



THE SPORTING REVIEW,

A Monthly Chronicle

OF

THE HUNT, THE BEAGLE,

And all the Sports and Amusements



Edited by "Craven".



After A. Hunt Sculp

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THE SPORTING REVIEW.

JULY, 1841.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

"CORONATION," WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1841, BY HACKER, AFTER
HERRING.

"THE MELTON HUNT," PAINTED BY F. GRANT, ESQ., AND ETCHED BY
LANDELLS.

AND

"THE ASCOT CUP," ENGRAVED BY ORRIN SMITH.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE do not think we should render the authors of the "Prize Essays on the Art of Swimming" any service by a "critique upon their book."

The hint from Sunderland is taken in the spirit in which it is offered: the St. Leger list, if possible, shall be given in the way our Correspondent suggests.

The subject of Mr. Collins's picture would not be of interest enough for this work: we are much obliged by the offer, although we cannot avail ourselves of it.

At page 24, line 34, of the present number, for "Sir James Martyn" read "Sir Thomas Mostyn."

The lower row of numbers, on the right of the etching of the Melton Hunt, refers to the upper group of figures.

Vol. V., bound in cloth boards, lettered, is now ready, and may be had of all Booksellers.

CORONATION,

WINNER OF THE DERBY STAKES, 1841.

Engraved by E. HACKER, from a painting made exclusively for this work, by J. F. HERRING.

PEDIGREE.—This capital racer was bred by his present owner, Mr. Rawlinson. He is by Sir Hercules (by Whalebone, out of Peri), out of Ruby (bred by Mr. Rawlinson, in 1825), by Rubens, out of Revenge's dam, by Williamson's ditto—Agnes, by Shuttle—Highflyer—Goldfinder—Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel—Herod's dam.

PERFORMANCES.—In 1840: At Oxford won a Sweepstakes for two and three-year-olds, three quarters of a mile, beating Pelerine, two years old, f. by Nimrod out of Busk, three years old, and Affection, two years old, in a canter; and at Warwick won a Sweepstakes, T. Y. C., beating St. Cloud and Norman by a neck.—1841: Won the Trial Stakes at Warwick Spring Meeting, in a canter, beating The Plover (second), Protection (third), and the following, which were not placed:—Fitzroy, Naamah, Sunflower, Hatred, Syria by Muley Moloch, The Star, and Hampton; and the Derby Stakes, 154 subscribers, beating a field of twenty-nine; being the largest that ever started for them.



HYDE MARSTON ;
OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN'S LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH :—ARRIVALS AND REVIVALS.

“Mochus! with whom once more I hope to sit,
And smile at folly—if we can't at wit;
Yes, friend! for thee I'll quit my cynic cell,
And bear Swift's motto—"Vive la bagatelle."

BYRON'S HINTS FROM HORACE.

THERE are few less likely means of ensuring a patient audience than opening the negotiation for it with a request that the party about to be addressed will “hear reason.” It assumes a foregone conclusion that he or she will do nothing of the kind, and is the commencement of that which purports to be a peaceful treaty, by an aggression. But my experience of human nature, upon the occasion of the dinner at the Bedford, with which the last chapter closed, had not yet put forth its earliest blossoms; and, consequently, in an affair that required delicate management, my attempt was a signal failure. Having handed my sire a chair, with dutiful look and tone requesting he would be seated, and allow me to order him some refreshment, I began by begging he would “listen to my explanation calmly, and without prejudice.” This was the first blow; for I saw a blush dawning around his temples, a sure sign a storm was brewing. Mytton, who was rather more sober than was his habit at midnight, discovered how the land lay as soon as I announced our visitor, and, with his usual downright manner, went at once into the pith of the issue. Filling and handing over to the new comer a bumper of port, and draining one himself, he gave utterance to his sentiments, in a voice that denoted there was nothing amiss with his lungs.

“Come, sir, don't put yourself into a passion about nothing; the whole is a mistake, I assure you. The report of the death, and all that sort of thing, was a hoax: make your mind easy, the old gentleman at Cheltenham is not at all dead.” This produced the climax: for a moment, an expression full of strong emotion passed over my father's countenance; a tear fell, evidently despite a strong effort to restrain it; and, abruptly addressing Mytton, he rejoined: “Passion, sir! what d'ye mean by a passion, sir!—I was never less ruffled in my life; though I didn't think it possible I could even hear of such a piece of unexampled villany without being moved (he trembled from head to foot). And so it's a hoax, is it? I suppose I'm indebted to you, sir, for the plot; and to you (it was my turn, now), you unnatural repro-

bate, for enacting the chief character. One gentleman promulgates a scurvy jack-pudding joke, and the other dresses himself in full costume to support it. Capital fun, isn't it, to masquerade for an uncle's death: rare sport! none better, except putting on real mourning for a father. I wish ye both a particularly good night. I beg to congratulate two young gentlemen, so diligently going to the devil, upon their near approach to the end of their journey."

At the beginning of this oration Maher had sneaked off, and at its conclusion my progenitor strode out of the room. I confess the aspect of affairs was anything but agreeable to me; nor did Mytton seem to regard the prospect as a promising one. "Old fellow," said he, "I think you had better look sharp after the author of your being, or he's likely to do himself a mischief. I don't remember ever having seen a respectable elderly person in such a fury before: go after him, and if you find him bound towards the river, hang on by the tails of his coat." As I passed across Covent-garden, a figure hastily retreating down King-street revealed to me the object of my anxiety. I kept him in sight, and, having housed him at Long's, followed as soon as I thought time enough had been allowed to ensure his being clear of the hall. At the door of the office (that stood, and still stands, on the right hand of the Bond-street entrance,) John Long met me, and, having telegraphed that the coast was safe, I made the best of my way up, six stairs at a stride, to my bed-room. Mention has been made, in a former chapter, of a certain dissipated-looking waiter, whose peculiar province it was to enact the courteous to such guests as presented themselves when the little hours had set in. This individual was one of those officials known at hotels as "the night-gang," a class which, in London, probably enjoys two hours of sleep in each week, from May to August inclusive. Now among the peculiarities of my seed and generation, one, and that by no means the least emphatic, has been heretofore left unnoticed. When I spoke of Dr. Johnson's crotchets as excuses for the eccentricities of uncle Tom, I might also have pleaded their privilege in favour of a nearer relative; for it must be declared that my father was by no means without his weaknesses. Foremost, among the items that effectually capsized his philosophy, was the sight of a fellow-creature under the influence of that nervous affection called "gaping." This being the case—and the recently-described scene at the Bedford had in account—it was not one of the most likely events in the world to lead to a pleasing catastrophe, that a night-waiter, who had probably not been drawn through the sheets for the previous six weeks, should have waylaid him on the second-floor landing. But such was the fact: and, as I happened to be a spectator of the result, it is my duty, as an honest historian, faithfully to narrate it.

The attendant, as aforesaid, hearing some one ascending to his chamber, had armed himself with a light, and the usual provocation to iced punch. This light was a stalwart mould of four to the pound, then first ignited, and stuck into a flat candlestick. The inquiry as to "the gentleman's number" being replied to, the fellow, holding the room door open with one hand, and in the other the newly-mounted mutton, was in the act of putting his accustomed interrogatory, and had got as far as "a charming bottle of punch in"—when, as poets say, Nature insisted upon her prerogative. In plain English, he opened his jaws like the Bull and Mouth, and exploded with an unnatural yawn—such as might be expected from one who had supped upon an opium factory. Thus, for an instant, the pair stood confronting each other, but for an instant only. While yet the mouth was stretched from ear to ear, my father yell'd out, "Ah! ah! what d'ye mean by that, ye scoundrel! what d'ye mean by *that!* d— me, are ye going to swallow me?"—and I saw the flaming candle thrust, blazing as it was, into the wretch's throat, till the flat bottom of the instrument that held it actually struck against his nose and chin. A terrible uproar ensued, during which the party who had perpetrated the outrage quietly locked his door, and shut out the din. All the rabble of the house, the loose fish of the coffee-room, and the tag-rag and bobtail of the kitchens, rushed to the scene of action, and seemed to give me credit for having put the dissipated night-waiter to death. Some lifted him on his legs, some asked "what was the row?" and others, "what was to be done with the body?" Between the wine and excitement of the Bedford, and the bedevilment raging around me, I was losing my patience fast, and began to feel as savage as a tiger. "What's to be done with the corpse?" whined out a "boots," upon whom gin and four-and-twenty hours' work in the day had left their marks—"what *is* to be done with this here dead chap?" "Chalk him down to my account," said I, lending the querist a refresher upon the part where such reminiscences are found to be most effective, and making good my retreat—"charge him to my bill; and, if he leaves a wife and children behind, *stick him in twice.*"

A calm proverbially succeeds a storm: thus the morning that followed this turbulent night brought with it reflection, not unmixed with that manly self-reproach which is the best moral specific. It was clear that something beyond the common had occurred; for fruitful as my father's character was in oddities, they rarely drove him to the extravagant violence of which he had so recently been guilty. In short, I began to feel very uncomfortable: a broken, feverish sleep had not improved my nerves; and it was a real relief when Maber made his appearance with the ordinary morning items, *viz.*, hot water to comfort

the outer, and soda-water the inner man. A glance at his face—inflexible as were the materials that composed it—served to convince me that all was not well. As he drew back the curtains of my windows, he began: “The old gentleman, sir, has been awake since daylight, ringing his bell as if the house was afire, and blowing up most uncommon. Ralph, the second ‘boots,’ told me he nearly killed *another* waiter this morning, wid a crack of a pot full of biling coffee: it’s as much as the price of any man’s life to open his doore.” “Go instantly,” said I, “with my dutiful respects, and say I shall be with him as soon as I’m dressed.” There was no declining the embassy; so the Irishman went his way, but with little of his customary alacrity. His feet seemed glued to the floor; and it was not till he perceived that preparations were in an advanced state for discharging a soda-water bottle at his head, that he set about his errand in earnest. In a particularly short time he returned, and thus announced the result: “Your father’s honour, sir, bade me say he is saved the trouble of desiring your honour’s honour to go to the devil—the Lord save us!—as you’re more than three parts of the way there already: he was sorry that, being in bed, he was prevented bestowing a handsome kicking on myself; but he was consoled by the reflection that he should be able to pay it with interest, as soon as he had put on his boots.” This, certainly, was no promising beginning; but, like virtue, perseverance is its own reward. A message sent through a pretty black-eyed Welsh chambermaid, accompanied by a moiety of a *pâté de Perigord*, mollified him considerably; and, finally, I was sent for, to take my morning’s meal with him; “if, indeed, I *could* perpetrate a breakfast before evening.”

Years of sorrow and of suffering have passed over the heart on which thy latest breath was drawn, thou good, and kind, and honourable old man! The blights of life have fallen upon it: the wintry winds of fortune have turned to ice the stream that burst so free and sparkling from its fountain; but the hour has never been, never *can* be, when the memory of one it loved so long, and so well, shall not bring peace and solace to that heart, worn and broken as it is. . . . The sun—for a London sun, in April—was bestowing a very respectable ray upon the chamber, as I entered. The tenant, in a night-cap, secured to the temples by a scarlet *bandeau*, sat bolt upright in bed, with his pigtail levelled over the left shoulder, in a most warlike attitude: the traces of a storm were still visible on his hale and ruddy features; but the savory pie was acting like oil upon the waves, and fair weather had already set in. Cordiality came with the progress of our interview, and the explanations that arose out of it: these I will condense, for the convenience of giving them in form of a narra-

tive. The paragraph stating the death of Mr. Thomas Longueville had caused a considerable sensation at the Hall. My mother, who was as much attached to her brother as she was capable of being to anybody, exhibited strong concern; while my father busied himself with conjectures upon the means that had brought about an end which he so little anticipated. In this state things were during the morning and noon of the day that had brought the news. In the course of the evening a visitor arrived, and, upon sending in his name, and stating that his business was urgent and of importance, he was admitted. It was Major G——, who, with bursts of passion and despair, announced that his eldest daughter, Caroline, had eloped on the previous night, and that there was strong reason for believing she had been carried off by me!! A pleasant party the three must have been, thus brought together, all circumstances considered. My mother, perfectly convinced that I was the ravisher, left home early on the succeeding morning, and had been in Bath and hysterics ever since. Her better half set off for Oxford, in search of his hopeful heir; how he found him has been told in the preceding chapter.

What a jovial breakfast we had: such digging for truffles; such embowelling of the Perigord; and then the Alloa ale, to keep the pie right; and the *eau de vie de Dantzic*, to settle the malt. Who, that might have accidentally seen us at that hour, could, by any process of ratiocination, have arrived at the true state of the case? Beneath the surface of this merriment there lurked, in the breast of one of the actors, an anxiety that his best efforts scarcely enabled him to conceal. Absence had effaced none of the traces of my earliest passion. When the excitement and novelty of the scenes upon which I was thrown had left a moment for generous thought, in spirit I was again an inmate of the cottage of the Severn, lingering on the smiles, and spell-bound by the music that fell from the gentle Charlotte's lips. Her devoted attachment to her sister was too endearing a trait to have escaped my observation; and the conviction of it brought before me, with every aggravation, the double agony with which that sister's fatal step must have overwhelmed her. Thus I pondered, compelled to assume cheerfulness, and accompany my father, during the remainder of the day, to the various places he desired to visit. As we strolled through the park, a salutation was bestowed upon us from an ancient chariot. It drew up, and old Lady L——, the widow of a Shropshire baronet, condescended to do the amiable upon a grand scale, finishing with a token of her consideration, in shape of a card for a route, that night, at the house of "a particular friend." This was Mrs. P——, the daughter of one of the wealthiest drysalters on Fish-street Hill, who had married the son of a deceased livery-stable keeper, also worth a round sum. They had hired a splendid mansion in

Portland-place, and some damaged ladies of quality, who acted as an Amazonian press-gang, when their employers thought fit to emblazon with a list of their guests the columns of the "Morning Post." I pocketed the pasteboard; and, the social hour having arrived, father and son dined together in cordial fellowship, and wound up the evening at Drury-lane, where Kean, then in the ripeness of his genius, played Richard.

The distinction between day and night is the last item taken into the account of hotel life, by the pleasure-seekers of a metropolis. At Long's, no one ever thought of going to bed, or of getting out of it: both were matters of compulsion. It was an hour after midnight: my father had retired; and half a dozen of us were about to settle ourselves for the rest of the day, when I recollected my morning's engagement. We wanted supper, and it held out every prospect of a good one; so inviting my companions to honour me with their company in Portland-place, we departed thither accordingly. The convenience of a *parvenu's* party was manifest at a glance. There was ten times as much meat and drink as there were guests; and, consequently, every appliance of physical gratification, with plenty of room to enjoy it. Without an attempt to ascend to the drawing-rooms, or investigate the hostess or host, we made the best of our way to the *salon à manger*; and, having discovered an unoccupied corner at a capitally-furnished table, proceeded to make ourselves comfortable. We ate and drank like French falconers, and still demanded more liquor. The footmen at length grew slack: our supplies were exhausted—things began to look serious, when S—, always on the *qui vive*, cried, "It's all right, I've caught the butler;" and straightway he was in communication with a portly personage in black. "He's a trump," said S—, returning; "gone for lots of champagne, and here he comes with it. "Place those bottles on the table," said a voice, that made me start, to the servant who followed him. "And now, though not exactly in the service of the host, gentlemen, I'm *your* very obedient servant, and propose helping you *with*, as well as *to*, your wine." A burst of laughter welcomed the speaker to his chair—he seated himself—and at the instant his eye caught mine rivetted upon him. The stout eccentric was on his legs again like a harlequin. "Villain," said he, looking towards me with fury, "how dare you pollute society with your presence? Begone! and know that I have frustrated your projects: I have circumvented your plans—*your mistress is now under my protection.*" Everybody stared aghast; while R—, measuring the speaker through his *lorgnettes*, exclaimed, "What an exceedingly debauched old man! I protest I never in my existence heard so disgusting an avowal." Could it be possible? Was it not a dream? Did I really hear such words from the lips of uncle Tom?

ON THE PRESERVATION OF GAME.

BY THE HONOURABLE GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY, M.P.

VERMIN TO BE DESTROYED.

(Continued from page 416, vol. v.)

THE WEASEL

Is the smallest of the fourfooted vermin, and resembles the stoat in nature, short of the latter's speed and power. Small as he is, he will fix on, and hang to the head of the hare or rabbit till, from terror, as well as on account of the scientific application of the deadly bite, both the one and the other fall victims to his blood-thirsty propensities. The weasel is a great mouse-hunter also, and will occasionally attack the rat; but he prefers young game to any other sort of food.

The paralyzing terror which besets both hare and rabbit, when pursued by the martincat, polecat, stoat, or weasel, is most wonderful, and totally different from the fear occasioned to either by the presence or pursuit of man or dog. So possessed does the rabbit seem with the certainty of approaching and unerring death, that though he is capable of three times the speed of his pursuer, he will run from his hole, or cover, into the middle of the smooth and unsheltered meadow, and sit down and shriek till his tyrant arrives, attracted more speedily by the cries that were so unnecessarily raised. I have been sitting at my window, and seen a rabbit cross the lawn, and without waiting for any other notice, I have taken my gun and gone forth, well knowing, from the wild and self-abandoned expression of the animal, what was about to follow, and have shot numbers of stoats and weasels in broad day.

The weasel is to be trapped by methods before described, and is generally found in greater numbers than any other of this class of vermin.

THE HOUSE RAT

Is a very destructive vermin to young game of all sorts, and to eggs generally. During the winter time he resorts to houses and barns, where he can lie warm, and fatten on the farmer's corn, or the refuse of the kitchen; but the moment the spring approaches he seeks a country house, and, with very good taste, delights to have it by the side of the pond or river. His first act, on arriving at one of these situations, is to catch, if he can, and kill, or else drive away, the more innocent water-rat, and then to take possession of his hole. The house rat is an accomplished sportsman on land and water, as well as an artful citizen; diving, swimming, and hunting the fields with the prowess of the water-rat or stoat. The leveret, the young partridge and pheasant, the chicken, and the duck, whether wild or tame, are an easy prey to his strength and ferocity; and many a miller blames an innocent water-

rat, because he sees his more powerful *locum tenens* catching his ducks upon the mill-pond. In summer he is frequently taken in woods, in the usual vermin-traps, and should be as much looked after, by the gamekeeper, as any other animal of predatory habits.

The great Hanover, or common *brown* house rat, has nearly extirpated the old English *black* rat; and it is very rare, now, to meet with a specimen of the latter. We have not benefited by the exchange, as the former is much the most powerful and destructive animal of the two.

The water-rat cannot be called a vermin, relating to game; therefore, with a few words upon the badger, I shall now proceed to consider the winged objects for a keeper's notice.

THE BADGER.

It is not the usual practice to regard this animal as a vermin, nor do I think that he employs himself *in seeking*, to *any great extent*, either the partridge, hare, or pheasant: nevertheless I am well convinced that if their young, or the eggs of game, *come in his way*, he will, most assuredly, destroy them. His canine teeth shew that nature did not intend him to feed exclusively on herbs; and his size and power afford him the means of gratifying his appetite on anything that may fall within his reach.

In countries where foxes *are not preserved*, badgers may be trapped in steel traps at their earths; or during the night they may be hunted with terriers or foxhounds, and driven into large sacks, placed for such purpose in the entrance to their holes. Sometimes foxes and badgers will use the same head of earths, and then *there can be no trapping*, unless by the hand of a master in the art, with *any safety to the former*.

I once knew a head of earths used by foxes and badgers, the run or path to the earth being intersected, or cut across, by a small open drain. On observing the usings of the two animals, the fox appeared always to step over the drain, while the more clumsy badger always hopped in and out. From certain circumstances, I did not, once in a way, mind risking the catching of a fox in a trap that would only have held him by the pad till restored to liberty; and wishing to capture the badger, a gin was placed down in the bottom of the drain, where I had observed that the latter animal, when he travelled that way, always trod. It remained set many nights; foxes often passed over it in safety; but at last my expected friend came, did as he was wont, as to crossing the ditch, and the next morning was found to have been safely caught. Badgers will sometimes be attracted by baits, and get trapped like other vermin.

THE KITE.

The kite is a bird of prey, only met with in certain places, generally in the vicinity of forests or large woodlands, and is very destructive to young pheasants, and young game of all kinds, ducks, and chickens. They are always in pairs, and the hen bird is by far the largest. They make their nest in the low stout fork of some oak tree, of clumsy materials carelessly laid together, like the sticks

of a wood-pigeon's nest, with a few old pieces of rag, snatched from the neighbouring hedges or road sides, to render the inside of the nest somewhat softer. They generally lay two eggs, and are most difficult birds to approach within gunshot whilst sitting. Their large beautifully bright eyes are ever on the watch, and the cracking of the merest stick, or the rustling of a leaf, rouses their attention. When first I resided at Harrold Hall, in Bedfordshire, there were a pair of these birds who had long haunted the surrounding woods, and built in a cover belonging to me; and the gamekeeper, whom I took from the neighbourhood, said that it was impossible to destroy them. They had a nest in the wood the first summer of my residence in that vicinity, and of course my wits were set to work to get hold of them. I apprehend that some unclever trapman had originally endeavoured to catch these birds, and had permitted them to discover the danger beneath a dead bait, for my traps also failed; therefore, to the gun alone could we look for success. Their nest was in a low oak tree, in a very thick quarter of a cover, called Stocking Wood; but whenever I endeavoured to approach them, whether by day or in the twilight, discovery was sure to take place; and no close hiding, within shot of the nest, would induce the hen to return to her eggs.

Finding that they were not thus to be approached, I watched their actions, when scared from their nest by me, and soon observed that when once conscious of the presence of a man in their wood, they then, particularly the hen, mounted into the clouds above; and though he might conceal himself beneath the bushes, she continued to soar immediately over her nest, commanding every outlet from the cover, till she could perceive that her enemy had to a certainty departed. I used to let them see and mob me from the wood for some way over the fields, which they would continue to do, from their graceful flight in the clouds; and then, in return, watch them, when they were content with the sufficiency of my departure. On such occasions they would soar back, gradually descend, and stoop perpendicularly to their home.

Having made this observation, I directed my keeper to accompany me to the wood, and to approach the nest with me. The kite, as usual, fled her eyry, mounted into the skies, and watched us, but forgot, as I expected she would, to count our numbers. When, within shot of the nest, I crept on my knees beneath some thick thorns, and ordered my man to cover me carefully with bushes, and then with great display to leave the wood, through its most open parts, and to go the path I had usually gone across the open fields. The instant he had left me, I saw that the stratagem had succeeded, for I could now and then catch a glimpse of the kite bearing gradually away over the exact line of the keeper's retreat; she mobbed him far enough, forgot that there was another enemy left, returned without hesitation, and dropped into the nest; even then, the bringing my gun to the level, disguised as I was, caught her suspicious eye, and she darted from the nest, but too late to escape, for a shot took effect on her wing, and, falling, she was taken captive to my garden, where she continued tame for many years.

The kite is a very difficult bird to trap, even after you have succeeded in enticing her to take dead baits, by laying young rabbits for her pleasure upon the ground; for this reason, that she skims along the surface of the ground on the wing, and snatches with her talons at her prey, pulling whatever is there *upwards*; whereas, to strike a steel

trap well, the impetus, or blow, should be given *downwards*; and as the kite is a nervous and wary bird, the smallest clogging of the grass, or resistance to her talons, makes her instantly let go, and the trap strikes after she has loosed the bait. If you are lucky enough to find a fowl or rabbit, that she has killed, partly gorged upon, and left, and previous to her return you can place a trap there, you have a better chance; for she will, in such instances, often pounce with folded wings upon the remains of her quarry, and favour the springing of the trap.

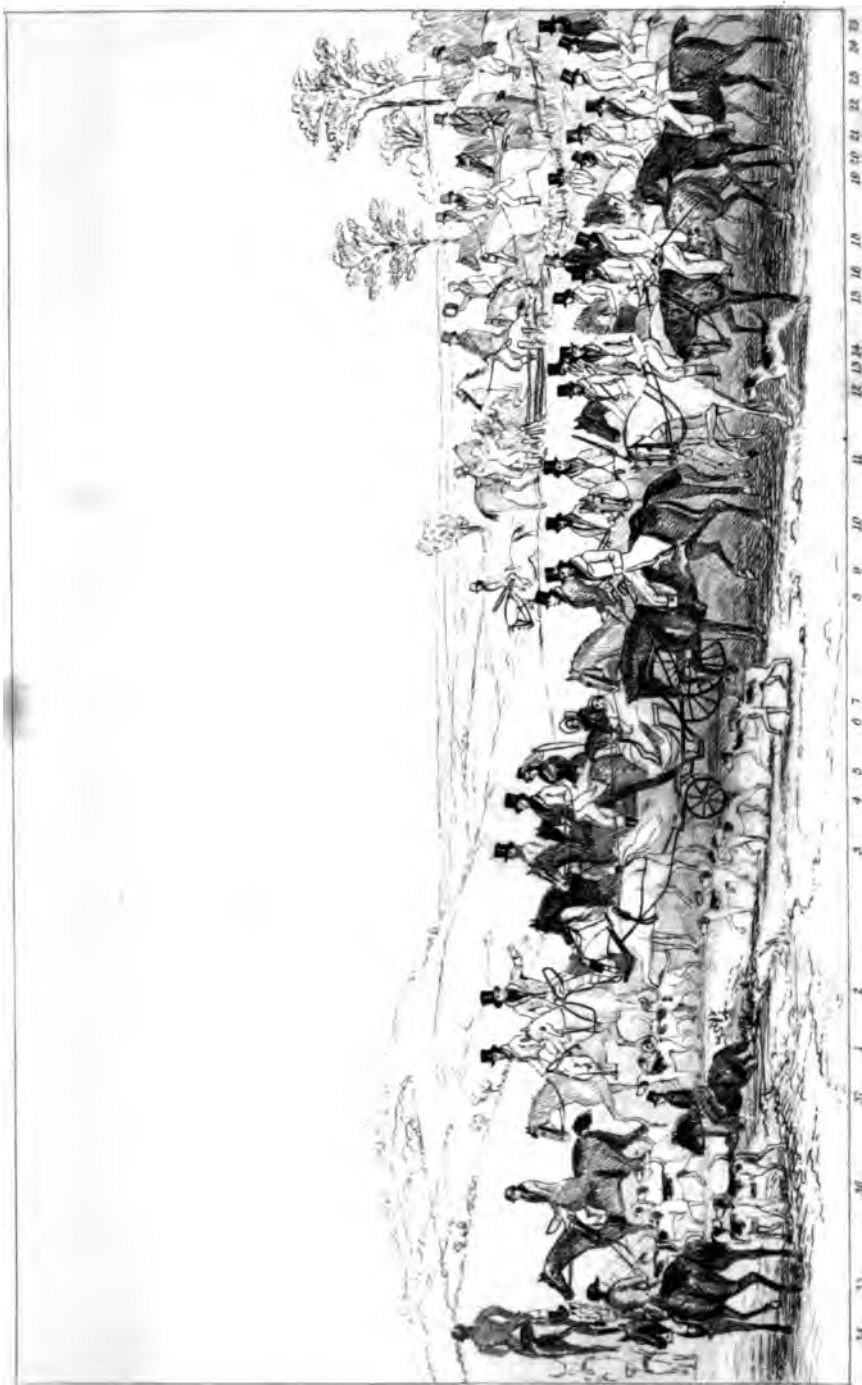
Another method of getting at kites, and all other winged vermin, is to keep a tame raven,—use him to the tether, for if he is not used to it, he can untie, with his clever beak, any knot you can invent,—and take him up to your woods, selecting some quiet but fairly opening intermediate field, in which to fasten him to the ground. Have either a small chain with a swivel to it, or some dark string; attach it to the leg, easily, without giving pain, just above the foot; give him six feet of liberty, and bury your detaining peg in the ground, so as to let all look as natural as possible, and then conceal yourself well in the edge of the wood, within good gunshot of your decoy, taking care, if you can find one, that a high, bare-limbed, old tree is within the reach of your fire; for on this carrion crows, magpies, and jays will often perch, to inspect the object of their dislike. They *always do dislike* a tame bird, though *how* they find out that *he is tame*, before they have had any communication with him, I could never discover. Instinct—that wide-sweeping, mysterious word, which brings the brute so close upon the reasoning gifts of his more boasted fellow-creature man—can only account for it, for it passes all our observation, and defies description.

Your tame raven, when even a wood-pigeon or any large bird flies over his head, will always look up and croak at him; and when carrion crows, magpies, and jays hear his voice, they invariably come to the spot, to see what is the matter. Kites and hawks will stoop close over his head, to give him a passing buffet; and then is the time for a shot at them, for they seldom return to repeat the insult, or settle on a tree. I had a tame raven, once, whom I had used as a decoy without fastening him to the ground, and he at last understood his business to a most extraordinary degree. On taking him to a wood, and tossing him up to some low bare bough, he would remain there, or climb higher up if the situation of the limbs of the tree favoured his ascent—for he was closely pinioned—and croak at every large bird he saw; the moment one fell to the ground, he would descend his tree in the most amusing excitement of anger and haste, and, hopping up to the dead bird, seize on and begin to pull him to pieces. If no wild birds came, and he was pleased with his tree, and no food was at hand to entice him down, I was then obliged to climb for him, and dislodge him rather unceremoniously with my hat; for, on such occasions, as if aware that I had but one hand at liberty, he would dispute my authority inch by inch, and endeavour to maintain himself in his position with the most provoking pertinacity.

THE HONEY BUZZARD.

This is a very rare bird, and having met with only one specimen of it in the whole course of my life, which was shot by Mr. Moreton Berkeley, at Cranford, I know but little of its habits. It is a more

Engraved by Lundell after the original picture by F. Simon, Esq. N. Y.



powerful as well as a more graceful creature than the common buzzard, and in all probability addicted to similar predatory habits. The bird to which I thus immediately allude was killed in the summer, and its crop was filled with the contents of pheasants' eggs, a great number of which it seemed recently to have destroyed.

THE COMMON BUZZARD

Is similar in its habits to the kite, and as difficult to approach while sitting in the nest. It is more easily trapped, however, both from its inclination to carrion, as well as from its lighting on its prey, instead of skimming along the ground, and endeavouring to snatch food with the talons.

The buzzard is oftener killed with the gun, from its soaring less than the kite, and being more frequently found in trees. It lays two or three eggs, of a whitish speckled colour, and frequents large and lonely woodlands, and is a destructive and greedy vermin.

THE MOOR BUZZARD

Frequents the heather, the fen, and the open wild, and is also a destructive vermin to the game. It makes its nest upon the ground, but in other habits resembles those of the genus to which it belongs.

(To be continued.)

THE MELTON HUNT.

PAINTED BY FRANCIS GRANT, ESQ., S. A.

A MEZZOTINTO engraving, of the first class, after this celebrated picture, upon which the well-known artist, Mr. Humphrys, has been for many months engaged, will shortly be published by Messrs. Graves and Co., of Pall Mall. By the courtesy of those gentlemen we have been permitted to embellish our present number with an etching from it. Our design is to offer a sketch that shall embody somewhat of the spirit and general character of the original. How far that object has been carried out, it is not for us to assume. For the subjoined key we must entreat a liberal indulgence. The biographer of this noble sporting subject had even a more difficult task to encounter than the painter. The actors, who constitute its *dramatis personæ*, have won for themselves characters to which few pens could do fitting justice. The hope that emboldens us to make the attempt is the lustre that such names must cast upon any record of them, however feeble and unworthy of the subject.

The day is long past when any lover of the fine arts, more especially of that department of them which relates to sporting, needs information upon the style, keeping, or execution of Mr. Francis

Grant's pictures. It has been well said of him, that "he has very far surpassed all his predecessors in elevating a department of art heretofore considered so minor as to be consigned almost exclusively to inferior artists." During the century and a half in which hunting has been pursued as the peculiar sport of this land, no pictorial biography of the chase (if the term may be permitted) was essayed, till the appearance of this gentleman's "Meeting of Her Majesty's Stag-hounds, on Ascot Heath;" then followed "The Melton Breakfast;" and now we have "The Melton Hunt:" three works that shall secure for the artist fame, so long as taste and genius are had in estimation, or one lover of the good old English sport of fox-hunting shall be found among us. We now proceed to our notice of the portraits in "The Melton Hunt," in the order in which they are numbered in the etching; as also in the key that will accompany Mr. Humphry's engraving.

No. 1. Lord Gardnor, brother-in-law to Lord Suffield, has long been of the first flight in Leicestershire. He has had his share of hard thumps, Nosely brook to wit; but they have by no means knocked the jump out of him. His Lordship, at the period to which the picture refers, acted as a most efficient *aide-de-camp* to the noble master

No. 2. Lord Suffield.—Though it must be admitted that the sport with the Melton hounds, during the season that this nobleman was at their head, was inferior to the general average, the *éclat* of the establishment was never more liberally provided for or upheld. Lord Suffield was a fox-hunter of but a short standing, for so important an office; yet so was his predecessor, Mr. Rowland Errington, when he succeeded to the Quorn; and who ever proved a more efficient master? Lord Suffield gave the largest sum for the hounds he brought to Melton (Mr. Ralph Lambton's) that had ever been given for a pack before: his servants were of known excellence, and his stud was in every respect the best that could be got together. With these materials his Lordship entered upon his campaign; and if he could not command success, he certainly deserved it.

No. 3. The Earl of Darlington.—A name that has music in it for the ear of a fox-hunter. It loses no jot of its former honours in him upon whom it has descended; higher it needed not, if, indeed, such could be acquired.

No. 4. Lord Macdonald—"of the isles,"—a true scion of a chivalrous race. Few names are more identified with modern Leicestershire than that of this handsome young chieftain; and, as a sportsman, in the old saw of his native land, he is "better than he's bonnie." You must travel farther than Melton to find one to "set" him in a "lark."

No. 5. The Hon. Mrs. Villiers.—This most accomplished rider, and beautiful woman, was a frequent attendant of the Melton Hunt during Lord Suffield's season. Her style is remarkable for grace, nerve, and perfection of hand. Renowned in the field as the name of Villiers has long been, this addition to it, certainly, will not detract from its fame.

No. 6. Countess of Wilton.—Lady Wilton has laid aside the scarlet habit which once streamed in the van of many a gallant field. Her Ladyship is now as excellent a charioteer as she was wont to be across a country.

No. 7. Lord Grey de Wilton: a goodly blossom—

"Full of promise as the spring of prime."

No. 8. Walter Little Gilmour, Esq.—Among the cream of the best that go to hounds, in England, or any other land, in the item of horsemanship, science, and pluck. If any eye that looks upon this happened also to look upon him, when he rode his wonderful run from the Coplow, during Mr. Hodgson's first season at Quorn, we shall not want one to second our opinion.

No. 9. The Earl of Wilton; being a Grosvenor, it follows, of course, that

he must be a sportsman. His Lordship has been one of the best patrons of the turf and the field for the last twenty years; and though he goes well with hounds, his *forte* is the racing-saddle.

No. 10. Hon. Augustus Villiers.—This gentleman is also one of our first amateur jocks; he is a good sportsman, and, as a specimen of a gentleman, such a pattern as even the house of Jersey may be proud of.

No. 11. John White, Esq.—A passage in his sporting career, that happened some fifteen years ago, will serve to illustrate the character of this bold Briton; it occurred in a run which the pace had left between him and Assheton Smith. The pair, *arcades ambo*, came together to a fence, as high and as strong as the side of a house, with but one possible place in it, and that was in Mr. White's line. Mr. Smith, therefore, slackened his speed, till his companion should be well over. This, however, was ordered otherwise, for Jack White and his horse were "bulfinched," and stuck as fast as if they had been grown in the hedge. "Go along!" cried Tom Smith. "Can't," said White; "I'm fast." "Stick in the spurs," said Smith; "and *do* get out of the way." "If you're in a hurry," replied White, with *nonchalance*, "*ride at me, and charge me.*" So he did, and the friends rolled amicably together into the next field.

No. 12. Sir Frederick Johnstone, Bart.—The melancholy fate of this noble-spirited and most amiable man, has recently caused as much general sympathy and regret as ever was offered as homage to an early tomb. Sir Frederick was one of the best sportsmen, and most popular members of society that late years have seen.

No. 13. Prince Leichtenstein.—A nobleman who took to hunting as naturally as if he had been born within cry of a kennel of foxhounds.

No. 14. Sir David Baird, Bart.—A first-rate gentleman jockey, and fine rider to hounds.

No. 15. Earl of Rosslyn.—We have heard Lord Rosslyn described as being a devoted lover of hunting. His horses are selected with excellent judgment, and to the purpose. If we remember right, he sold one to Mr. Assheton Smith, on that gentleman's late celebrated visit to Leicestershire, for £400.

No. 16. Count Batthyany.—No stranger would, even for a moment, imagine the Count a foreigner. He speaks English like a native, and looks one all over, whether on the saddle or the coach-box; in both situations he is a first-rate performer. The hospitality, and extreme suavity of manner, for which this wealthy Hungarian is so distinguished, have secured him golden opinions in this country.

No. 17. T. Haycock, Esq.—As gallant a horseman as ever wrote himself Meltonian.

No. 18. William Coke, Esq.—We remember hearing this gentleman's hunting character, early in his career, described in the following words: "A capital fellow in the field, *only he's much too fast for hounds.*"

No. 19. Prince Trutmansdorf.—Another foreigner, who, like Don Juan,

"Wore the Melton jacket for a space,"

and did it credit too.

No. 20. John Moore, Esq.—Who has read or heard of the mighty Nimrods of our time, and missed that of John Moore from the catalogue? As one of the Leicestershire "cracks," he has long ranked foremost; and long may he keep his place.

No. 21. Lord Archibald St. Maur.—This nobleman is a good patron of the chase, though, as it has been urged against him, "unhappily addicted to pheasants." If all game preserves blended both tastes as harmoniously as the subject of this notice, fox-hunting would gain much, and, peradventure, the *battue* lose little.

No. 22. Sir James Musgrave, Bart.—A leading member of the old Club, and as brilliant over the turf as under the mahogany.

No. 23. Henry Greene, Esq.—"A good sportsman, a most excellent country gentleman, and very popular among the Meltonians." Thus has Mr. Greene

been happily described. He is the master elect of the Melton Hunt, and brings to that office every requisite for the discharge of its duties with honour to himself and advantage to the country.

No. 24. Lord Cranstown.—To the accomplishments of a good sportsman, his Lordship adds social qualities but rarely met with. His festive properties have been thus told to us: "Where Lord Cranstown is, there dwelleth mirth."

No. 25. Mr. Chapman; and

No. 26. Mr. Goodwin.—Two gentlemen of long standing and high reputation in Leicestershire.

No. 27. James Fairlie, Esq.—A thorough lover of sport, well known with the Royal Hunt, and as a proprietor of race-horses. Mr. Fairlie, however, has retired, like the patriarchs, to the shade of his vines and fig-trees.

No. 28. Marquis of Waterford.—This dashing son of Erin has achieved as general and as well-deserved popularity, in this country, as any of his countrymen who have come amongst us. In deeds of extreme hardihood no man has ever exceeded him; as a sportsman, few of his experience rank higher. In the field—as a steeple chaser—a rider over the course—a yachter—in all manly exercises he has distinguished himself. The scene of his exploits is now changed, but the spirit and energy with which he pursues them are the same.

No. 29. Earl of Howth.—Another Irish nobleman, who, in his own land, as here, has long been considered a first-rate equestrian. His taste is chiefly for racing, and the meeting in Howth Park, his fine domain, near Dublin, has been for many years the Irish Goodwood.

No. 30. Captain Percy Williams; if not the very best of our gentlemen jocks, certainly as good as any. He is also an accomplished coachman; and not to be beaten over a country by any man of the day, with a fair start, and barring accidents.

No. 31. Earl of Dysart.—His Lordship is one of the ultra fast, and not to be stopped by anything that human flesh and blood may attempt. If an example of this be required, his race, on *Sweet William*, against Lord Waterford, on *The Sea*, from Shankton Holt to the Ram's Head (the cover at which the present meet of the Melton Hunt is represented), will afford a sufficient example.

No. 32. Mr. Marriot; and

No. 33. Mr. King.—A pair of the right sort, whose names will survive as long as fox-hunting shall be the sport of Englishmen.

No. 34 and 35. First and second whips.

No. 36. Mr. Treadwell, the huntsman.—The opinions entertained of this person during his Leicestershire season, were conflicting, and not generally favourable. He was certainly a first-rate horseman, and full of zeal in his profession; but the sport (the criterion of the many) told against him. He came into Leicestershire a stranger to his country, a stranger to his hounds, and, above all, a stranger to his fields; odds sufficient to beat a Meynell, a Musters, or a Smith; and that Treadwell was no match for them, can scarcely be argued in proof of his want of qualification for a huntsman.

