

on the winning horse, and made quite a nice little stake over the northern "Derby." But in those days I believe I gloried in extravagance, and my winnings were soon scattered to the winds. I fully expected to do big things over the last two of the large handicaps of the year; but when "Jackdaw," over whom I stood to win a regular raker, was scratched for the "Cesarewitch," and a rank outsider, on which I did not have a single farthing, won the "Cambridgeshire," this was the climax of my racing career. To add to this disaster, I had been foolish enough to oblige a friend, and, as he either could not or would not meet the obligation, I had to pay the piper.

I was in Ireland, and one fine morning I was about to mount my horse for a day's hunting, when I received this last blow to my already shattered finances. I did not, however, allow the occurrence to spoil the last day's sport I was ever likely to have with the hounds I had so often followed. No! I proceeded on my way to the meet: we had the run of the season, and I rode as I never did, before or since.

The same evening, immediately after dinner I retired to my little room, and hastily packed the few articles of clothing and other things I thought most necessary for going abroad. At an early hour the next morning I arose, and, quietly creeping to my dear old mother's room, I bade her a hasty adieu, not, however, disclosing to her my destination; and a few minutes later was on the road to the station. Here I purchased a ticket for Dublin, and the same evening was on board the steamer sailing for Liverpool. Thence I had made up my mind to take the first vessel sailing for New York. Arriving at Liverpool, I took up my quarters at the North Western Hotel, and after breakfast I sauntered out to purchase my ticket and a few articles that I required. Having secured a berth on board the *Egypt*, which was sailing at 8 A.M. the next day, I returned to the hotel.