was run in a snowstorm in 1867—over £100,000. He did not survive the blow more than a year. Ernest Benzon, the 'Jubilee Plunger,' who is living, lost £250,000 in two years. In Australia over £20,000,000 is annually lost and won by betting; while in this country a fabulous sum changes hands in this manner. One of the most influential London bookmakers during the height of the racing season, is said to pass about half a million of money through his hands. [The £20,000,000 in Australia is open to doubt, though Joe Thompson is said to be the authority.] It may be interesting to some of my readers to give them what I know of the turf in England. Jack Mytton, sen., was before my time, but Jack Mytton, jun., was not; and I knew him well. He ran

through a large fortune, burning his candle at both ends, and eventually died in Paris, living on a small annuity allowed him by his friends. To show the reckless way he carried on he went into a well-known London bank the Monday after the Chester races, and drew out £25,000, the amount he had lost at the meeting. He quietly put the notes into his coat pocket, and walked out of the bank. One of the partners told a clerk to follow him in case he should be robbed. Jack got into a hansom cab, and drove to Tattersall's rooms, which were then at Hyde Park Corner. You had to pass under an archway, and down a lane, the stables, etc., being on the right-hand side and the subscription rooms on the left, opening on to the lawn, with a ring round it, where the horses, if required, were shown. In the middle of the room was an elevated round table, more like a desk, while along the walls, and in the corners, were small tables which the leading bookmakers, such as Davis, Padwick, Hargreaves, etc., generally appropriated. Mytton walked into the room, and pulling out the roll of notes, placed them on the centre table, calling out, in a loud voice, "Here is what I have lost; it is all I have got; help yourselves," and quietly walked out of the room. The Marquis of Hastings never had the fortune that most people attributed to him. His income, when he came of age, could not have been more than six thousand a year, as the estates were heavily burdened. He, without exception, went the pace faster than any one I ever knew. It was not an uncommon thing for him to call out of a morning to bring him a blank cheque and a brandy and soda. Exclusive of his mad racing career he kept the Quorn hounds, though he could not ride a yard over a county. This cost him nearly all his income. His racing career is well known. One week he won large sums, the next he would have to go to the money-lenders. As every one knows, that after a severe struggle, he finally came to grief over Lady Elizabeth, the year that Blue Gown won the Derby, 1868. Lady Elizabeth had proved herself a wonderful two-year old. During the winter, and almost up to the day, she was a great favourite. How it was kept from the Marquis of Hastings that she had not improved during the recess no one knows; but when she stripped for the race the merest tryo could see that she had not improved or grown a bit since the previous autumn. She finished last, or last but one. The Marquis was then in the hands of Padwick, and had to give the control of his stud over to him. The consequence was that the Earl, who afterwards won the Grand Prix de Paris, was scratched, though there were many who thought that he could have beaten Blue Gown. This completely broke the Marquis of Hastings heart, and he died shortly after, many persons thinking that it was a case of suicide. To show the reckless way that he used to bet I will mention one instance at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting. A friend of mine had a shifty filly that had a good reputation, that was running in a selling race, and her owner asked him to put a hundred pounds on him. The Marquis asked, "What is her chance?" The reply was, "If she gets away it is a certainty; but it is 2 to 1 she is left at the post." She got away, and won easily. The Marquis, after the race, called to the owner, asking him to come to his carriage and have some champagne, stating that he had put the hundred pounds on at six to one, and that he himself had won ten thousand, which must have meant at least an outlay of three thousand pounds, as in those days the market was very sensitive, and if the bookmakers found that a horse was genuinely backed they soon reduced the odds. In reply to the par. above, the writer omits two of the most celebrated men for running through their fortune I ever knew. The first is George Heald, who was one of the numerous husbands of the celebrated Lola Montez. He was an officer in the Life Guards, and was known at Eton and Oxford Colleges under the nickname of "Boiled Turnip," as he was so very soft. He became entangled in the fair Lola's toils, and notwithstanding all the protests of his brother officers, he ostensibly married her. His friends brought an action for bigamy against her, one of her husbands (Captain James), and another whose name could not be ascertained at the time, being alive. She was committed for trial, bail being fixed at £10,000. The infatuated husband

took her abroad, forfeiting the bail. Dr. Heald had left his nephew (George Heald) rather more than £250,000, which he was to come into at the age of twenty-five. He died just before he was twenty-seven, and all that he left was a little over seven thousand pounds. George Heald neither raced nor gambled, and Lola Montez was responsible for the loss of it all. In one year she squandered a hundred thousand pounds for him, and she eventually died a beggar in California, a woman that at one time ruled a country. The other case that I will mention was Mr. Carew, of Carshalton Park, between Croydon and Epsom. He was commonly known among his friends as "Buster" Carew. When he became of age the Carshalton property was worth about £300,000, and he also had a large amount of ready money. He thoroughly proved the old adage, "A second-class racehorse, etc., will break the Bank of England." One of the first racehorses he owned was Yellow Jack, that ran second for some of the principal races in England, but never won a race. The other was the "Brompton Slasher," who some of my readers may remember in the park. Poor old "Buster" was very soon in low water. As a last resource he flew a "kite" with Harry Hargreaves, alias "Old Brass," for five thousand, having to take a horse called Delight as part payment. With him he won the City and Suburban Stakes at Epsom, and £16,000. Instead of keeping him for the Derby, for which he had backed him to win a large stake, he insisted, against the advice of his trainer and friends, upon running him in the Chester Cup. Coming round the Castle turn he broke down. This finished poor old "Buster" Carew. He had to part with everything, and finally died at an early age in one of the slums of Paris.

There are many others I could mention. Captain Scott, for instance, who died in Melbourne. Are there any of my readers that remember Limmer's Hotel, and Charlie, the waiter, in the good old times?

TARANAKI SPORTING NOTES.

(BY WIRE.)

NEW PLYMOUTH, Tuesday.

Atalanta has slipped foal to St. Leger.
Bob beat Judy in the two-mile trot at Hawera on Saturday. Time: 6mins. 39secs.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW PLYMOUTH, July 3.

The local sports came out well over Durus's win in the Ladies' Bracelet race at the Hawke's Bay Winter Meeting. About 20 tickets of the 49 in the machine represented New Plymouth investments, and as the dividend was £13 19s it will be perceived that a bit of foreign capital came to Taranaki. Mr. F. Watson, I believe, rode a really good race, just landing the little mare home by half a head from Norton, a Wanganui representative. The bracelet is a handsome piece of jewellery. It is made up of three bands of gold, with a cluster of eight diamonds (in the centre of which is a large pearl) in the front.

Mr. Watson has a fine looking gelding in Snapcap, 18 months old, by Foulshot—dam Bombshell, by Flintlock. The gelding is nominated for classic events at Wanganui.

The owner of Durus (Mr. J. George) has Vendor wintering well, and the little son of Resolution should give a good account of himself next season. He also has a two-year old colt, Melas, by Armourer, in work. Melas is nominated for the Wanganui Derby. I think he will make a good horse when he gets a bit of age on him.

At the "Seaside Lodge" Mr. W. Barnard has Jenny in work again, and the mare is looking well, having quite recovered from her strained leg, and if she is weighted fairly I understand she will have a cut in at the Grand National Hurdles and Steeplechase. In the same stable are Shela, a three-year grey filly, by Dauphin, dam Witiora; and Recruit, a five-year-old son of Volunteer, dam unknown. The filly is a nice cut-of-an animal, and should be heard of next season, when she will make her debut. Recruit "aint a beauty," by any means, but he looks to be the makings of a good "lepping" nag, for which game Mr. Barnard bought him at Patea recently.