No. 37. Master Robert Baird.—Let this *parvus Iulus* but turn out half as good as his sire, and he will live to see nine-tenths of his cotemporaries "toil after him in vain."

RACES FOR JULY.

Newmarket.....	6	Bridgnorth	15	Dudley and Tipton ..	22
Hednesford	6	County of Gloucester ..	20	Wenlock.....	23
Worcester.....	7	Yarmouth	20	Goodwood	27
Bishop's Waltham ...	8	Croydon	20	Newport (Salop) ...	27
Mansfield	12	Hertford	21	Downham	28
Liverpool	14	Lancaster	21	Oundle	28
Ipewich.....	14				

A MONTH IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

BY NIMROD.

(Continued from page 420, vol. v.)

I must now take a partly retrospective view of my visit to Melton up to this period, and comment upon some of the leading features which offered themselves to my transient view. As for Melton itself, I have little to say of it, beyond what I have always said—namely, that it is an earthly paradise to a man fond of hunting in its best form, and with a good account at his banker's; but to the à-la-Carrington system it is by no means so well suited as the provincials. The society, this year, in the town, has been somewhat on a contracted scale to what I have known it to be; but it has been of the right sort; and I may venture to assert that none other could be named in which more harmony and good fellowship have existed than amongst what are called the hunting men of Melton and its vicinity. And what greatly tends to this happy state is, the almost total absence of political discussion in the social hour. The Melton men, in this instance, and at this period of the year, take things as they find them, and leave others to entangle themselves in the thorny mazes of politics; although, if I were asked to give an opinion, from the little I hear on that subject among hunting men, as to which way the cat jumps, I should at once say, that a large majority would be found in the conservative ranks. In fact, your hunting men generally possess aristocratic notions, and, after the manner of hounds with a good scent, carry their heads high, and are not much inclined to what may eventually bring them down. Of the Quorn, or, rather, of Mr. Hodgson's hounds, I think very favourably, and have little doubt but that in the next season they will give complete satisfaction to the field; and if they failed doing so last season, allowance must be made for circumstances, from which no human undertakings are free. In the first place, the country was strange to both men and hounds; and if any one asserts that this circumstance is not to be regarded as a disadvantage, I must take leave to tell him he knows little of hunting. Look to the state of things, the season before last, in the Quorn country. Lord Suffield's hounds, and their huntsman, Treadwell, were almost universally condemned. But what have these same hounds, and the same huntsman, done this year, in the North? Why they are acknowledged to have had by far the best sport of any hounds north of Tweed, and of half the packs throughout England. It was but two days ago that Mr. Mackenzie Grieves admitted to me, that they beat all the horses in their own and the neighbouring hunts, his own amongst the rest (which is saying much), with himself on their backs, and that they did all their work in a most superior manner. That these hounds, when I saw them in Leicestershire, were not what they were, in character and form, when I saw them in Durham, four years previously, I readily admitted. Still, I could not admit that, in that short period, a blight could have passed over the Lambton kennel, and, as it were, destroyed the fruits of half a century's experience and knowledge of one of the best sportsmen of the age. No, those hounds

and their huntsman, as I said in my account of their proceedings, were too hastily judged of; and, to a certain extent, such was the case respecting Mr. Hodgson's pack. Now these (Mr. Hodgson's) appeared to me, and I saw them in all situations, to have only one fault, and that fault may readily be mended. When the scent fails, they "come to hunting," as the term is, rather too soon for a roomy country, like Leicestershire. They might fling themselves wider before they come back to the line, which would give them a chance to hit off their fox more quickly than they do, and before the crowd of horses come upon them. The Belvoir hounds do this to perfection, and still no hounds in the world are more true to the line. But in my experience of hounds, I have generally found that those which are kept on a limited establishment, as Mr. Hodgson's were kept in the Holderness country, are not free from this failure, and it may easily be accounted for. As their owners only breed to a limited extent, they cannot draft so closely as the owners of larger kennels; consequently they pursue with hounds which require much breaking, and the effect which I have alluded to is too often the result. Mr. Hodgson's hounds, however, showed that when the scent served *well*, they could go fast enough for the fastest men; and with a very bad scent, none could be more steady and patient, or try harder to kill their fox. In the second place, allowance must be made for all hounds last season, which was one of the worst for scent that the oldest sportsman can bring to his recollection, caused by excessive rains, and variations of temperature to an extraordinary degree. Even Lord Lonsdale's hounds, who rarely tread on ploughed land, could do but little; nay, more, they are admitted to have had the worst season they have ever had since the pack was established.

With the form of Mr. Hodgson's hounds, although it may not reach that high standard of perfection to be found in the Belvoir kennel, no man need find fault; and for their blood, let the list speak to that; much of the best in Great Britain will be found in it.

LIST OF MR. HODGSON'S FOXHOUNDS.*

November 1st, 1839.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
	RUBENS	Ranter	Vanquish
7 Yrs.	PALEFACE	Mr. Foljambe's Piper	Lord Lonsdale's Rakish
	PETTICOAT		
	RALLY	Ranter	Ditto Ransom
	ROMULUS	Valiant	Mr. Foljambe's Ransom
6 Yrs.	CHAUNTER	Lord Harewood's Comus	Vanquish
	COUNTESS		
	CRUEL		
	VERMIN	Vagrant	Notable
	VIRGIN		
	MATCHLESS	Mr. Taylor's Miracle	Lord Lonsdale's Rakish
	MELODY		
	JUGGLER	Mr. Foljambe's Jovial	Wanton
	WELLINGTON	D. of Rutland's Cormorant	Mr Foljambe's Woodnymph
LAUREL	Duke of Rutland's Layman	Rufford Susan	

* It will be observed that, after the seven-year-old hounds, it is omitted to distinguish the ages of the others in this list.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
5 Yrs.	RIPLER	Mr. Osbaldeston's Ranter	Timely
	RUBY		
	ROSAMOND	Nectar	Wanton
	WELCOME		
	WHIMSEY	Lord Harewood's Lazarus	Careless
	LEVITY		
	VANITY	Sir T. Sykes's Vengeance	Vanquish
	ABIGAIL	Valiant	Amazon
	BENEDICT	Mr. Osbaldeston's Ranter	Mr. Foljambe's Bluebell
	FALLACY	Ditto Ranter	Ditto Freedom
CRUIZER	Lord Lonsdale's Lictor	Thrussington Crony	
4 Yrs.	HECTOR	Mr. Foljambe's Hotspur	Careless
	HANNIBAL		
	HERMIT		
	HUDIBRAS		
	JOKER	Mr. Foljambe's Jovial	Naughtyllass
	JEWESS		
	VEXER	Lord Lonsdale's Orpheus	Vanquish
	NOBLEMAN	Lord Yarborough's Nathan	Notable
	PILOT	Duke of Rutland's Rasselas	Mr. Foljambe's Proserpine
	VALIANT	Mr. Foljambe's Vanquisher	Mr. Osbaldeston's Affable
	STORMER	Mr. Osbaldeston's Ranter	Mr. Foljambe's Songstress
	CHAMPION	Duke of Beaufort's Valiant	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chauntress
	SYREN	Mr. Horlock's Falstaff	his Syren
JUBILEE	Mr. Drake's Jangler	Duke of Grafton's Fanciful	
3 Yrs.	FATAL	Badworth Ferryman	Cruel
	FINDER		
	FRANTIC		
	FAMOUS		
	GENERAL	Cheshire Guider	Winsome
	GAMESTER		
	GOSSAMER		
	GLORY		
	RINGLET	Mr. Osbaldeston's Ranter	Wanton
	ROSEBUD		
	RACHAEL		
	GUARDSMAN		
	TIGRESS	Ld. Yarborough's Ganymede	Mr. Foljambe's Starlight
	MONITOR	Twister	Welcome
TRINKET	Mr. Osbaldeston's Ranter	Mr. Foljambe's Mindful	
NIMROD	Duke of Rutland's Comet	Ditto Tempest	
2 Yrs.	TARQUIN	Lord Yarborough's Painter	Notable
	TUNEFUL	Ditto	Timely
	TRAGEDY		
	TRUELOVE	Vagrant	Ruin
	VANGUARD		
	VICEROY		
	VICTORY		
	CHANCELLOR	Sir T. Sykes's Cruizer	Virgin
	AUDITOR	Lord Yarborough's Painter	Abigail
	CHARMER	D. of Beaufort's Chancellor	Niobe
	RIVAL	Sandbeck Random	their Bashful
	WILFUL	Ditto Warbler	ditto Policy
	BACHELOR	Mr. Foljambe's Rattler	his Bluebell
	PASTIME	Lord Yarborough's Painter	Mr. Foljambe's Harpy
	VALENTINE	Ditto	Ditto Vocal
	SINGER	Mr. Foljambe's Woodman	Ditto Songstress
	ADAMANT	Lord Yarborough's Archer	his Frolic

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Yr.	VULPECIDE	Vagrant	Ruin
	VICTOR		
	VASSAL		
	VAULTER	Vassal	Levity
	VANQUISHER		
	VILLAGER	Rubens	Matchless
	RADICAL		
	REBEL		
	RIOTER	Twister	Vanity
	TEMPEST		
	TIDINGS	Lord Yarborough's Painter	Countess
	CAROLINE		
	NIOBE	Ditto	Naughtylass
	RAKISH	Ditto	Rosamond
	WORKMAN	Twister	Whimsey
	GLOUCESTER	Sir T. Sykes's Gamester	Badsworth Levity
	GAMBOY		
	GAMBLER		
	BARMAID	Duke of Rutland's Bluecap	Mr. Foljambe's Abigail
	DESTINY	Lord Yarborough's Druid	Ditto Comedy
AMAZON	Mr. Foljambe's Admiral	Ditto Tuneful	
PARAGON	Duke of Grafton's Palatine	his Hecube	
DAINTY	Lord Yarborough's Fountain	ditto Destiny	
GRAFTON	Cheshire Envoy	their Gladsome	
GAINER			
MANAGER	Mr. Applethwaite's Monitor	Cheshire Curious	
PROPHET	Rufford Comus	Ditto Proserpine	

Stud Hound.—VAGRANT, by Sir T. Sykes's Valiant,* out of the Rufford Abigail.

Of Mr. Hodgson, as a master of hounds, let his fifteen years' character, as the servants say, speak to that. Barring his horsemanship, no man can be better qualified for the situation; and, as I have said of the list of his hounds, in reference to their blood, let the following account of a piece of plate given to him by the *farmers*—not the *gentlemen*, which much enhances the compliment—of the Holderness country, in testimony of the high opinion they entertained of him as a sportsman and a gentleman, during fifteen years' experience of him in the field and elsewhere.

Presentation of Plate to T. B. Hodgson, Esq., Master of the Quorn Hounds.—It will be known to most of our readers that Thomas Bent Hodgson, Esq., who hunted the Holderness hounds with great spirit for fifteen seasons, left that country at the end of the season before last, to hunt the Quorn country, in Leicestershire. The farmers who had hunted with Mr. Hodgson in Holderness, being desirous of presenting him with some token of respect, a subscription was opened for that purpose, which speedily amounted to 100 guineas; and it was then resolved to present Mr. Hodgson with a tea service of that value; and in order to give the subscribers and friends of Mr. H. an opportunity of meeting him, and witnessing its presentation, it was determined that it should be presented at a dinner to be given to Mr. Hodgson, at the Red Lion Inn, in Great Driffield, on Tuesday, the 28th of April. The dinner was confined to the subscribers, and the personal friends of Mr. Hodgson, who were invited to meet him. At six o'clock

* Valiant, from Sir T. Sykes's kennel, by their own Woodman, out of their Comfort.

about sixty gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous entertainment, provided by Mr. Johns. George Legard, Esq., occupied the chair, and was supported on his right by Lord Hawke, the Rev. Christopher Syke, John Grimston, Esq., Ellis Hodgson, Esq., and others, and on his left by William Constable Maxwell, Esq., T. B. Hodgson, Esq., G. S. Foljambe, Esq., G. H. Thompson, Esq., and others. The vice-chair was occupied by Mr. George Robert Dawson, of Poundsworth. After the cloth was drawn, the chairman gave, without preface, the following toasts: "The Queen," "Prince Albert," "The Queen Dowager, and the rest of the Royal Family," "The Army and Navy." Ellis Hodgson, Esq., having been called upon, briefly acknowledged the latter toast. The plate was then brought into the room, and placed in the centre of the table. It consisted of a superb silver tea-pot, coffee-pot, cream ewer, sugar basin, two steak dishes and covers, sugar tongs, and a dozen tea-spoons. The whole of the articles were marked with Mr. Hodgson's crest, and the principal ones bore the following inscription: "Presented, by the Farmers of the Holderness Hunt, to T. B. Hodgson, Esq., as a token of respect and esteem." Mr. G. R. Dawson, the vice-chairman, then rose, and, addressing Mr. Hodgson, said he had great pleasure in offering for his acceptance the plate purchased by the subscription of the farmers of the Holderness Hunt, not more as a token of the high opinion they entertained of him as a sportsman, than of their esteem for his character as a private gentleman. He (Mr. Dawson) believed that every farmer who had been in the habit of hunting with Mr. Hodgson, had come forward as a subscriber; and, in their names, he wished that gentleman health and prosperity, and that he might long live to preside with satisfaction to himself and friends over the first hunting establishment in the world. After a few words in addition, from the chairman, Mr. Hodgson returned thanks for the compliment paid to him, in a very feeling manner. The subsequent part of the evening was spent in a very agreeable way.

This eulogium on Mr. Hodgson calls forth one more remark: "A master of hounds," says Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, in his "Noble Science," "can have no durable prospect of success, unless he carries with him the voice of the whole country." Mr. Meynell was also aware of this, as was apparent by his conduct towards the farmers in the Quorn Hunt in his time.

(To be continued.)

HOG HUNTING.

To give the first spear, in a well contested field, is decidedly the object of every hog-hunter, and deservedly so; but, at the same time, the struggle is mostly a trial of horsemanship, there being less chance of getting cut by a flying boar, than after he has been wounded and irritated, except in instances where he proves to be such a warrior as

all true sportsmen delight in meeting with ; one that, when roused from his lair, scorns to fly a single yard, but, bounding on to his legs, stands grinning defiance at a whole field of riders, and, wetting his tusks, dares any one to the battle. Of such a one the first spear becomes a matter of honour and danger ; for not having exhausted his wind in a fruitless attempt at escape by the aid of his heels, the arrow-like rapidity and strength of his charge upon you is incredible. On such occasions, both man and horse must be skilful and steady indeed to gain a victory unhurt.

In getting the horse cut, the fault almost invariably lies with the rider, if in an open country. In jungle (grass six feet high, or brush-wood), of course it is not always in your power to avoid the boar, nor are you always able to receive him with your spear ; some branch or other obstruction turns the point away, and leaves you unprotected. Then it is you find the advantage of having an active horse. Many a horse has been known to jump fairly over them, often as much to the surprise of the rider as the boar. Most extraordinary capers are frequently seen on such occasions, and people taking lessons in sticking to their horse on neck or tail, or wherever they happen to be pitched. Few, however, come off entirely ; the boars tusks appearing to have the charm of adhesion in them, which invariably seems to be imparted to the knees by all observant eyes. Sometimes a spill does happen to the best riders, when the dust is bitten in spite of the charm. Such a thing happened to the renowned OLD BOOTS, than whom a stronger rider or better horseman never graced a saddle. He was mounted on a small country-bred mare, much below his weight, and had ridden her to a stand-still, whilst two of the party had brought the boar to bay. By dint of severe spurring he managed to make the mare walk, and, contrary to the persuasions of his brother sportsmen, went straight at the boar. When near enough, he lifted his hand aloft, intending to give an awful dig, but missed the animal, coming over the mare's head at the same time, right upon the top of the boar, who, however, was too much engaged in cutting away at the mare's shoulder to take notice of him, and allowed him to recover his legs, and be ready with his spear, which he had never quitted, to receive the boar.

Of the same party Mr. M——e made one : he is the most reckless rider at the boar that perhaps ever was known ; and it is difficult to say how he escaped without either of his horses getting a scratch. They were, to be sure, two of the cleverest Arabs for the purpose that the eyes of a sportsman ever looked upon ; compact, strong, and active ; and, moreover, one of them a most determined kicker at boars. He has been known to send some of them staggering back for yards, when they attacked him from behind. Both nags would follow a boar almost without guidance, and seemed to delight in the sport. To give some idea of Mr. M——e's style of riding, it will be unnecessary to mention more than one circumstance, illustrating how indifferent he appeared to be to the chance of getting himself or his horse cut. He had speared a boar, and been unable to withdraw his spear again : no one being near to assist him, and being close to the jungle, the boar would have escaped had not M——e placed himself in the way, and allowed the animal to charge down upon him, and cut

away at the horse's belly, until M——e could catch hold of and withdraw the spear that was sticking in the boar's back, when he finished him with jobbing digs.

Accidents will happen, however, to the most active horses and adroit spearmen; and it is no unusual circumstance for horses to be entirely ruined by gashes received from the tusks of a hog. That first-rate sportsman, and most worthy fellow, General Gilbert, had a valuable horse, on one occasion, so badly ripped in the belly as to render it necessary to leave the animal on the plain for two months, covered by a tent, and protected by several attendants. On the same occasion it was, if my recollection serve me, that he saved the life (a more enviable than unusual feat with him, by flood as well as field,) of John D'Oyly, by jumping from his horse, and charging on foot an enormous boar, spear in hand, that had got his brother sportsman down, and was cutting collops out of him. Luckily for Gilbert, his precision proved equal to his nerve; for his spear meeting the boar in the shoulder, it became a question of strength, and the combatants stood thrusting and grinning at each other until the abomination to the followers of the faithful sank to rise no more. "When Trojan meets Trojan, then comes the tug of war."

NIGEL.

LONDON DEALERS' STABLES.

HOWEVER other countries may affect to rival Great Britain in certain branches of political economy, in the improvement of the various races of domestic animals she unquestionably stands alone. So extraordinary, indeed, is the progress we have made in breeding and rearing the horse, that a distinct class of that animal has been produced in these islands during the last two centuries. It is true, that in America, and many parts of the continent of Europe, the property known as "thorough-blood" is now extensively spread among breeding studs, and is in a rapid state of reproduction: but they had the seed from us; it is very doubtful whether any course of care or skill would have enabled them to produce the germ.* To the national love for the sports of racing and hunting has been assigned the great attention given to the business of the stud in this country. No doubt this was a strong primary motive to the cultivation of a superior breed of horses, which, in latter years, found important allies in the taste and necessity for rapid travelling. What may be the ultimate results of the revolution produced by the substitution of steam for animal power, is a problem beyond the philosophy of the wisest. As yet it has

* Since this paper was written, I met the following passage in a letter from Major Gwalkin, superintendent of the India Company's stud in northern India, dated February, 1841: "The original mare of India is very inferior in shape, and generally a jade, with narrow chest, drooping mean quarters, and, if beyond fourteen hands three inches, runs to leg: even to this day, after the importation of many English horses, this defect continues, and you never meet that great length, with depth of brisket, which is so distinguishing a mark of the English horse, without the fault of a long back."

wrought no sensible effects on the character of our horses ; but, as change *must* come of it, whatever the degree, an inquiry into the statistics of horse production in England, at this time, cannot be without present interest, and may be of much future concern.

I know of no means so likely to lead to a practical understanding of this question as those afforded by the great marts of the merchandise to which it relates. These are the dealers' stables of this metropolis. Few people have any conception of the vast scale on which the traffic in horses is conducted in Great Britain, or of the general system by which it is regulated. A man having need of a superior hunter or roadster, for instance, with leisure and convenience for the purpose, would be likely to proceed to Yorkshire, or some part of the northern breeding districts, to supply himself. His chance of success would be very apocryphal. The country collectors, like the fishermen at the chief coast stations, are bound to the great London buyers for their promising stock, if not by absolute undertaking, at all events by a tacit stipulation; and a private individual would probably fail to obtain anything first-rate, even at a much larger price than that paid by the regrater. I do not, indeed, mean to say, that in all cases the provincial trader keeps all the good horses he may pick up for his brother trader of the capital. Occasionally a nobleman or gentleman of influence can obtain from a neighbouring dealer a first-class animal; but the stranger will rarely come at the choice of his stable. The principal country dealers, also, are, for the most part, men of consideration in their respective neighbourhoods; and, being well acquainted with the establishments of the great breeders, they possess themselves early of such promising young horses as may happen to come under their notice, or to their knowledge.

These observations, however, apply almost wholly to young and untried horses, of which the stock of the majority of the metropolitan dealers consists. There are, certainly, a few in the trade who keep on hand seasoned hunters, and who buy them at prices that would seem to defy all hope of resale at a profit. Such men are Elmore (who offered Sir James Martyn twelve hundred guineas for Seventy-four), Anderson, and Tilbury; but the bulk of those engaged in this business look only for shape, colour, attractive action, youth, and soundness (the latter not a *sine quâ non*). The stables of the London "licensed dealer" are the places where harness horses are to be met with, such as none other of a similar kind, in the world, can exhibit. For chargers, too, they probably stand unrivalled; and now and then they turn out a cob or a park-hackney of extraordinary beauty and style of going. But they are not conducted on the principle of supplying seasoned horses: condition, as the term is interpreted by the eye; lusty vigour, and sleekness defying the sheen of satin, are the end and aim of their system of management. Those who want horses for immediate work, must seek them at the commission stables (with infinite caution and deliberation), or at the respectable auction marts. Foremost of these latter, if not alone, stands Tattersall's; and although, strictly speaking, that establishment does not come within the legitimate purpose of this paper, still it is too influentially connected with the statistics of horse-traffic to be omitted in an article professing to deal with that question. Independent, indeed, of all reference to the actual matter

of the present inquiry, the long-standing and distinguished character of that celebrated rendezvous for all interested in the business or pleasure of equestrianism, command for it the first place in our catalogue.

The celebrated establishment at Hyde Park Corner is the oldest, and infinitely the highest in reputation, of any of the London marts for the sale of horses. For upwards of a century and a half it has been known to all Europe as the emporium for the most influential business, connected with horse-dealing and the affairs of the turf, transacted in Great Britain. As this does not profess to be an historical notice of it, there is no need to go back to the days of its foundation, or those with whom it originated. Few men of any class in life are better known, or more popular, than the present head of it, Richard Tattersall; and none ever better deserved the esteem he enjoys. Till very recently it was conducted by the brothers, Richard and Edmund; the firm is now that of Richard Tattersall and Son. The auction days are every Monday throughout the year, and three Thursdays during the season—that is, between April and June. It is by no means straining a point, to assert that two-thirds of all the first-rate horses disposed of in England by public sale, are sold upon these occasions; while much of the remaining portion falls to Mr. Tattersall's hammer at the various private auctions that take place in the country. Horses intended for sale must be in by noon on the preceding Friday; and it is usual to secure stalls some weeks before the day arranged for their arrival. In the great season for horse transfer, which extends over the period between the Newmarket Craven and July meetings, I have frequently known every stall engaged for three months in advance. During the days that intervene between the arrivals and sales, every facility is afforded purchasers to examine the contents of the stables and loose boxes in the yard, and the spacious ring attached to it; and as each lot is submitted for competition, the auctioneer, after enumerating its sundry excellencies and claims to admiration, specifically states whether an engagement is or is not given with it. When a horse is engaged, time is allowed for the opinion of a veterinary surgeon to be taken as to the animal's soundness; and unless he passes the examination, the sale is void.

The London season for horse-dealing, as before observed, includes the interval between April and July. During that period, the average sales on each auction day, ascertained by a reference to the books which Mr. Tattersall was kind enough to make for me, a short time ago, amount to one hundred, and to about eighty each remaining week of the year. Some idea may be formed of the importance of these sales, from the following list of prices that blood stock has fetched at the hammer within the last few years. The sums paid for the yearlings offer fair commentaries upon the impoverished condition of our rural resources, concerning which a certain *clique* of the public journals are wont to favour us with perpetual groanings.

The Colonel, £1,627; Galopade, £1,500. Sir Mark Wood's Camarine, £1,627; Lucetta, £1,050; a yearling filly, £1,060; and a colt foal, by Jerry, out of Lucetta, £678.

Five yearlings, sold in the race week at Doncaster meeting, 1839, the property of Mr. Walker—£745; £420; £378; £346; £283;

and three yearlings, by Sheet Anchor, at the same time, Mr. Thompson's—£278 ; £220 ; £103.

The three days' annual sales at Doncaster average about one hundred lots ; consisting, for the most part, of brood mares and yearlings, all thorough-bred. There are, moreover, seven meetings at Newmarket, in which horse auctions are held ; and a constant succession of stud sales all over the country, that, with very few exceptions, are transacted through the agency of the firm at Hyde Park Corner. It is not out of keeping, in this notice of the style of business done by that establishment, to allude to a late occasion, when twenty couples of foxhound bitches were knocked down, by its Midas hammer, for the sum of 1,000 guineas ! These were a portion of Mr. Hodgson's pack, disposed of in April last, on his resignation of the Melton country. The Messrs. Tattersall also do no inconsiderable business themselves as horse breeders. They have one of the finest studs in the kingdom, at Willesden Paddocks, a few miles from London, containing thirty brood mares, with their produce always on sale by private hand. It would be a "supererogatory labour," to borrow a phrase from the vocabulary of the Cicero of Covent Garden, to insist upon the quality of that stock. They have the picking of every basket, and if they don't help themselves to a choice, they are not the men the world gives them the credit to be.

Here is one of the metropolitan dealers' stables, through which, at a moderate calculation, 5,000 horses pass annually ; besides, probably, half that amount disposed of by its agency, directly or indirectly. I assume the fact that these are animals of a superior class. No doubt indifferent stock is sent there to be got rid of ; but it is the exception, not the rule. The charges would take too much change out of a twenty-pound lot : the general class of buyers is not suited to such merchandise ; and as regards the hope of getting out of a "screw," there are long odds against it, with a certainty of having to pay a handsome bonus for the attempt. I shall, then, probably be asked, "what is your opinion of Tattersall's, as a place where a man, with the common run of judgment in horseflesh, may take his chance to suit himself ?" I am prepared to give the reasons upon which I found my answer to that inquiry.

All business negotiated at Hyde Park Corner is done upon the scrupulous principle of agency. Nine-tenths of the parties who send their stock to be disposed of there, are utter strangers to the proprietors, who often, till the moment it is brought to the hammer, do not so much as lay their eyes upon it. Their interest, too, is not to force a sale ; because, put the case that they do not find a purchaser this week, there is every probability of their becoming entitled to the fees for offering the same lot again on that day sennight. I say, thus stand the actual motives : I do not contend that they influence the conduct pursued. In all my experience, I have found not only the letter of fair dealing acted up to there, but the most friendly spirit exhibited to facilitate the object of every customer, dealer, or chapman. It is not, however, as before said, for the interest of the establishment that sales should be urged by device or persuasion ; and mankind—it is vain to gainsay it—are swayed and biased by the all-important questions of profit and loss. Such is not the character of the majority of similar places. Dealers are in a very different position, in reference to their

customers, and they are so situated *per force*: it is really a charitable office to put these persons in a fair and honest view before the public, with whom their present odour is far from fragrant.

Horses standing at Tattersall's find their way there to be sold for a fixed price—or "just as much as they will bring," as the case may be. Being parted with, Her Majesty becomes entitled to a certain per centage, Messrs. Tattersall to another, and the vender receives the balance, in shape of a cheque upon certain bankers in St. James's-street; and the worst luck I wish myself is, that I had one of those oblong flimsies, properly subscribed, with permission to fill in the sum at my own discretion. But to return from this digression to the private dealer; we find things very different with him. His stalls are filled with many a tenant that he (even *he*, that man with the proverbial face of tripple brass,) blushes to introduce to the extremest of his East-end customers. I may be writing for a few who suppose that the stables of the London dealers are stocked with steeds purchased with the coin current of the realm, and disposed of for a similar consideration. Let me briefly explain how the facts actually stand. Lord A— goes to B—, C—, or D—, the eminent horse-furnishers, and announces that he needs a quadruped of such and such qualifications. One is selected; and, after a world of manoeuvring, the nobleman moving heaven and earth to do "the snob," and the latter returning the compliment with interest, the dealer parts with his courser, receiving in swop one or two others of the same species, and an acceptance, at three months or so, for the "boot." Among the preliminaries to the transfer, the trader is required to give a written warranty of soundness—the gentleman merely his *word* to that effect; and whatever may be contended for the chivalry of this age, give me the former, before the latter, if it cost a premium of a hundred per cent.

It is nonsense to suppose that any respectable dealers go to market and purposely lay in an assortment of cripples. The reader smiles: I am not extolling the principles of these men, but they have no necessity to do so; they are overstocked in the commodity by their customers. I know it is the fashion to consider them as possessed of less conscience than the very devil himself. No doubt they are not very scrupulous; but they are sorely tempted; treated by all who approach them as fair and common spoil: whatever their vices, they are a long-suffering race. But a few Mondays since, while lounging against one of the pillars in the ride at Tattersall's, I accidentally overheard a conversation between Lord —, a leading Meltonian, and —, the celebrated Piccadilly dealer, to the following effect: "I want some nags, —," said the peer; "but there is no money to be had: will you take a bill?" "If your Lordship will be so good as to look in," replied the interrogatee, "we shall be able to arrange it, I dare say;" adding, with the look and accents of a martyr, "this *has* been an *uncommon* season for paper, no doubt."

Now, the dealer being thus compelled to receive a horde of the halt and blind, does any one imagine him bound to transform his establishment into a life asylum for the sufferers thus thrust upon him. He has been "done," by a conventionalism, founded and supported by society; and upon that society he retorts the injury inflicted at its

hands. The stranger's foot is upon the artistically laid straw where-with his yard is carpeted. Behold! the visitor is "in search of a horse:" let him have in mind the trite, but wholesome, axiom attributed to the donkey, when he danced among the chickens. This consideration, however, does not belong to the design in hand: my purpose is to shew the extent and operation of our horse production at the present day; the position into which the dealer is forced, by the machinery of his commerce, being merely adduced to account for the indifferent goods so constantly seen in his stores. The largest and least objectionable supply of horses to be met with at any one establishment in London, is that assembled at Tattersall's every Monday in the year. The character of the stock exhibited for sale, and the prices which it realizes, afford the best standard whereby to form a just opinion of English stud statistics. From the high consideration in which the head of that firm is held by foreigners, a large share of the racing stock—sires and brood mares—exported, is either procured by his agency, or at his suggestion. What extent that exportation averages yearly, I am not able to pronounce; but when the minor foreign agents, such as Kirby of York, and Litchwald, send out of the country from 200 to 300 each, annually, a guess may be made at the scale upon which the gross traffic is conducted. Slight as this sketch is of the business done at one of the principal metropolitan horse marts, coupled with such notices of other leading establishments as I may be able to offer in succeeding numbers, tolerably sound data will be afforded of the present condition of horse production and horse trading in England.

C.

GLEANINGS FROM MY TRAVELLING JOURNALS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

THE CARROUSEL AT VIENNA, DECEMBER, 1814.

" Like a wave of steel and gold,
Swept the lovely pageant on;
Many a champion young and bold
Bearing lance and gonfalon."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Nothing could exceed the magnificence of this spectacle, which was performed by young men of noble birth, and took place in the Imperial riding-school. This was a large building, surrounded by a narrow gallery about twelve feet from the ground, communicating with the apartments of the palace, and running behind the handsome Corinthian columns which supported a second gallery above: the whole was most brilliantly illuminated. The accommodations were calculated to hold about a thousand spectators—the seats at one end of the room being set apart for the crowned heads, and at the other for twenty-four ladies, whom we were to consider as the admired

objects which would this evening call forth the exertions of skill and prowess in the aspiring knights. At eight o'clock the heralds sounded their trumpets, announcing the entrance of these fair ladies, who, conducted by the champion knights, took their places of distinction. One would have imagined that all the riches of Vienna had been collected to adorn these queens of beauty. Their dresses, of velvet and gold, were covered with pearls and diamonds. They were divided into four companies, distinguished by the colours they wore : of one party, the velvet was black ; of another, scarlet ; of the third, crimson ; and of the fourth, blue : and the mantle of each knight corresponded with the dress of his ladye fair. The knights were in Spanish costume, splendidly adorned with gold and silver. The trumpets now sounded to announce the arrival of the court. On the entrance of the sovereigns, the band struck up the national air, "God save the Emperor," and acclamations rent the roof. The Emperors of Russia and Austria took their places in the centre, at the front, with the Empresses on each side ; and then all the other sovereigns, princes, and potentates, in their order of precedency. They were all in their full uniform, and formed as magnificent an assemblage as Europe could produce. The building now resounded with martial airs, and the twenty-four knights entered the arena, mounted on their gallant steeds, whose natural colours were scarcely to be traced through their gold embroidery and trappings. The knights, attended by their esquires in more simple Spanish dresses, all mounted on jet black horses, approached the sovereigns in a body, and saluted with their lances. Then, wheeling round with rapidity, they advanced, and paid the same mark of respect to their ladies, who, standing up, graciously returned their salutation. The knights then, skilfully manœuvring their well-trained horses, retired from the arena ; but, four of them quickly returned, for the purpose of performing the various feats of skill appointed for the amusement of the evening. For this service, figures were placed, bearing the grim heads of Turks and Moors. Towards these, each knight was to advance, and, passing at full speed, strike off in succession all the heads with his sword ; then, in like manner, to raise them from the ground with his weapon ; and so, in various ways, give proof of prowess in the exercises of combat. All the knights then entered in parties of four, and went through their evolutions ; the military bands playing appropriate airs or martial flourishes.

A considerable time having been occupied by these amusements, the scene again changed, and the whole company of knights and squires appeared together, and went through various and rapid movements, skilfully managing their horses, while at full speed, in all the crossings, turnings, and windings of an English country dance, and the more graceful motions of a French quadrille. Other trials of skill succeeded, in which they passed their lances, at full speed, through rings, or disengaged small objects suspended at a height above them. The exercises being ended, the knights again saluted the court, and their "ladyes ;" and, encouraged by their smiles and applauses, soon reappeared, to lead them in triumph to the ball, prepared in the grand saloon of the Redoute. The whole amply realized every anticipation of an imperial entertainment : whatever was august in sovereignty, warlike in the field, great in the senate, assisted as spectators of the

carrousel, and not a knight entered the lists in whose veins the noblest blood did not flow. It called to mind the days of ancient chivalry, when these military sports formed so large a part of the amusements of the European courts.

VISIT TO URMENY, IN HUNGARY, 1814.

After a most interesting journey through Presburg, declared by Ferdinand, in 1536, the capital of Hungary—the place where the kings were crowned, and the diets were held—Cseklesy, the residence of Graf Esterhazy—Sarfö—Tyrnau—Freystadt—Neutra, we reached Urmeny, the seat of Graf Hunyadi. It is most beautifully situated, entirely out of the post road. Our track passed through a fine open cultivated valley, the sides of which were covered with wood, the river Neutra winding its serpentine course along the bottom, a thousand thousand flowers on its banks, and the brightest sunbeams upon its waters. The ridge of mountains running to the north and east presented a most magnificent view. It was evening before we reached the *château*, where we learned that the Graf was absent; but the director, hearing of our intended visit, had made arrangements for our reception. Supper was soon announced, and right excellent was the meal. At seven o'clock the following morning the director, according to appointment, took coffee with us, previous to visiting the farms, breeding establishments, and fishery. Nothing could be better than the whole arrangement of the farm, and the stock of sheep and cattle were first-rate. The Graf being devoted to racing, took the greatest pains in the breed of his horses, and had instituted races on the English model.

It may not be uninteresting to give an extract from the Hunyadi Racing Calendar. It is the first race recorded in Hungary.

MAY 22nd, 1814.—849 Vienna klafters, or one English mile.

Lt. br. mare, *Victoria*, by *Montedoro*, out of *Roxalana*, three years old, carried 78½ Pfund,* fifteen hands and half an inch (ridden by *Johan Petzucha*).
 Chesnut mare, *Capria*, by *Yoscanello*, out of *Capria*, three years old, carried 72½ Pfund, fourteen hands three inches and a half (ridden by *Johan Hofchuth*).
 Grey mare, *Cocoa*, by *Porta*, from *Transylvania*, out of *Villam*, from *Transylvania*, three years old, carried 72½ lbs., fourteen hands three inches and a half (ridden by *Johan Kudrij*).

The two first ran the distance in two minutes and eleven seconds; *Cocoa* was beat by six lengths.

Since the period we write of, we find that Graf Hunyadi has increased his exertions in pursuit of this important object; for in 1816 he brought thirteen three-year-old mares, of his own breeding, to the post; and, by way of infusing into the peasantry a spirit of improvement in the breeding of horses, gives "peasants' plates," to be run for on the same principle as our "farmers' plates." The stables were a fine range, containing nearly fifty horses. The flooring being a wood pavement, and the litter removed during the day, the horses, *Astley-like*,† appear on the boards. After breakfast we drove towards Het-

* 854 English pounds make 690 Pfund of Vienna.

† This was written before the destruction of that truly popular place of entertainment, the loss of which, to the public-spirited proprietor, and the play-going world, will be felt deeply.

meny, a farm belonging to the Graf, at the distance of a few miles, where his breeding stud is kept. The road led through a noble grass country, where we saw some fine-woolled flocks of sheep. On crossing a ferry, we reached the farm of Hetmeny. There we found the arrangements made with every attention to utility. Large pens for brood mares; airy and open stables, furnished with mangers, but without stalls, for feeding the young horses, which are afterwards driven out into the paddocks appropriated for them, according to their classes and ages; a long stable, with stalls, contained the horses which had run the previous year, and large loose boxes were devoted to the stallions. We next visited the training ground, which is admirably suited to the purpose; and, after a walk round the garden, and a lounge to the dove and poultry-house, and the kennels, which contained many greyhounds (for coursing is a favourite amusement of the Graf), we took leave of the director, delighted with our visit to Urmeny.

(To be continued.)

SCOTTISH SHOOTING QUARTERS.

THIS being the time when moors are taken, grouse-shooters will now be looking about them; and considering how important it is that their preparations be successfully made, a few remarks, that may contribute to that end, will, we dare say, be acceptable.

It is well known that great dissatisfaction prevails as to the sport that has been afforded by moors taken at high prices. Moors are advertised to be let "for grouse-shooting," and are described as being "well stocked with game," "affording shooting for so many guns," "surrounded with preserves," or as having themselves been preserved for a season or two. Relying upon the expectations of sport thus held out, and conceiving that he has to do with a landed gentleman, who must know the capabilities of his own property, and who will not take a willing advantage, a stranger closes a bargain for a moor, at a price varying from £50 to £300;—nay, for some extensive districts, including a deer forest, £1,000 and upwards have been given. But the rent, heavy though it be, is only one part of the expense. There are to be added the pay of keepers and attendants, the prices of dogs and horses, travelling charges, and maintenance for this very healthy, yet most *consumptive* family. All these expenses are incurred for two or three weeks amusement, the nature of which is perfectly understood, and its existence quite ascertainable. If, therefore, the lessee finds that he has been allowed to make such preparations on a supposition of there being game, which turns out a mere chimera, and which it is difficult for him to believe the proprietor to have been ignorant of, it is no wonder that his complaints should be both loud and deep, and should amount, in some cases, almost to accusations of robbery and deception.

