

left in the N.Z. Cup after a mile and a half had been covered, or I am greatly mistaken.

Crown Jewel won the Grand Stand Handicap on Monday, and paid a good dividend; and that mare has recently been worked well. She cannot get a particularly big weight now, and there is no doubt that she has made more money since leaving Bush Inn than she would have been likely to make had her breeder been her continuous owner. That is difficult matter to explain, too, for she could not be trained better anywhere than Bush Inn.

Yattagan did nothing at Dunedin, and I have never seen her do anything brilliant yet, but doubtless she will presently be sent to the stud, and she may produce something better than herself. She seems too delicate to stand training properly.

During his Southern journey Gooseman has done very well with Whisper. Cynisca has not run up to public expectation. When brought down here for the Metropolitan meeting I fancy somewhat that Gooseman was a bit dubious about her brilliancy under certain weight in a mile and a half and over. Gooseman is a rare "card," he can keep one end of a railway carriage in roars of laughter, and imbibe the particulars of a most solemn conclave held in the other.

A fairly good filly is Reflection, and she will pay Geo. Matthews and Jim Harris considerably more than her purchase money. These owners seem to be lucky too in their investments.

Charlie O'Connor did succeed in winning a race with Xmas at Dunedin, but he is unlucky nevertheless. I fancy he has Crackshot on bad terms, but the horse may pay in the long run. His hocks are bad; that is what is the matter with him.

GLENORA PARK.

[BY OLD TURFITE.]

HAVING received an invitation from Mr. W. Walters to go out and see his stud at Papakura, I gladly availed myself of it, not having been there for many years. Mr. Walters met me at the station. Driving through the township I found it greatly altered, but not for the better, as it appears a dead and alive place as it has always been since the war. A few new houses have sprung up instead of the old shanties there used to be. The old Papakura Hotel where in years gone by some rare old fun used to go on, was burnt down, and instead of rebuilding it on the old site—where one could go in and have a quiet luncheon or a friendly glass with some of the old settlers that one knew years ago, who could relate some good stories of the war, especially how they were all driven in during the night, and wives could be seen riding in hot haste with babes in front of them, while the father brought the rest of the family with as much of the household goods as he had been able to save, to Otahuhu—a modern public has been built within fifty yards of the other, both being close to the sale yards and are nothing better than drinking shops. On arriving at Glenora the first thing I missed was the old house where I had spent many happy days—may say weeks. It had been pulled down, a modern one having been erected further back, which in my opinion is a great mistake, as there it stands bare, while all the fine old shrubs, trees, etc., are left to the young thoroughbreds and cows to amuse themselves in. Arriving at the stables, which were just the same—a large barn converted into loose boxes—we were met by French, who one might call a permanent fixture, as he has been there some thirty years, looking just the same as he did ten years ago—not a day older—with perhaps the exception of a few more wrinkles, under the eye, and not quite as active as when he rode some of the Papakura cracks eight stone and under.

We first inspected the horses in training, which consist of what one may call "all sorts," therefore I shall confine my remarks to those that are likely to be heard of in the future. The first was The Baron, by Hippocampus—Grand Duchess; a dark brown horse, with plenty of size and substance, what you might call a fine horse. As everyone knows, he is possessed of a great turn of speed, and has won some good races; but at the last Ellerslie meeting he did not run up to his form. He was looking rather light, but French told me that he was rather a difficult horse to train, as

he is apt to go off very quickly. He is perfectly sound, and for sale. At the price, I am told, asked for him—£300—he is a cheap horse, as he is sure to win a good race before long.

The next was that wonderful old mare Leorina, looking as fresh as a three year-old. Her legs, notwithstanding all the work she has done, are as clean as the day she was foaled. Leorina was leased for her racing career, and Mr. Walters informs me that as soon as she comes in service he will put her to Hippocampus; then let her race for a little longer. Leorina (by Leolinus—Yatterina), is by far the best of his stock that I have seen. She has great depth of girth, good back ribs, and grand quarters, with a constitution of iron; therefore should throw a good foal.

Pinfire, 5 years, by Torpedo—Yatterina, is a fine upstanding horse with plenty of bone; who ought to win a good race. Up to the present time he has been unlucky, having met with accidents when he was nearly fit. He is for sale at £300, at which price he is cheap, as he can easily win that money, and will then make the best country stallion I have seen in Auckland, as he has all the attributes required, and is a well bred one.

Glenora, 2 years old, by Hippocampus—Rosarina, is a nice filly, but has evidently been hurried in her preparation. She showed a bit of form at the A.R.C. Spring Meeting; and is in the sale list, her price being £200, at which price she is dirt cheap; as if fairly treated by a competent handicapper, she will pick up a Nursery or two this season; and as she is a late foal will greatly improve by next year.

The next to be inspected were the yearlings. Mr. Walters was particularly unlucky with his mares, especially those sent to Sylvia Park during the last year of its existence; as, though the careless way things were managed, two out of the four mares put to Nordenfeldt missed, as did some others. The consequence is he has only five fillies to send to the hammer in January. Four of them are hard to beat in Auckland, even including the Wellington Park Stud.

