

fore half brother to Dudu. In my article on the Sylvia Park sale I mentioned that St. Leger was one of the cheapest stallions ever sold, and that he had been greatly neglected. For my own part I would sooner put a mare that suited to him than any other stallion in Auckland. There is, however, one thing to be considered: patience with his stock is required, as I think he takes after his grandsire—Stockwell—most of whose stock required time, and never came quick to hand like the Orlando's and others. Where would Blair Athol and others have been if they had been raced as two-year-olds and not given time.

The first forfeits of the Sydney Gold Cup are now to hand. Thirty remain in. When the weights first appeared I selected Highborn, Malvolio or Correze, Sir William, Zalinski, G'Naroo, Forty Winks, and Yarran. Of these Mr. Redfern's pair, Malvolio and Correze, have been scratched owing to their going amiss, and so has Sir William for some reason or other; still I think I have the winner amongst the lot I have left. Highborn, 9st 4lb, has the same weight as when he won the Australian Cup, which many put down as a fluke, Cusden being blamed for his riding of Strathmore. He certainly did not ride, from all accounts, a judicious race, but I am of the opinion that on that day the result would not have been altered. He now meets Strathmore on 6lb better terms, and as the Champion Stakes was a false run one, and he was not himself, Highborn's chance cannot be ignored. Zalinski, 8st 10lb, is a really good colt, and if the stable stand him, in my opinion, he is bound to beat his stable companion, at the same time being an improving colt he may be kept for the next Melbourne Cup. G'Naroo, 8st 4lb, won the Caulfield Cup with a penalty. He was heavily backed for the Melbourne Cup, but was one of those who came to grief in the scrimmage. He has now 7lb less to carry. He was also greatly fancied for the Australian Cup, but the old cry of the stable being forestalled was raised, so the consequence was he was scratched. It now appears that J. Foulsham has only taken him and Wild Rose to Sydney, therefore one must naturally come to the opinion that his trainer fancies him. Forty Winks, 7st 6lb, is a game horse, and is sure to spin, but the question is can he quite do the trick, or will he only run into a place. Yarran, 6st 12lb, is rather on the small side, but he was a brilliant two-year old, and ran well in the spring when he was not quite himself, and as he is now Mr. Cook's selected one, he must be respected. Now of those that I did not originally select. Freedom, 8st 10lb, has run fairly since he has been in Australia, but I doubt if he has been previously wound up. This is just the kind of race that Dan O'Brien would like to win, and then get a good price for his horse. Greygown, 8st 8lb, has for a long time been looked upon as going to do a good thing, but from what I can learn he is hardly up to the mark, but it would not surprise me if he upset all calculation. Tirailleur, 8st 4lb, is better in this handicap than he has ever been since he was in Australia, but I have always maintained that he is an overrated horse. Oxide, 7st 10lb, is a game little fellow, and will beat more than will beat him, and I prefer him to Strathmore, but the little fellow will not stand bumping. Portsea, at the same weight, has on recent running a show. The next that comes under notice is Sainfoin, 7st 2lb, who has just been sold for 1200 guineas, so there must be something in him. Amongst the ragged division Bodkin, 6st, might prove dangerous. At the present time I fancy Highborn, G'Naroo or Yarran, will furnish the winner, but I shall have another chance after the next Sydney mail arrives of making a final selection.

The acceptances for the Doncaster Handicap for some reason or other, have not yet come to hand. However, I will do the best I can for my readers. When the weights appeared I selected Marvel, Stromboli, Paris, The Workman, The Seine, and Eileen, as well in. Marvel, as everyone knows, is an extraordinary horse when quite right, but 10st 4lb is a heavy weight; still, if the stable rely on him, he will take a deal of beating. Then there is Paris, 8st 11lb, a very fast horse, but small, and does not like bumping. Then the

Workman 8st 7lb, must be taken into consideration, as his running at Flemington was very good, so it rests with Monaghan to know which is the best. Stromboli, 9st, won the Bourke Handicap, seven furlongs, in fast time, but from what I can learn he is a horse that cannot be trusted when the pinch comes. The Seine, 7st 3lb, and Eileen, 6st 9lb, are leniently treated. The same may, however, be said of several others. Strathmore, 9st 11lb, is looked upon as Mr. Wilson's best, but it is a crushing weight for a three-year old. His running in the All-Aged Stakes must not be forgotten, as he beat Bungabah at weight-for-age, doing the mile in 1min 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec, which proves that it was a fast race; but I am not a believer in time. Wild Rose, 8st 11lb, has 10lb more than she had in the Newmarket Handicap. It is said she will not like the extra two furlongs, but I have great faith in her, as it is not likely that Foulsham would have taken her to Randwick unless he knew something. It is no use going through the 103 horses at this time, as the majority of them will be scratched and the acceptances will be to hand for a final selection, so I shall confine myself to remarking that at the present time I prefer Wild Rose, Paris, Eileen, and Strathmore the best.