The disappointment that is experienced, however, is not always to be attributed to misrepresentation on the part of the landlord, but may often be ascribed to the inexperience of the sportsman, or to his want of due caution and inquiry. Two seasons ago, when at Inverary, we had the pleasure to meet, accidentally, at dinner, a military man, who was on his way home from shooting-quarters, for which, along with a friend, he had paid £300 for the season, but which he had left in disgust, after a stay of only two days. The party had taken the place, which, for obvious reasons, we forbear to specify, upon a general statement as to the amount of game, but without considering other circumstances, such as its convenience and accessibleness, essential to the enjoyment of it; and they did not observe its deficiency in these respects until they took possession. They had to travel post seventy miles, through a rude country, after reaching Inverness, from which place most necessities had to be fetched. When they did reach their quarters, and came to arrange their plan of operations for the following morning, they found that the ground immediately about the house, though it might occasionally furnish a deer once or twice in the season, was not available for grouse-shooting. And before they could have a shot at grouse, which, of course, was the staple of the sport, they had to travel some ten miles on foot, then boat as many upon a loch, and then walk some five or six more, and ford a stream, which, if rain chanced to fall when they were over, could scarcely be repassed without danger of their lives. To complete the *disagrémens*, one of the servants fell ill of the smallpox, and they had to send 140 miles, to Inverness and back, for a surgeon. The party were completely routed, and our informant was glad to regain the haunts of men, minus his money and his sport, and with nothing but two days of unproductive labour for his pains. Now, in this case, provided the state of the game was fairly represented as to quantity, the proprietor could scarcely be blamed for not himself suggesting the objections and inconveniences to which his place might be subject, any more than one who sells a dray-horse to a person who chooses to purchase him for a race, can be blamed if he do not win. The convenience of a purchase, or its suitableness for his purpose, are what the buyer must look to—*caveat emptor, &c.*

We may next remark, that the grouse-shooter must not imagine that mere remoteness of district will answer his purpose, by insuring birds, and exemption from poaching. We know a party who, the season before last, took shootings in the heart of Ross-shire, at the price of £200. They took infinite pains to provide everything that could conduce to success: steady servants, the best of dogs, and plenty of good cheer, preceded them to their quarters. Little sleep sufficed them on the night of the 11th, and on the next eventful day they rose with the grey of the morning, breakfasted by candlelight, and proceeded to the hill to reap the full harvest of enjoyment, with a strength of anticipation which they only can understand who have experienced it. But, alas for human happiness! the result of the first day's exertions of two of them was but one solitary bird; of the second day, three birds; and of the first week, eleven brace only. They afterwards picked up rather more birds, by keeping near the public road, which led them to suppose that poachers had destroyed the

inner parts of the ground, where they were less exposed to be seen than near the highway, and so it turned out. Here, again, it is very possible that the proprietor might not know of the injury done to his game, at least to the full extent, as his keepers might be unwilling to acknowledge it to him, for fear of exposing their negligence or inability to keep it down.

But although situation will not ensure sport, we must not be understood to say that some districts are not more likely to afford it than others. The best districts to which, of course, the attention of the inquirer should be directed, are Perthshire, particularly that part of it in the district of Rannoch, and round the lofty Schiehallion, and northwards of it; Inverness-shire, including the islands; Ross-shire, and some parts of Caithness. Some parts of Aberdeenshire, about Braemar; and of Forfarshire, about the hills of Closa, may also be found good.* There is very little grouse-shooting indeed in Argyleshire, Dumbartonshire, Stirlingshire, or Perthshire, south of Loch Earn, Crieff, and Dunkeld. Sutherlandshire almost wholly belongs to His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, and may be left out of the account; and, strange to say, it seems to be an instance of over-preserving, for, in most places, the shooting is but indifferent. This, however, may not be the reason, for it may be depended upon, that unless the game be preserved, good shooting cannot be expected even in the best districts that we have mentioned, however remote. For this reason we should strongly recommend those who wish to shoot under every advantage, to take a lease of their shootings for several seasons, and to pay the herds and others for looking after it, if, after a season's experience, they think favourably of the ground.

We have farther to observe, that mere extent of ground is not enough to ensure quantity of sport. For, very often, the greater part may turn out to be covered with green herbage instead of heather and wet moss-hags, which last are the favourite resort of grouse.

Various other circumstances affect the quantity of game to be obtained on particular grounds, such as the burning of the heather, which spoils it for a season for feeding, and for a longer period so far as breeding is concerned. The situation of the ground with respect to other proprietors is important; for if your shooting be over a narrow strip of land, your birds will be apt to take refuge on the neighbouring properties after the first shot, or even before it. The character of the season, likewise, and its suitability for particular grounds, may be kept in view. Thus, in very cold and wet seasons the grouse will resort to the lower and drier muirs; and, in dry seasons, to the higher and more wet grounds. This season having hitherto been a dry and good one, the high and wet lands are likely to be the best, such as those around Schiehallion, and Ben Nevis, and the inland range of hills, where the winds from the eastern and western coasts meeting together, cause continual changes of temperature, and frequent rain.

We may here mention that we have just seen a friend who has returned from a visit of inspection to the moors, who reports that he saw grouse already the size of partridges, and actually strong on the wing.

* The Caithness-shire moors have the advantage of being flat, and easily travelled, and the sport is sometimes good.

But while the above causes of the deficiency of birds serve to account, in many cases, for the want of sport, and to exculpate proprietors of land, still there are to be found muirs which, although long since proved to carry no game, are, season after season, advertised and let as affording shooting, and which thus serve to disappoint party after party, annually, without shame or remorse, and, hitherto, without exposure. This is facilitated by many circumstances. One of these is the want of communication on the subject among sportsmen, but which we have now made the first step to remedy. Another is, that payment of the rent being required beforehand, it is much more difficult to obtain repayment than it would be to do one's self justice with the money still in one's pocket. This difficulty will appear the stronger if we consider that the sportsman has to rely on the unwilling witnesses of the estate, that if a few chance birds have been found, it may be held that they should every one have fallen before the unerring aim of the lessee; and if he has made a miss or two (which he certainly will do, and the more likely from his disappointment), he may find it difficult to get over the objection that the bag had not all the justice done to it that it might have had. This is a sort of objection which is extremely repugnant to the feelings of many men; and for the above reasons the injustice is too often submitted to, rather than engage in a question in a distant part of the country, and with men who shew themselves capable of taking every advantage. We are happy to bear testimony that all landlords are not of this kind. We knew a case, last season, in which, when a complaint was made that birds were wanting, persons were mutually appointed to perambulate the grounds, and report as to the fact; and, on the report being in favour of the lessee's statement, a considerable part of the rent was returned to him. This was, perhaps, all that the landlord could do, and shewed a fair spirit on his part, such as we hope may form a precedent for such disputes in future; yet, withal, the sportsman will, we fear, consider himself but poorly remunerated, even by the return of the rent, for the other expense and trouble which he has thrown away, and, above all, for the loss of the season.

How, then, is one to proceed in order to guard against the evils mentioned, and obtain the best chance of sport? Unquestionably, by taking no moors without a trial by inspection. Send some one to go over the grounds with dogs, and to ascertain what broods they carry. We should as soon think of ordering a coat from a tailor who had neither seen us nor got our measure, as of taking a moor without a report from a competent person. The points upon which he has to report will be these:—How much of the grounds inspected are grouse ground, and how much green or grass land only? What broods of grouse are bred on them? How situated? that is, are they within a reasonable distance; say, four or five miles of the lodge? Are they well spread over the ground, or on the march, and liable to take refuge on contiguous lands? Whoever goes down to the lands should also report, as to the means of conveyance to and from them, for the party, and for game; and the distance of the nearest post-office and market town.

If you have a correspondent, or man of business, in Edinburgh, he will procure a competent person to go down to the moor and inspect it for you. If you have not, the gunmakers in any of the nearest provincial

towns, would, we have no doubt, procure a proper person on your remitting a five-pound note by post, to be so employed, and the balance to be accounted for to you when you go North.

The following are the names of one gunsmith, in the towns where they are most likely to be wanted. It is fair to mention, that we give them as implying no superiority over their brethren, but simply because we happen to remember their names at the moment, as respectable, *viz.*, in *Edinburgh*, Mr. Alexander Thomson: *Perth*, Mr. Ancell: *Aberdeen*, Mr. Playfair: *Inverness*, Mr. Playfair.

We may also mention that William Carlyle, gamekeeper, 8, Romilly Place, *Edinburgh*, acts as a tryer, when employed. He is one of the most decent of the class of dog-breakers to be met with, either for this purpose or for the purchase of dogs, and his report might be depended on; but his charge for trying moors is ridiculously extravagant, *viz.*, a guinea a day for wages and keep of himself and two dogs, the employer paying coach-hire besides.

There is another way of managing, which would answer very well, and that is to get your correspondent, or one of the gunmakers, to hire a keeper for you, three weeks or a month before the 12th, and let him be employed, at so much a week for the season, in trying such moors as you wish, in procuring dogs and ponies if wanted, and particularly in putting the dogs in condition by exercise and a little physic. This will be of incalculable service to the dogs both in point of breaking and condition, but particularly in hardening their feet. Dogs out of a breaker's hands are generally weak and scabby, and unless they are well fed and exercised on the hard road for a week or two before the 12th, their feet will give way on the first or second day in the moors, and cruelly disappoint your expectations of sport. By exercising our dogs after a horse on the road, and giving a little gentle physic twice or thrice about the end of July, at the same time putting their feet once a day into a mixture of salt and turpentine (although we dare say this last may be nonsense), we have hunted the smoothest pointers of the finest Bridgewater breed, during the whole season, without losing a day, except from choice. Let your keeper, therefore, walk them down to the moor, if practicable, although it take several days. Send him down eight or ten days before you to get things in order, and look after the game until you come. These few days before the shooting commences, are just the time when poachers do most harm. The birds, not having been disturbed, fall an easy prey to them, and by being kept a day or two until the season opens, they can be sold with impunity, and are, at the same time, in request.

But it would be better than any of the substitutes we have suggested, if one of the party would himself proceed before the others to *Edinburgh*, and there find keepers, ponies, and dogs, if wanted, and try the moors himself: matters might thus be concluded with certainty, and without troublesome correspondence. When the bargain for the moor comes to be concluded, there are three other points proper to be attended to, besides those which relate to the sport itself, and are not pointed out above. The first of these is fuel, the obtaining of which is always a difficulty in cases of this kind. It often happens that the tenants on the estate are bound to drive fuel for the landlord, and it

will be a great advantage if it can be obtained in this way. If not, the proprietor, or his agent, will suggest how it may be got ; and it must be had before you go north yourself, otherwise we need not say you may chance to dine upon cold water until its arrival. The second point is, grazing for your horses, if required ; and the third, the use of garden stuffs. Without a proper bargain on these points, you may have to pay an additional rent for them.

Let us now suppose that you have fixed on your quarters, keepers, dogs, and horses, what remains regards your comfort and convenience. To complete the live part of the establishment, we may suppose that each gentleman of the party will require an attendant to carry the bag, clean his gun, feed the dogs, care for his pony, and so on. If two of the party shoot together, then, perhaps, one *gilly* may do for both. They will be got in the Highlands. More difficult to obtain is a cook, for, be it known, it is not every one that can cook with a peat fire. This important functionary, as well as a housemaid, will probably be heard of among the old servants of the mansion-house ; and if there be nothing but moor, then at the nearest inn or town. All that we remember to inculcate is, that they ought both to be taken bound to wash ; and, indeed, all the servants ought to be hired to be "generally useful," for it is impossible to get on with punctiliousness in the circumstances.

You will, perhaps, learn from the proprietor, or his agents, at the time of taking the moor, where to apply for hay, oats, and straw for the horses, and meal for the dogs. If not, the innkeeper must be your resource. These, together with groceries,* must be sent by the carrier from the nearest town, together with a supply of bread and butcher's meat, if you are not content with mutton and lamb from the nearest farmer. Any additional furniture or napery required, must be obtained from the next inn : liquors will, probably, be obtained from the same place. You will find expensive wines quite thrown away. Champagne, from the heat and carriage, becomes no better than small beer ; and the mellow bouquet of Lafitte, 1825, is evaporated, leaving something like ditch-water behind. There is something tonic in a glass of generous old port, after a hard day, but that most delicate of wines will the least bear carriage. Sherry alone admits of being made a travelling companion, worthy of a palate so refined as we take yours to be, most courteous reader ! By all means, therefore, send before you a stock of Cathcart, Ferguson, and Co's pellucid green seal, from Leith, that famed emporium of genuine and generous liquors, and you will continue to drink it all your life after. London porter, and that finest of all Scotland's productions, mild Edinburgh ale, we should consider indispensable. The last, at three shillings a dozen, though not so potent as the full-bottled velvet, is better suited for a hearty draught to a thirsty man, as, like the blood-horse in his pail, you may bury

* As many persons may, like ourselves, find the details the most troublesome part of the business, we give a memorandum of things that will require to be included under the above head : viz., coffee, tea, sugar, whisky, vinegar, peppers, salt, mustard, catsup, blacking, barley, ham, raisins, currants, and last, not least, powder and shot.

Boxes, in which to send game, will be requisite, but we have often thought that coarse wicker crates would answer the purpose, at a fourth of the cost, and be lighter and more airy. The groceries, &c. can be sent down in the boxes or crates.

your moustache and whiskers in it. Be sure to order it new bottled, as the fault of malt liquors, in the Highlands, is always to be hard, from the time of the year at which one is there.

It may not be amiss to remark, that servants at the moors are extremely apt to imagine that they are to have an unbridled licence to drink as they please, and that incapacity and insubordination are often the consequence. Therefore, regulate this matter from the first. Let them have their fixed allowance ; by all means let *it* be liberal, but be *you* firm. We take it, that a bottle of ale to two of them, and a bottle of whisky to half a dozen, is a fair evening allowance, for working days ; nor should whisky be served out above twice or thrice during the day, on the hill. For your own part, you will find that merely wetting the mouth with a thimble full, from the top of the flask, is better than a larger draught of whisky, *while you are shooting*, and your health and strength will thus improve instead of deteriorating. But, be it understood, we are not now speaking of festive days, and would be the last to stop the full flow of hospitality and mirth on those occasions, of which we wish you many, when you can gather together the kilted inhabitants of the mountains and the glens, and join in their national hulican, or, perhaps, astonish them with an attempt at a gallope or a quadrille, to the sounds of the fiddle or the bagpipe, and to the tune of a "delight" or a pibroch.

For dress, we would recommend a full suit of simple grey plaid (small black and white check), of rather a hard surface ; we do not know the name of the stuff : or a full suit of russet plaid (red and green mixture) : drab cord gaiters ; three pair of double-soled shoes, two of them well oiled ; and a Glengarry bonnet.

You will buy ponies, if wanted, cheaper and better in Edinburgh, than in the Highlands.

With regard to dogs, perhaps, little need be said here. They can be bought in Edinburgh, which is generally full of them, a fortnight before the 12th. You will find the smooth pointer quite as good as the setter, and the short tailed or spaniel setter, in our opinion, better than either. All we advise is, try them rigorously before you buy them. This may be done a short distance from Edinburgh. We have shot grouse within five miles of the Scottish capital. Except for the purpose of hunting the dogs, let the owner make no signals to them with his hands or tongue, that is, to cause them point, back, or down charge. Thus you will see what they have learned to do without assistance, which is your purpose. Fire a pistol over them when the game rises, to see they are neither blinked on the one hand, nor, on the other, run in upon the birds. Beware of wide hunting, or very high-travelled dogs, if you wish to kill much game. These rattling brutes not only flush a deal of game through their rashness and noise, but they miss a great deal more by passing it between you and them. In nine cases out of ten, they are dogs that run into the wind, instead of crossing it or quartering their ground, and after a bellyful of whistling and waving to them, and running first a mile to a point in this direction, and then a mile, breathless, to a false point in that, in a hot day in August, you are a better man than many we have met with, if you can get up the steam for a third start, even if you were certain that the rambling brutes had an old cock right under their noses. The regulat

price of a really good dog, in Edinburgh, is ten pounds; and fifteen pounds are frequently given for something very superior: but six, and eight pounds, will buy capital dogs from private persons who may be parting with them.

Edinburgh, June 16th.

ASCOT HEATH RACES.

BY THE EDITOR.

"You see this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose."

WINTER'S TALE.

THE taste for racing, and the spirit to uphold it, are on the advance, and long may they continue to increase. The turf is a noble sport, full of a right emulation, well fitted to occupy manly leisure, and excite honourable and friendly strife. Not only at home, but wherever a civilized community can be traced, the course is regarded as an arena for a becoming and legitimate pleasure. It is not free from matter that is exceptionable; but what human institution is? Peradventure, these pages may in some wise be the humble instruments to effect a change: but for the present let that pass. Our immediate concern is that recent courtly meeting with whose name and title this paper is headed. The theme is one whereof the details have been anticipated, while the true character is untouched. The annual race-meeting held upon Ascot Heath has, by a practice pursued during the present and last three reigns, been elevated into a popular convention, of which no parallel exists in this country. There, on a given day, and at a given hour, every subject of this land can, as it were, command sight and presence of the sovereign. While the iron records of the feudal times transmit to us the monarch confronting his people only as a stern dispenser of the laws, or leading them to fields of violence and blood, the peaceful history of our times shall portray sovereign and subjects mingled together in scenes consecrated to good-fellowship, and devoted to popular enjoyment. Excellent in principle as the scheme thus adopted proved, during the earlier years of its career, in the last three anniversaries it has been invested with far deeper interest, and surrounded with a far brighter halo. Within that period the throne of these islands has been filled by one whose claims on the hearts of Englishmen appealed with a power alone inferior to the enthusiasm created by her virtues. If for no other cause, for that thou hast brought before eyes that loved to look upon her "the hope of many nations"—the young and fair Victoria—Ascot! thy name shall be exalted, and thy site a high and honoured place. To him, then, who visiteth thy heath alone for the pride of chariots—the pomp and circumstance of horses, I say, emphatically,

"You see this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose."

Having premised the importance that attaches to this meeting, apart from any consideration of the inducement it offers in shape of the pleasures or the business of the course, we will pass on to the particular incidents that distinguished it on the occasion to which this notice particularly applies. A very general impression was abroad, that the excitement of a great political crisis, such as that in which they took place, would essentially interfere with the success of Ascot Races in the present year. It is gratifying to be able to state, the effect was felt by no means to the extent that was feared. The meeting, indeed, was better than, from a combination of unpropitious circumstances, could have been expected. The weather was wretchedly cold and unseasonable; the Derby settling added an additional damper to the spirits of the professionals; while many of the pleasure division reserved themselves for the run in at St. Stephen's. Many useful and ornamental changes were effected in the arrangements since last year. New stables were provided for the royal equipages, adjoining Her Majesty's Stand: the approaches to the Grand Stand had been completed, and shubberies laid out in the rear of it; while everything that could be devised for the convenience of its inmates had been provided in the fitting up of the interior. In the racing department a most convenient plan was pursued. As soon as the jockeys for the various races were weighed, the numbers of the horses they were to ride, as shown by the cards, were exhibited from the Judge's chair; a precaution that deserves universal adoption, as precluding the possibility of parties being taken in by backing nominations not intended to start. . . . Tuesday was bitterly cold and bleak on the heath; but, nevertheless, the attendance was good. The show of carriages was necessarily diminished; for the facility of the railroad to Windsor induced thousands to travel by it, who formerly patronized the good old system of a drag and four posters. At one o'clock the arrival of the royal *cortège* was announced, and the reception of the Queen was as cordial and respectful as upon any preceding occasion. The cavalcade was precisely the same as it always is. The master of the buckhounds rode first, followed by the various subordinates of his department; and immediately succeeding these was an open barouch, in which were Her Majesty, Prince Albert, Prince Esterhazy, and the Marchioness of Normanby; then came the carriages containing the members and visitors of the court; numerous mounted grooms, &c. &c. &c; the brilliant liveries and curvetting steeds forming as dazzling a procession as well can be conceived. The list for the day's sport was very ample, but the number of blanks greatly reduced it. Coronation walked over for the Ascot Derby, Oakley for the Dinner Stakes, and Satirist for the St. James's Palace Stakes. Still the racing was excellent: the style in which Robinson opened it, by winning the Trial Plate, on Flambeau, was one of those *chefs d'œuvre* that no one can fancy that has not seen the *maestro* perform. The form in which the Knight-of-the-Whistle ran the Newmarket nag home, seemed to imply that, had he been started for the Derby, he would not have been the last of the northern lot. The 300 sovs. Match brought back a small portion of Broadwath's price to Mr. Meiklam's pocket. Had Pathfinder not broken down, it might not have found the way there. The 50 sovs. Sweepstakes introduced another Rosalie colt to favour: it is to be hoped he will

deserve it better than his brother. He won in a canter ; but the field was a miserable one : he is in the two great two-year-old races in the Newmarket July meeting, besides being very heavily engaged for next year. Welfare won the Ascot Handicap, giving Janus half a stone, and beating a fair field, in a very honest fashion. It was a surprise to many when Lanercost's number was exhibited for the Vase ; but my impression is, that it would have accompanied its splendid partner to the North, but for the disappointment Mr. Ramsay's horse met with when Miss Stilton bolted. Starting Lanercost on Tuesday was *not* the mistake of the day. The error appeared to me to be Lord Exeter's, in drawing Cesarewitch for the Ascot Derby (more especially was I persuaded he was wrong when Coronation shewed for the walk over), and reserving him for the Vase. The condition of Satirist, and that of Ghuznee, at Ascot, were triumphs in the art of training. The details of the running for the different races are given in the report of the meeting in the Turf Register, and are, consequently, omitted in this summary. As soon as the race for the Royal Vase was over, Her Majesty and suite left the course, greeted with every demonstration of loyal and affectionate respect.

Wednesday was a most emphatic *dies non* : there were no people, and less sport. The Fifty Pound Plate was a match between Mr. Osbaldeston's filly, by the Colonel, out of Galatea, and Emotion, won by the former ; and the 100 Sovereigns Sweepstakes, a duet, out of ten nominations, between Camelion and John o'Gaunt, the former the winner. The Swinley was walked over for, by Bokhara ; Belgrade beat Langolee and Miss Stilton for the Queen's Hundred ; Ghuznee walked over for the Coronation Stakes ; and there the business ended. Surely, when the Cockney meeting at the Hippodrome can furnish its five and six hundreds of public money to be run for every day that it professes to invite company, imperial Ascot might do something more for her aristocratic guests than set two miserable Plates of £100 and £50 before them.

Thursday was a brilliant anniversary of the Cup Day. The weather was prodigal of all the choicest gifts of summer : a cloudless heaven ; gentle airs, breathing freshness and fragrance ; while, for the pilgrims of pleasure, whose shrines lay beyond the classic glades of Windsor and Virginia's fairy retreats, Nature spread "her brightest of crystal and softest of green." It is odd enough to note how exactly alike are the features that, each year, present themselves at particular points upon this great festival. Though less peopled, the road from town was, in all its arrangements, the counterpart of the scenes it exhibited in 1840 ; and Windsor was the same—identically *the same*—in the minutest details, that it was on that day twelvemonth. In the balcony of the White Hart there stood, as I passed, a man in a white hat, white ducks, and white blouse, who held in his hand a tumbler half filled with a yellow liquid, into which a waiter was discharging a bottle of soda-water : on Thursday, the 18th of June, 1840, at the same hour, the same waiter was administering to the same patient the same dose ; and there is little doubt but that he will be found doing so on the same day next year.

Precisely at half-past one o'clock the Royal Party reached the course, in the order of procession always observed upon similar occa-

sions. Her Majesty appeared to take much interest in the animated scene that met the eye in every direction. The Queen looked extremely well, and was received with every demonstration of attachment and respect. In point of numbers, the Heath, probably, was never better attended: some of the higher classes were absent; but the *éclat* of the day has been rarely surpassed. The Stand Plate, handicap, was won very cleverly by Janus, backed at 3 to 1; and for the 30 sovs. Sweepstakes, for two-year-olds, Mr. Shackel's Meal walked over. The Windsor Forest Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, produced a race with three, which Una won easily, and gave the fielders a slice of luck, Florence having been freely backed at 6 to 4 on her. The important event of the meeting was now to be decided, the Cup being the next race in succession. The field was one of the best that has gone for it for years; the betting more devoid of spirit than I ever before knew it. The general havoc and individual manœuvring which the Derby settling (*lucus à non lucendo*) produced, no doubt, mainly brought this about. The defeat of Lanercost, on Tuesday, had also choked off the majority of his friends; and those who backed him, and won, have, in four cases out of six, to wait for it "till after the Leger."

The Gold Cup, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 200 added from the Fund; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; from the Cup-post on the new mile; once round and in; about two miles and a half (fifteen subscribers.)

Mr. Ramsay's Lanercost, by Liverpool, six years old (Noble)	1
Duke of Rutland's Flambeau, five years old (Robinson)	0
Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, six years old (J. Day)	0
Sir G. Heathcote's Bokhara, four years old (Chapple)	4
Mr. Ridsdale's Bloomsbury, five years old (Nat)	5
Mr. Wigram's Teleta, four years old (Connely)	6

These six made a sufficiently imposing appearance; everybody seeing cause to admire their favourite and vituperate the rest. The gentlemen of the "Green" family were in ecstasies at Bloomsbury's style of going, which was that peculiar to the circle at Astley's—woe is me! that I write it—when Astley's *was*. St. Francis could not have been brought out in more perfect condition. Flambeau was as brilliant as flambeau might be; in short, the half-dozen looked all over like racing; but, to the experienced, the north-country horse gave assurance that neither Newmarket nor England to boot could find a champion to compete with him, that day, for the honour of the South. As soon as they were well under way, Noble took Lanercost to the front, was permitted to make his own running at a bad pace (whereby *any* chance that the field might have had was sacrificed), kept the lead from start to finish, and won without an effort by a length. Robinson made a dead heat for second, with St. Francis (who went well, and ought to have gone twice as fast as he did, for the first two miles); and Bloomsbury ran a jady, shuffling brute. Bokhara ran as well up as could have been expected; and Teleta much worse. Lanercost was the best three-year-old in the north, though he did not make even a race for the Leger; and now, at six, he is the best racer in England: as becomes him, he has carried off the handsomest prize known to modern Olympics. It shall hereafter be said of the Derby and the Ascot Cup for 1841, as regarded the horses, that they fell to the lot of the best and most honest nags of the year: as regarded the Derby, at least, their *bettors* cannot claim a similar category.



THE GOLD CUP WON BY MR. RAMSAY'S LANERCOST.

The subject of this very elegant trophy is taken from the ballad of "Chevy Chase;" the cavalier represented being Sir George Lovel, the standard-bearer of "the Percy." (?) As a work of art, it is a first-rate specimen of skill and excellent taste; but Pindar might have furnished a design infinitely more appropriate.

For the 100 sovs. Sweepstakes, the Nob, with 2 to 1 against him, contrived to beat his Newmarket opponent by a neck: this was a result by no means anticipated, particularly when the change of jock was had in account. The Windsor Town Plate was won by Pickwick—Mr. Greville's *cheval de bataille* (no treason in *that*, it is to be hoped); and Van Amburgh, for the Buckingham Palace Stakes, disposed of Cesarewitch at the market estimate, which was 8 to 1 on the winner; thus terminating a brilliant day in all the appliances of racing—*éclat*, sport, attendance—lovely weather and ladies “in a concatenation accordingly.”

Friday may be described as precisely the antipodes of its predecessor: it was cold, comfortless, and companyless. There was an awful dust, enough to have smothered a hundred times as many as were present to partake of it; and, moreover, there arose a “shindy” anent the riding of Camelino, for the first class of the Wokingham. It was stated—stated, do I say?—all the gods were invoked to attest, that H. Edwards, his jock, had perpetrated a colossal swindle—a robbery, to which, for measureless audacity, the carrying off of the crown jewels, by Colonel Blood, was an act of modest diffidence. As turf affairs are conventionally touched *levi manu* (the reader is to understand this *Levi* is a Latin, and not a Hebrew word), I shall offer no opinion on the subject, beyond stating that, to the best of my belief, and as far as I can form a judgment, it looked uncommonly like an undeniable “do.” Well, this first class of the Wokingham, as aforesaid, fell to the lot of Una—“heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb” (Nat), but more by good luck than good right, according to the popular voice. Curlew won the second class by a head, after a really fine race; the tailing being evidence that the pace had been an earnest one. Of the remainder of the day's sport nothing need be said: its details are given elsewhere; and beyond these it had no interest. As a pleasure-tryst, Ascot, this year, might bear comparison with the majority of preceding seasons; in business, it was most “flat and unprofitable.” I cannot but rejoice at this latter contingency. Betting, once the gentleman's amusement, has become the blackguard's common trade, the knavish agent for winning his daily bread. The sooner the system receives its *coup de grace* the better: no matter what the means, the end will dignify the instrument.

THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

“Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home.”—THE CORSAIR.

YACHTING, pursued upon a scale entitling it to the name of a national sport, is wholly peculiar to Great Britain. As a pastime, none, certainly, is so befitting the people of an island nation, and that a people to whom the sovereignty of the seas has so long been a fee of inheritance. Still, while the peaceful possession of our ocean territory was interrupted—while it was only to be swept with impunity by

the pennants of the Queen of the Isles—pleasure sailing, if not actually in abeyance, could only be indulged in around our shores, or on our bays and rivers. Thus, during the late war, amateur navigation was “bound in shallows;” but when the “Eagle” of discord and carnage fell at Waterloo, the national taste simultaneously displayed itself, and the gentlemen of England, with every appliance of pomp and circumstance, took possession of their native element. It was in June, 1815, that “The Yacht Club” was first established, at Cowes; and, at its organization, consisted of the following members:—

Viscount Ashbrooke; Charles Aylmer, Esq.; Wm. Baring, Esq.; the Earl of Belmore; Captain Frederick Berkeley; B. P. Blachford, Esq.; the Marquis of Buckingham; Lord Cawdor; S. Challen, Esq.; the Earl of Craven; Sir Wm. Curtis, Bart.; Viscount Deerhurst; J. N. Fazakerley, Esq.; Viscount Fitzharris; J. Fitzgerald, Esq.; Lord Grantham; Charles Grant, Esq.; Thos. Hallifax, Esq.; the Hon. Wm. Hare; Henry A. Herbert, Esq.; Sir John Cox Hippeley, Bart.; Viscount Kirkwall; Thos. Lewin, Esq.; John Lindegren, Esq.; — Lloyd (of Marle), Esq.; the Rev. Charles North; Lord Nugent; the Hon. Charles A. Pelham; Lord Ponsonby; Sir Richard Puleston, Bart.; Harry Scott, Esq.; Colonel Shedden; Thos. A. Smith, jun., Esq.; Sir George Thomas, Bart.; the Marquis of Thomond; the Earl of Uxbridge; Bayles Wardle, Esq.; Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart.; Joseph Weld, Esq.; James Weld, Esq.; Colonel Whatley; and Owen Williams, Esq. The qualification was the proprietorship of a vessel of not less than ten tons.

From the first season of its establishment to the present, its progress and prosperity have been cotemporary. The sovereign bestowed his immediate patronage upon it; peculiar privileges were accorded its flag by the various continental powers; and the flower of our nobility and gentry hastened to enrol themselves as members. Thus “going free” before the favouring airs of high honours and prosperous fortunes, the Royal Yacht Club saw the sailor monarch, William IV., succeed to the office of its patron, and the name of the society altered to that of the Royal Yacht Squadron. At the present day the qualification indispensable in a member, is, that he possesses a craft of not less than thirty tons; the entrance fee, on election, being £15, and the annual subscription £8. The R. Y. S. house, at Cowes, is the rendezvous. It is kept open the whole of the year, for the use of members, honorary members (of whom there are 483, consisting of the King of Naples, his brother the Prince of Syracuse, the Duke of Mecklenburgh, Generals, Admirals, Captains, and Commodores of the Royal Navy, Consuls, Secretaries, &c. &c.), and visitors. Honorary members only pay a subscription of £1 per annum, when they make use of the Squadron Club House. Each member has the right to introduce one friend, as a visitor, to the house, for fourteen days at a time, which introduction he can renew as often as he pleases. The committee have spared no exertion in procuring every convenience and comfort for the service of the members. Their stock of wines, in the cellars at Cowes, is first-rate, and their funds are in a flourishing condition, and yearly on the increase. The vessels of the R. Y. S. are permitted to wear the St. George’s ensign, by warrant from the Admiralty; and, in addition to their numerous privileges at home, are exempt from port

charges of every kind, in all foreign countries, and in the British colonies; in fact, they possess all the immunities granted to men-of-war.

Yachts of the R. Y. S. are now to be met with in every quarter of the globe. The *Royalist* schooner, James Brooke, Esq., is at this time in the Indian seas. She has done infinite service to the geographical knowledge and commerce of this country, by completing a survey of the greatest portion of the isle of Borneo, and opening new sources of traffic with the natives. This vessel has been absent from England three years; and, previous to her return, she is to circumnavigate the world, at the sole expense of her owner. Another expedition, of a similar kind, is about to be undertaken by Mr. Boyd, in his schooner yacht, the *Wanderer*. These are instances of which history affords no parallel. Who shall say, after this, that the tendency of our national sports is not to benefit the social condition of our own land, and to promote the general welfare of mankind?

The present strength of the Royal Yacht Squadron consists of 158 members; viz., three Dukes; three Marquises; eleven Earls; four Viscounts; eight Barons; sixteen Baronets; seven Honourables; one General; nine Members of Parliament; three Colonels; five Captains of the Royal Navy; and eighty-eight Esquires: with ninety-nine Yachts, varying in size, from 393 to 31 tons; altogether, 8,789 tons; employing upwards of 1,000 men, besides shipwrights, carpenters, joiners, rope-makers, sail-makers, &c. &c. The subjoined list of the members, the description of their several vessels, tonnage, and ports whence they sail, was corrected by the secretary, Mr. Bates, up to last month:—

LIST OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

CORRECTED UP TO THE 1ST OF JUNE, 1841.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, } Patrons.
 H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT, }
 THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH, Commodore.
 THE EARL OF BELFAST, Vice-Commodore.

Vessel.	Owner.	Class	Tons (old).	Port.
<i>Adelaide</i>	Hon. H. F. Walker	cutter	124	Galway
<i>Alarm</i>	Joseph Weld, Esq.	cutter	193	Southampton
<i>Amazon</i>	Sir J. B. Walsh, Bart. M. P.	cutter	75	Cowes
<i>Ann</i>	Hon. Wm. H. Hare	cutter	42	Southton
<i>Admiralty Yacht</i>	First Lord of Admiralty	cutter		London
<i>Antelope</i>	Viscount Powerscourt	cutter	90	Portsmouth
<i>Ariadne</i>	W. Peareth, Esq.	cutter	85	Cowes
<i>Ariel</i>	Earl of Coventry	cutter	71	Cowes
<i>Ariel</i>	Almon Hill, Esq.	schooner	118	Cowes
<i>Arrow</i>	Lord Godolphin	cutter	84	Southampton
<i>Arundel</i>	William Hanham, Esq.	yawl	210	Cowes
<i>Aurora</i>	William Beach, Esq.	cutter	40	Cowes
<i>A Schooner</i>	John Fleming, Esq.	schooner	160	Cowes
<i>Breeze</i>	T. Legh, Esq.	cutter	54	Cowes
<i>Brilliant</i>	G. H. Ackers, Esq.	schooner	393	Southampton
<i>Camilla</i>	T. Hallifax, jun., Esq.	schooner	147	Cowes
<i>Charm</i>	John Meiklam, Esq.	cutter	75	Cowes
<i>Circassian</i>	W. Lyon, Esq.	schooner	150	Portsmouth

Vessel.	Owner.	Class	Tons (old).	Port.
<i>Columbine</i>	J. H. Smith Barry, Esq.	yawl	90	Cork
<i>Crusader</i>	R. B. Sheridan, Esq.	schooner	127	London
<i>Cynthia</i>	R. Frankland, Esq.	cutter	40	Cowes
<i>Dolphin</i>	Earl Grosvenor	schooner	217	Southampton
<i>Dream</i>	George Bentinck, Esq.	cutter	105	Portsmouth
<i>Earl St. Vincent</i>	Sir Henry Rivers, Bart.	cutter	41	Southton
<i>Edith</i>	Joseph C. Ewart, Esq.	cutter	70	Liverpool
<i>Elizabeth</i>	Hon. Augustus Moreton.	cutter	65	Cowes
<i>Emerald</i>	J. L. Symonds, Esq.	cutter	58	Cowes
<i>Erin</i>	Thomas Allen, Esq.	schooner	94	Lynn
<i>Eudoro</i>	R. W. Cooper, Esq.	cutter	59	Cowes
<i>Falcon</i>	Reg. Denis George	yawl	60	Southton
<i>Fanny</i>	F.P. Delmé Radcliffe, Esq.	cutter	75	Cowes
<i>Flower of Yarrow</i>	Marquis of Conyngham	cutter	145	Portsmouth
<i>Flower of Yarrow</i>	Viscount Exmouth	schooner	141	Portsmouth
<i>Forest Fly</i>	Wm. Hornby, Esq.	cutter	36	Southton
<i>Galatea</i>	C.R.M. Talbot, Esq. M.P.	schooner	190	Southton
<i>Ganymede</i>	Thos. Hallifax, jun., Esq.	cutter	69	Cowes
<i>Gazelle</i>	T.P. Williams, Esq. M.P.	cutter	87	Beaumaris
<i>Gem</i>	George Tomline, Esq.	schooner	125	Cowes
<i>Gitana</i>	E. N. Harvey, Esq.	schooner	168	Cowes
<i>Giulia</i>	Earl of Tyrconnel	cutter	42	Cowes
<i>Gossamer</i>	R. W. Gaussen, Esq.	cutter	35	London
<i>Hawk</i>	Charles Brett, Esq.	schooner	31	Southampton
<i>Harriet</i>	John Beardmore, Esq.	schooner	102	Cowes
<i>Hebe</i>	Andrew W. Corbett, Esq.	cutter	68	Cowes
<i>Heron</i>	Capt. W. B. Ponsonby	cutter	46	Cowes
<i>Hind</i>	George C. Call, Esq.	yawl	21	Plymouth
<i>Hussar</i>	T. P. Williams, Esq. M.P.	schooner	120	Beaumaris
<i>Iris</i>	Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, Bart.	cutter	75	Cowes
<i>Jack O' Lantern</i>	Earl of Orkney	schooner	140	London
<i>Jannette</i>	Earl of Egremont	schooner	141	Southton
<i>Julia</i>	Simon Yorke, Esq.	cutter	42	Southampton
<i>Kate</i>	Sir Simon Clarke, Bart.	schooner	94	Southampton
<i>Kestrel</i>	Earl of Yarborough	yawl	202	Cowes
<i>Lord of the Isles</i>	James Weld, Esq.	cutter	45	Southton
<i>Louisa</i>	Sir Hyde Parker, Bart.	schooner	123	Cowes
<i>Louisa</i>	Joseph Jekyll, Esq.	yawl	162	London
<i>Lufra</i>	Lord John Scott, M. P.	cutter	81	Cowes
<i>Mary</i>	Sir W. Johnstone, K.C.B.	cutter	62	Southton
<i>Matilda</i>	Henry Oglander, Esq.	cutter	44	Cowes
<i>Medora</i>	Edw. H. Byrne, Esq.	cutter	47	Cowes
<i>Menai</i>	Lord F. Egerton, M. P.	brigantine	175	London
<i>Merlin</i>	William Lyon, Esq.	schooner	104	Portsmouth
<i>Midge</i>	John Petre, Esq.	cutter	35	Cowes
<i>Mischief</i>	Sir J. H. Hawley, Bart.	schooner	221	London
<i>Naiad</i>	William Delafield, Esq.	cutter	70	Cowes
<i>Nancy</i>	John H. Leche, Esq.	cutter	59	Chester
<i>Nautilus</i>	Earl De Grey	cutter	103	Cowes
<i>Norna</i>	Stephen Challen, Esq.	schooner	46	Dartmouth
<i>Nymph</i>	John Bayley, Esq.	cutter	31	Dover
<i>Nettle</i>	J. Davenport, jun., Esq.	cutter	57	Bristol
<i>Osprey</i>	Capt. George Keane	yawl	45	Cowes
<i>Owen Glendwr</i>	Earl of Desart	cutter	113	Cowes
<i>Pearl</i>	Marq. of Anglesey, K.G.	cutter	130	Southton
<i>Petrel</i>	Earl of Ilchester	cutter	98	Southton
<i>Phantom</i>	Sir Wm. Curtis, Bart.	cutter	56	Ramsgate
<i>Phebe</i>	Capt. A. L. Corry, R. N.	cutter	33	Cowes

Vessel.	Owner.	Class	Tons (old).	Port.
<i>Psyche</i>	Charles Pratt, Esq.	cutter	60	Southton
<i>Reindeer</i>	John Moore, Esq.	cutter	107	Cowes
<i>Rostellan</i>	Thos. Geo. French, Esq.	schooner	70	Cork
<i>Rowena</i>	Geo. Simpson, Esq.	cutter	33	Southampton
<i>Royalist</i>	Jas. Brooke, Esq.	schooner	142	London
<i>Ruby</i>	Rowland Mitchell, Esq.	cutter	53	London
<i>Sapphire</i>	Lord H. Cholmondeley	cutter	70	Cowes
<i>Sparrowhawk</i>	Thos. Hallifax, Esq.	cutter	84	Cowes
<i>Spider</i>	F. S. Greville, Esq.	cutter	33	London
<i>Stormfinch</i>	E. H. Chad, Esq.	cutter	63	Southampton
<i>Syren</i>	Sir T. M. Wilson, Bart.	cutter	45	London
<i>Syren</i>	D. Macdonald, Esq.	cutter	39	
<i>Sea Mew</i>	Hon. Henry Upton	schooner	35	London
<i>Talisman</i>	Robert Meiklam, Esq.	cutter	87	Cowes
<i>Therese</i>	Earl of Desart	cutter	121	London
<i>Turk</i>	Capt. Jas. Kean, R. N.	cutter	44	Southampton
<i>Turquoise</i>	Lord Lovaine	cutter	78	London
<i>Water Lily</i>	John Hibbert, Esq.	yawl	31	Cowes
<i>Wanderer</i>	Benj. Boyd, Esq.	schooner	141	London
<i>Wave</i>	Capt. Jas. Kean, R. N.	cutter	54	Southampton
<i>Will-o'-the-Wisp</i>	Sir R. Harland, Bart.	cutter	45	Ipswich
<i>Witch</i>	Henry Oglander, Esq.	cutter	70	Cowes
<i>Xarifa</i>	Earl of Wilton	schooner	175	Cowes.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

THE SOUTH-WESTERN.

