

The committee disqualify for life Sydney G. Parkes, of Wellington, (owner); William Parker of Wellington, (owner); Bernard Ferrers, late of Wairarapa, (nominator); and George Smith, late of the Hutt, Wellington, (trainer of the aforesaid gelding).

During the course of the inquiry the committee found out that there were several others connected with the affair, but they could not "sheet" the case home to them so they got off with a caution.

The committee also added a rider that the committee of the Town and Suburban Racing Club had shown a great slackness in permitting the horse to start, so they ordered them to pay the costs of enquiry.

It was also resolved that a copy of the above be forwarded to all the Metropolitan Clubs in the colony, and that they be asked, in view of the circumstances of the case, and the difficulty involved in conducting the enquiry, to take especial care that all the persons mentioned be warned off any and all courses under their control, and that all Australian Jockey Clubs be notified of the fact.

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

[By OLD TURFITE.]

BOOKMAKERS.

ACCORDING to the request of numerous friends, it is my intention to give a few reminiscences of turf life in the old country. I will first of all commence with the bookmakers who have made not only a name for themselves but also a fortune out of the unfortunate backers. Seldom has one of the latter class ever made money.

Davis was a man well known to all that have ever had anything to do with racing. He commenced life as a carpenter, but having a wonderful head for figures, he commenced bookmaking in a small way. Lists were then allowed, so it was not long before he started one. I have known him leave Newmarket in the evening, go up to London and settle all his liabilities, and return in time for the racing next day. Davis was one of the old school of bookmakers. He made his book on entirely mathematical principles, and would continue betting until the horses passed the post, seldom even watching a race. When not betting he generally employed his time eating fruit, his great weakness being grapes. You would see him every Monday afternoon coming into Tattersall's, with a small carpet-bag in his hand full of bank notes, taking his seat at his own particular table, and commence paying his liabilities before he began to collect what was due to him. In 1853 (West Australian's year) he was heavily hit over the Derby. Many thought he would never come up to time, but he appeared at his usual hour, as if nothing had happened, and commenced paying away. While doing so, he noticed Mr. Bowes' commissioner. He beckoned to him, and said "I owe you £30,000; will you take it in notes or a cheque?" The latter was preferred, which was duly met.

I will mention another instance of Davis' integrity. In 1854, at the Nottingham Spring meeting, he lost £200 to an officer quartered there. Before the settling day, the following Monday, the regiment was ordered in a hurry to the Crimea. In fact, the order came on the Sunday morning, while the men were on church parade, to march the following morning. When at the Derby in 1857, Davis came up and said, "Captain —, I owe you £200 from the Nottingham Spring Meeting, 1854, over the Hunters' Race," and immediately paid it. Davis had a paralytic stroke, and retired to Brighton, living a quiet life, not caring to see any one connected with racing. At his death his will was proved under £70,000, the bulk of which was left to the Town Council for certain improvements. The family disputed the will, but eventually the Council got £40,000. No man in the English Ring had such an unblemished career as Davis.

The next I will take is Harry Hargreaves, commonly known as "Old Brass." He commenced life as a commercial traveller. He happened to be at Chester in 1851, when Nancy won the Chester Cup. He got the straight tip, and invested largely on her. This was his first step to fortune. Hargreaves was also a large money-lender after he retired from the ring, but one of the most reasonable ones. He never

charged more than 10 or 15 per cent., but always insisted on your taking a horse in part payment of the bill. Generally they won the amount of the bill before it became due, especially in the case of Cheerful and Marigold, the dam of Doncaster. Old Brass lived in a splendid house in Bayswater, and had three very pretty daughters. The eldest was unfortunately killed while riding in Rotten Row, owing to her horse bolting and jumping the rails sideways. Another is married to Sir Morrell McKenzie, the celebrated surgeon. Hargreaves died two or three years ago. His will was proved under £150,000.

Padwick can hardly be called a bookmaker, as he was more of a commission agent, connected with many of the large stables. He commenced life as a lawyer's clerk, eventually becoming one of the largest money lenders in London. It was Padwick who virtually ruined the Marquis of Hastings, as in Lady Elizabeth's year (1868) he had the control of the Danebury stable. He caused The Earl, who afterwards won the Grand Prix de Paris, to be scratched for the Derby, though in the opinion of some of the best judges he could have won the Derby. Lady Elizabeth, however, was a warm favourite, and Padwick kept "milking" knowing that she had not grown or improved during the winter, and that he had the Marquis in his power. In 1862 he leased Littlecote Park, near Hungerford, from Mr. Popham, which he kept up in grand style, having his house always full of company; certainly rather a mixed lot, but he had Dukes and Lords at his command. He had one daughter, a very nice girl—"The Heiress," as she was called. At that time both the late Duke of Newcastle and the Duke of Hamilton were in Padwick's hands. The former, who was then Lord Lincoln and one of the "Romeo" Lords, appeared rather smitten with the daughter, so old Padwick made him the following offer: "I will pay off all mortgages (which then amounted to something like £200,000) if you will marry my daughter." This offer was declined, and the Duke afterwards married the only child of Mr. Hope, the great Piccadilly millionaire. With regard to Littlecote, the place Padwick took, there are many interesting legends. Speaking of Wild Dayrell, after whom the winner of the Derby in 1854 was named, I see that one of my *confrères* has an article in his paper stating that he always took his gallops at three o'clock in the afternoon, the time the Derby was run. Never was such bosh ever written. He was sold as a yearling to one of the Duke of Richmond's sons, but returned to Mr. Popham, who bred him, for some reason or other, and was afterwards sent to Tattersall's, but did not fetch his reserve, £350, so Mr. Popham was obliged to keep him; thus unexpectedly he turned out a profitable horse both on the course and at the stud. At the time there was great surprise at Mr. Popham calling the horse Wild Dayrell. As the story goes, in olden days there was a fearful child murder at Littlecote, and it was found out through a nurse that had been fetched from Hungerford and driven there by a circuitous route. On entering the house she was blindfolded and taken up to the bedroom. After performing her duties she was taken back in the same manner, but during her stay she managed to cut out a piece of the curtain of the bed. This led to the identification of the place, and subsequently Dayrell was tried for the murder of the infant before old Judge Popham, who, it is said, was bribed to acquit him, on the promise that he should have the Littlecote estates. That is the tradition of how the Pophams came into the property; but the curse that followed it seems to have remained, *i.e.*, that the eldest son would never inherit the property. I have known three generations of the Popham family, and the eldest son has always met an untimely end. One of them was a lunatic. Padwick died some years ago, but it may safely be said that no man ever held so many noblemen under his power. What his will was proved at I do not know, but it must have been an enormous sum. He was a great money lender, but you always had to take a hogshhead of claret as part payment of a bill—sometimes good, at others the reverse.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Percival, secretary of the Auckland Racing Club, is again amongst us, after having enjoyed a pleasant trip to the Empire city.