The hand of death has been busy this last winter with journalists one used to know in the old country. The last, I greatly regret to learn, is "Robin Hood" (Mr. C. M. Browne), the great authority on coursing. For more than thirty years he has been associated with the *Field*. His death occurred on January 26th. He had been suffering from a cold, but he thought nothing of it, and small importance was attached to it, which, alas! proved to be the commencement of the end. The discovery of an internal abscess caused grave apprehension, and it was deemed advisable to remove him from his residence to the University College Hospital, in order that an operation—the only course to save his life—might be undertaken. The operation proved the disease to be of such a serious nature that from the first little hopes were entertained of his recovery. Some of my readers, especially Nottingham men, will remember him when they read the following:—Mr. C. M. Browne was born in Nottingham, and was the son of Mrs. Browne, who kept the well-known George Hotel in Nottingham, frequented by all the County families. It was one of the old-fashioned sort, where many a good dinner was held, presided over either by Jack Masters, Sherbrook Gregory, Jack Storey (commonly known as Hell-fire Jack), or some other sporting celebrity; but, alas! the good old-fashioned hotel is now pulled down and a modern one built in its place. Mr. C. M. Browne was educated at the Blue Coat School, and when I first knew him had a farm in the Vale, but he did not care much for farming. His passion was coursing, and his criticisms first appeared in the *Sporting Gazette*. These coming under the notice of Mr. Walshe (Stonehenge), the late editor of the *Field*, he was engaged on that journal, and the name "Robin Hood" first appeared in that journal in 1863. Mr. Browne was also connected with pigeon shooting, a thing he was very fond of; and I often met him at the Hornsy Wood House, especially during the spare week between Epsom and Ascot. The deceased was in his 61st year. His Nottingham friends will be astonished to hear that his mother, the genial hostess of the George Hotel, was, six months ago, alive and hearty, notwithstanding that she is now in her nintieth year. When one looks back, how few of the old school are left!

The experiment tried of issuing three handicaps for a race, that securing the most acceptances to be the handicap for the race, has hardly been a success. The Babraham was the one selected for the trial. Out of 92 entries the acceptances obtained were 22, 24, and 19 respectively.

At the Hawke's Bay Trotting Club's Meeting, held at Hastings on the 25th ult., Dennett, the owner and rider of Jean, which won the Maiden Plate, brought Hoyle, the rider of the second horse, Tommy, before the stewards for foul riding, and he was fined £2, and cautioned that if he gave any cause for complaint in the future he would be disqualified for a term.



Mr. John Knox will sell on Saturday next at the Hamilton Auction Mart, the privileges for the South Auckland Racing Club's Autumn Meeting.

The owner of Jess, the winner of the Pony Trot at Hastings on the 25th March, gave the performances of his pony as follows:—"Two years in milk cart, and in the trap on Sundays driving the wife to church."

The following prices were realised by Messrs. D. Tonks & Co., at the mart on Friday last, for the Avondale Jockey Club's privileges:—booth, £24, Mr. Foley; gates, £27, Adams & Andrews; cards, £6, Scott Printing Co.; refreshment stall, £2 10s., Mrs. Hunt; stabling, 16s., Belcher.

Previous to the starting of the Novel Race at the Helenville Racing Club's Meeting last Saturday, the jockey Pennell lodged with the stewards a claim for £2 against the horse Comet, he having ridden for Mr. McGee at the last Avondale meeting. The stewards, after hearing the evidence on both sides, decided that Pennell had no claim against the horse Comet, as his claim was for riding another horse the property of a brother of Mr. McGee.

"Mazeppa" writes that immediately after the late Dunedin Jockey Club meeting Stewart Waddell severed his connection with the stable of Stephenson and Hazlett, but he hopes that the breach will be healed. As the trusted manager of the stable, ever since it was a stable, it has become quite an institution in Dunedin, and it is simply owing to his ability that Stephenson and Hazlett's colours have become so much respected on the turf.

A correspondent of the *Field* writes: "A Yankee asks for the definition of these, and you can give him my view if you like. A cob is a thick-set horse, not over 15 hands, and up to weight; a galloway is a whippy-snappy useless animal, except to carry little misses in their teens at the seaside or bolt out of a course at a country meeting—height, 14.2 to 15.1; a roadster is a fine mover, suitable either for harness or saddle, up to weight, and not over 15.2; a hack or hackney is the same, but showing more breeding, and making one think of a tandem leader or meet of hounds ten or fifteen miles away.

"Castor" writes in the *Canterbury Times* that the yearlings purchased by Dan O'Brien have arrived at Riccarton and that he had seen them. He says that he prefers the filly by Richmond—Bis Bis to her companion, a colt by Dunlop—Result. "The filly is dark brown in colour, and is a powerfully-topped youngster standing on short legs. She shows plenty of quality, and though unfortunately one of her hocks is spavined, has thriven wonderfully well since her arrival." It is hard to believe that Dan O'Brien, one of the best judges of a racehorse in the Colonies, has purchased a spavined filly, as she would be unfit for training purposes and useless as a brood mare, as it has been proved without doubt that it is an hereditary disease; so the most charitable way to put it is that "Castor" does not know what a spavin is, so that the remainder of his article may be taken *cum grano salis*.

At a recent meeting of the Nelson Trotting Club, which is in a very satisfactory condition, the following officers were elected: Mr. F. Trask, president; Messrs. Warren and Kirkpatrick, vice-presidents; Mr. J. W. Askew, secretary, vice Mr. T. A. Askew, whose resignation was accepted with regret, and the thanks of the Club recorded for his past valuable services. Mr. J. Glenn was appointed judge, Mr. C. Bird starter, Mr. C. S. Sharp treasurer, Mr. C. R. Harley, clerk of the course, Mr. W. Coleman handicapper, Mr. R. Turner time-keeper, Mr. W. J. Gorrie clerk of the scales, Messrs. Turner, A. Green, G. Green, S. Bolton, H. Harley, Gay, and D. Andrews, committeemen. Without any knowledge of the late secretary's abilities, we can congratulate the Club on the appointment of Mr. J. W. Askew, who from his general knowledge of sporting matters, and his recent sojourn in America, coupled with tact and energy, ought to make a secretary hard to beat.