BY F. P. DELME RADCLIFFE, ESQ.

I HAVE been inclined to admit that I might have been unduly prejudiced against the experiment of railroads, in my general observations as to their probable effect upon the community at large, in my publication of the "Noble Science."* I have lived to acknowledge the practical utility of such comprehensive means of locomotion for all classes—to rejoice in the saving of time, which, in itself, forms an addition to the natural life of man—and to confess that the benefits may nearly counterbalance the evils of this new state of things: would that I could add, that I had found reason to retract all that I had stated upon the subject—that the impressions of 1838 had been effaced by the experience of the last three years. I am, however, daily more convinced of the necessity of the interposition of the legislature for the correction of abuses. I ventured, in the passage to which I have referred, to state that travellers, when posting should be no more (and nothing but a total repeal of the post-horse duty could save posting), would be "at the mercy of the most merciless class of human beings, actuated by cupidity, and beyond the reach of that salutary correction, that only security for the public against the abuse of private privilege—a COMPETITION." I know nothing of the Great Western or other railways; my experience has been confined to the Southampton, or

* Chap viii., p. 128.

South Western, which I have had occasion to frequent from the time of its opening to the present. It has been my lot, at least once a month, during the past year, to travel upon this line; and I can conscientiously affirm that I should find the utmost difficulty in calling to mind any one occasion on which I have not either suffered inconvenience to a most annoying degree, or heard the well-founded complaints of fellow-passengers. I am not speaking of delays—of disasters, collisions, or any of the events comprehended under the catalogue of accidents, for which all adventurers by such conveyance should and must be prepared. These occurrences have been comparatively few and far between; fewer, indeed, than could be expected, from the reckless carelessness prevalent in all departments.

I doubt not but that, from amongst the thousands daily and hourly steaming to and fro, many hundreds of the well-contented might be summoned in defence of those whom I arraign—hundreds whose journeys may have been performed without alloy; but I can have no interest in exaggerating facts, when I state that within the whole sphere of my acquaintance, and from all I have been able generally to collect, a degree of dissatisfaction justly prevails, to an extent loudly calling for a remedy.

I shall state only a few of the grievances in which I have been personally concerned, ending with the last, and not least, of the 15th ult.: one, indeed, might suffice, for of these events I might truly say, *ex uno disce omnes*. Not deeming it necessary to send a man in charge of a hunter, taking care that another should be in readiness to receive the horse at Vauxhall station, I directed my groom, one morning, in the past season, to see a horse safe off; of course, at the time, paying the demand for his passage. Upon arriving at Vauxhall, the boy to whom the horse should have been, without demur, delivered, was again charged for the fare; and, being neither prepared to pay nor dispute the claim, was compelled to leave the horse in custody till he could return to London, and thence again make his appearance with the amount, which had already once been paid at Winchester. Not to mention the loss of two hours in the horse's journey through town, or any of the circumstances contingent upon the same, I had myself the trouble of attending thrice at the station at Winchester, to represent the case, before the money was refunded to my groom, who had paid it there, with the satisfaction of being informed, that it "was a mistake of the clerk."

Amongst minor incidents I must not omit to mention, for the warning of those who may look to a chance of recovering any article left behind in the hurry (the necessary haste of quitting the seat they have occupied, on arriving at their destination), that, on the 14th of April, I left a cane, to me invaluable, in one of the carriages, in which I had been seated from Vauxhall to Winchester, having left all other things in charge of my servant with luggage, &c.; but this, which for better security I had placed across the roof above me, escaped my notice. The train had scarcely proceeded before, remembering my cane—prized not only for its intrinsic worth, but as the present of a particular friend, who, with this weapon only, had warded off the attack, and half broken the bones of a cowardly Italian assassin—I repaired to the office, entreating that inquiry might be made by the

next down train; and seeing that no other stoppage could occur between this and the end of the journey, at Southampton, and considering that my only companions in the same carriage were two gentlemen, both well known to me, and neither of them capable of making one of those mistakes which do occasionally occur at club-houses, balls, and parties, as touching the misappropriation of sticks, umbrellas, hats, or cloaks, I thought it just possible that I might hear something more of the said cane, which about twenty-five minutes after my loss of the same, twelve miles from the spot, must have passed into other hands. All subsequent inquiries, however, were as useless as if I had addressed them to the hack which I indulged with several three-mile canters on so fruitless an errand.

On the 29th of May, I was witness to the annoyance of a gentleman who, at Basingtoke, complained to Mr. Richard Eaton, M.P., that this was the fourth predicament, of precisely the same kind, in which, within six weeks, he had found himself. Parted from his luggage, which he had seen deposited, as he thought, safely at starting, by his servant,—here he was, with his lady and daughter, their carriage waiting to convey them to Lord Dorchester's, without any of their requisite travelling accompaniments. The only explanation offered, was, that the boxes, &c. must once again have been unfortunately taken off at the wrong station; that they would be forwarded, in course of time, when the mistake should be discovered. This occurrence made me, in the following week, more than usually on the *qui vive*. Upon my return from town, by the mail train, on Tuesday evening, the 2nd of June, having ran up to Tattersall's, to settle my Epsom account, I had little baggage besides a portmanteau, excepting a deal case of some considerable dimensions, containing a picture, the framing of which had just been completed, and which I was anxious to convey under my own superintendence to Shawford House. The packing-case was directed to my address in full; and at Vauxhall, my servant, according to my strict injunctions, saw it placed, with my portmanteau, &c., on that part of the train whereon the guard, as attendant functionary, thought fit to bestow them. Not unmindful of my lost stick, and what I had heard at Basingtoke on the Saturday previous, my first care, at Winchester, was to see my packages delivered to my servant; when, as had been again willed by the Fates, which *raie* at trifles, I found there was a case of another loss, or rather, that I had a lost case, in the hope of introducing my picture under my own personal escort. "Oh! that box," said the guard; "you want that large flat deal case?" "Yes, truly, that which had my name legibly inscribed, and which was placed with these things at Vauxhall." "Oh! that deal case; why, that deal case was left at Kingston! but, howsomever, you will get it down to-morrow or next day—all right." Huff, puff, thump, bump—and, with a sarcasm, as if in derision of confiding mortals, away glides the supernatural monster, hissing, and embodying the idea conveyed in the fabled image of some fiery dragon in its course. Nothing is left for the luckless passenger but to receive the assurance of the clerks, to whom your loss is again repeated, that they "wish you may get it." Get it I certainly did, by the Thursday following; but, had it been a case of importance, the evils contingent upon such blundering, which not only

might possibly, but most unquestionably have arisen, require no description.

Having fixed on the 15th of June to remove, with all my family, from Shawford House, near Winchester, to Hitchin Priory, I took most especial care to give due and repeated notice that I should require two trucks for the two carriages necessary to our conveyance, the clerk at the station repeatedly assuring me that I might depend upon all due attention, and making, or affecting to make, a memorandum to this effect. Between the 8th and 15th I had occasion to send my hacks, a wagon-load of heavy baggage, &c. &c.; and I therefore took opportunity myself, on Saturday, the 12th, of calling again at the station, to remind the clerk that I would take care to have both carriages in readiness at the railway, at least half an hour before the arrival of the train, at a quarter after ten, on Tuesday morning. I might have thought such repeated precaution needless, as, indeed, it ought to have been, but that I had learnt more than one instance of failure on such occasions, ladies having found other carriages upon the trucks they had ordered, and that I had, in fact, little confidence in any matter left apparently entirely within the doctrine of chances. At twenty minutes before ten o'clock, on Tuesday morning, the 15th, we drew up at the station. The detail of the grievances which follow may, perhaps, provoke a hearty laugh from most readers of the *SPORTING REVIEW*, whether acquainted or unacquainted with the business of moving six children under eight years of age, a governess, and four maid-servants, a hundred miles; an expedition regularly performed, in the days of superior posting and accommodation on the road, without hinderance or difficulty of any kind; a light kind of omnibus, built expressly for the purpose, easily containing the freight inseparable from the post chariot, devoted to ourselves, and a terrier or two claiming a right of admittance. Imagine our dismay at being informed, after all precaution, after all possible endeavour to guard against such obstacles, that only one truck was to be had: words were idle: such was the fact—only one truck; only one carriage could be taken. The only answer was, that they had plenty of trucks the day before, and did not know that they should not have had enough that morning. Why, nothing less could have been said had we sought a passage without notice. What cannot be cured must be endured. I was compelled to submit to the iron rule of those beyond control; to proceed with one carriage, and wait two hours upon the road, till the other could follow by the next train. No separate carriage, which I had bespoken, and which had been promised, for the nurses and children—a provision which I had endeavoured to make as much with regard to the public as myself—was forthcoming: we were obliged to pack in divisions, as we best could arrange, and to submit to as much suspense, and more inconvenience, than could have occurred in preparation for a voyage to Calcutta. Now, had we, like other families resident in Hants, have chanced to have been upon the move, not into Herts, but into Derbyshire, or more distant counties, desirous of reaching town in time for another train, upon another line, our troubles had been in no slight degree magnified; had any professional appointments depended upon the punctuality of our presence in town—but it is useless to speculate upon the innumerable casualties of a private nature, all hinging upon this breach of public faith. As it

was, eight post-horses, at their best pace, from Barnet and Welwyn, could not effect the end of our journey before eight in the evening: some thousands of the good town of Hitchin having kindly congregated to welcome our return home, and a mounted procession of at least fifty horsemen, all having, from six of the clock that same evening, patiently abided our coming; not one of them guessing the true and only cause of this departure from my habit of rigid punctuality.

I fancy I hear some one, weary of this groaning, hastily exclaim, "Well, what business has any one with his whole fry at his heels upon a railroad?" Truly none, *if* the road were left open: but this, alas! is not the case: the high road is not yet obliterated; but the house, where I could "take mine ease in mine own inn," is, like Jack Falstaff himself, no more. The first and second turn out no longer are forthcoming; no longer will their ready rattle and the gingle of their harness respond to the ostler's bell; and, "bring 'em out," though roared by a stentor, cannot produce what are no longer to be brought. There is no alternative; and, therefore, to the railroad must you resort — by the train must you travel, if travel you must; and is it not, therefore, doubly incumbent upon the powers that be, to render this one means of journeying as near perfection as it is within the nature of human things to attain? Should not some *security* be given for the performance of promises, upon the faith of which all private arrangements alike, of great or little import, depend? I question whether it would have been left wholly to chance that I had found one or two, any or none, of the trucks ordered for my carriages, if the proprietors had been compelled, in default, to furnish post-horses to forward me at the time which I had judged expedient to fix for my departure.

I do not pretend to the ability of taking a very statesmanlike view of the subject; but it has occurred to me, and it does not seem at variance with common sense or justice, to say, that those to whom time is so invaluable—to whom time is money—might afford to pay more for the rapidity of their movements; that such a tax might be put upon railroads as might enable the government wholly to take off the duty on post-horses, and thus afford some encouragement to the hope that a choice might still be left to those contented with the Queen's highway—what matter, though the railway fares were doubled? No more known necessity exists now than formerly—certainly not than in 1837 or 1838, for travelling in general; and we have yet to learn what actual advantages to the state, what benefit to the country, has accrued from the facilities of locomotion, and temptation to restlessness, already afforded. With one more observation, I will conclude. If a mob, such as I have known in this very county of Southampton—such as I trust never will be, but which, by unforeseen events, might be seen to take the law of might into their own hands—break up the high road, the bye roads still afford communication with the metropolis; but as it is rather easier to displace a few yards of rail, than to dig trenches or fell trees—in fact, only ten minutes' work for twenty men, to annihilate a railroad—might it not be advisable to have something to fall back upon, in case of need? But this is matter of still graver character—food for deeper discussion. At present what the public demand, what they have a right to require, is, that an oppressive monopoly, such as

that of the South Western Railway Company, should have some limit to their arbitrary sway—should be placed within reach of some restraint to the tyranny now exercised over all of Her Majesty's subjects who fall, without hope of relief, within their power.

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

THE "SETTLING" UPON EPSOM RACES.—The docket of bankruptcy struck, at Tattersall's, against a defaulter on the late Derby, from its novelty and other causes, created, as our polite continental neighbours call it, "a sensation," or, in downright English, "a shindy" (a most expressive phrase, borrowed from the Italian *scena*). We will, in the first instance, lay before our readers the authorized statement put forth by the regular reporter who attends the subscription-room at Hyde Park Corner, and append to it such matters as appear to us necessary to assist the uninitiated in arriving at a just view of the case.

"On Saturday, the 12th ult., a meeting of the Jockey Club was held at Mr. Weatherby's, in Oxendon-street, for the purpose of taking into consideration certain points connected with the non-adjustment of the accounts of the defaulter who did not meet his creditors upon the appointed day for the settlement on the Derby and Oaks races, and whose affairs were intrusted, with the consent of the creditors at large, and with the sanction of the stewards of the club, to three persons of high respectability. The defaulter himself, and two persons who were largely indebted to him, were called before the club; and their respective statements having been heard, the following official document was drawn up and signed:—

"At a meeting of the stewards, assisted by several members of the Jockey Club, held at Messrs. Weatherby's office, on Saturday, the 12th of June, 1841, the case relating to Mr. G.'s Epsom account was brought under their consideration, and the following decision was unanimously agreed to:

"We are of opinion that Messrs. P., B., and C., being authorized by Mr. G. to settle his Epsom account, and having undertaken to do so on the payment of the sums due to Mr. G., all persons indebted to Mr. G. are bound to pay the amount of their debt to those gentlemen, and are not authorized to pay any other person.

'H. J. ROUS	RUTLAND	J. PEEL
G. ANSON	EXETER	C. C. GREVILLE
BEDFORD	STRADBROKE	W. H. IRBY.'

"It will be seen from this, that the matter was taken completely out of the hands of the defaulter himself, and intrusted solely to the management of his assignees, a circumstance to which his entire withdrawal, until his affairs shall have been satisfactorily settled, is to be ascribed. On Monday, the 15th, a copy of the foregoing document was posted at Tattersall's; and, under the authority there given, the

assignees renewed their attempts to collect the debts due to the defaulter. Many, however, to whom applications were made, still refused to pay. At length the Noble Lord to whom allusion has already been made, entered the room, and distinctly stated that, upon principle, he should still refuse to abide by the alleged decision of the Jockey Club now exhibited.

“In the first place, his Lordship denied that this was a decision of the Jockey Club, a portion only of whom had been summoned, and some of those were personally interested in the issue of the question before them. With regard to the persons to whom the settlement of the account was intrusted, he objected to making them the medium of an adjustment which required personal explanations from their principal. It was the duty of the defaulter to have come forward, and settle his own accounts; and if he so came, and paid and received, *pari passu*, his Lordship was perfectly willing, as he had all along been, to pay over to him the sum which he had lost. He could not recognise the doctrine, that individuals who had lost sums to this person should pay those sums into the hands of irresponsible persons, without any guarantee that the winners would ever receive the amount of their claims. The position for which he contended was, that men should not be permitted to enter that room to take the chance of winning, and to receive those winnings, without the persons to whom they had lost being assured of receiving the full amount of their respective claims. In this case the creditors had no definite prospect of payment; and hence the course attempted to be pursued was not only unprecedented, but altogether irregular. Several persons took the same view with his Lordship, and declared that demands had been made upon them, which were not accurately stated, and which, in the absence of the defaulter, could not be set right. One of the assignees said, that the settlement of the account would long since have taken place, had not the Noble Lord refused to pay, and had not others followed his example; and with regard to any inaccuracies in the amount of claims, these were open to easy explanation, which the defaulter was perfectly ready to give. A good deal of angry discussion followed, in which the Noble Lord altogether repudiated the assertion, that he had been the first to refuse to pay the defaulter, not having arrived in the yard till after the defaulter had retired. It was urged, by some, that the creditors being satisfied with the intention of the defaulter to pay in full, the debtors had no right to withhold their losses, and that the decision obtained from the Jockey Club was in itself conclusive. The Noble Lord denied the justice of this argument, and repeated, that the posted resolution was, in point of fact, of no value; while a door would be opened to interested creditors to screen a fraudulent debtor, merely for the purpose of securing a dividend for themselves, without regard to that reciprocity of risk upon which all fair betting should be based. If, however, the assignees would give a guarantee that the whole of the creditors should be paid in full at some definite period, he was perfectly willing to hand over the amount of his loss *instanter*. This guarantee was at first refused, but ultimately the three assignees signed the following undertaking:—

“We, the undersigned, guarantee that the account of Mr. ——— shall be paid in full by the end of the Houghton Meeting,”

"Upon this document being placed in the hands of one of the stewards of the Jockey Club, the Noble Lord forthwith paid the sum claimed of him, and publicly expressed a hope that all other persons indebted to the defaulter would follow his example. All he desired, he said, was to prevent the establishment of a precedent which might hereafter lead to mischievous consequences."

Here is a very good account of the affair, as far as it goes; but we really cannot see the service likely to come of all its mystification; on the contrary, it may work much inconvenience. The defaulter appears as a Mr. G.; now, there are several Mr. G.'s, betting men, and what is to prevent our country cousins from concluding that Mr. Gully has exploded, or Mr. *Greatrex* gone off? Then, what need for such obscurity, about the assignees, or the "Noble Lord," the leading actor in the statement? The facts are simply these: the party against whom a "fiat" of honour has issued, is a Mr. Gurney, who appears, from all that has yet transpired, to have acted unwisely, but not with dishonesty. The assignees being his largest creditors (*selon les règles*), are Messrs. Portman, Beales, and Clarke; and the nobleman, who takes leave to look before he pays, is Lord George Bentinck. For so doing, his Lordship was in every way justified. There was evidently some shuffling or juggling going forward, and he claimed to have the merits of the case, if any such it had, placed before him, by which to come at a decision. As to the actual arrangement made, it is lame and impotent in the extreme, and obnoxious to such a phalanx of casualties, that a Chancery suit is plain-sailing to it. But in whatever way this instance may turn out, it will serve the general knowledge upon the system of "betting round," the bane and pestilence of the turf in the present day.

We extract the following from a lively little monthly *brochure*, entitled "The Bude Light," the first number of which made its appearance last month.

APROPOS OF THE DERBY.—It was the last Monday but one of the past month, and a true Saxon boy, with his glowing cheeks, and flowing locks of the colour of the fleece, stood beside his father in the classic circle wont to assemble on the first day of the Epsom week in Tattersall's yard. Some of the company appeared to harmonize so indifferently with the others, that the lad was fain to inquire who they might be, and what their business? "They are *legs*," said papa. "Are *legs* gentlemen?" asked the youth. "Not exactly," quoth the sire. "But gentlemen associate with them," persisted the son; "converse, walk—." "No, they don't *walk*," urged the informant, "they stroll about here, but when they go out into the streets—" "Ah," said the lad, with a knowing smile, "when the *legs* go, they walk off with themselves.



How many a truism is spoken in jest! How many a really good thing

"Wastes its sweetness on the desert air!"

Diogenes went about with his lantern, when the sun was up, looking for an honest man. We go about with our "Bude," searching for wit, fun, and frolic, at all hours and seasons;

and old Jem Bland will lay you ten to one that we catch more in one hour than the philosopher in a century. Catering for larks, we lately went where most they do resort, even to the sod known unto gods as Banstead, and unto men as Epsom race-course: and here comes the issue to which our introductory conversation was *apropos*.



The Derby is over; the *shindy* it created will last the legs for ever. With them was its origin? When "the General" sneezed, who was up to snuff? But sorely have they been bombarded in the modern siege of *Belgrade*. The recent mystification at Epsom, however it might have worked temporary inconvenience to the great speculators, played the devil with the industrious classes. The days of Turpin and Duval were past; but there remained a little gentlemanlike legerdemain still: now, though no longer fine rogues swagger out their breath at Tyburn, there is the treadmill, or the union-house, to carry off the small dealers in larceny or loose morals.

"That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier were flat blasphemy."

CRICKET.—This noble game ran a prosperous career during the past month. Our limits do not allow us to record more than the results of two of the principal matches to which it gave existence.

Marylebone Club and Ground against the Five Northern Counties. This important contest between the great Metropolitan Club and the *élite* of the counties of Derby, Stafford, Leicester, Nottingham, and York, began on Monday, 31st May, at Lord's, and caused very general interest. The ground was in splendid order, the weather very propitious, and the assemblage combined all the leading patrons of Cricket in London, and many from the provinces.

NORTHERN COUNTIES.		1st inn.	2nd do.
Barker, bowled by Bayley	8	not out	30
G. M. Kettle, Esq., bowled by Cobbett	1	bowled by Cobbett	3
Sampson, bow. by C. G. Whittaker, Esq.	38	bowled by Hillier	9
Garratt, bowled by Bayley	16	bowled by C. Taylor, Esq.	12
Gay, ct. by Bayley, bowled by Bayley	43	ct. by Hillier, bowled by Bayley	0
Dakin, ct. by Cobbett, bowled by Bayley	17	bowled by Bayley	18
Farr, not out	7	hit wicket, bd. Whittaker, Esq.	28
Redgate, bowled by Bayley	3	bowled by C. Taylor, Esq.	10
Girling, ct. by Cobbett, bowled by Bayley	0	bowled by Cobbett	4
Marsden, bowled by Bayley	2	bowled br Whittaker, Esq.	25
Deacon, bowled by Cobbett	0	bowled by Cobbett	9
Byes 10, wide balls 2	12	Byes 8, wide balls 4, no balls 2	14
Total	—147	Total	—162
MARYLEBONE.		1st inn.	2nd do.
T. Wythe, Esq., leg b. w., bow. Deacon	0	bowled by Deacon	7
Caldecourt, bowled by Deacon	12	bowled by Deacon	7
Sewell, bowled by Redgate	0	bowled by Redgate	7
C. Whittaker, Esq., c. Marsden, b. Deacon	6	bowled by Redgate	15
C. Taylor, Esq., bowled by Deacon	0	bowled by Barker	16
Cobbett, ct. by Marsden, bow. by Redgate	0	bowled by Redgate	13
Hillier, bowled by Deacon	0	bowled by Barker	4
Hayward, bowled by Redgate	9	run out	39
T. A. Anson, Esq., bowled by Redgate	0	ct. by Marsden, bd. by Deacon	1
Bayley, not out	13	bowled by Redgate	17
Good, bowled by Deacon	8	not out	43
Byes 5, wide balls 2	7	Byes 9, wide balls 5, no balls 5	19
Total	—55	Total	—188

Sussex against Kent. The match between these rival counties commenced on Monday, the 7th ult., at the Royal Grounds, Brighton: the result, on this occasion, was tolerably decisive.

SUSSEX.		1st inn.	2nd do.
Millyard, ct. by Hillyer	2	not out 10
Lillywhite, stumped by Wenman	5	ct. by Pilch 1
E. Napper, Esq., b. by A. Mynn, Esq.	6	bowled by A. Mynn, Esq. .. 3
Hawkins, ct. by A. Mynn, Esq.	43	ct. by Hillyer 9
C. Taylor, Esq., b. by A. Mynn, Esq.	30	ct. by Pilch 6
Box, bowled by A. Mynn, Esq.	9	ct. by Adams 3
Mason, bowled by Hillyer	38	bowled by Hillyer 2
G. Barton, Esq., ct. by Adams	1	ct. by Martingale 4
Ewens, bowled by Hillyer	5	bowled by A. Mynn, Esq. .. 0
Hammond, not out	2	ct. by Mills 0
Dean, bowled by Hillyer	0	ct. by Wenman 2
Byes 8, wide balls 2		10	Byes 5, wide balls 2 7
Total	—141	Total —47

KENT.			
Adams, bowled by Dean	5	C. G. Whittaker, Esq., bd. Lillywhite 3
R. Mills, stumped by Box	18	Dorrington, ct. by Dean 21
Clifford, bowled by Lillywhite	8	Hillyer, bowled by Dean 0
Pilch, bowled by Lillywhite	53	Martingale, not out 0
A. Mynn, Esq., bowled by Dean	5	Wide balls 2, byes 6 8
Wenman, ct. by Lillywhite	52	
W. Mynn, Esq., c. by C. Taylor, Esq.	31	Total 204

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

BETTINGS FOR JUNE.

SPECULATION, since Ascot Races, has been all but laid aside. The election movement carried from the Corner the proper prey of the spoiler, and hawks are too wise to "pike out hawks' een." What little betting there was, is quoted below—the Leger, as it will be seen, being wholly out of the market. It is possible the result of Goodwood meeting will be to throw some life into the present stagnation; but it will never be a good betting race. The late Derby has acted as a heavy blow and a great discouragement upon the traffic in book-making.

MONDAY, June 21.

JULY STAKES.		GOODWOOD CUP.	
Colt by Glaucus, out of Rosalie	2 to 1 agst. —	Colwick	8 to 1 agst. (tk.)
Mule, by Camel, out of Temper	3 to 1 — —	Lanercost	8 to 1 — —
Two agst. the Field	even on	Pocahontas	10 to 1 — (tk.)
		Deception	10 to 1 — —
GOODWOOD STAKES.		DERBY, 1842.	
Bellona, 6 yrs., 8 st. 10 lb.	12 to 1 agst. (tk.)	Colt by Glaucus, out of Rosalie	26 to 1 agst. —
Welfare, 4 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	15 to 1 — —	Curator, by Camel, out of Zoe	40 to 1 — (tk.)
Isabella, 6 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb.	25 to 1 — (tk.)		
Confusioneé, 5 yrs., 8 st.	20 to 1 — (tk.)		

THURSDAY, June 24.

JULY STAKES.		GOODWOOD CUP.	
Colt by Glaucus, out of Rosalie	2 to 1 agst. (tk.)	Jovial Bachelor, 4 years, 7 st. 12 lb.	25 to 1 agst. (tk.)
		Exit, 4 years, 6 st. 11 lb.	25 to 1 — (tk.)
GOODWOOD STAKES.		DERBY, 1842.	
Bellona, 6 yrs., 8 st. 10 lb.	12 to 1 agst. (tk.)	Colwick	7 to 1 agst. —
Welfare, 4 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	14 to 1 — (tk.)	Pocahontas	8 to 1 — —
Portrait, 3 yrs., 6 st. 7 lb.	15 to 1 — (tk.)	Charles XII. offers to take	10 to 1
Fitzroy, 4 yrs., 8 st. 10 lb.	16 to 1 — —		
Cambyzes, 4 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb.	20 to 1 — (tk.)	Robert de Gorham, by Sir Hercules, out of Duvermay	1000 to 20 — (tk.)
St. Francis 6 yrs., 10 st. 6 lb.	20 to 1 (tk.) not p.p.		
Ratsbane, 6 yrs., 7 st. 13 lb.	25 to 1 — (tk.)		

LITERATURE.

THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY. Conducted by Sir William Jardine. Mammalia. Vol. XII. HORSES. The *Equidæ*, or *Genus Equus* of Authors. By Lieut. Col. Chas. Hamilton Smith, K.H., &c. &c. &c. Edinburgh: Lizars, St. James's-square; and London, Highley, 32, Fleet-street. 1841.

THIS is infinitely the most elaborate and complete treatise on the history of the horse that has yet been attempted by any naturalist. It contains a mass of curious and interesting information, wholly novel, mixed with as little compilation as the nature of the undertaking permitted. Colonel Smith has treated his subject like a master who enters upon a thesis which he has studied till it becomes an old and favourite friend. None of its details are too minute for his attention, or too difficult to command his industrious investigation. In all the views he entertains of the origin and *habitat* of the *genus equus* we fully agree. His theories are very ingenious, and his facts sought and established with consummate skill. Our limits do not furnish such extracts as would do justice to the philosophy of this admirable work: the passages subjoined, however, will afford some idea of its style and principle. It is to be regretted that in it there are instances of a practice that has grown into a great inconvenience in recent books of travels and natural history. We allude to the habit of each writer adopting an orthography of his own in the case of proper names. Colonel Smith, for example, always gives us *Tahtary* for Tartary, as familiar to our eyes as any household word. But these are, indeed, spots that can scarce offend, where all is so bright and excellent. There can be no doubt this volume of the "Naturalist's Library" will become one of the most popular of the series; and this conviction consoles us for the meagre notice of it to which we are restricted. We repeat, the following passages are selected for the purpose of giving specimens of the style in which this volume is written: those who desire to profit by the store of instruction which it contains, would not be served by having it retailed to them in garbled extracts.

"The confidence of a horse in a firm rider and his own courage is great, as was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late Gen. Sir Robert R. Gilleapie, who being present on the race-course of Calcutta during one of the great Hindu festivals, when several hundred thousand people may be assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks of the crowd, and informed that a tiger had escaped from his keepers: the Colonel immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar-spear, which was in the hands of one among the crowd, rode to attack this formidable enemy: the tiger probably was amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched with the attitude of preparing to spring at him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. The horse was a small grey, afterwards sent home by him a present to the Prince Regent. When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favourite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was, at the sale

of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th dragoons, who contributed their prize-money, to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march; and at the station of Cawnpore was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the colour-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a relative of ours, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of trumpet had departed, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and, galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died."

The following remarks upon the Arabian race are not borne out by our experience of it. Colonel Smith says the black breed is not recognised as of the pure blood. The black Arab presented by the Imaum of Muscat to William IV. was represented as being of the rarest and most valuable breed that could be traced in the East. He was said to have cost the Imaum the enormous sum of £10,000; and very many years were expended in the search, before he was procured. If ever outward certificate were given of purity of blood, that animal exhibited it.

"The Arabian race is the most artificial, the first of high-bred horses, and the parent of the noblest breeds in every part of the world: a race of great intermixture, but for ages in the care of attentive and skilful breeders, and under the influence of circumstances favourable to the attainment of the greatest perfection. Although the bay colour, of all others, seems the most inclined to pass into albinism, yet there are traces that the white or grey race was early and largely mixed with it; for it is in those two that the dappled or pommeled marks peculiar to horses are alone perceptible; and admitting the high irritability of their intellectual instincts, which clearly affect the markings upon horses, it does not appear that real changes of colour can be ascribed to a different cause than what results from inter-union with different and other forms or races.* In this view, the Arabian blood is much mixed; for we find reckoned in the colours of the race—*ahmar*, or clear bay; *adhem*, brown bay; *ashekwar*, sorrel; *abiad*, white; *azrek*, pure grey; *raktha*, mottle grey; *akdar*, blue grey; *udhem*, black brown; *ulmar muruk*, dark chesnut; and Mahommed himself mentions *aswad*, or black; which, however, is not recognised, nor *ashebad*, light chesnut, as real Arabian colours. Green, indeed, occurs in the national writers, which seems to denote what we call fallow; but it does not appear that there is any breed of the kind, or it is an occasional *kadeschi*. It is evident the whole of the true Arabian horses are referrible to the bay and the grey, with, perhaps, a slight addition of a Toorkee black race. The perfection of the bay blood is, no doubt, due to the Arabs, and particularly to the period when their princes, in the career of conquest, became more enlightened, sagacious, and wealthy than they could have been while they were the mere tenants of their tents. Even now, when for some centuries they have continued to breed, nearly without exception, from their own perfected studs, they produce horses unequalled in form, with fine bone, firm horny legs, limbs small yet hard, muscle sinewy and elastic, and all the parts free from vascular superabundance and unnecessary weight: though the breast may be deemed narrow, the barrel expands; the head, small and square, is admirably placed; the eyes large and brilliant, the ears small and pointed, and the tail well set on; even the prominence of the blood-vessels beneath the skin attests high breeding; and although the Arab is rather small, and English horses are decidedly fleetier,

* Albinism would produce white, or flea-bitten, or sorrel horses, but does not afford the round dapples and black legs.

none are more graceful, more enduring, or fitter for war and privation. It may be doubted whether these noble races are not now in a state of gradual decline in their native country; but all have been, and still are, subjected to the same vigilant system of care, and to the conditions of life inseparable from the climate and barren soil of the regions where they flourish: they have been educated in the society of man; used to artificial food, not intended for them by nature, such as camels' milk and bruised dates; inured to sobriety, even in the quantity of water; but watched, protected, and caressed by a people imperatively called upon to consider them as the only source of riches, the chief agent of national glory, the principal companion in daily enjoyments, and the sole instrument of independence. Hence the most hardy breeds are precisely those of the wandering tribes, and also the most docile; because, while the mares have young foals, they partake of the comforts of the tent; and horses are always treated with affection, excepting when the first great trial of their capabilities is made: then, indeed, the treatment the young animal suffers is more severe than any horse is liable to in Europe; for, being led out, as yet totally unconscious of a rider, the owner springs on his back, and starts off at a gallop, pushed to the highest speed, across plains and rocks, for fifty or sixty miles, without drawing bit; then, before dismounting, he plunges into deep water with his horse, and, on returning to land, offers it food; judgment of its qualities depending upon the animal immediately beginning to eat. This treatment is more particularly inflicted upon fillies, because the Bedouin rides for his own use only mares, who are in truth more patient and durable than stallions, and never betray the marauder by neighing; whereas, if stallions are present, this certainly occurs: and, therefore, these are kept for breeding, sold at high prices, or used by *graudees* and chiefs who reside in fixed habitations and towns.

"The Persian.—If we were to judge from ancient sculptures, the Persian horses of antiquity were as heavy as the present Flemish cart-horses; for mail-clad riders and horse armour rendered bone necessary. In the great wars of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the superiority of the Persian horse over the Turkish was still chiefly owing to their greater bone enabling them to bear armour on man and beast; while the Turks had no other defence than a shield: but at present the form of the animal is much altered. Like the Turkish, it consists, in their mutually bordering provinces, of pure Arabians, already mentioned; but, further east, is more intermixed with the residue of the ancient breeds and later Turkoman importations. Persian horses seldom exceed fourteen hands and a half, have the neck slender, often a little ewe-like, the ears handsome, the chest narrow, the legs fine, the hoofs hard, and the croup well turned. The nobler studs have the head somewhat larger, but nearly as beautiful as the Arabian; the frame is more developed, and their spirit is warlike. From the speed of *chuppers*, or express messengers, we know their endurance of fatigue. Major Keppel mentions one of these riding expresses, who passed him between Kermanshaw and Hamadan, one hundred and twenty miles distant from each other, in a stony mountainous country, who performed that route on one horse (and, of course, a common horse) in little more than twenty-four hours, and next morning went on upon the same for Teheran, two hundred miles further, expecting to reach it on the second day. Indeed *chuppers*, unlike Turkish *Talitors*, seldom change horses; they go on at a steady ambling pace of four or five miles an hour, and some have gone from Teheran to Bushire, seven hundred miles, in ten days.

"Sardinia possesses three races of horses, of which one is noble, and now almost entirely composed of descendants of Spanish blood, introduced by Don Alvarez de Madrigal, about 1565: the principal breed belongs to the crown, at Paulo-latino; there is a second, the property of the house of Benevente; and a third, to that of Mauca. They are handsome, fourteen hands and a half high, naturally disposed to amble, sure-footed, and capable of going a hundred and twenty Italian miles in thirty hours. There are horse-races at Sassari; the aim, however, seems to be, not speed, but secure flexibility, in going fast through a winding course, and passing into a narrow gate at an acute angle.

“ Prince Pückler Muskau admits the undeniable superiority of the English horse over the Arab. He had practical opportunity of judging both, as racers and as jumpers over lofty fences; but he would place high-born persons on Arabs alone,* and leave the English blood-horse to jockeys, wisely abstaining from the question of chargers in war, and overlooking the fact, that in England, where valuable Arabs abound, they are not, as such, preferred by riders, over the through-bred blood horses of the land. Now, by the term blood is understood the qualities produced in a horse by a superiority of muscular substance, lightness, and compactness of form, united with a justly proportioned shape; or a physical structure of tendon, bone, and lungs, proper to afford the full effects of the mechanical means of speed, when set in motion by high innervation. When these conditions of the problem are fully carried out by a judicious and persevering course of breeding and education, there will be beauty of form, and the blood will be adapted to such purposes, within the compass of the laws of nature, as were aimed at, provided recourse has been had from the beginning to select the finest models for the purpose. Such has been the practice in England for more than a century, and it is to strict adherence to these laws the British turf can show troops of blood-horses unrivalled in the world, equal in beauty to the noblest Arab, and superior to them in stature and power: they alone have power to excite the modern muse in a strain that Pindar would not have disowned, as we here show, in a fragment describing the Doncaster St. Leger race:—

“ Again—the thrilling signal sound—
 And off at once, with one long bound,
 Into the speed of thought they leap,
 Like a proud ship rushing to the deep.
 A start! a start! they're off, by Heaven,
 Like a single horse, though twenty-seven;
 And 'mid the flush of silks we scan
 A Yorkshire jacket in the van:
 Hurrah, the bold bay mare!

A hundred yards have glided by,
 And they settle to the race;
 More keen becomes each straining eye,
 More terrible the pace.
 Unbroken yet, o'er the gravel road,
 Like madd'ning waves, the troop has flow'd,
 But the speed begins to tell;
 And Yorkshire sees, with eye of fear,
 The Southron stealing from the rear,
 Aye! mark his action well!
 Behind he is; but what repose!
 How steadily and clean he goes!
 What latent speed his limbs disclose!
 What power in every stride he shows!
 They see, they feel, from man to man,
 The shivering thrill of terror ran,
 And every soul instinctive knew
 It lay between the mighty two.

These now are nothing, time and space
 Lie in the rushing of the race;
 As with keen shouts of hope and fear
 They watch it in its wild career.

'Who leads? Who fails? How goes it now?'
 One shooting spark of life intense,
 One throb of refluxant suspense,

* Turkish bashaws and Persian chiefs being notoriously high-born.

And a far rainbow-colour'd light
Trembles again upon the sight.
Look to yon turn! Already there!
Gleams the pink and black of the fiery mare.

Now—now—the second horse is pass'd,
And the keen rider of the mare,
With haggard looks and feverish care,
Hangs forward on the speechless air,
By steady stillness nursing in
The remnant of her speed to win.
One other bound—one more—'tis done;
Right up to her the horse has run,
And head to head, and stride for stride,
Newmarket's hope and Yorkshire's pride,
Like horses harness'd side by side,
Are struggling to the goal.
Ride! gallant son of Ebor, ride!
For the dear honour of the North,
Stretch every bursting sinew forth,
Put out thy inmost soul,—
And with knee, and thigh, and tighten'd rein,
Lift in the mare by might and main."

DONCASTER ST. LEGER, by Sir Francis Doyle.

☞ Will Colonel Smith excuse our drawing his attention to the various Hebrew terms in his Introduction, not one of which happens, by any chance, to be correct. For instance (pp. 78, 81,) for *paras*, we find פָּרָס; for *ramach*, רָמַח; for *sus*, סוּס; &c. &c. Ed.

NOTITIA VENATICA. A Treatise on Fox-Hunting. To which is added a compendious Kennel Stud Book. By R. T. Vyner, Esq., some time Master of the North Warwickshire and the Holderness Hounds. London: Ackermann, Regent-street. 1841.

WHATEVER truth may attach to the impression that the sport of fox-hunting is on the wane, the spirit to write about it is not only willing but strong. During the last three years we have had as many books published on the craft and mystery of the chase, as the previous portion of the century produced. First came Mr. Smith; then Mr. Delmé Radcliffe; and here we have Mr. Vyner, who has presented us with a work twice as big as both the other two, which will give a strong man as much as he can do to hold it before his nose for five minutes together. This allusion to the size of the volume, however, is not made with any sarcastic insinuation as to its merits. Before we opened it, our knowledge of the author, as a practical fox-hunter, satisfied us that whatever came from his pen, in that character, would abound in all that acute perception and wholesome experience could bestow upon it. Our expectations have been amply fulfilled. Mr. Vyner's "Notitia Venatica" is the most comprehensive treatise on all that relates to the business and pleasure of the noble science, that modern times have brought forth. Mr. Smith's "Diary" is a shocking bad sample of sporting literature, while the orthodoxy of the points of practice which it inculcated is more than questionable. Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's very elegant and classic essay bespeaks the gentleman and scholar in every

page, seeking to win his graceful object, *delectando pariterque monendo*: our author is the plain downright fox-hunter in the field and on the broad sheet. The utility of the Kennel Stud Book, which occupies a large moiety of the volume, we will not stay to discuss: what is written is written: we debated the question with Mr. Vyner some years ago, and whether we were wrong or he was right, until public opinion shall have decided—*sub judice lis est*. In a note at the end of it, we are told that “The Stud Book would have been much larger but for the following reasons”—— we can only say, if such had been the case, it must have been published upon a truck. But a truce with these *hors d'œuvres*, and let us introduce the reader to the proper repast.