PAKURANGA HUNT CLUB.

THE weekly meet of the above club on Saturday last was at Panmure Bridge. Punctually to time, (12 o'clock) the master made a move across the bridge. After trying over the property of Mr. C. Roberts, a move was made on to Mr. McLean's property, Green Hills. Hares were found here in any quantity—in fact, too many. To a lover of the dog tribe, nothing can give greater satisfaction than to spend a day over these paddocks with a pack of hounds and see them work. Mr. McLean has always been a supporter of the Club, and the way he preserves the hares is an evidence that he still has an interest in the sport. Long may he live to enjoy a day round with the dogs.

After spending a couple of hours giving the hares a good rouse up, the dogs commenced to show signs of having had enough. So far the work was all done by the dogs, none of the followers getting a chance to have any jumping, as the running was all in open country. The Master decided to make a move and lay a drag. This was undertaken by Mr. John Rae on The Colonel, accompanied by Mr. Gibson. The line taken was from Panmure village, across the foot of Mount Wellington, crossing the Ellerslie road, and continuing across the scoria over to Mr. Bailey's property at Penrose, then making a turn and continuing back to the Ellerslie Hotel. The fences were all stone walls, some of them taking some doing to get over. The pace was fairly fast. All enjoyed the run thoroughly.

Amongst the company we noticed Miss Dunnet on a grey, Miss Percival on Prestissimo, Miss Bloomfield on Tairoa, Miss Taylor on Satan, Miss Buckland on a grey, Miss Garrett on Tommy, Mrs. Bewes on a grey, the Master on Jim, Mr. W. McLaughlin on Cardinal, Mr. Hanna on a bay, Mr. D. B. Tonks on Odd Trick, Mr. Gibson on a Dauphin colt, Col. Dawson on a bay, Col. Shepherd on a bay, Mr. Garrett on Guadalquivir, Mr. Dunnet on Bob, Mr. Craig on Hurricane, Mr. H. Dunnet on Rodger.

V.R.C. STEEPLECHASE MEETING.

THE V.R.C. Steeplechase, which had been postponed from the 11th inst, took place on the 24th. As might have been expected owing to the course having been flooded for so long, the going was very bad owing to the slime and mud. The accounts to hand are of a very meagre description, so we are compelled to hold over a regular report of the meeting until the Australian files come to hand. The following is the result of

THE GRAND NATIONAL HURDLE RACE, a handicap sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, with 1500 sovs. added. The owner of the second horse to receive 300 sovs., and of the third 150 sovs. out of the stakes. About three miles.

Mr. G. Glasscock's b g Crusoe, aged, 9st 12lb	1
Mr. E. Keys' br g Goldleaf, 5yrs, 9st 2lb	2
Mr. J. B. Gill's b h Leroy, aged, 10st 9lb	3

Twenty-six horses started.

The flag fell to a good start, Havilah taking the lead. Several horses came to grief. On entering the straight Crusoe went to the front, and won easily by five lengths. Time, 6min 30sec.

The meeting was continued on the 27th inst. The course was still heavy going. The following is the result of the principal race:—

THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE; a handicap sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each with 1500 sovs. added. The owner of the second horse to receive 300 sovs., and the owner of the third 150 sovs. out of the stakes. About three miles.

Mr. W. T. Jones' gr g May Be, 6yrs, 10st 6lb	1
Busaco, 11st 5lb	2
Coral, 10st 12lb	3

Nineteen horses started.

There were a good many mistakes during the race. The placed horses always held a good position. On entering the straight May Be and Busaco had the race to themselves, the former winning comfortably by two lengths, the little pony Coral being six lengths away third.

The Canterbury *Weekly Press* of the 9th inst., devotes 11 columns to entrances, weights &c., for the leading events of the New Zealand Turf, and they say the lists will be added to or amended as space permits. We might suggest that they should devote a paragraph to the correction of their Canterbury Oaks list, in which they have included Mr. W. Somerville's br c by Nordenfeldt—Albatross, and Mr. H. Redwood's br c by Stoneyhurst—Wainui. We are certainly under the impression that the Oaks is confined to fillies.