1.—A bay filly by Nelson—Hipporina; the near hind heel being white. This is a fine lengthy filly, with plenty of size, well topped, is a little heavy at the point of the shoulder, is growing fast and will improve a great deal in another month or so; she is a good mover. There is one fault that Nelson reproduces in all his stock that she has—being light in the arm and second thighs, so the puzzle is where did he get his galloping powers from? Taking her all through, she is a nice filly, and well worth looking after.

2.—A dark brown filly by Nordenfeldt—Fishgirl. This is a beautiful filly, long and low, good shoulders, back, and loins, well let down, standing over a lot of ground, and a beautiful mover. Her off knee is rather a curious one; it looks something like a double joint, but it does not interfere with her action, and her dam had the same peculiarity. She is well worth £300, if she never raced, as her blood is undeniable, having two strains of Fisherman blood, through both sire and dam.

3.—A brown or dark bay filly, by Nelson—Muskerina. This is another nice filly, with good shoulders, short back, fine quarters, and well let down. Some good judges that have seen her pronounce her to be the best of the lot, but in my opinion she does not cover as much ground as the others; and has the Nelson fault—small arms and second thighs.

4.—A chestnut filly, by Nordenfeldt—Rosarina, with three white legs and a blaze. In my opinion this is the best of the lot. First looking at her she would not strike you as much—but pull her to pieces, and the more you look at her the better you like her. She is a great upstanding filly loosely made, with magnificent shoulders, short back, a great length from round bone to hocks, which are close to the ground, and are particularly good; great quarters, big arms and knees, and good bone. She stands a trifle back in her knees, but it is hardly noticeable. The main thing is her action; the way she keeps her hind legs under her is such as is seldom seen. Certainly there has not been a finer filly bred at either Sylvia or Wellington Parks. Many would not take her owing to her being so loosely made, but in my opinion that is what is required, as there is plenty of room to grow to.

5.—A bay filly by Hippocampus—Venus

Transit. This is a nice useful filly, but not one of my sort.

We next visited the brood mares, and taking them all through they are a good lot.

Rosarina, by Traducer—Yatterina, is a fine roomy looking mare, with a very good filly foal by Nordenfeldt, and has been stinted to Hippocampus. Her foal is a really good one, but though I have had many years experience, I cannot go as far as some of my *confreeres* do, to predict what it will turn out. One curious thing breeders might notice is that this mare has never had a colt foal.

Empress, by Maribyrnong—Peeress, is a very fine roomy mare, but hardly gives you the idea of being thoroughbred. Her dam, good as she was on the turf, had a stain in her pedigree. She has a colt foal at foot by Hippocampus. It is a long time since I have seen such a youngster. He is well grown all over, with big hocks and knees. He is by far the most powerful of Hippocampus' stock I have seen, and should make a big horse. She is stinted to Hippocampus.

Venus Transit is a mare I do not like. She has a small but neat filly foal by Hippocampus, and is served by him again.

Countess, by Anteros—Grand Duchess, is a nice mare with a young foal by Hippocampus, and served by him again.

The following mares were away from home, having gone to Castor:—

Fanny Fisher, by Fisherman—Coquette (imp.), barren.

Cressina, by Leolinus—Rosarina, with a filly to Hippocampus.

Lady Emmeline, by Somnus—Fanny Fisher, with a filly to Nordenfeldt.

The following have gone to Hotchkiss:—

Fishgirl, by Yattendon—Fanny Fisher, with a filly to Nordenfeldt.

Hipporina, by Hippocampus—Yatterina, with a filly to Nordenfeldt.

Muskerina, by Hippocampus—Hipporina, with a colt foal to Nelson, has visited him again.

Mr. Walters' young ones are all in good natural condition, not being made up with linseed, boiled barley, etc., so one can see all their faults.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(TO THE EDITOR.)

SIR,—I have been in hope that your very apropos remarks relative to the position taken by the A.R.C. re trotting and pony racing would have called forth some remarks from leaders on both sides of the question. I am not surprised, however, that the fulminations of the A.R.C. do not appear to have disturbed the equanimity and general serenity of the trotters, their sporting M.H.R.'s, J.P.'s, handicappers, starters, clerks of course, etc., who are connected, I believe, more or less with both clubs. Watching the matter much as a looker on at a game of chess or any other game, I must say it appears to me at least incongruous that any club should presume to say what shall constitute another club's sport. Personally I would not go a yard to see a *flat* race;—is that any reason why I should strive to prevent it? And as to the system here of trotting in the saddle—not on a road or track, but on the soft grass—of what use is it? But there are people that like it, and if they can get sport out of it why should another club wish to prevent them? For all practical purposes I think *both* of them useless.

In speaking to the best horseman (in my opinion) either side can muster—a member of the A.R.C.—he stated it was only pony racing they wished to "break up," and certainly his reason was an excellent one, viz., that it encouraged a breed of undergrown thoroughbreds (for neither 14.2 nor 14 can be called ponies); and when I asked why they opposed trotting his very sensible remark was, "they had nothing to do with it,"—showing very clearly he at least was not with them in their assumed dictatorial spirit. My own belief of the trouble feared on the part of the A.R.C. is a falling off in the proceeds of the totalisator in consequence of its being used too frequently; and thus interested cliques pull the wires for their own ends.

In conclusion may I have one more word with regard to the *morality* of betting, by soliciting an answer to the following—premissing that I never bet a shilling (not being 'built that way):—A miner comes to his friend and