The author has selected Mr. Musters for his Mæcenas; and, surely, he could not have better chosen: it would be an impertinence to second the good sense displayed in this instance. His introductory chapter is full of excellent prefatory matter; the second (the folios, by the way, are not correct,) contains a bit of exquisite nature that we cannot forego: the subject is apropos of rats—“In some places they give so much a dozen for the tails of rats, as an encouragement for their destruction. In the stables of R. Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, some years ago, a lad, who had acquired the character of a most expert rat-killer, was discovered to have a method of making two tails out of one, by skinning them, and inserting a stick in so ingenious a manner as to have escaped detection for a considerable time.” Now, if that young gentleman's pedigree was not thoroughbred York, we know nothing of the blood of old Ebor. The importance of the inquiry into the causes of kennel lameness would excuse us, even were the question less ably handled than in Mr. Vyner's treatment of it, for the following extract, which, for the present, must close our notice of his clever work:—

“If you ask a sportsman what is the reason why Mr. So and So's hounds are always half of them lame? the answer is, ‘The kennel is damp, I should suppose;’ yet, after all, the kennels are, to the eye, as dry as tinder. Ask another the same question, and he says, ‘Why, I think it must be a kennel-lameness;’ but, at the same time, knows no more what kennel-lameness is than the ‘man in the moon.’ The best cause that I can attribute it to, is from the building being either on a bed of sand or upon a sandstone rock. Of the four kennels occupied by the writer of these papers, two of them were decidedly subject to the disease,—one particularly so; they were both built upon sand, one of them close upon a sandstone rock, and what would generally be considered the healthiest and driest spot in the world, and one especially calculated for the purpose for which it was used; the lodging-rooms were well ventilated, with good sloping floors, and always were everything that cleanliness could demand; it was used, during the cub-hunting season, by the Warwickshire hounds, before the author occupied it, and only occasionally in the winter for one or two nights at a time; no signs of lameness occurred during that period; but when it was used regularly during the winter, the lameness became manifest; out of forty couples there were sometimes fourteen or fifteen couples lame; the usual remedies, of which I shall speak hereafter, were tried; but although some became eventually sound, their recovery might be attributed more to turning them out to run loose, than to any artificial resources. Another cause from which kennel-lameness may be supposed to arise, is the situation being upon ground where the springs rise up in a direct line. The best reason to give for its existence where the ground is sandy, is that the exhalation from that sort of soil is much greater than from any other, and that the damp

arising from it, although imperceptible in itself, causes lameness, which is, in fact, rheumatism. In looking into the 'Edinburgh Philosophical Journal,' where there is an article upon 'Artesian Wells,'* by M. Arago, I find that in this supposition I am partly borne out by the opinion of Aristotle, which is there quoted; he considered that a central heat is produced by the increased humidity arising from water pent up in the inside of the earth, and which finds its easiest escape through that body which is the most porous; this water was supposed by him, and also by many other philosophical inquirers, to be filtered through the various strata of soil from the sea, and not composed of rain-water, as has been conjectured by some persons, as it has been attested that rain-water never penetrates very deep into the ground; but whether that is the case or not, it makes no sort of difference to what I wish to prove. M. Arago goes on to say, 'that Seneca mentions, in his questions on natural history, that rain, however abundant it may be, never penetrates into the soil above ten feet; he states that he is certain of this, from having made many careful experiments with this object in view. It becomes a question whether we must not have recourse to internal vapours in explaining the existence of fountains which are situated far above the level of the sea, whilst their source is also deep under a vast extent of soil. According to the experiments of the great number of naturalists who have recently engaged in these researches, the permeability of the earth would be decidedly inferior to the limit assigned by Seneca. Thus Marriotte maintains that, in cultivated lands, the heaviest rains of summer do not penetrate above six inches. Lahire, also, has observed, that in soils covered with vegetation, they on no occasion penetrate more than two feet; and he has likewise stated, concerning a bed of naked earth, eight feet thick, that not a drop of water had penetrated to the leaden plate which supported it, during the fifteen years it had been exposed to every atmospheric vicissitude. Buffon has supplied the results of a similar experiment; for he mentions having examined in a garden a bed of earth more than nine feet high, which had been undisturbed for many years, and he noticed that the rain had never penetrated more than four feet deep. These observations would be of the deepest import in the question concerning the origin of fountains, if the surface of the globe were covered with a layer of vegetable earth of the thickness of two or three yards. But the very reverse of this is the fact; and every one knows that, in many places, the superior layer is sand, and that sand allows water to percolate as if it were a sieve.' At any rate, whether Aristotle is right or not, this appears to support my argument, that the water, which causes this moisture, is filtered either one way or other, and from this we may fairly conclude that the vapour which I before spoke of finds its exit by the same passage. About ten years since the Albrighton hounds (then under the management of Mr. Walter Gifford) had been removed to a new kennel which was built for them; as soon as it had been used a short time, the hounds became lame in their shoulders, it being suspected to be kennel-lameness; among others, one remedy was tried, which was to dig out the lodging-rooms for several feet, and fill them up with cinders; it need hardly be said that it was of no avail; if good stiff clay had been rammed down, the result might have been different; the situation was upon a sandstone rock. The hounds continued to shew lameness for several years, when Sir Thomas Boughey, Bart. purchased the pack, and a removal to a fresh and healthier kennel, put a stop to the increase of the disease, although many which have been long lame never recovered. Some years since Mr. Foljambe built a new kennel for his hounds upon a dry sandy situation, at Beilby; † they became lame, many remedies were tried, even the changing the aspect of the courts, but without any beneficial consequences. In a conversation I had with Mr. Foljambe upon the subject, in the autumn of 1840, he told me that he was thoroughly convinced that the situation was the sole cause of kennel lameness existing in hounds; his

* "From the French province of Artois, where extensive researches were carried on for the discovery of subterranean water."

† "The kennels were formed from the rooms of the old mansion-house."

were invariably afflicted with the malady, if they remained at Beilby after the damps of autumn came on ; but by being removed to his hunting kennel, five miles distant from that place, they were prevented from being attacked by this dreadful complaint. To such an extent has this rheumatic affection shewn itself during some seasons at the Beilby kennels, that the bitches heavy with whelp, when running at large, have been grievously attacked, and even puppies, when only a month or six weeks old, have been completely distorted in their limbs, and consequently destroyed. Lord Kintore's hounds have also been martyrs to this curse on hound-flesh for a long period ; and his Lordship, after fighting against it for ten years, is fully convinced that the *situation* of his kennel, at Gask, is the only cause for the existence of kennel lameness in his pack. I am happy to say that the kennel has been condemned, and a new one is to be erected at some distance from the old site. I could enumerate many kennels subject to this dreadful calamity, even where they are situated upon healthy-looking spots of ground ; and I could also mention some instances where they are, to all appearance, damp, but which are, at the same time, free from all sorts of diseases. It is truly disgusting to see what make-shift places some masters of hounds are content with, by way of kennels, where the floors, not even covered with bricks, are allowed to remain saturated with filth and urine. I always make it a rule, when travelling, to visit all kennels contiguous to my line of march, whether in England or on the Continent ; and during these inspections I have sometimes witnessed extraordinary scenes, both at home and abroad. Sheep, and even pigs, are placed in some kennels during the time that the hounds are absent for a few weeks, by way of keeping them well aired and sweet. But what beat everything I ever saw, by way of making the most of an enclosure, was at the Duke of Nassau's kennel, on the Rhine, where ten or twelve hives of bees were kept in the yard amongst a large collection of deerhounds, pointers, and other dogs. The attendant informed me that the bees seldom stung their companions ; I have no doubt that they kept at a respectful distance, verifying the old adage about 'burnt bairns.'

"Many of my readers will, I dare say, remember the old Woodland kennels, at Brigstock, in Northamptonshire, built under the direction of the late Lord Spencer, by the celebrated Dick Knight (his Lordship's huntsman). The last time I was in them was in 1835, when they were in the same condition in which they were in early days, anything but a convenient place for hounds ; there was always a peculiar appearance on the floors, as if the wet settled on the bricks : but it was considered by Charles King (huntsman to Lord Althorp) as one of the healthiest situations for hounds in the world. Jack Stevens, who also used it when with Mr. Osbaldeston, for eight or nine seasons, told me he never knew hounds to do better, in the whole of his experience, than at Brigstock. The kennels are built upon a clay, the substratum of which is marl. There is a small kennel at Downside, in Somersetshire, built so close to a trout-stream, that it actually runs through the yards, upon a rock, but then the rock is of freestone, and not of sandstone ; this is a particularly healthy place for hounds. Mr. Hall, who occupied it when I saw it, declared it was equally so with his other kennel, which was far superior, both in size and convenience. The kennels at Butler's Marston, occupied for many years by the Warwickshire hounds, were built upon a white clay ; the country near them after rain was always knee deep in mud, yet no lameness was ever visible. The Holderness kennels, at Bishop Burton, may also be mentioned as another instance of soundness on apparently wet land : so much for situations. From these few instances of many, then, it may be fairly presumed that the best place to build a kennel upon is a clay, or strong sound ground, devoid of sand veins, sandstone rocks, or springs ; let the spouting and ventilating be particularly attended to, and if shoulder-lameness, or any other disease, breaks out, the owner may come to a fair conclusion that there is some hidden cause for the malady, of which the writer of these pages is at present unable to give an account."

TURF REGISTER.

* * It is not thought convenient to give the details of the running at the Minor Meetings.

BATH AND BRISTOL SPRING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, April 21st.—The Lansdown Trial Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for three and four-year-olds: three-year-olds, 7 st. 10 lb.; and four, 9 st. 7 lb.; maiden horses allowed 2 lb.; the winner to pay £5 to the Judge; one mile and a quarter (seven subscribers).

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Hampton, by Langar, out of Medea, three years old, walked over.

The Ladies' Silver Cup, value 30 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred; three-year-olds, 9 st. 5 lb.; four, 10 st. 12 lb.; five, 11 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; horses having won the value of £50 once, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; and thrice, or oftener, 7 lb. extra; and the winner of £100 at any one time, 5 lb. in addition to the above extra weights; the second horse to save his stake; gentlemen riders, members of a fox-hunting or racing club; one mile and a half and a distance (eight subscribers).

Mr. Sadler's b. g. by Jack Tar, out of Variety, four years old (Mr. W. Sadler)	...	1
Mr. Gough's b. g. Greenfinch (late Waterdine), by Tamworth, four years old (Mr. Parr)	...	2
Mr. E. Scobell's b. h. Cracksman, by Pickpocket, five years old (Mr. Tongue)	...	3
Sir E. Scott na. b. g. The Baron, by Divan, dam by Dardanus, four years old (Mr. M'Donough)	...	4

A Sweepstakes (Handicap) of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 20 sovs. added by the Committee; heats, one mile (five subscribers).

Mr. J. Dixon's ch. f. Lady Georgiana, by Defence (half-bred), four years old, 8 st. (a lad)	...	3	1	1
Mr. Gough's b. g. Greenfinch, late Waterdine (h.-b.), four years old, 8 st. 5 lb.	...	2	3	2
Mr. Bennett's b. c. The Whisperer, by Firman, dam by Centaur, three years old, 7 st. 10 lb.	...	1	2	dr.
Mr. Haddy's b. g. by Eden, six years old (half-bred), 8 st. 10 lb.	...	4	dr.	

The Bath Stakes (Handicap) of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 5 if declared before the 1st of March, with 20 sovs. added by the Committee; the winner to pay £5 to the Judge; one mile and a half and a distance (three subscribers).

Mr. Nattie's b. h. Cracksman (half-bred), five years old, 8 st. 2 lb. ... walked over.

The Dyrham Park Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 sovs. added by the Committee; for horses of all denominations; gentlemen riders; one mile and a half and a distance (four subscribers).

Mr. Bennett's The Whisperer, by Firman, three years old, 9 st. 12 lb. (Mr. Parr)	...	1
Mr. Sadler's ch. g. Petulant, four years old, 11 st. 7 lb. (Mr. W. Sadler)	...	2
Mr. W. E. Watson's b. g. Sunshine, five years old, 11 st. 3 lb. (Mr. Tongue)	...	3

A Hack Stakes of 2 sovs. each, with 15 sovs. added by the Committee; 11 st. 7 lb. each; thorough-bred horses to carry 10 lb. extra; gentlemen or tradesmen to ride; one mile; the winner to be sold for £40 (seven subscribers).

Mr. John Haddy's b. g. by Eden, six years old (Mr. W. Sadler)	...	1
Mr. Vivian's b. m. Nell, by Wamba, five years old	...	2
Mr. J. B. Newcombe's ch. f. The Disputed, six years old	...	3
Mr. Edwards na. b. g. Young Hesperus, aged	...	0
Mr. Henderson's gr. g. Tophorn, six years old	...	0
Mr. Vaughan's Ploughboy, aged	...	0

THURSDAY, 22nd.—A Sweepstakes (Handicap) of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with £20 added by the Committee; heats, one mile and a half (five subscribers).

Mr. E. Scobell's b. h. Cracksman, five years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Roger's)	...	3	2	1	1
Mr. Aplin's b. g. The Baron, four years old (h.-b.), 8 st. 7 lb. (Crickmere)	...	4	1	2	2
Mr. J. Dixon's Lady Georgiana, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Dixon)	...	1	3	3	dr.
Mr. Sadler's b. g. by Jack Tar, four years old (h.-b.), 10 st. (W. Sadler)	...	2	dr.		

The York Stakes, being a forced handicap of 5 sovs. each, with £20 added by the Committee; heats, one mile (four subscribers).

Mr. W. Sadler's ch. g. Petulant, four years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Mr. W. Sadler)	...	1	1
Mr. De Mosher's Miss Nowell, three years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Rogers)	...	3	2
Mr. Newcombe's The Disputed, six years old, 9 st. (Crickmere)	...	2	3

A Hurdle Race Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 15 added by the Committee; 11 st. 7 lb. each; a winner of a hurdle race or steeple-chase in 1840 or 1841, 7 lb. extra; the winner to pay for the hurdles, &c.; heats, one mile and a half and a distance, with three leaps in each heat (five subs.)

Mr. Newcombe's Cannon Ball (owner)	1	1
Mr. Williams's b. g. Charles XII. (Mr. Davis)	2	2
Mr. Haddy's b. g. by Eden, six years old (h.-b.), 8 st. 10 lb. (Mr. Vivian)	dis.	

BURTON CONSTABLE HUNT RACES.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21st.

The Farmers' Purse of 15 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, p.p.; the second horse to receive 3 sovs. out of the stakes; horses three years old to carry 9 st.; four, 10 st. 11 lb.; five, 11 st. 6 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; cocktails allowed 5 lb.; there will be six hurdles in each round, not to exceed three feet eight inches; horses that have won a hurdle race or steeple-chase in the year 1841 to carry 7 lb. extra; if two, 10 lb. extra; heats, once round and a distance (three subs.)

Mr. W. Caley na. The Romp, by Record, six years old (Mr. W. B. Lamplugh)	1	2	1
Mr. Oxtoby's gr. c. by Falcon, dam by Young Ardrossan, grandam by Sir Harry Dimsdale, four years old (half-bred)	3	1	2
Mr. E. Baxter's b. m. sister to Hamlet, by Young Phantom, aged	2	dr.	

The Norwood Stakes of 10 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, p.p.; three-year-olds, 9 st.; four, 10 st. 8 lb.; five, 11 st. 4 lb.; six and aged, 11 st. 11 lb.; the second horse to receive 3 sovs. out of the stake; thorough-bred horses to carry 7 lb. extra; a winner of any race to carry 7 lb. extra; heats, once round and a distance, three to start, or no race (three subscribers).

Mr. E. Baxter's b. c. Tournament, by Contest, three years old (Mr. J. Peck)	1	1
Mr. J. Lonsbrough's bk. m. Darkness, by Mambrino, dam by Mulatto, four years old	3	2
Mr. G. Reynard's ch. m. Marchioness, by Granby, dam by Tancredi, five years old (half-bred)	2	dr.

The Ladies' Purse of 15 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, p.p.; the second horse to receive 3 sovs. out of the stakes; three-year-olds to carry 9 st.; four, 10 st. 11 lb.; five, 11 st. 6 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; cocktails allowed 5 lb.; there will be six hurdles in each round, not to exceed three feet eight inches; horses that have won a hurdle race or steeple-chase in the year 1841 to carry 7 lb. extra; if two, 10 lb. extra; heats, once round and a distance (four subscribers).

Mr. R. Collison's br. m. by Falcon, dam by Young Phantom, four years old (W. Brewster)	1	1
Mr. E. Baxter's b. m. sister to Hamlet, by Young Phantom, aged	2	2
Mr. W. Caley na. br. c. by St. Nicholas, out of Diderot's dam, three years old	3	3
Mr. W. Champney's b. m. Lady Harriet, by Brutandorf, aged (half-bred)	dis.	fell.

DURHAM RACES.

THURSDAY, April 22nd.—The Craven Stakes of 10 gs. each, with 20 sovs. added; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 8 lb.; mile and a half (three subscribers).

Mr. Heseltine's b. m. The Shadow, five years old (Hesseltine)	1
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius—Farce, four years old	2
Earl of Zetland's ch. f. Diavolina, three years old	3

Betting: 5 to 4 on Shadow.

The Two-year-old Stakes of 10 gs. each, with 20 sovs. added from the Racing Fund; colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; fillies, 8 st.; three quarters of a mile (three subscribers).

Mr. J. Osborne's b. c. Skipton, by Stockport, dam by Swiss (G. Francis)	1
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Cable, by Sheet Anchor—Medea	2
Mr. Watson's b. c. Royal Charley, by Liverpool—Aminta	3

The winner the favourite.

The Maiden Plate of £50, given by the Members for the Northern Division of the County, for horses that never won £50 at any one time, in plate or stakes; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five and upwards 8 st. 12 lb.; mares, &c., allowed 3 lb.; two mile heats.

Mr. Osbaldeston's gr. c. by The Saddler—Fickle, four years old (Hesseltine)	3	4	1	1
Mr. Hutchinson's ch. f. Maria Monk four years old	2	1	2	2
Mr. Harrison's b. f. Oak Branch, four years old	1	3	3	dr.
Mr. Jackson's b. c. Hard Bargain, three years old	4	3	dr.	

FRIDAY, 23rd.—The Hunters' Stakes of 5 gs. each, with 25 added by W. Russell, Esq., for horses not thorough-bred, that have been regularly hunted during the whole of the season with the Brancepeth or Wynyard and Durham foxhounds; gentlemen riders; 12 st. each; two miles (five subscribers).

Mr. A. L. Maynard's Nimrod, by President, six years old (owner)	1
Mr. C. Cookson's Grenadier, by Pioneer	2
Mr. Thomas Maw's b. m. Queen of Pats, six years old	3
Mr. Harland's b. m. Fanny, by Charlemagne, aged	4
Mr. W. Ward's b. m. Mary Ann, six years old	5

Betting: even on Grenadier. A capital race, and won by half a neck.

The Durham Stakes of 5 gs. each, with 25 added by W. C. Harland, Esq., one of the Members for the city of Durham, and £10 from the fund: three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; a winner of £50 at any one time, in plate or stake, before the day of naming, 3 lb. extra; of two, or more, 5 lb.; mares &c., allowed 3 lb.; two miles (five subs.)

Mr. Heatline's b. f. The Shadow, five years old (Hesseltine)	1	1
Mr. Mitchell's b. f. Lady Liverpool, four years old	0	2
Captain Pott's b. c. Master Edmund, three years old	0	3
Mr. G. Dawson's b. f. Little Bundle, by Voltaire, three years old	0	5

SATURDAY.—The Hurdle Race Stakes of 5 gs. each, with 10 sovs. added, for horses of all ages; 12 st. each; heats, one mile, over hurdles 4½ feet high.

Mr. Armstrong's bk. g. Lartington, by Camel, aged	1	1
Mr. Maw's b. m. Queen of Pats, six years old	2	2
Mr. Vincent's ch. g. The Den, by Richmond, aged	3	3

A Match.

Mr. Hubbick's bk. f. Jim Crow's sister	1
Mr. Fetch's br. f. Miss Muley	bolted.

EGLINTON PARK MEETING.

Stewards: Lord Saltoun and Lord John Scott.

TUESDAY, April 27th.—Match, 100 sovs., 8 st. 3 lb. each; mile and a half.

Lord Eglington's b. c. Dr. Calus, four years old	received.
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Pathfinder, four years old	paid.

The Trial Stakes of 5 sovs. each, p.p., with 20 added by the Club; four-year-olds, 11 st. 4 lb.; five, 11 st. 11 lb.; six, 12 st. 3 lb.; and aged 12 st. 6 lb.; half a mile (nine subscribers).

Hon. Mr. Sandilands's Nubian, six years old (Capt. Richardson)	1
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's The Hydra, six years old (Capt. Pettat)	2
Lord Eglington's Zoroaster, five years old (Sir F. Johnstone)	0
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's Leopold, aged (owner)	0
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's Crinoline, four years old (Capt. Campbell)	0
Mr. Ramsay's Neptune, four years old (Hon. Mr. Sandilands)	0
Lord Howth's The Augean, aged (owner)	0
Lord Waterford's Confusion, aged (owner)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Nubian.

The Three-year-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each, p.p.; colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; fillies, 8 st.; one mile and a half (four subscribers).

Mr. Alexander's b. or br. c. Archer, by Jerry (J. Cartwright)	1
Lord Eglington's br. f. Teflis, by Muley Moloch, out of Zillah (T. Lye)	2
Mr. Ramsay's bk. f. Martyrdom, by Retriever (W. Noble)	3
Mr. Meiklam's br. f. Georgiana, by Jerry—Margaretta (S. Templeman)	4

Betting: even on Teflis.

The Pebble Stakes of 5 sovs. each, p.p., with 50 added by Sir Hugh Campbell, for horses not thorough-bred; three-year-olds, 9 st. 10 lb.; four, 11 st. 6 lb.; five, 12 st. 3 lb.; six, 12 st. 7 lb.; and aged, 13 st. 10 lb.; once round (seven subscribers).

Col. Thompson's Hamlet, aged (owner)	1
Mr. Knox's Manilla, aged (owner)	2
Lord Howth's b. m. Paste, four years old (owner)	3
Mr. Ramsay's Donald Caird, aged (Capt. Richardson)	4

Betting: 2 to 1 on Hamlet.

Match, 50 sovs., p.p.; half a mile.

Mr. Alexander's ch. m. Anna, by Corinthian, out of Miss Annie, five years old, 8 st. (J. Cartwright)	1
Lord Eglington's ch. g. Zoroaster, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (T. Lye)	2

The Irvine Cup, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, p.p., with 50 added by the Inhabitants of Irvine, and 100 by the Earl of Eglinton; four-year-olds, 11 st. 3 lb.; five, 11 st. 12 lb.; six, 12 st. 4 lb.; and aged, 12 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; once round and a distance (ten subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's br. h. Lanercost, six years old walked over.

The Hunters' Stakes of 5 sovs. each, p.p., with 50 added by Lord Kelburne; five-year-olds, 11 st. 7 lb.; six, 12 st. 4 lb.; and aged, 12 st. 10 lb.; two miles (eight subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's ch. g. Zoroaster, five years old (Capt. Campbell)	1
Lord Howth's ch. g. The Augean, aged (owner)	2
Col. Thompson's Hamlet, aged (owner)	0
Lord Waterford's Redwing, aged (owner)	0
Mr. H. Johnstone's The Returned, aged (owner)	0
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's Leopold, aged (Capt. Pettat)	0

The Welter Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 sovs. added by the Club; 13 st. each; one mile (three subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's The Doctor, aged (Capt. Richardson)	1
Lord Waterford's Confusion, aged (owner)	2

WEDNESDAY.—The Westerhall Cup, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, p.p., with 100 added by Sir F. Johnstone; four-year-olds, 11 st. 3 lb.; five, 11 st. 12 lb.; six, 12 st. 4 lb.; and aged, 12 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner of the Irvine Cup, 7 lb. extra; the second horse, 5 lb. extra; and any other winner on the first day, 3 lb. extra; two miles and a half (eight subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Caius, four years old (Capt. Campbell)	1
Mr. Ramsay's bk. h. The Doctor, aged (Capt. Richardson)	2
Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, aged (Capt. Pettat)	3

Betting: even on Zohrab, and 2 to 1 agst. Dr. Caius.

The Two-year-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each, p.p.; colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; fillies, 8 st.; half a mile.

Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Cabrera, by Tomboy—Dirmid's dam (Noble)	1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. by Velocipede, out of Queen Bathsheba (Lye)	2
Mr. Melkham's ch. f. Florence, by Velocipede, out of Margareta (Templeman)	0
Lord Eglinton's br. c. by Aruapex, by Muley Moloch, out of Spawife (Calloway)	0
Mr. Alexander's br. f. The Baby, by Retriever—Theresa (Cartwright)	0

The Philorth Handicap of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, with 50 added by Lord Saltoun; for hunters; one mile and a half (thirteen subscribers, six of whom declared).

Hon. J. Sandilands's ch. g. Nubian, aged, 12 st. 2 lb. (Capt. Richardson)	1
Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, aged 12 st. 10 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	2
Lord Waterford's Hackfall, six years old, 12 st. 4 lb. (owner)	0
Lord Eglinton's ch. g. Zoroaster, five years old 12 st. 3 lb. (Sir F. Johnstone)	0

Betting: Nubian the favourite.

A Match; one mile.

Mr. H. Johnstone's The Returned (owner)	1
Mr. Lamb's Pilot (Capt. Pettat)	2

Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 50 added by Lord Kelburne; the second to save his stake; for horses of all ages; three-year-olds, 10 st. 2 lb.; four, 11 st. 7 lb.; five, 12 st. 3 lb.; six, 12 st. 9 lb.; and aged, 12 st. 12 lb.; a winner on the first day, 5 lb. extra.

Mr. Ramsay's Lanercost, six years old (Capt. Richardson)	1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Assagal, three years old (Capt. Campbell)	2

The Atalanta Challenge Whip, added to a Handicap of 5 sovs. each, p.p.; for horses the property of ladies, or that have been constantly in the habit of carrying ladies; quarter of a mile (five subscribers).

Lady Eglinton's ch. g. Zoroaster, five years old (Capt. Richardson)	1
Mrs. J. O. Fairlie's Crinoline, four years old (Capt. Pettat)	2
Mrs. J. O. Fairlie's Orion, aged (Capt. Campbell)	3

The Blythswood Handicap of 10 sovs. each, p.p., with 50 sovs. added by Archibald Campbell, Esq., of Blythswood; jockeys to ride; weights to be declared before dinner on the first day of the meeting; two miles.

Mr. Ramsay's Neptune, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Noble)	1
Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Caius, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Lye)	2

Betting: 3 to 1 on Dr. Caius.

THURSDAY.—The Ness Castle Handicap of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 100 added by Lord Saltoun and W. Grant Macdowell, Esq., for which no horse can start that has not run in the Trial Stakes; half a mile (seven subscribers).

Lord Howth's ch. g. The Augean, aged 11 st. (owner)	1
Lord Waterford's Confusion, aged, 11 st. (owner)	2
Mr. Ramsay's Neptune, four years old, 11 st. 4 lb.	0
Mr. Fairlie's The Hydra, six years old, 11 st.	0

Neptune the favourite.

The Curraghmore Handicap of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 if declared, with 100 added by the Marquis of Waterford, for horses of all denominations; one mile and a half (seventeen subscribers, seven of whom paid 5 sovs. each).

Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Calus, four years old, 11 st. (Capt. Campbell)	1
Mr. Robertson's b. h. The Rejected, five years old, 10 st. 7 lb.	2
Mr. Ramsay's ch. m. Sunbeam, aged	0
Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, aged, 11 st. 7 lb.	0
Lord Waterford's Hackfall, six years old, 11 st. 2 lb.	0

The Rejected the favourite.

The Arndilly (Handicap) Stakes of 5 sovs. each, p.p., with 25 added by J. M'Kenzie Grieve, Esq., for horses that ran in the Hunters' Stakes; two miles (six subscribers).

Col. Thompson's Hamlet, aged, 10 st. 7 lb. (Capt. Richardson)	1
Mr. Fairlie's Leopold, aged, 10 st. 10 lb.	2

The Eglinton Free Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each, p.p., with 50 added by Lord John Scott; one mile and a half (eight subscribers).

Hon. Mr. Sandilands's Nubian, six years old, 11 st. 6 lb. (Capt. Richardson)	1
Lord Howth's ch. h. The Augean, aged, 11 st.	0
Lord Waterford's Redwing, aged, 11 st.	0
Mr. H. Johnstone's The Returned, aged	0

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Nubian, and 5 to 1 agst. Redwing.

Williamfield Handicap of 10 sovs. each, p.p., with 50 added by J. O. Fairlie, Esq.; twice round the course.

Mr. J. O. Fairlie's Zohrab, aged, 11 st. 7 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	1
Lord Waterford's Hackfall, six years old, 10 st. 9 lb.	2
Lord Waterford's Confusion, aged, 11 st.	0
Lord Eglinton's Zoroaster, five years old, 10 st. 7 lb.	0

Betting: even on Zorab and Zoroaster.

Match; 50; 12 st. each; quarter of a mile.

Mr. Lamb's Viscountess, by Viscount (owner)	1
Mr. H. Johnstone's Pocket Hercules (owner)	2

A Free Handicap of 5 sovs. each, p.p., with 20 added by the Club, for beaten horses; one mile.

Mr. Ramsay's Donald Caird, aged (Capt. Campbell)	1
Mr. Fairlie's the Hydra, six years old	2
Mr. H. Johnstone's The Returned, aged	3
Lord Howth's Paste, four years old	4

The Meeting terminated with steeple-chasing on Friday and Saturday.

CHESTER RACES.

MONDAY, May 3rd.—The Trial Stakes of 15 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Proprietors of the Dee Stand; three-year-olds, 6 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 6 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 6 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; once round (six subscribers).

Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, aged (Cartwright)	1
Mr. Graydon's br. h. Roscius, five years old (Calloway)	2
Lord Stanley's bk. f. Nightshade, three years old (Howlett)	3
Mr. Price's ch. f. Miss Tatt, three years old, 5 lb. over (Stagg)	0
Mr. Griffith's ch. h. Lugwardine, aged (C. Hardy)	0

Betting: 4 to 1 on Bee's-wing, 4 to 1 against Roscius, and 6 to 1 against Miss Tatt. After a race run at good speed, Bee's-wing, in the straight ground, left her horses, and won with all ease by a length.

A Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8 st. 4 lb.; fillies, 8 st.; two miles; 3 lb. allowed to untried stallions, or out of mares whose produce have not won, but not to both; marked thus * allowed 3 lb. (six subscribers).

* Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Cerito, by Birdcatcher, dam by Caccia Piatti, 7 st. 11 lb. (Whitehouse)	1
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Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Peter the Great, by Voltaire, out of Her Highness, 8 st. 1 lb.
 (Darling) 3
 Sir T. Stanley's b. f. by Stumps, out of Blue Bell (3 lb. over), 7 st. 11 lb.
 (Templeman) 3

Betting: 6 to 4 against Peter the Great, and 5½ to 2 against Cerito. The winner waited to the distance, where a smart "set to" commenced, and finished in her favour by half a length.

The Tradesmen's Plate of 200 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared; second to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes; the winner of this Plate to subscribe to it the following year, and to pay 25 sovs. to the expenses of the course, out of the stakes; to start at the Castle pole, run twice round, and end at the coming-in chair (fifty-three subscribers, fifteen of whom paid 5 sovs. each).

Lord Milntown's ch. m. Cruiskeen, by Sir Hercules, aged, 7 st. 9 lb. (Stagg) ...	1
Mr. Goodman's ch. h. Bedford, five years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Wakefield) ...	2
Mr. B. Collett's br. h. The Dean, five years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Marlow) ...	3
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Tuly, four years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Cartwright) ...	4
Mr. B. Collett's b. g. Tubalcain, five years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Whitehouse) ...	0
Col. Cradock's b. c. Gallipot, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Jaques) ...	0
Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, five years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Holmes) ...	0
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy, aged, 8 st. (Templeman) ...	0
Lord Eglinton's b. m. Bellona, six years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Lye) ...	0
Lord Stanley's ch. f. Rhodanthe, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (M. Jones) ...	0
Mr. W. H. Hornby's br. c. Champagne, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Connolly) ...	0
Col. Peel's b. h. I-am-not-aware, six years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Nat) ...	0
Mr. Flintoff's br. c. The Plover, four years old, 7 st. (Dodgson) ...	0
Mr. W. Orde's b. f. Queen Bee, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (W. Oates) ...	0
Mr. J. Osborne's ch. c. Little Phillip, four years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (G. Francis) ...	0
Mr. Worthington's b. h. Northenden, six years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Crouch) ...	0
Mr. Graydon's ch. h. Clinker, five years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Howlett) ...	0
Mr. J. Taylor's br. m. Margaret, five years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Clarke) ...	0
Mr. Griffith's b. c. Tupsley, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Hardy) ...	0
Mr. Whittle's b. c. Humming Bird, four years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (J. Ryan) ...	0
Mr. Graydon's bk. f. Bussorah, four years old, a feather (a lad) ...	0

Betting: 5 to 1 against Queen Bee, 10 to 1 against I-am-not-aware (tk.), 12 to 1 against Galipot, 10 to 1 against Cowboy, 11 to 1 against Tubalcain, 12 to 1 against The Plover, 12 to 1 against Bedford (tk.), 15 to 1 against Cruiskeen, 20 to 1 against Champagne, 20 to 1 against Retriever, 20 to 1 against Tuly, 20 to 1 against Rhodanthe, 20 to 1 against The Dean, 20 to 1 against Humming Bird (tk.), 20 to 1 against Little Phillip, 100 to 3 against Tupsley, and 100 to 3 against Bussorah. This large field was got off with a capital start, the favourite taking the first place, which she resigned to Little Phillip at the end of the first half mile. At the Castle turn, Bellona went in front, and forced the pace up the run in, with I-am-not-aware next her, and Bussorah already beaten off. As they skirted the river the second time, the speed had greatly thinned the field, Bellona still leading with The Dean, and Bedford drawing on her. At the Castle turn for home, Bedford was first, The Dean second, and Cruiskeen third—looking very well. The three set at it at the distance, the winner and Bedford contesting the race stoutly to the stand, when the mare beat him, and went in first by a clear length.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Proprietors of the Grand Stand, for horses that never won before the day of entry for the Plates; three-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 8 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; heats, two miles (nine subscribers).

Mr. Mostyn's b. c. by Tulip, out of Queen Bess, three years old (Lye) ...	0	0	1	1
Mr. Palmer's br. c. Priamus, four years old (Jaques) ...	0	1	2	2
Mr. F. Robbins's br. c. President, three years old (W. Oats) ...	1	0	0	dr.
Col. Anson's ch. f. Miss Horewood, three years old (G. Francis) ...	0	2	0	dr.
Mr. Singleton's br. c. Autocrat, four years old (Whitehouse) ...	2	0	0	dr.
Lord Stanley's b. c. Sophistry, three years old (Elwin) ...	0	0	0	dr.

TUESDAY, 4th.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 2 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and aged 10 st. 5 lb.; thrice round; rather more than three miles.

Mr. B. Minor's b. h. Clarion, by Sultan, five years old (Darling) ...	1
Mr. Graydon's br. h. Roscius, five years old (Calloway) ...	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Clarion, who had the best of it from start to finish, and won cleverly by a length.

A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; half a mile (nine subscribers).

Mr. F. R. Price's br. f. Marion, by The Mole, out of Agnes (Cartwright) ...	1
Mr. J. Osborn's br. f. Gipsy Queen, by Dr. Syntax (Lye) ...	2
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. brother to Susanetta, by Battledore (Templeman) ...	3
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Boreas, by Muley Moloch, out of Queen Bess (Darling) ...	0
Lord Westminster's b. c. Hookah, brother to Cardinal Puff (Holmes) ...	0
Mr. Worthington's br. f. by Muley Moloch, dam by Blacklock (Marson) ...	0

Betting: 2 to 1 against Marion (taken), 3 to 1 against brother to Susanetta (taken), 7 to 2 against Boreas (taken), 4 to 1 against Hookah (taken), and 5 to 1 against Gipsy Queen. The

favourite did not shew in front till within the distance, when she went up and won a smart race by a length. Lye stated that, but for Hookah, who ran against Gipsy Queen, he should have been an easy winner.

Sixty Guineas (clear), the gift of the Members for the City; for three-year-old colts, 6 st. 10 lb.; fillies, 6 st. 7 lb.; four-year-old colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; heats, once round and a distance (nine subscribers).

Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, three years old (Howlett)	...	1	1
Mr. J. Osborn's ch. g. The Emperor, three years old (Lye)	...	0	2
Mr. Peel's b. c. Bugle, three years old (Francis)	...	2	0
Mr. Meiklam's bk. c. Bushranger, four years old (Templeman)	...	0	0

WEDNESDAY, 5th.—The Dee Stakes, of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; Derby weights; to start at the Castle pole, go once round, and finish at the coming-in chair (eight subscribers).

Lord Westminster's br. c. Satirist, by Pantaloon, out of Sarcasm (Holmes)	walked over.
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The Stand Cup, value 150 sovs. in specie, the gift of the Grand Stand Proprietors, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., if declared by twelve o'clock the day of running, for all ages; twice round and a distance; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the stakes to be paid to the clerk of the course, and all old arrears to be cleared, or not allowed to start; a winner of the value of 100 sovs., in either plate or specie, once, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; thrice, 7 lb. extra (thirteen subscribers).

Mr. W. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, aged (Cartwright)	1
Mr. B. Collett's b. g. Tubalcain, five years old (G. Whitehouse)	2

Betting: 10, 15, and 20 to 1 on Bee's-wing, who took the lead, kept it, and won by half a dozen lengths.

A Free Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 50 added by the Grand Stand Proprietors, for all ages; heats, once round and a distance (ten subscribers).

Mr. A. Bower's ch. f. Lady Grove, four years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Francis)	...	1	1
Sir C. Monck's b. m. Garland, six years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Oates)	...	3	2
Mr. Goodman's ch. h. Bedford, five years old, 7 st. (Wakefield)	...	2	3
Mr. Thompson's b. f. Miss Fitz, four years old, a feather (J. Walton)	...	4	dr.

THURSDAY, 6th.—The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; one mile and three-quarters; three subscribers, or no race: if six, the second to save his stake.—Did not fill.

The Marquis of Westminster's Plate, value 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., for all ages (two-year-olds excepted); the Grosvenor Course, about a mile and a quarter (eighteen subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's b. m. Bellona, by Bellona, six years old (Lye)	1
Mr. Graydon's ch. h. Clinker, five years old (Howlett)	2
Sir B. Bulkeley's b. c. Spring-heel'd Jack, four years old (Whitehouse)	3
Lord Miltown's b. h. Wirrestrew, five years old (Stagg)	0
Lord Stanley's br. m. Velocity, five years old (Francis)	0
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Prince Albert, four years old (Cartwright)	0
Mr. W. Holker's ch. m. Maid of Monton, aged (Clarke)	0
Mr. St. Paul's b. f. Calypso, four years old (Marson)	0
Mr. Copeland's b. g. Chantilly, five years old (Marlow)	0
Mr. Flintoff's br. c. The Plover, four years old (Dodgson)	0

Betting: 3½ to 1 against Calypso, 4 to 1 against Bellona, 5 to 1 against Velocity, 5 to 1 against The Maid of Monton, 8 to 1 against Clinker, 8 to 1 against Chantilly, 8 to 1 against Spring-heel'd Jack, 10 to 1 against Prince Albert, and 10 to 1 against Wirrestrew. After a number of changes, the winner went to the front, cut down her horses, and won with all ease.

The Beeston Castle Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Gentlemen of Cheshire and the Principality; one mile and a half (thirteen subscribers).

Mr. Loy's br. h. Ararat, by Liverpool, five years old (Francis)	1
Lord Eglinton's b. g. The Potentate, aged (Lye)	2
Mr. B. Minor's b. h. Clarion, five years old (Darling)	0
Mr. B. Collett's b. g. Tubalcain, five years old (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Jackson's b. h. Wings, five years old (Dodgson)	0
Mr. Knox's ch. h. George, six years old (Copeland)	0

Betting: even on Potentate, 7 to 2 against Clarion, 4 to 1 against Tubalcain, and 7 to 1 against Ararat, who made all the running, and won by a clever length.

The Wirral Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Gentlemen of Wirral, for two and three-year-olds; two-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; three, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; second to save his stake; Two-year-old Course, half a mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Flice's br. f. Marion, by The Mole, out of Agnes, two years old (Stagg)	...	1
Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, three years old (M. Jones)	...	2
Mr. Peel's b. c. Bugle, three years old (Darling)	3
Sir T. Stanley's gr. c. by Stumps—J. Faithful's dam, three years old (Templeman)	0
Lord Westminster's br. c. Dr. Jenner, three years old (Holmes)	0

Betting: 7 to 4 on Portrait, and 2 to 1 against Marion, who occupied the second place to Portrait till within the distance, where she went away, and won by two lengths.

The Selling Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Citizens; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs., if demanded; heats; the Grosvenor Course (nine subscribers).

Mr. Osborn's ch. g. The Emperor, three years old (Francis)	...	0	1	1
Mr. Saunders's b. g. Frank, by Priam, five years old (Whitehouse)	...	1	0	2
Lord Milton's ch. f. Semiramide, by Economist, three years old (Stagg)	...	0	2	0
Mr. Speed's ch. h. Aimwell, six years old (M. Jones)	...	2	0	0
Mr. Mostyn's b. c. by Tulip, out of Queen Bess, three years old (Lye)	...	0	0	0
Mr. Collin's b. g. Catamaran, aged (Darling, jun.)	...	0	0	0
Mr. Cooke's gr. f. Maid of Judah, four years old (Wilbraham)	...	0	0	dr.
Sir R. Bulkeley's br. f. by Birdcatcher, four years old (Darling)	...	0	0	dr.
Mr. Littledale's ch. f. Vermillion, four years old (W. Jones)	...	0	0	dr.

FRIDAY, 7th.—The Palatine Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; to start at the Castle pole, go once round, and finish at the coming-in chair (six subscribers).

Lord Westminster's br. c. Satirist, by Pantaloon, allowed 3 lb. (Holmes)	...	1
Mr. F. R. Price's r. ch. f. Louise, by Sir Hercules, allowed 3 lb. (Cartwright)	...	2
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Battledore or Peter Lely, out of Augustina, allowed 3 lb. (Templeman)	3
Lord Stanley's bk. f. Nightshade, by Sir Hercules, allowed 3 lb. (M. Jones)	...	4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Satirist, and 7 to 2 against Louise. The favourite made all the running, was never caught, and won in a canter by half a dozen lengths:—a miserable race.

The Cheshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 50 added by the Citizens of Chester; the winner of the Trade Cup to carry 5 lb. extra; the second saves his stake; two miles (seventeen subscribers, three of whom declared).

Lord Eglinton's b. m. Bellona, by Beagle, six years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Lye)	...	1
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Tuly, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Cartwright)	...	2
Lord Eglinton's b. g. The Potentate, aged, 9 st. (C. Noble)	...	0
Mr. Collett's br. h. The Dean, five years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Whitehouse)	...	0
Mr. A. Bower's ch. f. Lady Grove, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Dodgson)	...	0
Mr. W. Orde's b. f. Queen Bee, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (W. Oates)	...	0
Mr. Griffith's b. c. Tupsey, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (W. Jones)	...	0
Mr. J. Osborn's ch. c. Little Philip, four years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Francis)	...	0
Mr. T. Walter's ch. c. Sir George, four years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Stagg)	...	0

Betting: 3 to 1 against Bellona, 3 to 1 against Tuly, 5 to 1 against Queen Bee, and 8 to 1 against Little Philip. Potentate, who made the running for the favourite, led to the distance, where the mare took his place, and won easily by a length. Lord Eglinton's two had it all to themselves.

The Roodee Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added by the Dee Stand Proprietors, for three-year-olds, that have run during the week; from the Two-year-old Post, once round and in (six subscribers).

Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, 8 st. 9 lb. (M. Jones)	...	1
Mr. Mostyn's b. c. by Tulip, out of Queen Bess, 8 st. (Darling)	2
Lord Stanley's bk. f. Nightshade, 7 st. 3 lb. (Whitehouse)	...	3
Mr. Osborn's ch. g. The Emperor, 8 st. 6 lb. (Francis)	...	0
Mr. Price's ch. f. Miss Tatt, 7 st. 6 lb. (Cartwright)	...	0
Sir T. Stanley's b. f. by Stumps, out of Blue Bell, 7 st. (Lye)	...	0

Betting: 6 to 4 against Portrait, and 7 to 4 against Queen Bess colt. Miss Tatt led from the post and was a long way before her horses as they passed the stand the first time round. At the Castle turn, however, the favourite went by her, as did the Queen Bess colt and Nightshade, these three running a pretty race home, which Portrait won by half a length.

The Ladies' Purse, value £50, the second to receive £10, for horses beaten during the week; three-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner of one clear £50, 2 lb. extra; of two, 5 lb.; and three, or more, 8 lb.; the best of heats, twice round the course to a heat, to start at the coming-in chair (five subs.)

Mr. Price's ch. c. Prince Albert, by Langar, four years old (Cartwright)	...	1	1
Mr. Jackson's b. h. Wings, five years old (Dodgson)	...	0	2
Mr. Metklam's bk. c. Bushranger, four years old (Templeman)	...	0	3
Mr. Flintoff's br. c. The Plover, four years old (Calloway)	...	2	dr.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY, May 11th.—Fifty Pounds, for three-year-olds, 6 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; T.M.M.; the winner to be sold for £200, &c.

Duke of Portland's Ramadan, by Belram, four years old (Nat) ...	0	1
Mr. Beresford's Audrey, by Peter Lely, three years old (Parr) ...	0	2
Mr. W. Ridsdale's Yaritida, by Belshazzar, three years old (Bartholomew) ...	3	
Duke of Bedford's Joujou, by Taurus, three years old	dr.

Betting: 2 to 1 each agst. Ramadan and Audrey. A slashing affair, ended in a dead heat, Yaritida being only a short length from the leaders; the deciding heat Ramadan won, by four lengths, in a canter.

Fifty Pounds, for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; R.M.

Duke of Bedford's f. Taurida, by Taurus, out of Lyrnessa (Robinson) ...	1
Mr. Thornhill's f. St. Colomb, by St. Patrick (Pettit) ...	2
Duke of Grafton's c. Nick, by Dr. Syntax (J. Day) ...	3
Mr. Bradford's f. Vigilance, by Glaucus (Darling) ...	0
Lord Orford's f. Bettina, by Sultan (Rogers) ...	0
Col. Peel's Hawk's-eye, by Langar (Nat) ...	0
Col. Anson's Witch of Whorley Hill, by Velocipede, (Connelly) ...	0
Mr. Crockford's c. by Bentley, out of Emma (E. Edwards) ...	0

Betting: 6 to 5 agst. Nick, 5 to 1 agst. Taurida, and 5 to 1 agst. Hawk's-eye. This was a very indifferent race, won at the end by a length; bad as the pace was, there was a shocking fall at the finish.

Match, 100, h. ft.; D.M.

Duke of Bedford's John o'Gaunt, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb., received 35 sovs. from Lord Exeter's Sosphera, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb.

WEDNESDAY, 12th.—The Suffolk Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared by twelve o'clock at noon on Monday, in the First Spring Meeting; B.M. (twelve subscribers, four of whom declared, &c.)

Mr. Pettit's Langolee, by Langar, three years old, 5 st. 11 lb. (Bartholomew) ...	1
Lord Exeter's Scutari, by Sultan, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Darling) ...	2
Mr. Beresford's Bob Peel, by Medora, four years old, 8 st. (Butler) ...	3

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Scutari, 5 to 2 agst. Bob Peel, and 5 to 2 agst. Langolee. This was as severe a contest as one often witnesses, the filly winning by a head only; Bob Peel was in an awful minority.

Match.

Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe, by Merchant, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson) ...	1
Mr. W. S. Stanley's Minx, by Taurus, three years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Nat) ...	2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Menalippe, who won easy by a length.

Handicap Plate of 50 sovs. for three-year-olds and upwards; A.F.

Mr. Thornhill's E. O., by Emilius, three years old, 6 st. 2 lb. (Bartholomew) ...	1
Lord Lynedoch's Jeffy, by Jerry, four years old, 8 st. (Stephenson) ...	2
Duke of Bedford's Joujou, by Taurus, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (West) ...	3
Mr. Boyce's Scroggins, by Tramp, aged, 9 st. 7 lb. (Connelly) ...	4
Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. ...	dr.

Betting: 6 to 5 agst. Joujou, 7 to 2 agst. E. O., and 5 to 1 agst. Scroggins. The favourite cut out the first of the work, but at the fall resigned to Jeffy, who carried on the lead, with E. O. watching the play. A few strides from the chain Bartholomew made his rush, and won, in a very workmanlike fashion, by a length.

The Jockey Club Plate of £50; for four-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 3 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 9 lb.; the property of members of the Jockey Club; B.C.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Currency, four years old ...	walked over.
Lord Albemarle's Janus, four years old ...	drawn.

The Duke of Grafton and Lord Albemarle divided the Plate.

THURSDAY, 13th.—Match, 50 sovs.; first half of Ab. M.

Mr. S. Stanley's Minx, by Taurus, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson) ...	1
Lord Exeter's Syria, by Sultan, 8 st. 1 lb. (Darling) ...	2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Minx, who won cleverly by a length.

A Handicap Plate of 50 sovs., given from the town Racing Fund, for three-year-olds and upwards; new T.Y.C.

Mr. Pettit's Langolee, by Langar, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Pettit)	1
Col. Peel's Hawk's-eye, by Langar, three years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Nat)	2
Mr. Beresford's Bob Peel, by Medoro, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Butler)	3
Mr. Stephenson's Blanche, by The Tulip, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Halls)	0
Mr. S. Cooper's Cuirassier, by Plenipotentiary, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Ludlam)	0
Mr. W. Ridsdale's Yarotilda, by Belshazzar, three years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (Bartholomew)	0
Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe, by Merchant, four years old, 9 st. 4 lb.	dr.
Mr. Thornhill's E. O., by Emilius, three years old, 7 st. 13 lb.	dr.
Lord Lynedoch's Jeffy, by Jerry, four years old, 9 st. 1 lb.	dr.
Mr. Rogers's Jessica, by St. Nicholas, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb.	dr.

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Langolee, 5 to 2 agst. Yarotilda, 3 to 1 agst. Hawk's-eye, 4 to 1 agst. Bob Peel, and 5 to 1 agst. Blanche. A pretty race to the Plantations, where the three placed were in the front rank, and, after a lusty struggle, Langolee won by a short length.

. The whip was not challenged for at this meeting.

EPSOM RACES.

TUESDAY, May 25th.—The Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each; for three-year-olds, 6 st. 8 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; five, 9 st. 4 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 10 lb.; Craven Course.

Mr. Dixon's ch. f. Miss Stilton, by Saracen—Delightful, three years old (Bell)	1
Lord Lichfield's b. h. The Corsair, five years old (J. Day)	2
Mr. Westbrook's b. c. Mobarek, three years old (Percy)	3
Mr. Mostyn's br. f. Birthday, three years old (Howlett)	4
Col. Wyndham's b. c. Father Mathew, three years old (a lad)	5

Betting: even on Mobarek, and 9 to 4 agst. The Corsair. The Corsair made the first of the running, but at the distance the winner went up, beat her horses cleverly, and ran in first by a length.

The Shirley Stakes of 25 sovs. each; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; one mile (four subscribers).

Lord Albemarle's Minaret, by Ibrahim (Cotton)	1
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Mosque (Stephenson)	2
Capt. Kidge's b. c. by Y. Wanderer, out of Monody (Buckle)	3

Betting: 5 to 4 on Mosque. The favourite cut out the work to the distance, where Minaret headed him, and won by half a length; the third was beaten off.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs.; new T.Y.C., three quarters of a mile (eight subscribers).

Mr. Dixon's Camellino, by Camel, five years old (Buckle)	1
Mr. Balchin's Dromedary, four years old (Balchin)	2
Mr. Walter's ch. g. Sir George, four years old (Marlow)	3
Mr. Greville's ch. c. Perseus, four years old (Nat)	0
Col. Anson na. ch. c. All Fours, five years old (Holmes)	0
Mr. Westbrook's ch. f. Decision, three years old (Percy)	0
Mr. Lichtwald's br. c. by Augustus, out of Courtesan, three years old (Bell)	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Camellino, and 3 to 1 agst. All Fours. Decision took to the front at the start, and lay there to the road, when Camellino and Dromedary passed her, and ran a slashing race home, which the former won by half a length.

Fifty Pounds; for three-year-olds, 6 st. 9 lb.; four, 8 st. 6 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs.; entrance 1 sov., to go to the second horse; heats, two miles.

Mr. Shackel's ch. c. Cantle, by The Saddler, four years old (Buckle)	0	0	1	1
Mr. Goodman's br. c. Mungo Park, four years old (Wakefield)	1	0	2	dr.
Mr. Hornsby's ch. g. Whalebone, aged (Hornsby)	0	3	dr.	
Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. Phingari, three years old (Bartholomew)	2	4	dr.	
Mr. Booth's br. m. Isabella, six years old (Sly)	3	5	dr.	
Mr. Wright's br. m. Camille, sister to Pickwick, five years old (Wright)	0	6	dr.	

WEDNESDAY, May 26th.—The Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes; the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police and regulations of the course; last mile and a half (154 subscribers).

Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. Coronation, by Sir Hercules—Ruby (P. Connelly)	1
Lord Westminister's b. c. Van Amburgh, by Pantaloon, out of Decoy (John Holmes)	2
Lord Albemarle's ch. c. Ralph, by Dr. Syntax, dam by Catton (J. Day)	0
Lord Westminister's ch. c. Marshal Soult, brother to Hornsea (W. Scott)	0
Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Galsor, by Muley Moloch—Darioletta (Hesseltine)	0
Lord Lichfield's ch. c. Belgrade, by Belshazzar, out of Alice, by Langar (Wakefield)	0

Lord Jersey's b. c. Joachim, by Glaucus, out of Joanna (E. Edwards) ...	0
Mr. Dixon's ch. c. Knightsbridge, by Bran, out of Jessy, by Comus (F. Buckle) ...	0
Duke of Rutland's b. c. Sir Hans, by Physician, out of Flambeau's dam (W. Boyce) ...	0
Col. Peel's br. c. Cameleon, by Camel, out of Versatility (N. Stag) ...	0
Mr. Greville's br. g. Falæmon, by Glaucus, out of Peggy (Nat) ...	0
Colonel Wyndham's ch. c. Monsieur le Sage, by Nonsense, out of Miss Southcote (W. Day) ...	0
Mr. Thornhill's b. c. E. O., by Emilius, out of Ophelia (Pettit) ...	0
Col. Westens's br. c. The Nob, by Glaucus, out of Octave (Bartley) ...	0
Mr. Copeland's br. c. Mustapha Muley, by Mustapha, dam by Orville (Marlow) ...	0
Sir G. Heathcote's br. c. Mongollan, by Glaucus, out of Miss Wilfred (Chapple) ...	0
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Protection, by Defence, out of Euryone (S. Rogers) ...	0
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Cesarewitch, by Rockingham, out of Drum Major's dam (S. Darling) ...	0
Mr. Wimbush's b. c. Finchley, by Glaucus—Espagnolle (W. Cotton) ...	0
Lord Orford's Arundel, brother to Ascot, by Revelier—Angelica (S. Mann) ...	0
Capt. Ridge's ch. c. Canizzaro, by Coelebs, dam by Young Woodpecker (Calloway) ...	0
Mr. Rush's ch. c. Plenipotentiary—Obelisk's dam (J. Robinson) ...	0
Mr. Bulkeley's ch. c. Gilbert, brother to Tom, by Muley (W. Jones) ...	0
Capt. Williamson's br. c. St. Cross, by Glaucus—Pledge (M'Donald) ...	0
Colonel Craufurd's br. f. Ermangardis, by Langar, out of Ermine (S. Templeman) ...	0
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Eringo, brother to Mango, by Emilius (Hornaby) ...	0
Mr. E. Griffith's ch. c. Hereford, by Sir Hercules, out of Sylph (Whitehouse) ...	0
Mr. Batson's ch. f. Potentia, by Plenipotentiary—Acacia (R. Sly) ...	0
Mr. J. Negus's b. c. Negus Portoken, by Divan, dam by Lamplighter (A. Perren) ...	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Coronation (tk.), 5 to 1 agst. Ralph (tk.), 7 to 1 agst. Marshal Soult (tk.), 9 to 1 agst. Belgrade, 12 to 1 agst. Van Amburgh, 13 to 1 agst. Galaor (tk.), 25 to 1 agst. Knightsbridge, 25 to 1 agst. Joachim, 30 to 1 agst. Sir Hans, 30 to 1 agst. Mustapha Muley, 33 to 1 agst. Ermangardis, 33 to 1 agst. Potentia, 50 to 1 agst. E. O., 100 to 1 agst. St. Cross, 100 to 1 agst. Hereford. After seven ineffectual offers the start was accomplished, the first to make any decided running being Ralph, who got to the front as soon as an opening offered; Coronation, Cameleon, Potentia, Joachim, and one or two others around him; the others well off, save St. Cross and Finchley. As they made the turn at Tattenham Corner, Ralph continued to lead, Coronation hanging on his quarters, Potentia next the rails, a good third; then Arundel, and all the rest out of the race; the last but one being Marshal Soult, beaten a quarter of a mile. From this point to the road Van Amburgh drew fast on his horses, and as they crossed it, Ralph gave way to Coronation, and Van Amburgh took the second place. In this way the race ended, Coronation winning as he pleased by three lengths; the third place lay between E. O., Arundel, and Mustapha Muley; the tailing was very great.

The Epsom Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 11 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 6 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs.; one mile (ten subscribers).

Mr. Kling's Dahlia, by Samarcand, four years old (Balchin) ...	1
Mr. Walter's ch. c. Sir George, four years old (Marlow) ...	2
Mr. Wright's ch. m. Folly, four years old (Wright) ...	3
Mr. Hornaby's ch. g. Whalebone, aged (Hornaby) ...	0
Captain Martyr's bk. g. Dismal Jemmy, four years old (Nat) ...	0
Sir C. Cockerill's b. m. by Zinganee, out of Effie, aged (Darling) ...	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's gr. c. by The Saddler, out of Fickle, four years old (Hesseltine) ...	0
Mr. Bacon's br. h. Ascanius, six years old (Brick) ...	0

No betting: a slashing race, won in the last hundred yards by a length.

The Walton Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 11 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 6 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs.; one mile (seven subscribers).

Captain Gardnor's bk. c. Æthon, by St. Nicholas, three years old (Nat) ...	1
Mr. Turner's b. h. Doncaster, aged (Drewett) ...	2
Mr. Daniel's ch. g. Orion, by Y. Emilius—Lady Henry, six years old (Sly) ...	0
Lord Exeter's br. f. Sillistria, four years old (Darling) ...	0
Mr. Balchin's b. m. Clematis, four years old (Balchin) ...	0

No betting: Doncaster shewed first round the corner, and led till close at home, where Æthon made his rush, and won by a length.

The Burgh Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; three-year-olds, 8 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 11 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs.; last half mile (ten subscribers).

Mr. Greville's b. g. Pickwick, by Camel, aged (Nat) ...	1
Mr. Goodman's gr. g. Angelo, four years old (E. Edwards) ...	2
Mr. Higgins's ch. m. Maid Marian, aged (Higgins) ...	0
Lord Exeter's b. f. Syria, three years old (Mann) ...	0
Captain Gardnor's ch. f. by Sultan, out of Garcia, three years old (Cotton) ...	0
Mr. Armstrong's ch. g. Bonnet Rouge, four years old (a lad) ...	0
Mr. Theobald's ch. c. Fearmought, four years old (Maconald) ...	0

No betting: the two first had the race to themselves all through, Pickwick winning at the end cleverly by a length.

THURSDAY 27th.—Fifty Pounds; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; Derby Course.

Captain Gardner's b. c. Ben Brace, by Sheet Anchor, three years old (Nat)	...	1
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Mosque, three years old (Stephenson)	...	2
Mr. Westbrook's b. c. Mobarek, three years old (Chapple)	...	3
Lord Huntingtower's ch. f. by Langar, out of sister to Portrait, three years old (Crickmere)	...	4
Mr. Boast's b. c. Clarendon, three years old (Boast)	...	5

Betting: 11 to 8 against Mosque, 5 to 2 against Mobarek, and 5 to 2 against Ben Brace. The three first were almost exclusively the field for this race, running together, and clear of the other two, to the stand, where Ben Brace challenged, and won gallantly by half a length.

The Plate of 100 sovs.; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 2 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and aged, 10 st. 5 lb.; entrance 1 sov., to go to the second horse; three to start, or no race; Cup Course, two miles.

Mr. Westbrook's b. c. Mobarek, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Chapple)	1
Mr. Mitchell's b. m. Lady Liverpool, four years old (Templeman)	2
Mr. Booth's ch. c. Benjamin, four years old (Sly)	...
Mr. Collins's gr. g. Isaac, aged (Darling)	...
Mr. Goodman's ch. h. Bedford, five years old (Wakefield)	...
Mr. Sherrard's br. c. The Colonel, dam unknown, four years old (Buckle)	...

Betting: 6 to 4 against Benjamin, 4 to 1 against Bedford, 4 to 1 against Isaac, and 4 to 1 against Lady Liverpool. Isaac went off in front at very severe running, with Morabek next him to the road, where they changed places, the young one winning by three lengths; just on the post Lady Liverpool reached the second place.

Fifty Pounds; for three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 1 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs.; entrance 1 sov., to go to the second horse; heats, one mile.

Captain Colquitt's ch. f. Miss Emily, by Velocipede, three years old (Crouch)	1	5	1
Mr. Shelley's br. c. Hellepont, four years old (E. Edwards)	...	6	1
Mr. King's Dahlia, four years old (Balchin)	...	4	2
Mr. Wright's ch. c. Wanton, by Nonsense, dam by Whalebone, g. d. by Sellin, out of Lady Brough, by Stride, four years old (Wright)	...	7	3
Captain Pettat's b. h. Caliph, aged (Darling)	...	5	4
Captain Lamb's ch. h. Chit Chat, aged (Nat)	...	2	dr.
Mr. Booth's ch. c. Russell Frost, four years old (Sly)	...	3	dr.

FRIDAY, 28th.—The Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 7 lb. each; the owner of the second filly to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes; the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police and regulations of the course; the last mile and a half (118 subscribers).

Lord Westminster's b. Ghuznee, by Pantaloon—Languish (W. Scott)	...	1
Mr. Dixon's ch. Miss Stilton, by Saracen—Delightful (F. Buckle)	...	2
Lord Westminster's br. Lampon, sister to Touchstone, by Camel, out of Banter (J. Holmes)	...	0
Mr. Batson's ch. Potentia, by Plenipotentiary—Acacia (J. Robinson)	...	0
Mr. Treen's ch. Una, by Glaucus, out of Adela (Stephenson)	...	0
Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. by Muley Moloch, out of Mystery (T. Lye)	...	0
Duke of Beaufort's b. Snowdrop, by Dr. Syntax, out of Princess Victoria (E. Edwards)	...	0
Mr. Sadler's ch. Protection, by Defence, out of Euryone (S. Rogers)	...	0
Mr. Batson's b. Barbara, by Plenipotentiary, out of Saffi (R. Sly)	...	0
Col. Thompson's br. Flying Gib, by Sheet Anchor, out of Betty Martin (Hesseltine)	...	0
Colonel Wyndham's b. Nora Creina, by Nonsense, dam by Whalebone (Wakefield)	...	0
Duke of Grafton's ch. Florence, by Langar, out of Tontine (J. Day)	...	0
Mr. Collins's ch. by Sir Hercules, out of Concordia's dam, by Sam (S. Darling)	...	0
Mr. Theobald's by The Black Duchess, by Rockingham, out of Bobadilla (Macdonald)	...	0
Gen. H. Wyndham's b. Aspatris, by Buskin, out of Herculea (Nat)	...	0
Col. Craufurd's br. Ermengardis, by Langar—Ermine (S. Templeman)	...	0
Lord Albemarle's Minaret, by Ibrahim, out of Dandizette (Cotton)	...	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. by The Colonel, out of Galatea (Connelly)	...	0
Lord Verulam's by Actæon—Brocard, by Whalebone (S. Mann)	...	0
Sir G. Heathcote's b. by Emilius—Jane, Samarcand's dam (Chapple)	...	0
Sir G. Heathcote's b. by Defence, out of Nannette (A. Perren)	...	0
Mr. Ford's b. Sequidilla, by Sheet Anchor—Katherine (F. Butler)	...	0

Betting: 7 to 4 against Ghuznee, 4 to 1 against Lampon, 8 to 1 against Mystery, 9 to 1 against Potentia, 15 to 1 against Protection, 20 to 1 against Sir G. Heathcote's two, 25 to 1 against Snowdrop, 25 to 1 against Concordia, 25 to 1 against Una, 30 to 1 against Miss Stilton. At the first attempt, the lot got off on good terms, Lampon in front, where she continued to the road, falling then to the rear-rank with Aspatris (who had run well up to this point), Snowdrop, and Minaret; Galatea, Una, Barbara, and one or two others falling soon after. The favourite now took the lead,

with Miss Stilton next her, Ermengardis, the Mystery filly, and Protection being the sole remnant left in the race. Ghuznee here increased the pace, and although Miss Stilton made a resolute offer, won very cleverly by a length. The Mystery filly was beaten two lengths for the second place, and Flying Gib was the extreme last.

The Members' Plate of 50 sovs., for three-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 9 lb.; five, 8 st. 13 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Goodman's gr. h. Colchicum, by Physician, five years old (Crouch)	1	1
Mr. Booth's br. m. Isabella, six years old (Sly)	3	2
Mr. Hornsby's ch. g. Whalebone, aged (Hornsby)	2	3
Mr. White's b. c. Fugleman, four years old (Butler)	4	4
Lord Huntingtower's ch. f. by Langar, out of sister to Portrait, three years old (a lad)	bolled.

The Derby and Oaks Plate of 50 sovs.; for three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 6 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; horses which shall have started once at this meeting for any race, and been beaten, allowed 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs.; heats, one mile.

Mr. Wright's ch. f. Folly, by Nonsense, four years old (Nat)	1	0	1
Mr. Shelly's br. c. Hellespont, four years old (E. Edwards)	0	0	2
Mr. Armstrong's ch. g. Obelisk, aged (Baker)	2	0	3
Mr. Higgins's ch. m. Maid Marian, aged (Higgins)	3	0	dr.
Lord Huntingtower's br. g. Bristolian, five years old (Crickmere)	0	0	dr.
Lord Exeter's br. f. Sillistria, four years old (Mann)	0	0	dr.
Captain Pettat's b. h. Caliph, aged (Darling)	0	0	dr.
Mr. Balchin's b. m. Clematis, four years old (Balchin)	0	0	dr.
Mr. Bacon's br. h. Ascanius, six years old (Brick)	0	0	dr.

ASCOT RACES.

TUESDAY, June 8th.—The Trial Plate of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, a feather; three, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 13 lb.; five, six, and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; the new mile (seven subscribers).

Duke of Rutland's Flambeau, by Taurus, five years old (Robinson)	1
Lord Chesterfield's Knight-of-the-Whistle, three years old (Nat)	2
Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Muley Moloch—his Actaeon m., three years old (Wakefield)	0
Mr. Pettit's Langolee, three years old (Pettit)	0
Sir G. Heathcote's f. by Emilius—Samarand's dam, three years old (Chapple)	0
Mr. S. Scott's Windsor, three years old (Mann)	0

Mr. Dixon's Camellino was weighed, but did not reach the post in time to start.

Betting: 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on Flambeau, and 4 to 1 agst. Knight-of-the-Whistle. At the T.Y.C. starting-post Flambeau went to the front, was challenged opposite the Grand Stand by the Knight-of-the-Whistle, and, after a fine race, won by a head.

Match, 300 sovs.; h. ft.; two miles.

Mr. Melkiam's Broadwath, by Liverpool, 8 st. 7 lb. (Templeman)	1
Lord Kelburne's Pathfinder, 8 st. (Nat)	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Broadwath, who was never headed, and won in a canter, by two lengths. Pathfinder broke down.

The Ascot Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; the winner of the Derby or Oaks to have carried 5 lb. extra; to start at the Swinley post and in (thirteen subscribers).

Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. Coronation, by Sir Hercules (Connelly) ... walked over.

A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; the last three quarters of a mile (twelve subscribers).

Lord Bruce's b. c. by Glaucus, out of Rosalie (J. Day)	1
Sir G. Heathcote's br. Dark Susan, by Glaucus, Lady Sarah (Chapple)	2
Col. Peel's br. c. by Camel, out of Jason's dam, (Nat)	3
Capt. Williamson's b. f. by Camel, out of Albania (Connelly)	4
Lord Exeter's f. by Belram, out of Dahlia (Darling)	5

Betting: 5 to 2 on Rosalie, and 4 to 1 agst. Dark Susan. The start was excellent, and the party ran abreast to the distance, when the favourite went away from the crowd, and won in a canter, by three lengths; the rest were beaten off.

The Ascot Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 100 added; the owner of the second horse received 50 sovs. out of the Stakes; two miles and a half (thirty-five subscribers, fourteen of whom declared, &c.)

Mr. Payne's Welfare, by Priam, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Nat)	1
Duke of Richmond's The Currier, five years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Rogers)	2
Mr. Lichtwald's Hyllus, five years old, 9 st. 2 lb. (H. Edwards)	0
Mr. Herbert's Arctic, aged, 9 st. (Connelly)	0
Lord Lichfield's Corsair, five years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (J. Day)	0
Mr. Goodman's Bedford, five years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (Robinson)	0
Mr. Wilson's Quicksilver, aged, 7 st. 12 lb. (Chapple)	0
Lord Albemarle's Janus, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Mann)	0
Lord Albemarle's Spangle, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Bell)	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Pluto, five years old, 7 st. (Howlett)	0
Mr. Roe's Mobarek, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Percy)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Welfare (tk.), 3 to 1 agst. The Currier, 6 to 1 agst. Mobarek, and 7 to 1 agst. Hyllus. After several unimportant changes in the first half-mile, Currier went to the front and made play to the turn into the straight ground, well attended, the favourite handy, and making a waiting race. Opposite the Old Stand, Nat brought up his mare, ran a terrific struggle home, and succeeded in landing her first by a neck. Nothing was near the two first—and the talling was awful.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; those by stallions, or out of mares, whose produce never won, allowed 3 lb.; if both, 5 lb.; Swinley Course (five subscribers).

Mr. H. Combe's br. c. The Nob, by Glaucus—Octave, 5 lb. (Rogers)	1
Lord Exeter's b. c. Abydos, by Sultan, out of Velvet, (Darling)	2
Lord Lichfield's brother to Phoeborus (J. Day)	3

Betting: 6 to 5 agst. The Nob, and 6 to 5 agst. Abydos. The Nob made running, was never caught, and won by some twenty lengths.

The Gold Vase, given by Her Majesty, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 3 lb.; four, 9 st.; five, 9 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 9 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 5 lb.; horses that have never won above the value of £50, or received £100 for running second, before the time of starting, to be allowed weight in the following proportions: three-year-olds, 4 lb.; four, 7 lb.; five, 12 lb.; six and aged, 18 lb.; matches not to be reckoned as winnings; the winner of the Derby and St. Leger in 1840 and 1841 to carry 10 lb. extra; winners in 1840 and 1841 of the Oaks, Ascot, and Goodwood Cups, Riddlesworth, Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, Newmarket Stakes, Port and Claret Stakes, and the second horses in the Derby and St. Leger, to carry 4 lb. extra; two miles (eleven subscribers).

Lord Westminster's Satirist, by Pantaloon, three years old (Nat)	1
Mr. Ramsay's Lanercost, six years old (Noble)	2
Mr. Thornhill's E. O., three years old (Pettit)	3
Lord Exeter's Cesarewitch, three years old (Mann)	0
Mr. Goodman's Belgrade, three years old (Crouch)	0
Mr. Wigram's Teleta, four years old (Connelly)	bolited.
Mr. Dixon's Miss Stilton, three years old (Bell)	bolited.

Betting: 7 to 4 on Lanercost, and 3 to 1 agst. Satirist (tk). The work at the start was taken up by Teleta, who ran out at the turn, where Miss Stilton took her place, with Satirist second, and Lanercost third. As they rounded the turn at the old mile post Miss Stilton bolted, but was soon righted, and, again getting the lead, came first to the turn for home, when she finally cut it. Satirist was now in front, with Lanercost at his heels; a fine race ensued, but, finally, the old one was beaten by a length. E. O. was a tolerable third, and the others beaten off.

The Dinner Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1837; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; those by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3 lb.; if both, 5 lb.; old mile (four subscribers).

Duke of Bedford's Oakley, by Taurus, 5 lb. (Robinson) ... walked over.

The St. James's Palace Stakes, of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; old mile (four subscribers).

Lord Westminster's b. c. Satirist, by Pantaloon, out of Sarcasm (Nat) ... walked over.

WEDNESDAY, 9th.—A Plate of £50, for maiden horses at the time of starting; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 8 lb.; five and upwards, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; Swinley Course (three subscribers).

Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. by The Colonel—Galatea, three years old (Nat)	1
Mr. Pettit's Emotion, three years old (Pettit)	2

Betting: 11 to 8 on the Colonel filly, who made running, and won by a length.

A Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three year old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; the winner of the Derby or Two Thousand Guineas Stakes to carry 5 lb. extra; old mile (ten subscribers).

Col. Peel's Cameleon, brother to Whim (Nat)	1
Duke of Bedford's c. John o'Gaunt, by Taurus—Mona (Robinson)	2

Betting: 11 to 8 on Cameleon. John o'Gaunt took the lead to the distance, where Cameleon went up, and won by half a length.

The Swinley Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added, 15 ft.; for three-year olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the last mile and a half; to start at the Swinley post (four subscribers).

Sir G. Heathcote's Bokhara, four years old (Chapple) walked over.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gñ.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 2 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and aged, 10 st. 5 lb.; to start at the new mile post, and go round once and in.

Mr. Goodman's Belgrade, three years old (Crouch)	1
Mr. Pettit's Langolee, three years old (Pettit)	2
Mr. Dixon's Miss Stilton, three years old (Nat)	3

Betting: 15 to 6 on Miss Stilton, 5 to 1 agst. Belgrade, and 5 to 1 agst. Langolee. The first mile was done in a slow canter, when Miss Stilton went away as hard as she could split to the turn of the old mile, where she bolted. Belgrade then carried on the running, kept the lead, and won cleverly by a length.

THURSDAY, 10th.—The Grand Stand Plate of 100 sovs. (handicap); once round and a distance.

Lord Albemarle's Janus, four years old 8 st. 5 lb. (Robinson)	1
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. by The Colonel, out of Galatea, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Mann)	2
Mr. Bradford's Quicksilver, aged, 7 st. 10 lb. (Bartholomew)	3
Mr. Wright's Folly, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Nat)	0
Mr. Shelley's Hellespont, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (E. Edwards)	0
Sir G. Heathcote's Tonquin, three years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Chapple)	0
Mr. Pettit's Emotion, three years old, 6 st. 2 lb. (Pettit)	0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. Janus, 4 to 1 agst. Hellespont, 5 to 1 agst. Quicksilver, and 6 to 1 each agst. The Colonel filly, Emotion, and Folly. The race is easily described: the favourite made all the running, was never headed, and won cleverly by a length.

A Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the winner of a sweepstakes before or after naming, to carry 3 lb. extra; T.Y.C. (three subscribers).

Mr. Shackel's Meal, by Bran (Buckle) walked over.

The Windsor Forest Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the winner of the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, Derby, or Oaks, to carry 5 lb. extra; the old mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Treen's ch. f. Una, by Glaucus, out of Adela (Connelly)	1
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Florence (J. Day)	2
Lord Albemarle's Minaret (Robinson)	3

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Florence, 3 to 1 agst. Una (tk), and 2 to 1 agst. Minaret (tk). The first of the work was done by Florence, at the turn for the run-in Una joined her, taking the lead at the distance, and winning very easily by two lengths.

The Gold Cup, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 200 added from the fund; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; to start at the Cup-post on the new mile, and go once round, about two miles and a half (fifteen subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's Lanercost, by Liverpool, six years old (Noble)	1
Mr. Stanley's Flambeau, five years old (Robinson)	0
Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, six years old (J. Day)	0
Sir G. Heathcote's Bokhara, four years old (Chapple)	4
Mr. Riddale's Bloomsbury, five years old (Nat)	5
Mr. Wigram's Teleta, four years old (Connelly)	6

Betting: 11 to 8 agst. St. Francis, 9 to 4 agst. Bloomsbury, 4 to 1 agst. Lanercost, 10 to 1 agst. Flambeau, and 25 to 1 agst. Bokhara. As soon as they got on their legs, Lanercost went in front, with Flambeau next him, kept the lead to the end, and won with ease by a length. St. Francis, at one part of the race, beat Flambeau for second place, but could not hold his ground. Bloomsbury never had a chance, and was beaten off.

A Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; out of mares that never bred a winner previous to the July Meeting, 1838; new mile (eight subscribers).

Mr. H. Combe's br. c. The Nob, by Glaucus, out of Octave (Rogers)	1
Duke of Bedford's c. Oakley, by Taurus (Robinson)	2

Betting: 5 to 3 and 3 to 1 on Oakley. The Nob made running to the distance, where the favourite went up, and they ran head and head to the end, The Nob finally winning by a neck only.

The Windsor Town Plate of £50; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs., if demanded; T.Y.C.

Mr. Greville's Pickwick, by Camel, aged (Nat)	1
Capt. Gardnor's Dismal Jemmy, four years old (Mann)	2
Mr. Westbrook's Decision, three years old (Chapple)	3
Mr. S. Scott's Able, five years old (Butler)	4
Mr. Lucas's gr. f. Traitor, three years old (Taudy)	5

Betting: 3 to 1 on Pickwick, and 3 to 1 agst. Decision. Pickwick waited to the distance, where he passed Dismal Jemmy, and won in a canter by a length.

The Buckingham Palace Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3 lb.; if both, 5 lb.; Swinley Course (four subscribers).

Lord Westminster's Van Amburgh, brother to Sleight-of-Hand (Scott)	...	1
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Cesarewitch, by Rockingham, 3 lb., horse untried (Darling)	...	2

Betting: 8 to 1 on Van Amburgh, who waited to the distance, where he went up, and won in a canter by two lengths.

FRIDAY, 11th.—First Class of the Wokingham Stakes of 5 sovs. each; for three-year-olds and upwards; handicap; the last three quarters of the new mile (fifteen subscribers).

Mr. Treen's Una, by Glaucus, three years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Nat)	...	1
Mr. S. Herbert's bk. f. Factory Girl, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Connelly)	...	0
Mr. Shelley's Hellepont, four years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Pettit)	...	0
Mr. Dixon's Camellino, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (H. Edwards)	...	4
Mr. Baichin's Launchaway, six years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Wakefield)	...	5

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Hellepont, 3 to 1 agst. Una, 4 to 1 agst. Factory Girl, 4 to 1 agst. Launchaway, and 4 to 1 agst. Camellino (once at 5 to 2). The field ran well together to the distance, where Una came out, and won cleverly by a length. Camellino was pulled double all through, and the impression was universal that he was intentionally prevented from winning.

Second Class of the Wokingham Stakes of 5 sovs. each; last three quarters of the new mile (fifteen subscribers).

Mr. J. V. Shelley's Curlew, by Drone, aged, 8 st. 2 lb. (E. Edwards)	...	1
Lord Albemarle's Spangle, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Wakefield)	...	2
Mr. Wright's Folly, four years old, 9 st. (Nat)	...	0
Mr. Foster's Variety, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Bartholomew)	...	0
Lord Exeter's Siliestria, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Mann)	...	0
Mr. Houldsworth's Hampton, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Percy)	...	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Pluto, five years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Howlett)	...	0
Col. Anson's La Gitana, three years old, 6 st. (West)	...	0
Duke of Beaufort's ch. c. by Percy (by Langar), dam Miss Craven's dam, three years old, 5 st. 2 lb. (Bell)	...	0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. Curlew, 4 to 1 agst. Spangle, 5 to 1 agst. Siliestria, 6 to 1 agst. Folly, 10 to 1 agst. Pluto, and 10 to 1 agst. La Gitana. A fine race from the Stand in, between the first two, was won on the post by a head.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies and geldings, 8 st. 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 500 sovs., if demanded, &c.; the old mile (three subscribers).

Mr. Goodman's Belgrade, by Belshazzar, three years old (Crouch)	...	1
Capt. Gardnor's Ben Brace, three years old (Nat)	...	2

Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 on Belgrade, who made the running, and won in a canter by a length.

A Plate £50, the gift of the Members for the Borough of New Windsor, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two and three-year-olds; two-year-olds, 7 st.; three, 9 st. 2 lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs., if demanded, &c.; three quarters of a mile.

Lord Albemarle's Minaret, by Ibrahim, three years old (Robinson)	...	1
Lord Chesterfield's La Gitana, three years old (Connelly)	...	2
Mr. Greville's Myrtle, three years old (Nat)	...	3

Betting: even on Minaret, and 6 to 5 agst. Myrtle. The favourite made all the running, and won in a canter by two lengths.

A Plate of £50, for the beaten horses during the week; the old mile. Mr. Scott's Windsor, three years old; Mr. Goodman's Bedford, five years old; and Mr. Westbrook's Decision, three years old, were entered; but as only the first two were on the ground, there was no race for it.

Match, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 8 st. 4 lb. each; old mile; Col. Peel's Cameleon, brother to Whim, received forfeit from Lord Kelburne's c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon.

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1841.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

"GHUZNEE," WINNER OF THE OAKS, 1841, PAINTED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, MR. J. F. HERRING;

"COWES HARBOUR," BY MR. R. B. DAVIS;

AND

"THE ORLEANS CUP," ENGRAVED BY MR. ORRIN SMITH.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Subscriber wishes to know whether the Rosalie colt, that occupied so prominent a place in the Derby betting for 1841, started at the late Ascot Meeting, as stated in the following passage in the "*New Sporting Magazine*" for last month :—

" Lord Bruce's Rosalie colt came forward, and won a Fifty-pound Sweepstakes, in the way in which he was once expected to have won the Derby, *i. e.*, in a common canter."

Lord Bruce's colt, out of Rosalie, in the Derby for the present year, did *not* run at the last Ascot Races. A *two-year-old*, so described, won a 50 sov. Sweepstakes, twelve subscribers ; beating a field of five on the first day : had *he* won the late Derby, it certainly would not have been " in a *common canter*."

The firm of Messrs. Tattersall, at Hyde Park Corner, consists of Messrs. Richard, Edmund, and Richard Tattersall, jun.

We are much obliged by the good opinion of our Fermoy Correspondent, and regret we cannot make use of his communication. It is by no means suitable to the character of this work.

The series of Maps of Hunting Countries will be resumed in the next number.

Our literary notices are unavoidably postponed till next month.

Vol. V., bound in cloth boards, lettered, is now ready, and may be had of all Booksellers.

HYDE MARSTON ;
OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN'S LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH :—" LOVE," A PLAY.

" Alas ! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert ; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes ;
Flowers, whose rank odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison : such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruits forbidden to our wants."

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE, Canto iv., Stanza cxx.

THE philosophy which teaches men to be content with things as they find them, is more remarkable for good humour and *bon hommie* than the soundness or expediency of its doctrine. It is true that, could we look upon society at fifteen in the spirit wherewith we regard it at five-and-thirty, life would lose much of its poetry ; but it would gain more than an equivalent in the store of practical good, which is the harvest of experience. From the world only is a true and effective knowledge of the world to be gathered. The theories of books and household counsellors may help us to the rudiments of a system suited to the ordinary necessities of civilization ; but for its subtleties and manœuvrings human ingenuity has never devised a code of conduct, nor ever will. The majority of works written avowedly for the purposes of worldly instruction, supply specifics for desperate cases, but leave the less intrusive to be ministered to by the patient himself. There lies the great mistake. For one wreck caused by rocks that stand above the ocean, a hundred stately vessels are lost on shoals that lurk beneath its surface. We shun the bold bad man ; even the bankrupt in principle does this ; for it is the homage that instinct pays to virtue : but in that antipathy is there moral strength or security ? Far otherwise. A careful analysis of the natural abhorrence of avowed vice supplies the true bait of your fishers of men. These, adopting Sheridan's description of courage, employ materials as polished as they are keen. Fatal, indeed, is the error that limits to the proclaimed haunts of extravagance and profligacy the ruin of the weak and unwary. Were the victims of the common hells of St. James's

compared with the broken in fame and fortune—in heart and hope—of its saloons, what a moral of price would be in the contrast.

Strange as the abrupt declaration of Mr. Thomas Longueville may seem, it was not the less true to the letter, though by no means so to the spirit in which it was interpreted. While, therefore, we leave him to stomach the meeting with his nephew with what digestion he may, a brief allusion to an episode, as yet unnoticed, will be necessary to lay the foundation for an explanation. I have already said that as soon as my Oxford career commenced, so also did a taste for the road begin; and that during the first autumn of residence my visits to town were constant. On one of those occasions I attended a morning concert, given by some German singers, who were the musical lions of the day. Immediately before me sat a graceful girl, in company with one of her own sex, whose faded satin *manteau*, and soiled ostrich feathers, did duty for a toilette of style and pretension. As they rose to leave, I discovered that the youngest of my fair neighbours was Caroline G—, and I need hardly add that a most animated recognition followed. I saw them home, and, in due course, was introduced to the dame of the dingy suit and plume. Mrs. — bore a name that I could not hear without veneration. He, from whom it was derived, was a meteor, whose career had been as brief as it was brilliant. The lady's fame, indeed, had slighter claims to admiration; and I felt no small surprise at finding the daughter of my fastidious friend entrusted to her pilotage. I learnt, subsequently, that Major G— had, in early life, known —; that, upon his death, he had rendered many services to his wife (who, by her bereavement, was left, for the time, wholly unprovided for), and that, in fact, Caroline's present visit was the pretext for continuing a liberal aid to one whom the world seemed little disposed to countenance or assist.

He who selects the materials of his story from real life, and uses passing events to point his moral, has no business with matter beyond the facts out of which they rise. Life is a drama, whose action and point may be sufficiently understood without admitting the audience behind the scenes. It will be enough, then, in speaking of my acquaintance with this lady, simply to illustrate, by the examples she furnished, the position, that the blandishments of high talent without principle, the decking lax manners in the tinsel of ultra refinement, and the actual fostering of vice in the cant about liberality of opinion and scorn of prejudice, are more destructive to morality than positive profligacy, whose bane carries its antidote with it.

Caroline G— was too much the child of impulse to have succeeded in hiding from her wary friend the secret of her heart, even had she made the attempt. But she thought of no concealment. Her

preference for one (whose modesty prevents his using a more appropriate term) was as clearly expressed in manner as if she had employed all the emphasis of language to declare it. The moment of its discovery—which was the first of her seeing us together—the woman of the world felt that there were within her reach materials capable of being moulded into the slaves of her will. How the sorceress employed her magic it boots not to tell; peradventure the progress of her spells might be traced through the ledgers of full many of Folly's ministers in May Fair and its environs. Ebers might say—Bob Newman tell—and, could the walls of the Star and Garter speak out—but let that pass. I cannot help thinking that he who despoils life of its romance does the actors in it but equivocal service. Were I not so persuaded, I might reveal how the most distinguished tragic actress that ever moistened kerchief within Drury-lane and Covent-garden was wont to sigh her love for the Montague from a bosom all passion—rump stakes and onions; that the most sentimental of modern poets is devoted to boiled tripe; and the most ethereal of living Saphos, to hot rum-and-water in the forenoon. But the narrative must not stand still for any such digressions. Turn we to our “literary lady,” imbibing, with a zest for which the ideal has no image, *potage à la Julienne*, and Moselle of unquestionable lineage, and poor Caroline, more poetic, but far more “perilous stuff.”

In the whole scope of zoology there is not a creature of less perception than the male human animal in its teens—being well bred, and well found withal. If to this natural dulness you add the *dulcia oblivia*, which a “cunning woman” knows how to compound so artistically, it is fifty to one the patient is turned inside out before he reaches his majority. Suppose even the youth prone to thought (an extravagant conception, still possible), where is the time to set himself about it? Take, for instance, an evening and a morning; out of which construct a London day. First, the dinner of your *gens comme il faut*: what is there favourable to philosophy in *that*? Next, say the opera: do people reflect to the strains of Grisi and Persiani?—while Taglioni is floating like a spirit of air, or Cerito bounding like a hunted chamois? Supper follows—with its ices, fruits, liqueurs, and sighs; and from dreams, to which he is lulled by the memories of passing sweet music, rises the student of the world to Kensington Gardens, in lieu of the groves of Academus; to the gentle tournament of glances in Routine-row, instead of the rough exercises of the Gymnasium. . . . Well, thus sped our lives at the epoch of this episode: Mrs. — writing metaphysics, and faring sumptuously; Caroline cultivating love and light literature; and Hyde Marston paying the piper. Many a *rouleau* it would have saved me, had I sent the matron, at the time, to Satan half as earnestly as I have since

made that consignment. Nothing could exceed the industry and *tact* with which she promoted our intimacy. Her bearing was lackered over with a dazzling polish; smiling—"ye gods! how she would smile"—and pouring notes from her crow-quill as never rained notes before. Tell me not that Fancy is bred "or in the heart or in the head:" her seat is considerably lower. Was the *gibier*, or the vintage of the preceding evening more excellent than common? lo! there arrived from ——— street a triangular *billet*, breathing Sabean odours, such as the Nine never tasted, nor ever sang. Your old-world swans were wont to warble upon their sips of Castaly; modern singing-birds require fluids of more power and flavour.

During three or four months this pleasant intercourse continued, with as brief interruption as the nature of my position permitted. That it mainly contributed to the catastrophe which occasioned my extempore retreat from the University, will be imagined. The simile of chaff before the wind conveys a lame idea of the fashion in which a youth of spirit, living on the road between Oxford and London, with a home "at both ends," as the coachmen say, gets rid of his capital. Mine went at an uncommon pace; equalled only by the speed at which my name was finding its way into day-books and ledgers. Some short period before the crisis arrived, a fact became manifest, which even my ultra-heedlessness could not overlook. This was the nature of Caroline G—'s sentiments. Had I been a frozen stock-fish, instead of a young gentleman with a temperature by no means at zero, I could not have blinked it. Probably it was the more readily discovered because it was, certainly, a thing I did not desire. The first incense of my heart had been offered to her sister—and the subsequent excitement and dissipation of my life had not put to flight the vision of "love's young dream." Furthermore, Caroline possessed a *ferté* of character (if the phrase may be applied to a girl whose manner was full of her country's *hauteur* and diffidence) not at all to my taste. Extremes rarely sympathize; and I had too strong a dash of the devil in myself to covet it in a lady-love.

We parted: my thoughts, indeed, went with her to the cottage of the Severn; but they rested there on one, to whom they had loved to wander, however I seemed occupied with other fancies and impressions. All of pure feeling that a course of folly (why do I not call it by its proper name, vice?) had left me, linked itself with the memory of Charlotte G——. Love it was not—for the spirit was yet too volatile to receive a permanent impression—though the heart glowed with tenderness and admiration. I had reason, too, for believing she regarded me with partiality: there were the lines thrown into my boat when last I visited the cottage, and could I be mistaken as to their

meaning? Thus I mused during the few moments given to reflection, as thoughts of home, calm scenes and gentle companions strove, though vainly, with the boisterous presences among which I lived.

The abrupt suspension of this career has been told. Bad as the reality was, however, it bore no comparison to the version which report contrived to give to it. Twenty years ago there were no railways to enable people to hear and see for themselves at half a dozen places at once. Excellent as travelling was, do the best you might, Oxon and Salop were a day's journey apart; and the variations that may be played upon a story in twenty-four hours require no great exercise of imagination to conceive. Besides its ordinary coadjutors, too, in this instance rumour had many auxiliaries. The sudden disappearance of my father and mother from the Hall had a disastrous look; and the manner of the former, previous to his departure, was calculated to do me anything but service. The news, that Uncle Tom had shuffled off his mortal coil, made a greater sensation around B—— than did the French revolution, or the earthquake at the Caraccas. By some it was asserted that he had made away with himself; while some whispered that another hand had helped him on his ghostly journey, with allusions, in which his nephew's name was broadly hinted at. Then my own affair came out in a *variorum* edition. According to some, I had made free with my landlord's spoons; and others protested there was the blood of at least one proctor on my head. All men agreed that murder, suicide, and robbery had been done; of which I was the hero, in some way or other. In the midst of all this came the *coup de théâtre*—the announcement that one of Major G—'s daughters had run off; the elopement being laid at my door.

One incident, at least, in the tragedy, had not been exaggerated. Let a hurried and brief allusion to it be understood as evidence of the bitter regret with which it is made, and not as proof that the event has faded, or ever can fade, from my memory. The announcement of Mr. Longueville's death, in which I appeared to be involved in some mysterious way, called into instant and irresistible existence a passion that waited but for the spark that should transform it into a devouring flame. Caroline G— was not born with the spirit that teaches to love wisely. With her, to love was to endow the being selected with "all her worldly goods,"—with all the energies—affections—hopes—of this life and eternity. I was in peril from some cause: she might aid me—the possibility was enough. On leaving her father's roof she hastened to Cheltenham. There her anxieties were relieved; but the reaction was full of evil consequences. The presence of the revived uncle was death to the nephew. Uncle Tom was a gentleman of more than modern propriety; had he lived centuries back, they had gained

for him the title of *preux chevalier*. He learned the secret of the maiden's heart ; and, therefore, jumped to the conclusion that his sister's son was a specimen of passing profligacy. Perhaps there had been better wisdom in arriving by more ordinary logic at a deduction ; but the world, for the most part, adopts a similar process. He departed for town, leaving the object of his concern in present security, as he deemed it. The dust which his chariot disturbed had scarce time to settle ere it was again whirled to the air by the eager wheels that followed. On the morning that succeeded the supper in Portland Place, a note was delivered at Long's, such as but too often has passed the portal of that epitome of London life. The fatal facility which the connexion already described afforded, suggested a home to the fugitive. Caroline at once placed herself under the protection of the friend whose guest she was in the autumn. We met. Is the tale of passion ever told, save with one consequence, when love speaks and youth listens ? In the present instance, at all events, it was not destined to any deviation from the general rule. With words of burning force she ran over the short but passionate history of the past. Alas ! for the eloquence in which eyes and spirit plead to their too faithful interpreter—the heart. The song that betrayed to me the secret of a passion I had attributed to another, she had written : a thousand incidents of the preceding autumn, which at the time seemed trifles, if observed at all, were placed before me in their true character, and I marvelled that their meaning had ever escaped me. Why was the speaker so fair ? and her language an oratory so omnipotent ? Could words be palpable ?—could syllables live, that I felt their pressure upon cheek and lip ? “ Caroline, Caroline,” said I, rising, and taking her trembling hand in mine, “ talk not to me thus, and, for mercy's sake, *look* not so ; there is ruin—irretrievable ruin in it for us both. Let us part now, while we can ; in honour, at least, if in despair : another moment such as this, and our destinies are beyond our control. I have not the power to leave this place ; for Heaven's pity, leave *me*.” While I spoke, she also had risen : her glance was fearful : for an instant she struggled with an emotion that turned brow and cheek to fire ; then left them cold and white as marble ; and, rushing forward, and dashing herself upon my breast, in words, that seemed convulsions, she gasped, “ Never—never—I will never leave you ; my destiny is fixed ;—here I live, or here I die.”

(To be continued.)

ON THE PRESERVATION OF GAME.

BY THE HONOURABLE GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY, M. P.

VERMIN TO BE DESTROYED.

(Continued from page 13.)

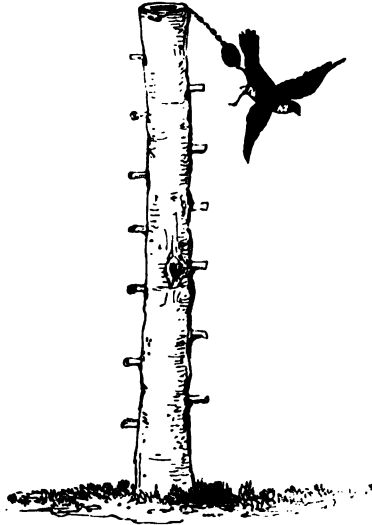
THE HAWK TRIBE.

OF falcons there are many descriptions, all of them more or less destructive to old and young game, according to their degrees of size and power. They are to be taken in traps upon the ground, but always more easily when they have struck down and been disturbed from their natural quarry. The finest private collection of this species of hawk is, perhaps, in the possession of Lord Malmesbury, at Herne Court, up the rivers in the vicinity of which they frequently follow the large flights of teal and other wild-fowl. During the wild-fowl season, if a falcon makes his appearance above the Stour, his sway is undisturbed by the keeper, as the presence of the swift tyrant confines the teal to the waters; on the bosom of which the nobler sportsman disdains to touch them. Not so the buzzard hawk; his presence is as inimical to the sport of the fowling-piece as that of the other is conducive to it; for the buzzard will pick up the teal while on the river; and being too slow of flight to catch them on the wing, they invariably take to the air the moment of his appearance. It is beautiful to observe the knowledge which the teal possesses of the character of the enemy that appears. Though some of the falcons and the buzzard are nearly alike in size and colour, nevertheless the teal, by that undefined and minute perception, called instinct, at once detects with which of the two foes he has to deal, and adopts measures of safety according, to the emergency. Of all the falcons, I am aware of but one which makes its nest upon the ground, and that is the hen harrier. It is very difficult to find the nest of these birds; and the best way to succeed in this, is to watch the old bird home. While the hen is sitting, the male is abroad in search of food, which he will bring to the nest, and drop by its side, and then wing his way in search of more. From the neighbouring preserve of game, he may generally be seen in the evening, directing his flight to the vicinity of his nest, which in all probability is situated on some distant moor. Let the gamekeeper, in the first place, ascertain in which direction he returns from his forage on the manor; and then let him lie in the way, and watch the return flight as far as possible. On the following evening let him take up a second position, at the spot where he lost sight of the falcon, and so on, till he can mark the place where the bird drops upon the moor: in this way he will at last discover the spot where the nest is situated.

In bare open countries—on moors, downs, or districts where trees are scarce, it is a very good plan to set up a lofty pole, sufficiently broad to receive on the top of it a round steel-trap. This should be set thus, without any bait or covering, simply taking care that it fits

the top of the pole on which it is placed. On a perch of this sort, no other convenient resting-place at hand, hawks and owls will frequently light; and as the trap is simple, and requires little attention, it should always be kept going.

This sort of snare is most fatal to the kestrel hawk, or windhover, and to the white owl.



THE SPARROW HAWK.

Of all the hawk tribe, there is no more destructive species to game than this; and as these birds are common to every part of England, Ireland, and Scotland, some particular notice of them will be required. The female is so much larger and more powerful than the male, that any superficial observer would pronounce them to be of different races; and, consequently, from her strength, she is the worst vermin of the two. They make but clumsy nests, select low, retired trees, and lay from three to five eggs, of a dirty white, mottled with splashes of deep brown. While sitting, the old hen may be easily approached, and shot through the nest, which is not of strength sufficient to protect her. The sparrow hawk is very swift on the wing, skimming with great rapidity over the ground, and striking quarries either flying or sitting. This hawk will also watch, from the trees at the cover-sides, for the coming forth of the young pheasants to their feed; and, in corn countries, when the harvest is early, it is scarcely credible the damage they will effect. They will scarcely ever take a trap with a *strange* or stale bait; but if you drive them from their own quarry, and then place your trap, there is a very good chance of success.

At the dawn of day, in September and October mornings, they may be shot at the edges of covers, while waiting the appearance of the young pheasants: and these birds form one of the chief reasons why a gamekeeper should never stir without his gun.

The sparrow hawk is bold when in search of prey, and will watch the hencoop from a tree by the side of the habitations of men, and snatch the young pheasant, chicken, or duck from the very threshold. Having no keeper's house near the woods in Bedfordshire, I used to pitch a tent, during the breeding season, as the residence of a servant, to rear the young game that were hatched under barn-door fowls; and it was necessary not only that some one should watch every day with a gun, but also we were obliged to spread a net upon stakes, under which the pheasants and partridges might feed, or bask in the sunny dust, to prevent their being carried away from the very sides of the canvass. One season, a nest of the sparrow hawk had escaped all our researches, and the old ones had reared five young birds. With such a family to provide for, the ravages the pair were guilty of exceeded all bounds; and, of course, our desire to destroy them increased in proportion. At last, we discovered the nest where they were hatched; and also that, though the birds were flown, the nest was still used as a depository for food, to which all parties might return when they were hungry. The old birds would bring food, and, without calling their young (if they did not chance to meet them in some of the surrounding trees), they would leave small birds or young game in the nest, for them to return to at their pleasure. This was first discovered to me by finding the nest, with a newly-killed yellow-hammer left there, in the way of supply. In a few days I had trapped one or two of the young ones, with baits placed on a trap in the nest; and one of the old ones, the male, in a trap placed in the nest without a bait: still the ravages of the hen continued, and partridges and pheasants were snatched from the door of the tent two or three times during the day. One afternoon, the old hen vermin came, and, before the eyes of one of my men, snatched up and carried off a partridge. He saw that she flew direct for the nest in the neighbouring wood, and, hoping to reach it while she was busy with her young, he snatched up his gun, and started for the expected rendezvous. On arriving at the nest, he discovered her fast in a trap that had been set without a bait, and by her side the still warm bleeding partridge. She had, indeed, put her foot into it, and the old preserves were happily freed from her depredations.

THE KESTREL HAWK, OR WINDHOVER.

This is a very destructive vermin to young game; but it is not so strong, so swift, or so rapacious as the sparrow hawk. The kestrel varies his food with field mice, which it may be seen to hover over, while in the grass, and is not always in pursuit of game. However, it will watch the young game at the cover holes; may often be met with, on those occasions, in company with the sparrow hawk; and may, at times, be shot and trapped in the same manner. The kestrel builds in old magpies' or crows' nests; lays from five to seven eggs, varying very much in colour, some being speckled and splashed with large patches of a reddish brown, while others are all over approaching to a brownish green. When once they have selected a nest in which to lay their eggs, they visit it constantly during the day, hovering round it, and apparently conversing over it with the greatest delight. On these occasions the gunner has only to wait with a little patience, and he may

destroy this hawk with much certainty. In this, as in other cases, the gamekeeper will do well to remember, that the sooner he puts an end to an evil, the less chance that evil has of working mischief. The pole-trap, as herein described, is an excellent device for the capture of the kestrel hawk.

(To be continued.)

A SONG FOR THE SEA.

HURRAH! for the sea, the wild, the free!
 And the life a mariner leads,
 What joy of earth can match his mirth
 That over the blue wave speeds.
 Oh! the bliss to feel the gallant keel
 Through the white foam cleave its way,
 As it bounds in pride on the waters wide
 And sweeps o'er the surges gay!

Morn comes o'er the waves, from her coral caves,
 Her soft breath stirring the seas,
 And glittering bright in her golden light
 Are the ripples that dance to the breeze.
 See, the waters glow, and the glad winds blow,
 And the good boat gathers way,
 Hurrah! to ride on the sparkling tide,
 And bound o'er the surges gay.

Let them boast the strain of the woodland train,
 The charm of the sylvan cheer,
 They may tell of the race, the joys of the chase,
 And the hunter's blythe career:
 But what is the sound of horn and hound
 To the lay that the billows sing—
 Or the bravest speed of the fleetest steed,
 To a flight on the breeze's wing?

Then hurrah! for the sea, the wild, the free,
 And the merry mariner's life;
 In storm or shine there's bliss on the brine,
 And the wave with joy is rife.
 Let the hush'd wind sleep: on the startled deep
 Let the fiend of the tempest cry,
 Oh! still be our home on the ocean foam,
 Its chorus our minstrelsy!

J. W. C.

GHUZNEE, WINNER OF THE OAKS, 1841.

THIS splendid filly was bred by the Marquis of Westminster, by Pantaloon, out of Languish (sister to Languid), by Cain; her dam, Lydia, by Poulton, out of Variety, by Hyacinthus. Her first race was for the Oaks, in which she beat a field of twenty-one with all ease; and, subsequently, she walked over for the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, being the whole of her engagements. She stands fifteen hands and half an inch high; is a fine rich bay, without any white; and is, probably, the most powerful thorough-bred mare ever bred in England.



SHIRAZ
BRED BY
MR. J. H. BROWN

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GOODWOOD RACES.

THE unprecedented character and importance of the engagements for the late Goodwood Meeting, and the brilliant character of all its racing arrangements, will account for the present effort to put in possession of the readers of this work such events as were decided previous to its going to press. These comprise the three first days, and, consequently, the Cup Race—the greatest all-aged contest at present known to the turf. The details of the sport are too ample to admit, and too interesting to require, any special introduction. The noble domain of the Duke of Richmond, moreover, has been described till all its “nooks and mossy dells” are as familiar as household spots—his munificence, as household words. I am incompetent, did I even deem it convenient, to speak of the calamity which, on the past occasion, banished the host from his hospitable hall, and cast gloom and heaviness over a festival dedicated to joy and liberal hilarity. Let the many take the lesson to their hearts; and the moral, rightly applied, will be wholesome, though it be sad.

Notwithstanding the plagues of politics and lowering heavens, the opening day in Goodwood Park, Tuesday, the 27th ultimo, was a gallant one. The attendance was good; and as for the racing, that must tell its own tale. As usual, it opened with the Craven, which the Melody colt—known to last year's Derby fame—won cleverly, in a strong field of six. The Lavant Stakes followed, three out of eleven coming to the post, and Lord George Bentinck's Liverpool champion, Misdeal, backed at 2 to 1 on him. He made the best of his time (as for his two races at Aintree), but was speedily passed by Passion, who outpaced, and outstayed him, and won by a neck, the Duke of Richmond's Eaglesfield being second. The Drawing-room Stakes, with their twenty-seven subscribers, could only tempt four to shew. Lord Albemarle's Derby nag, Ralph, who was freely backed at 2 to 1 on him, won in a canter; Lord Exeter's Cesarewitch (at two years old, a special favourite of mine), being second. A match for Half a Hundred, Dismal Jemmy (a very characteristic name) carried away from Mungo Parke, by half a length. The rich 300 sovs. Sweepstakes, nineteen subscribers, for four-year-olds (£150 ft.), brought out the winner of the last Leger to compete with somewhat less illustrious performers. But poor Launcelot's leg could not stand the odds of pace and space, the distance being the Cup Course. Capote made strong running at the beginning, and for the first three miles, it was very severe. As they crossed the hill for home, Launcelot broke down, Black Beck being in front, a place he ceded at the distance to Black Bess, who finally won by a length. The Ham Stakes of 100 sovs. each, (h. ft.,) forty-one subscribers, for two-year-olds, Mr. Wreford's Taurus colt, out of Virginia, won in a splendid race, from eight others; and the Goodwood Club Stakes, Naworth carried off: in both cases the winners not named in the ring. A Sweepstakes of 500 sovs. each, four subscribers (£200 ft.), for two-year-olds; Lord Chesterfield's Johnny Faa, ridden with uncommon patience and skill,

by Flatman, took from two competitors by a head; and Mr. Osbaldeston, on Mountain Sylph, pocketed the Welter Stakes. The Inn Keeper's Plate of £50 produced three heats, two of which fell to the share of Drone. Una received, in a 200 sovs. match (h. ft.), from the Black Duchess; and thus ended a day's sport that is not often on the cards.

Wednesday was less populous, and less pleasant. It blew a hurricane, and looked wickedly. The racing began with two heats, for the City Members' Plate, both of which Huon won; followed by the Goodwood Stakes, one of the features of the meeting. The betting on this event, since Ascot, was the best item in the market; and the field of extraordinary strength. The start was excellent, and the running of the same character. Orelia, the winner of the Tradesmen's Cup, at Liverpool, beat the Corsair, and seventeen others, it was said with ease; certainly, not without the spur. The Cowdray Stakes, a spirited little affair, Benedetta managed to run the fastest and best for; and then came the Stewards' Cup, of £300, added to a 5 sovs. Handicap, fourteen acceptances. This was a very resolute business on the part of Garrowen, the winner, who led from end to end, and finished in front two good lengths before the second. The Queen's Plate, The Currier won by a hundred yards. The City Plate, Trustee appropriated by a dozen lengths, after three heats; and thus the second day's sport was brought to a conclusion.

Thursday, the great day, was sunny, and breezy, and inspiring. There was no crowd on the course; but I thought, as did those better qualified to give an opinion, that the attendance was a flattering average. "The twice two thousand that the world was made for" were there; and forasmuch as there were those absent for whom no portion was meant, I, for one, was grateful. Opposite the Grand Stand has lately been built a pretty little *vis-à-vis* of a similar nature, only it boasts but one floor, which contains a weighing-room, the jockeys' dressing-room, and a small printing-office, where the returns are done, in long primer, three minutes after each race. Now my proposition is, that the roof of this building, which is flat, should be protected by an ornamental railing, and thus made a stand, whence trainers, jockeys, and other turf professionals may see the running, instead of mixing, cheek by jowl, with their lords and ladies, masters and mistresses, in the Grand Stand, or on its terrace. Need it be said that this day was an emphatic gala. That Portsdown Fair sent its glee-men and glee-maidens; St. Giles's, its pea-men and pea-maidens; and the surrounding rural districts, far as eye could reach, and farther, their *natural* prey—clods, clowns, and bumpkins—

"The spooniest brutes in nature, all to sticks."

The Racing Stakes introduced business. Three went for them. Colonel Wyndham's Yorkshireman, a fine colt, was beaten off in the first half of the distance, Mustapha leading; Lord Albemarle's Perfume colt, with Robinson on him, running a length behind. Abreast the Stand that fine rider was stealing forward step by step; half way between it and the chair he made his rush, and won in the last stride by a head. Had he been on Mustapha, it would have terminated by a similar distance the other way: this I say without any

intended prejudice to Day. The Sussex Stakes produced a fine race between Palladium (5lb extra) and Barrier, won by the latter, admirably ridden by Connelly; and, for a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, Colonel Peel's Hester colt beat three others by a dozen lengths. The Molecomb Stakes of 50 sovs. each (h. ft.), for two-year-olds, Barrier also won, beating Eaglesfield, who was also terribly beaten by his jockey; and men stirred themselves for the great event. From the dawn all sorts of rumours were rife, as to what would, and what would not, start for the Cup. All *might* have been as it ought to have been, but things certainly had a sinister appearance. There was all manner of mystery; few seemed to know anything; and those who did, were as unpumpable as the tongueless eunuchs of the Grand Turk's seraglio. At length a field of ten, consisting of Hyllus, Charles XII., the Potentate, Bulwark, Maroon, Pocahontas (what the fiend made any man give a female horse such a name?), the Recorder, Oakstick, Nautilus (the two latter the French division), and Colwick, who caprioled like one of Ducrow's courses in a quadrille, were seen approaching the chair, led on by Lord George Bentinck, who marched before them with a most manifest flag-staff in his hand. It is necessary to say the odds were something to this effect: Hyllus closed at 3 to 1 against him; Charles at 7 to 1; Lord Miltown took 6 to 1 in hundreds about him a few minutes before the start. The same against Maroon, though 6 to 1 was taken in a few cases: 8 to 1 agst. Recorder; the same about Nautilus; 15 to 1 about Oakstick; 20 to 1 agst. Pocahontas (who had been at 3 and 4 to 1); 25 to 1 agst. Bulwark, and ditto, or a higher, figure against Colwick. The start at the first attempt was perfect, the whole, including Colwick, getting off together. As they passed the stand, Nautilus was taking a decided lead, which he had improved to five or six lengths before they reached the distance. The running out and home to the straight ground, offered no feature of interest, save that Oakstick and Bulwark were beaten off. As they closed the distance, however, Hyllus, Charles, and the Recorder, constituted the front rank, and the pace was very resolute, nothing else having a chance; indeed, they had the race to themselves. Every inch these three contested with great severity, Charles winning only in the last four strides, by a head: he was finely ridden by Job Marson one of the most promising of the rising northern jockeys.

The Duke of Richmond's Plate, handicap, brought eleven together, and a capital race they made; five or six of them running abreast till they were close upon the stand. There, All-Fours, who had been well up, fell a little astern, the three placed, Remnant, Mulciber, and the Melody colt (why don't they give him a name of some kind or other?) setting at it as fierce as furies, the former, winning by a length, a very fine race. The Anglesey Stakes, an amateur performance, brought forward half-a-dozen aspirants, the veteran, Osbaldeston, being the conqueror on Currycomb, beating Capt. Gardnor on Dismal Jemmy, and another or so, that one could not have pitied had one been a walking sympathy. On the conclusion of this race I made the best of my way to the Woking station of the South Western Railway. There they embarked me in a special train, as their advertisements held out; in fact, behind some thousand tons of live and dead lumber, drawn by an engine, that started at seven miles an hour, and ended at two.

"GRAVEN."



THIS splendid trophy was presented to the Goodwood Meeting, 1841, by H.R.H. the Duke of Orleans. It is in the style of the time of Francis the First. The handles are composed of two figures of Victory, with extended wings, holding in their hands branches of acanthus, which extend to the neck of the Cup, above which four figures appear to be restraining the impatience of rampant steeds. The terminations of the handles divide the body of the Cup in two equal parts. On one side, in bas relief, is represented a tournament in the fifteenth century, and on the other, the carousel given by Louis XIV., in 1668, in the square adjoining the Tuileries, which still retains the name of "The Carousel." Beneath the upper frieze, on that part forming the bottom of the Cup, are four medallions; the first depicting a French rider, on a horse of the Limousin breed; the second, an English race-horse, ridden by an English jockey; and the two others, a German and an Arabian horse, mounted by riders of their respective countries. The height of the vase is twenty-seven inches and a half; its breadth, eighteen; and its weight, 600 ounces. The value is £500.

SPORTING SKETCHES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

BY M. H. PERLEY, ESQ.

No. 9.—LA BELLE TOLOTAH.

SEVERAL days were spent in ascending the Obscache; at times paddling swiftly along its rich alluvial banks, covered with luxuriant vegetation, beside which the deep, dark waters of the river flowed with gentle current; and then, again, toiling and struggling up a boiling rapid, in some narrow, rocky pass, where the pent-up waters were broken and lashed into foam, ere they regained their usual steady and placid course. On one occasion we encountered a rapid which, although long and violent, ran quite straight, and our Indians insisted that we could surmount it without a *décharge*; but in this they seemed likely to be mistaken, for twice we nearly gained the top, yet on each occasion had we failed, and been compelled to return to the bottom, and recommence the ascent. Before starting for the third time, the trim of the canoes was altered, and we moved up the lower half of the rapid very slowly; then, by desperate efforts of strength, combined with great skill and dexterity, we succeeded in getting over the upper pitch, and pushed into an eddy, where we paused to take breath. The rocks here were of fine grey sandstone, lying horizontally in thin sheets, with the different layers very distinctly marked, and as the banks of the stream were quite perpendicular, they bore much resemblance to a lofty stone wall of ancient workmanship. From between two of the layers of sandstone we observed a jet of water, gushing out with considerable force, and as it looked cool and inviting, we landed to refresh ourselves with a draught from the living spring. Cups were hastily filled and eagerly quaffed, but oh! what grimaces and contortions followed! It was a powerfully impregnated mineral spring, destitute of smell, but, when swallowed, of great effect, and we had the satisfaction of being treated to an aperient draught, quite gratuitously and unexpectedly.

In ascending the river we found abundance of small trout everywhere, and amused ourselves with taking them from the canoes as we glided along, and in shooting whatever came in our way. We met with numbers of the *tee-tee-squass*, the green sandpipers, which, during the summer season, frequent the margins of inland streams, where they are generally found in pairs. They run very swiftly along the shores, and often into the shallows of the water, for they can swim a little, their feet being partially webbed, and the feathers, on the under part of their bodies, close and waterproof, like those of the swimming birds. The *tee-tee-squass*, as the Milicetes call them, are noisy birds, yet the shrill and wailing cries they utter are rather pleasant, as they serve to break the silent stillness of the lonely streams. We shot them as they flitted from side to side of the river, always, when disturbed, flying up the stream, and so keeping before us; they were exceedingly fat, and most delicious eating: when not torn by the shot, and carefully

stripped of the feathers, and dressed, their bodies looked very like little lumps of butter.

Occasionally we landed to shoot pigeons, and amuse ourselves in the forest ; but as the weather was very warm and dry, it became necessary to push on briskly, as the river fell rapidly. We reached the beginning of the *portage* in the afternoon of an exceedingly hot day, and then proceeded to make up our packs, intending to march across to the head waters of the Chemenpeek, distant about three miles, and there encamp for the night, leaving the canoes to be brought over the next morning. From the carelessness of some of the parties, who had formerly crossed the *portage*, in neglecting to extinguish their camp fires (a duty no thorough woodsman neglects), all the forest trees and shrubs had been burned for a considerable distance around ; a few of the naked and sapless trunks, blackened and charred by the fire, were yet standing, but the greater portion, as they gradually decayed, had, from time to time, been thrown down by violent winds, and they lay across the *portage* in the wildest confusion and entanglement. We could perceive traces of an old path, but it had not, apparently, been used for many years, and was now so covered and choked up with fallen timber, as to render it exceedingly laborious and fatiguing, and, in many places, almost impossible to get through, without the free use of the axe to clear the way. No description can do justice to the difficulty of passing through a piece of "burnt wood," where the trees have fallen and cover the ground with massive network ; and encumbered as we were with our heavy packs, guns, rods, and spears, which it was frequently necessary to lay down, in order to use the axes, our progress was necessarily slow. To add to our discomfort, there was not a breath of air stirring, to temper the suffocating heat, or relieve us from the tormenting stings of the mosquitoes and black-flies, which assailed us in perfect clouds, covering our necks and temples with blood, and setting us half mad with the irritation arising from their incessant bites. The stifling heat, and motionless state of the atmosphere, were suddenly relieved by the rush and roar of one terrific blast of wind, which barely preceded the vivid flash of the forked lightning, and the loud and startling crash of the heavy thunder ; the rain followed, not in drops, but in perfect sheets, as if a floodgate had just been opened, and the water allowed to pour down upon the parched and thirsty earth in one unbroken column. We had been so long delayed in toiling and struggling among the "cross timber," that night fell ere we had effected one half the distance across the *portage*. Although wet to the skin with the first plump of the rain, and our packs greatly increased in weight by the water they had absorbed, we still struggled on to reach the shelter of the green-wood, which we expected to find on the banks of the Chemenpeek, having had a distant view of it just before sunset. The night was intensely dark, and we should not have been able to proceed but for the vivid lightning, the flashes of which followed each other in such rapid succession as to light up the wild and dreary scene around us with one continued lurid glare, giving a most unearthly appearance to the dry and withered remains of the half-burnt and blackened trees, which were tossed together in every variety of form and position. Nothing could be more desolate or appalling than the appearance of that "burnt

country," so utterly destitute of vegetation, and affording not the slightest shelter from the pelting of the storm; viewed, as we saw it, by the lightning's flash, amid a torrent of rain, the heavy thunder booming and crashing around us, and the wind sweeping over it in fitful gusts of the most violent character.

With the heavy loads which pressed upon us, it was no easy task to make our way through the fallen timber which obstructed our path; but, resolutely struggling on, our perseverance was at length rewarded: we reached the shelter of the green-wood, and the Indians quickly threw down their packs and prepared to encamp. Sabattis struck a light, and set fire to the pendulous bark of a grey birch tree, which, wet as it was, instantly blazed all along the trunk, even to the very top—a height of some thirty or forty feet. This enormous natural torch enabled us to select our ground; and then two salmon-spears being thrust into the ground with a gentle slope, a Macintosh cloak was stretched across them, at once giving shelter to ourselves and the stores. A roaring fire next gave a cheerful appearance to the spot, rousing our spirits with its genial glow, and the promise of comfort which it afforded. The Indians exerted themselves with great spirit and alacrity, and we soon had the satisfaction of finding ourselves under a dry camp, with a blazing fire in front, the prospect of a warm supper, and snug sleeping quarters, let the storm rage as it might. An almost incredibly short space of time sufficed to convert a dreary spot in the lonely wilderness into a habitation for man, and to vest it with many of the signs and tokens of active life and human enjoyment: and now that our toils for the night were over, we ate our supper, enjoyed our jokes, and sunk into deep sleep, lulled by the low rolling of the thunder, as it died away in the distance, and the soft patter of the rain which fell gently and steadily on our wigwam.

We slept long and soundly, nor did we rouse until the sun had attained considerable height, penetrating the thick wood in which we were encamped with his bright and cloudless beams, and displaying to great advantage the varied hues of the foliage around us, refreshed and heightened by the recent rain, which yet clung to it in crystal drops. The Indians had quietly departed before we were awake, to bring up the canoes from the Obscache, and, during their absence, we prepared and ate our breakfast; after which came the task of cleaning our fire-arms, which were in very unserviceable condition. Our blankets and clothes had been dried by the great fire kept up during the night, and a very few hours saw us again on the march, with everything refitted and in good order; the morning air, cleared by the violence of the thunder-storm, was balmy and exhilarating as it came to us, loaded with the delightful odours of the verdant forest. A quarter of a mile brought us to the banks of the Chemenpeek, and, notwithstanding the rain which had fallen the preceding night, its waters afforded the most perfect contrast to those of the Obscache, and were bright beyond belief. The river was clear almost to a fault, for we could see scores of beautiful trout swimming about, even when standing at some little distance from the water's edge: we caught a few, and were delighted with the brilliancy of their appearance, so very different from the dark fish we had for some days been taking in the other river. The flies we found it necessary to use in the bright

waters of the Chemenpeek, were small and neat, and of quiet colours, and our finest and most perfect casting-lines were required to ensure success; while in the brown flood of the Obscache, we had used the largest and gaudiest flies, with the coarsest tackle, and taken any number of fish we thought proper.

Two days were spent in descending the Chemenpeek, which we found had, in general, a gravelly and rocky bottom, and was much obstructed by shallow rapids: these caused considerable delay, as they were seldom deep enough to shoot without endangering the canoes. On the morning of the third day we found the water deepen, and we made rapid progress; after a run of a few miles we shot a long rapid, and at the foot met the flood-tide. Here we halted, and in four hours' fishing at the tail of the rapid, just where the fresh and salt water mingled, the captain and myself caught upwards of 200 trout, the smallest of which weighed nearly a pound, and the largest about four pounds, or, perhaps, more. These fish differed widely from those found in the upper part of the same river; they were well-fed sea-trout, fresh run, very short in proportion to their depth and thickness, possessing great activity and strength, the most powerful fish, and most difficult to kill, of any I have met with in British America. In springing at the small gaudy salmon-flies, which they preferred to all others, they threw themselves entirely out of the water, and we found it absolutely necessary to restrict ourselves to one fly only, as, if more were on the line, two or three fish would be hooked at the same time, when they would all be lost, and it were well if the casting-line did not also go with them. Take it for all in all, it is one of the most splendid spots for fly-fishing in New Brunswick; and, ere this article appears in the pages of the *SPORTING REVIEW*, I hope again to wet a line in it, and enjoy some good sport. And should any brother of "the gentle art" find his way into this thriving colony, with the view of trying the fly-fishing, the writer will be most happy to give him directions for finding this favoured spot, where he will have sport, and to spare; for it is certain that almost every tide brings up fresh-run fish from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which ascend no further up the river than the foot of the rapid, where they remain for a season to taste the fresh water, and thus an inexhaustible supply is furnished to the sportsman.

With the ebb-tide we found the fishing fall off; then we dined, on a splendid boiled fish, the flesh of which was of a bright red, and very firm, with snowy curds between the flakes, a proof of the excellence of its condition. Our provisions were nearly exhausted, and it was necessary we should proceed to the coast to obtain a fresh supply; so we took advantage of the strong ebb-tide, and made good progress down the river. We had not proceeded many miles, when we found that it opened into a wide estuary, over which sported numerous flocks of sea-fowl, of various descriptions, some upon the waters and others upon the wing; among the latter the tern were most conspicuous, and they afforded us fine sport in shooting them from the canoes. When one was brought down, hundreds would hover over the fallen bird, uttering their peculiar mournful cry, and we amused ourselves in dropping them right and left, until quite tired of the sport, when we gathered the product of the forage. The tern adds considerably to the

interest of places it frequents, by the freedom and rapidity of its movements, and the plaintive wailings of its voice; they are birds of light weight, but clean and firm made, with very long pointed wings and forked tails. Their length is between eight and nine inches, with more than a foot and a half in the stretch of the wings; the upper part of the body, the wings, and the tail are a pale bluish grey; the top of the head is black, while all the under parts of the body are pure white; the legs and feet are of a bright red colour, and so is the bill, all but the tip, which is black. The terns career over the waters much in the same manner that swallows do over the land, whence they are sometimes called sea-swallows; the style in which they twitch down to seize the small fishes and fry that are near the surface of the water is really very splendid, and one knows not whether most to admire their rapidity of flight, or facility of descent to tip the surface of the water, and instantly again to ascend and be on the wing. How they can see with such unerring certainty, and change their motion so instantaneously from the forward rush of the wing to an absolute perpendicular descent, as if it were a stone or piece of lead falling, is a matter which cannot be very well explained, or even understood; but that they do it is certain; and as vision is the only sense they can have to guide them, their powers, in that respect, must be wonderful.

We shot several varieties of plover, and a few of the sea-ducks, or divers; but these last are very difficult to get at; and as we were now in the country of the Micmacs, whose camps we saw at a distance, we left off shooting, and pulled towards a cove where we noticed a large number of wigwams, determined upon taking up our quarters among them, not much to the satisfaction of our Milicetes, who dislike their neighbours exceedingly, and avoid intercourse with them as much as possible.

The Micmacs were formerly a very fierce and powerful tribe of Indians, who possessed the whole of Nova Scotia, and all the eastern coast of New Brunswick to the Baie des Chaleurs, where the river Nepisiguit formed the boundary between them and the Mohawks, a brave and numerous people, yet more fierce, and not so deceitful as the Micmacs.

The Mohawks are long since extinct in this part of British America, and I am not aware that any of the real descendants of this high-spirited and untameable people can now be said to exist. They defended the country which the Great Spirit had given them, with stern resolution and unflinching intrepidity, maintaining a proud independence to the last:—they died, but yielded not.

The Micmacs are still scattered along our eastern coast in very considerable numbers; they are a people much attached to the sea-side, seldom wandering far from it; whence the Milicetes, who delight in penetrating into the depths of the forest, and roaming among the lakes and streams in the interior of the Province, call them "salt-water Indians," always speaking of them with great contempt, from their want of skill in hunting, and their disregard of the mysteries of wood-craft, upon which the Milicetes so much pride themselves.

On reaching the wigwams, we found that they were deserted, but that the occupants had not been long gone, for the ashes of their fires

were still warm ; so we selected the most comfortable camp, which we occupied for the night, our Indians desiring us to keep our guns loaded near our heads, in readiness for immediate use in case we should be suddenly disturbed, and any difficulty take place. The night passed off quietly, and the morning meal completely finished all our stores ; the bread-bag was shaken and produced little but dust ; the last scrap of meat was eaten, and the tin tea-canister emitted nothing but a hollow sound ; so, swallowing the last *coup* of brandy, we paddled about ten miles to the mouth of the river, where we found some three or four ships from Britain, at anchor, loading with timber, inside an extensive sand-bar, which, acting as a breakwater, warded off from the haven the effects of the heavy rolling surf which continually thundered in upon it. We boarded the first ship we neared, and my friend and myself scrambled up her lofty sides, greatly astonishing the worthy skipper by the purity of our English, he having mistaken us for a party of Milicetes, as we wore the dress of that tribe, and not having been shaved for some time, were not, at first, suspected to be "children of the pale faces." We soon explained our position, and related our adventures in the forest, stating that we needed an outfit of stores for our return, which the skipper, a right hearty fellow, and true son of the ocean, agreed to furnish, inviting us, in the meantime, to join him at his early dinner. The fish and fowl in our canoes were handed up for the use of the ship's company, and our light barks were left towing astern of the heavy timber-ship, thus affording the most perfect contrast imaginable ; the canoe, all lightness, grace, and beauty—the ship, heavy, black, and clumsy, a floating mountain in comparison to our fairy-like craft.

We had a capital dinner, and the skipper gave us some excellent Schiedam, which he had brought from Hamburg, the last port he had visited ; after the cloth was drawn, he produced meerschaums and cigars, apologizing for having no wine fit to offer us, and regretting that all he had on board consisted of some weak wishy-washy French trash, not fit for an Englishman to drink, with which he had been cheated in Hamburg. At our request, the steward brought a bottle, from the taper neck of which we extracted a very long cork, and found the contents to be capital claret ; we praised it much, and drank freely, but the skipper declined joining, preferring, instead, to pledge us in *schnaps*, rather than let any of "the sour French stuff" down his case-hardened throat, and so all parties were satisfied. He told us that the Acadians on the coast (descendants of the French who were the first settlers) brought him excellent oysters daily, at the moderate rate of one shilling per bushel ; that they charged a half-penny each for lobsters, which he had latterly refused to give, they being so exceedingly plentiful in the harbour, that the sailors at work on the rafts of timber along side were continually killing them with the boat-hooks and pike-poles, and catching them in pieces of net, and even bread bags fastened to hoops from the provision casks. The skipper assured us that from the hour of his arrival in the river, the ship's coppers had never been clear of lobsters night or day, and that he was so heartily tired and disgusted with seeing them continually caught, boiled, torn to pieces, and devoured, that he should never wish to see a lobster again so long as he lived.

Our Indians were most hospitably regaled in the fore-castle, and were highly delighted with their visit to the ship, and the reception with which they met; but as we had all feasted to our heart's content, it was thought advisable for us to be off, and resume our forest life. The skipper, with true English hospitality, insisted on fitting us out most abundantly with the stores we needed; and, after heartily shaking hands with him, and thanking him for his exceeding kindness, we seated ourselves in the canoes, when we found that, in addition to a liberal allowance of claret, he had added sundry square Dutch flasks of his favourite Schiedam, interspersed with a number of neat little bottles of Copenhagen cherry-brandy. Against this excess of generosity we remonstrated, without effect; while the worthy skipper stood in the gangway, hat in hand, and his jolly red face glowing in the evening sun, prepared to give us a cheer at parting. We pushed off, and then we had three cheers from the ship's company, such cheers as sailors, and British sailors only, can give! One of the blue jackets, who was on the raft of timber alongside, in the excess of his zeal, flung his tarpaulin into the air, and attempting to catch it as it fell, missed his foot, and pitched headlong into the water; our canoes were turned like lightning to push to his assistance; but, as he rose, a mess-mate caught him with a boat-hook, and he was safe. Sabattis, on seeing there was no further danger, gravely remarked to the sailor who was holding on his brother tar by the boat-hook, "Brother! you catch 'em bery large lobster dis time. How you boil so big one?" This sally elicited a roar of laughter from the jolly tars, who swore the Indian was a right funny fellow, and that he should have a glass of grog, and one cheer more.

At length we were fairly off, and with the flood-tide proceeded rapidly up the river to the same camp we had occupied the night previously. We found the wigwams still tenantless; and we had just secured our stores, and lighted a fire, when Mahteen rushed in to announce that the Micmacs were coming, and we went forth to receive them. They were, not, however, the proprietors of the wigwams, but a party from a branch of the river higher up, who had been down to the coast, gathering shell-fish, and shooting sea-fowl; they were on their return, and, like ourselves, had stopped at the camping-place for a night's lodging. The Micmac and Milicete languages are entirely different; yet our Indians managed to converse with the new comers in a mixture of French, English, and Indian, which made a most extraordinary confusion of tongues. We were treated with the utmost civility and attention, and the whole of the party, generally stout, well-built men, amounting to thirty or more, visited us in succession; they brought us abundance of fine fresh oysters, and, in return, we treated them to tea and ship-biscuit; so the evening went off very harmoniously and pleasantly.

A widow and her daughter, who accompanied the party, were among the first to visit us, and quite established themselves in our camp, where they were very useful in making and helping the tea, assisting us to do the honours and entertain the company. When the last visitor had left, the widow told us that her name was Keewozoe; that she was a Milicete, which we had suspected from the first, as well from the contour of the face, as from her speaking the Milicete lan-

guage quite fluently. Her daughter's name, she said, was Tolotah; she was a bright flower of the forest, numbering about sixteen summers, whom, from the moment of her coming, we had been gazing upon and admiring. Tolotah was one of the most perfect Indian beauties I ever beheld; light, easy, and graceful in her motions, with a magnificent dark and sparkling eye, full of life and intelligence. Her silvery voice and sunny smile were really enchanting, quite too much, we soon found, for the susceptibility of our young Indian, Mahteen, who was speechless with admiration, and watched every movement of the fair young squaw, and each glance of her bright eye, as if perfectly fascinated. We complimented Keewozoe on the beauty of her daughter; and she told us, with no small share of motherly pride and exultation, that her girl was universally admired and greatly sought after; that the young Frenchmen on the coast extolled her charms exceedingly, always calling her "La Belle Tolotah," a designation by which she had become generally known among her tribe. The old woman took an opportunity of telling the captain and myself, that her daughter had been frequently asked in marriage, but that, as yet, no one had struck her fancy, which was somewhat wayward and capricious; and she added, that they were on their way to a settlement of the Micmacs, where a chief resided, who had lately become a widower, and had given Keewozoe to understand that he wished her daughter to become his bride, a match she was very anxious to bring about; and she was taking Tolotah to the settlement, ostensibly on a visit to a brother-in-law, but, in reality, with the expectation of effecting a marriage between her and the widowed chief. As our camp was a large one, we invited the old squaw and her daughter to remain in it for the night, to which they consented. The Indians sat by the fire, sipping tea and chewing biscuit, evincing no desire to rest: we noticed that Mahteen seemed to have found the use of his tongue, and had seated himself by the side of Tolotah, whom he had engaged in close and earnest conversation. She had learned enough of the Milicete language from her mother to converse in it readily, and she seemed by no means averse to receiving the attentions of Mahteen, appearing rather to encourage them: as he was a fine-looking young fellow, quick-witted and active, with great fluency of speech, and an easy off-hand manner, he seemed well calculated to win the smiles of the petted and half-spoiled beauty of the Micmacs. The captain and myself, rolled in our blankets, slept soundly until daybreak, when we were roused by the general stir and preparation for departure. It was the morning of the sabbath, and a calm and beautiful morning it was; the first rays of the rising sun were cast upon us, as our little fleet of canoes pushed from the shore, and we proceeded briskly up stream with the Micmacs, who induced us to accompany them to their settlement, whence they assured us we could easily *portage* to the head-waters of a river, called the Misgosquil, which would take us down to the St. John by a shorter route than that by which we last came.

We reached the settlement early in the forenoon, and spent a rather pleasant day with our new acquaintance, but did not feel perfectly at ease, the Micmacs being of a more sullen and reserved character than the Milicetes, and of much more violent temper. We saw the chief, who was desirous of obtaining Tolotah as a wife, and at

once decided that he was the ugliest Indian we had seen : he was old enough to be the father of his intended bride ; but, fancying himself still young and handsome, he commenced paying attentions to Tolotah, which were received most ungraciously, for which she was severely rebuked by Keewozoze. Then Tolotah, for the first time, began to understand the purpose for which she had been brought to the settlement, when the proud blood mantled in her cheek, and her dark eye flashed forth most fiery glances of anger and contempt. In the evening, as my friend and myself were strolling by the river side, we came suddenly upon Mahteen and Tolotah, who were conversing in hurried whispers at the edge of a thicket of young cedar, when they vanished almost instantaneously in different directions : but from the hour, the place, and the secrecy of the meeting, we concluded that Mahteen was making progress in the affections of the belle, and determined to give him all the assistance in our power.

The next day the Micmacs helped our Indians to carry the canoe and stores to the Misgosquil, by a *portage* of about four miles ; while this was being effected, we spent the time in spearing conger-eels which are there found of very great size, and excessively fat. They are taken by the Indians in large quantities for the purpose of being salted down, when they are sold to the lumbermen for winter use in the woods, where they are much esteemed as wholesome food, and an agreeable change of diet. The carrying party did not return until the afternoon, in consequence of being delayed in clearing out the *portage* road, which had not been used for some time, and then we made ready to take leave of the Micmacs, and proceed on our route. Sabattis and Mahteen reported that all had been got safely over, and they took the few small articles which remained, leaving the captain and myself our guns only to carry : thus lightly equipped, the Micmacs passed us in their canoes over the stream near which they were encamped, to the opposite side, where the *portage* commenced. There was a very general turn out to see us off, and we took that opportunity of distributing a few presents which we had provided for such an occasion ; but Tolotah was nowhere to be found, and we gave a pretty necklace of beads, which was specially reserved for her, to Keewozoze, with strict injunctions to deliver it to her daughter in our names. The afternoon was well advanced when we took our final leave, and struck into the forest ; we moved steadily on for about half a mile, when a halt was called by Mahteen, who had hitherto been very silent, and seemed lost in deep thought. We seated ourselves by a cool spring, to listen to what he had to say, when he explained to us, in very few words, that "La Belle Tolotah," utterly disgusted with the match which was intended to be forced upon her, had agreed to go off with him, and join his fortunes, for better or worse. He earnestly desired us to wait until after nightfall, when she would join us ; then we could get to our canoes, and, by proceeding all night down the Misgosquil, would, before morning, be far beyond the Micmac country, and out of the reach of pursuit.

Sabattis, at first, expressed his entire disapprobation of such a proceeding, as likely to lead to a quarrel between the tribes ; but we told him very peremptorily that he must give his best assistance, for we were determined to succeed in the adventure, and carry off the

Micmac beauty at all hazards ; so, finding that we were fully bent on the measure, he entered zealously into our plans, when it was arranged that he should go over to the Misgosquil, load the canoes, and remain in them afloat, ready to start on the instant we should arrive with the fair fugitive, while we remained with Mahteen to escort her across the *portage*, and assist him in case of pursuit or a scuffle. In pursuance of this arrangement, Sabattis forthwith proceeded to the canoes, and, after nightfall, Mahteen, the captain, and myself returned to the bank of the stream we had just left, opposite to the encampment, where we lay concealed in a thicket, waiting until all should have retired to rest. At length, when everything appeared perfectly quiet, Mahteen imitated the sharp cry of the night hawk three times in succession ; the signal was heard and understood, for, in a few minutes, we saw a light figure on the opposite bank, stealthily slip into a canoe, which was allowed to drop a little down stream with the current, and was then pushed quickly across. The next moment Tolotah sprung on shore ; and, as there was not a moment to be lost, we all started by the *portage* path in double quick time ; in less than an hour we reached the Misgosquil, where we found everything ready ; so we leaped into the canoes, wrapped Tolotah in our blankets, and were off instantly. There being a strong current in the river, we swept swiftly along, and were highly elated with our success, but were told by Sabattis not to be in too great a hurry ; that about twenty miles further down the Misgosquil there was a long and dangerous rapid, which he knew well ; this rapid the Micmacs could reach by another *portage* of about nine miles, in consequence of a great bend in the river ; and that if Tolotah were missed soon after her departure, we might make up our minds to be intercepted there, and, perhaps, have a brush : we therefore plied steadily at our paddles, in the hope of passing the rapid before day-break, but the darkness just before day delayed us considerably, and the first grey streaks of dawn were appearing, when Sabattis told us that another mile would bring us to the rapid : we soon neared it ; and the acute senses of the Indians told them that a fire was lighted in its vicinity, for they smelt the strong and pungent smoke of burning wood.

The left bank of the stream was bold and precipitous, while the right sloped easily down to the water's edge, and on that side we might expect to find our pursuers. Sabattis landed on the left bank, and, crawling along the top of the cliff, discovered that about half a dozen Micmacs were seated by a fire at the water side, near the crest of the rapid, each with a gun across his knee, and that two others were just beginning to fall into the stream a large pine standing on the bank, for the purpose of stopping our passage should we attempt to run the rapid, a very unusual thing without making a *décharge*, and using great care and precaution. We were told briefly, but expressively, that we must run the rapid at all hazards, as our only chance of escape. Sabattis said that he with the captain in their canoe would lead, while Mahteen would follow closely with the other, in which were Tolotah and myself. We dropped down under the shadow of the cliffs until near the top of the rapids, when we dashed boldly for the middle of the stream, and just as the canoes sprung almost together over the first pitch, we were discovered ; a bullet whistled

over us; but the canoes were now in the boiling, foaming, and roaring torrent—leaping, plunging, and flying along with the speed of sea-mews in a gale. The rapid, a quarter of a mile long, was passed in an incredibly short space of time, Sabattis leading in beautiful style; and although the Micmacs, yelling like fiends, had each a shot at us, Mahteen did not lose his self-possession, until at the last pitch, where there was a short turn, he allowed the canoe to swerve slightly and take one plunge. A little water was shipped, but it was of no moment; and then we answered the yells of the Micmacs with shouts of exultation at our perfect safety: we had turned the bend of the stream; were off in a different direction, with a swift rushing current, beyond the danger of pursuit, and the bride was won!

All that day, however, we kept steadily on, halting only once for refreshment, and, before sunset, reached the principal village of the Milicetes, where we found the priest attached to that mission. Brief was the shrift he gave the young couple; and, ere we threw ourselves down to rest from our fatigue, we witnessed the marriage ceremony, in the curious bower called the chapel, congratulated Mahteen, and wished all health and happiness in the marriage state to "LA BELLE TOLOTAH!"

St. John, New Brunswick.

A MONTH IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

BY NIMROD.

(Continued from page 21.)

OF the servants to the Quorn hounds I have a few observations to make. Webb, the huntsman, I was given to believe, would quit Mr. Hodgson's service at the expiration of the season—at all events, as soon as Mr. Hodgson could replace him. On this subject I ventured to offer a word of advice to my old friend; namely, not to get rid of Webb until he was sure of replacing him by a better huntsman and servant.

In my opinion, Webb was a *sportsman*, and one of a high order; in one particular, indeed—the run of his fox, as the term is—he excels; and I found this to be the opinion of those who had had more experience of him than myself. The condition of his hounds, also, no one could find fault with; I saw them at the finish of some very hard days, and in dry and hot weather, but there was no drooping of sterns, nor any symptoms of distress beyond what is the natural result of such trying circumstances. Touching his horsemanship, I think there would be nothing to find fault with, if he had been horsed equal to what his country requires; but inasmuch as there is no making silken purses out of sows' ears, so there is no making middling horses first-rate ones, which a huntsman to the Quorn hounds requires. Mr.

Hodgson, however, is well aware that it is necessary for a huntsman not only to be near his hounds at all times, but, occasionally, to be able to head his field; and there is no doubt that whoever hunts the Quorn hounds next season will have nothing to complain of on that score. "Mr. Hodgson," said I to Mr. Potter, the dealer, "will lay out a thousand pounds on horseflesh; and I know not whither he can go, with a better chance of success, than to your stables for the purpose. If he does, let the horses you shew him be of the right stamp for the country they are intended for. Let them be deep-bodied, on short legs, not under fifteen hands three inches; well bred, but with plenty of bone; and, above all things, long in the frame, and with good mouths."

The two whippers-in to the Quorn hounds came with Mr. Hodgson, from Holderness, and are everything that can be wished for in men in their situation. They are good-looking, business-like men, very zealous sportsmen, and fine horsemen. Of the zeal of one of them, Ned Entaby, the second whip, let the following anecdote shew to what an extraordinary—what an unheard-of—what an unjustifiable extent he carried it. I say "unjustifiable," because no man has a right so to trifle with his own existence as to put it in such imminent peril, and for such a purpose—for anything, indeed, short of an attempt to save the life of a fellow-creature.

As Mr. Hodgson's hounds were running into their fox, in the Holderness country, one of those awful, though not uncommon events occurred, by which two of his hounds, Hudibras and Lavender, were precipitated down a precipice of 170 yards, or 510 feet! Hudibras was killed on the spot; but the life of Lavender was preserved until she had produced her whelps, with which she was at that time pregnant, and which proved to be very good hounds. And how was her life preserved? Why, by the most extraordinary feat of the kind that, perhaps, was ever performed by man. Ned—unknown to his master—suffered himself to be let down (there was no other way of getting at the object of his extreme solicitude) by a single rope, not even fastened round his body; but down which he went, by merely the clip of his hands; and up which he returned, in the same manner, with Lavender in his arms! Now, whoever has a just idea of the weight of a fine foxhound bitch, and at the same time takes a view, in his own mind, of a man, encumbered by such a weight, clambering up a rope to the stupendous height of 170 yards, solely by the use of hands;—whoever, I say, does this, must agree with me in considering the feat in question to be one without a parallel in the annals of difficult and daring exertions—amongst landmen, at least, who are not, like the heroes of the blue jacket, accustomed to go aloft beyond the climbing of a tree. On my asking Ned if he was not alarmed for his situation, his answer was truly characteristic. "I can't say as I was, sir," said he; "my whole thought was upon the bitch." On my also asking him whether he were not greatly fatigued before he gained the height, he replied, that he was not, having occasionally rested himself on the projecting crags of the rock! "It is contempt of death," says some one, "that ennobles the profession of the soldier." May it not be applied to the sportsman?

To return to Webb. He came to Mr. Hodgson from Mr. Conyers,

whose pack is one of the few that I have yet to see. "They hunt a rough country," said Webb; "but the foxes are stout, and require a deal of killing;" and he spoke of his old master, as a zealous and good sportsman, "heart and soul in the whole thing,"—the *sine quâ non* of a master of hounds. On my asking him how he got off as to falls, in that close and cramped country, which I hear Mr. Conyers's is, he replied, "Pretty well, although all but with the loss of one of his ears, which his horse put his foot upon, and tore." But his wife—I must not pass her over. Independently of her being an excellent housewife, she is exactly fitted for her lot in life. She is celebrated for her skill in rearing cubs and whelps; and I could judge of her zeal, in all relating to hounds, by her manner when shewing me the pictures that adorned the sitting-room of her husband's comfortable crib. And, as Mr. Delmé Radcliffe observes, a huntsman deserves a comfortable crib. "His interests," says he (addressing himself to masters), "are identified with your own: and you should take care that he has wherewithal to be happy and contented in your service. His comforts, and those of his wife and family, if he have either, or both, should not be overlooked."

Thursday, 16th.—Mr. Hodgson being at Allextton with his hounds, as already noticed by me, I had this day to myself; but it was far from being a *dies non*. Accompanied by Mr. Earl, landlord to Mr. Hodgson, and one of the most obliging persons in the world, I spent some hours in perambulating the classic remains of Quorn, and recalled those days in which it was the chosen residence of the most renowned sportsmen of Meynell's glorious reign. There was the house in which the celebrated Mr. Childe resided, the first to shew them what the pace is over a country, whose name and fame will never die in the fox-hunting world. Then the mansion in which the late Lord Foley, Sir Henry Peyton, and the late Sir Stephen Glynn (with Colonel Melish as their guest), were domiciled at the same time, *now* a school, kept by the Rev. Mr. Burnaby, and one of high repute. I called at the door, and saw one of the scholars, the son of Sir David Baird, who, no doubt, will imbibe some of the classic remains of once renowned Quorn; and, by way of helping him to do so, I left with him a number of the SPORTING REVIEW. I next saw the house Sir Harry Featherstone inhabited, afterwards the residence of Lord Wenlock, the Sir Robert Lauley of those days. Lord Maynard's house is still standing in *statu quo*; and, alas! the poor old hall, the seat of the king of the fox-hunters, Mr. Meynell. It is now again not only not the residence of a fox-hunter, but once more on sale, having been purchased by a very worthy person, who having unfortunately embarked in some unprofitable commercial transactions, cannot afford to live in it. It, also, is in *statu quo*; and on a former occasion, when all Mr. Hodgson's beds were occupied, I was lodged under its roof; and its fine stables, with the kennel, are in the occupation of Mr. Hodgson, who has them for the term entered into by Lord Suffield. It is quite true that, for hunting men, Quorn is ill suited, being outside of the best part of the country of the Quorn Hunt, and Melton and its vicinity now accommodate them; but I could not help thinking, that Quorn Hall, as an hotel, would still be a good speculation. After the manner of the Harborough Arms, at Melton, it would contain a certain number of sportsmen, with great

convenience and comfort, and the stabling would accommodate all their studs. It is, together with nearly 100 acres of capital grass land, to be purchased, as I am told, on terms that would render it a good investment of capital.

(To be continued.)

INDIAN HUNTING.

It is cheering to see that though thousands of miles may part us from our dear native land—though a burning sun may shed its fierce rays over us, or an icy temperature bind us by its chilly bonds—our thoughts and habits still revert to by-gone times; we endeavour, against every disadvantage, to keep up those old customs hallowed by time and the observance of our forefathers; and, though the scene may be changed, to shew that years, and their many accompanying events, can never stifle the feeling of pleasure and respect which we entertain for their memory.

Thus, then, go where you will, in whatever country a number, be it ever so small, of our countrymen may reside, you can always see an attempt, made to keep up national sports, be the locality ever so unfavourable for them, and its own sports ever so attractive. Bengal, to which I now allude, is generally allowed to bear the palm for the variety, and I may say grandeur, of its sports; and yet, though every kind of game abounds there, an attempt is still made, by our sporting countrymen, to keep up that best of our national sports—"fox-hunting."

To men like these, the cheering "view-halloo," and soul-stirring "whoop," present as great, if not greater, attractions than the death-struggles of the monarch of the forest; and a sharp burst with hounds over the baked plains of Bengal is as much appreciated by Indian sportsmen as it could ever be by Meltonians, over Leicestershire's grass fields, or Northamptonshire's stiff enclosures.

The climate of Bengal is very unfavourable to the breeding of English dogs, particularly to any species of hound. Independent of the risk of their dying, after a season or two they degenerate; and those bred in the country, if brought to maturity, which is seldom the case, never equal their parents, and seldom, indeed, turn out really good.

The only way, then, to keep up a pack here, is annually to import a certain number. This a few spirited sportsmen in Calcutta determined to do, and a club was thus formed, yecept "The Calcutta Hunt." The site of the present kennel is excellent, very roomy and commodious; far more so, indeed, than would be required in England, owing to the great heat. The present pack consists of sixteen couples, the greater part, if you can judge by looks, of the Warwickshire breed. They are mostly large, and rather heavy, and, in my

opinion, not so well suited to the country as lighter ones would be. A pack like this is kept up under every disadvantage. It can scarce be expected to obtain the best draughts from any kennel for exportation, though the price given should warrant good ones, as you are completely at the mercy of the master of the kennel whence they are bought. In addition to the great change of temperature, which must sensibly affect dogs, the confinement for five months on board ship may well account for the numerous casualties among them.

The foxes in India are very small, but run very fast and double, more like a hare; thus they shew poor sport to a pack, though excellent to greyhounds. For this reason they are seldom hunted, the country being amply supplied with jackals. In running they are very similar to a fox, but of a much darker colour. They are not so fast; but this may well be accounted for, by the little exercise they take in search of their food, which is generally close at hand; still I have seen some staunch old "warmints" run clean away from the hounds; and I think if they lived in covers, as foxes do in England, they would shew equally good runs.

The Indian hunter must be no sluggard, but fulfil the words of the song, where

"Our sires of old would rouse the day
To the sound of the bugie horn."

No breakfasting at nine, and leisurely meeting hounds at ten. At daybreak the hounds are thrown into cover, and woe to him who has delayed to fortify himself with a morning meal.

The hunting season commences about December, the weather, in the morning being then pleasantly cool. The favourite resort of jackals is a clump of sugar canes, there being but little underwood round Calcutta. The country there is very flat, devoted principally to the culture of paddy grain, intersected with numerous copses of sugar-canes. Many things tend to render the huntsman's task, in India, far from a sinecure. The great quantity of jackals, the many covers so close together, the difficulty of getting hounds well away, and, alas! though I blush while owning it, the frequent intemperance and haste of sundry young unsophisticated sportsmen, perhaps, for the first time following hounds, and who, knowing that if the game goes straight away, their chance of seeing much of the run will be but slender, make the most of time present, and either head him back, cross the scent, or ride over a hound or two, all tending to ruffle the equanimity of the huntsman's temper.

The country about Calcutta is very stiff in parts; the jumps generally consist of thick mud walls, varying from three to four feet in height, with a ditch on one side: they are, occasionally, varied by a stiff bamboo fence, or a twelve-foot ditch, with a mud wall on either side. Our crack English riders may laugh at such trifling obstacles; but when you consider that you don't ride at them from a nice springy bit of turf, or even a moderately soft bit of fallow, but from ground more like a rough pavement, they are not to be sneezed at; in fact, if a man will really *follow* the hounds, he can find plenty of stiff jumping. Another thing, a really made hunter is seldom seen in the field; the horses ridden are usually Arabs, or country bred: some few

are lucky enough to own an English horse ; but their value out here is so great, and the risks of importing them so numerous, that few possess that luxury.

When an Arab horse will jump well, which few of them do, no horse can be better suited to the country. A clever horse is of more importance than a very good leaper, as you frequently meet banks almost perpendicular, and which cannot be cleared, and the dexterity with which an Arab will crawl up them is surprising. Again, the leaps are so numerous (which the fact of there being forty-five in a steeple-chase, run here, of a mile and a half, will serve to illustrate), that a horse scarce gets over one, when he is on to another ; and thus, unless well in hand, you will have the satisfaction of finding yourself rolling some five yards from your horse, which, at first, is not visible, but on more minute investigation you detect him wedged in the deep ditch, which is just big enough to hold him ; though for a horse to fall at a leap, out here, is a daily occurrence ; yet you scarce ever hear of one being killed, which I wonder at, owing to the hardness of the ground. The runs are seldom very long ; the best this season was thirty-five minutes without a check : in fact, after the sun has risen, the scent is so very bad that hounds cannot pick it up ; so, unless a jackal is found very early, all hopes of a good run are out of the question.

The most unpleasant part of Indian hunting is when the jackal keeps dodging about the numerous bamboo copses which abound here. You run great risk of finding yourself, as if by magic, seated on the ground. On looking up, you discover a bamboo as thick as your arm stretching across, which you were prevented discovering, owing to a smaller twig having the moment before swung back and struck you across both eyes. Of course your horse is enjoying the run by himself, with far greater zest than before.

It being now May, hunting is drawing to a close ; in fact, one more run, and we wind up. The hounds have been hunted this season by W. Frith, Esq., a keen sportsman, and an ardent votary of the chase. Their behaviour and appearance certainly do him credit ; and though some have died, a season never passed with fewer casualties.

The parts where hounds in India are usually affected, are the liver and lungs. Their decease is preceded by shortness of breathing, falling off of condition, and sometimes running in the eyes. No remedy avails when the dog is once seized. I have seen one or two opened. The liver is black, and, sometimes, full of holes ; and the whole intestines present a very unhealthy appearance. It is truly disheartening to see your best dogs dying before your eyes, and know that no remedy can cure them. But the more difficulties to contend against, the more credit in overcoming them ; and, in spite of all, I trust the Calcutta hunt will continue to flourish, and invigorate us by many another gallant run."

" For when England at tyrants would hurl her defiance,
Say what makes her sons so undauntedly bleed :
'Tis the chase—'tis the study of that noble science—
Gives vigour, good health, and success to the breed."

Dumdum, May 7th.

Того.

TRAITS OF SHOOTING DOGS.*

To him who takes an interest in the conduct of his dogs, the pleasures of shooting are greatly enlarged, not only by the subjects of attention being extended, but by the good humour which their good conduct begets, and by the success that attends it. Such a one has an eye even to the colour of his favourites, and prides himself on the style of their performance. He takes the field with a brace of smooth white and lemon spotted pointers, or bright black and tan setters, or, perhaps, blue mottled, with tanned muzzles; the feathering of the legs and tail also slightly tanned, and rivalling the foxhound itself in brilliancy of hue. They are not bandy before, as if they had been brought up on the chain, under an area stair, nor straddling behind, as if they carried a bathing-machine on their backs; but are small in size, straight in the legs, long in the head, and the black part of the nose open, broad, and thin. They move lightly and easily, and in hunting carry their heads high, while their tails neither wriggle nor slouch, but describe, as they move, a handsome circle.

Some dogs of the finest nose, those, for instance, which walk direct to the game almost as soon as they enter a field, are yet not distinguished by style in hunting. We once had a red-and-white setter of this sort, which we bought for only six guineas. He was, we really think, a perfectly broke dog, besides being a retriever; and we verily believe that he has found game, and led us up to it, from a quarter of a mile off. On entering a field, he used to stand for a little, and raise his nose, as if looking where game could be, but in reality to smell the air. He trotted slowly on, in this position, across the wind; and gradually, as he perceived the scent, he got up the wind and stiffened his tail, until he came to a fix upon the game, not having been off the trot or walk the whole time. Such powers are valuable; but how different, in point of style, are a leash of black-and-white spotted dogs, quartering their ground, each within the beat of the other, at an easy hand-gallop. Gipsy gets the scent as she puts her fore feet to the ground; and in a moment her hind ones swing round to the point, her nose in the wind, like a handy sea-boat brought up by her anchor. Jerry backs her on the other side, and Bob backs Jerry, waiting on both, thirty yards in the rear. To complete the picture, a bright eye and speck of red behind that tuft of heather twenty yards off, betrays an old moor-cock, and one of his family is looking over his shoulder. "Hold up, Gipsy." Whir-r-r-r, "steady;" it is a barren brace, and by waiting a second, they will form a tie as they cross each other, like Venus's doves drawing a true love-knot in a valentine. Bang! They are both down with the first barrel, and all is still again, save a downy

* In an article on taking moors, in the last number of the REVIEW, we mentioned Carlisle, of No. 8, Romilly-place, as willing to try moors, but that his charge seemed extravagant. We believe, however, that it has not been found so in effect, as, from the facility of travelling now-a-days, the whole expense has never exceeded nine pounds; and is, in general, not much beyond a half of that; while he is very competent and trustworthy. He also deals in dogs, and is one of the most respectable of that class.

feather yet floating in the air. We have reloaded, stopping the muzzle a few seconds with one hand, as we measured out the powder; and now, having picked up the birds, "Hie 'way, Gipsy, good dog."

There is much diversity in the attitude of dogs, and in their manner of coming on game. Smooth pointers, we think, the most beautiful. They are more fixed and intent-looking, their tails standing straight out. Setters rather hang the tail; and the short-tailed, or spaniel kind, quiver it with a short motion, expressive of great excitement, but apt to mislead those who are not accustomed to shoot with this kind of dog, as it seems to them a proof of indecision, and would justly be considered so, if it occurred in the pointer, which fixes the tail when he is certain of being on game. Setters go quicker than smooth dogs; and to this, perhaps, it may be attributed that they are more rash than the latter. We knew a setter belonging to a Mr. Lang, which went at such a pace, that often, on finding game, he went head over heels in the attempt to stop. Yet he was so steady, that he lay as he fell, and as though he had broke his neck, until his master came up. Most dogs approach different kinds of game in a different manner. On finding hare, very many point with one fore-foot raised from the ground. But we knew a smooth bitch, from the late Sir Harry Goodrick's kennel, which, on pointing hare, drooped about two inches of her tail, as if to indicate to the shooter behind, that the object in view was a terrestrial, and not an aerial one, and that his attention was to be turned to the ground!

Few dogs point the common bog snipe with the same earnestness that they do larger game. The tail is less raised and fixed, and the look less intent, as if the game were hardly worth notice. On coming on grouse or other game, in an open space, with scanty cover, the dog will generally follow up quickly, at a hobbling pace, the game being most likely on the run towards better shelter, or with a view to rise at a safe distance. At pheasant or black-cock, again, which lie close in the beginning of the season, or at other game in plenty of cover, the dog will stand like a haystack, rigid and earnest "from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail." The black-cock is noted for close lying; and as he leaves much foil after him, which a dog is likely to follow up through its whole course, it often puzzles both the dog and the sportsman to discover, after many a circle, what hole in the earth he can be hiding in. We once knew advantage taken of this. A respectable mathematical tutor paid a visit to some old pupils, for a day's grey-fowl shooting, in Liddesdale. A dog pointed one day in a very earnest manner, and drew nearer and nearer to his point with great caution, as if he were afraid to flush the game, which sat close. The expectation of the party was raised to the utmost, as they drew on and on, until the dog almost put his nose into a bush of rushes. "I see her," cried the host, "it's a grey hen"—"keep the dog from her"—"now, catch her, Mr. Nicol!" "Hold my gun," shouted the follower of Euclid, catching a glimpse of the brown lump in the middle of the bush, and slap he went on his hands and knees on the top of the prize. But if he was quickly down, he was much quicker up again, flinging from him a thriving hedgehog, that adhered to his hands, and left many a stinging spot upon him. A peal of laughter, in which he had some difficulty to join, was the only sympathy offered to him, except, indeed,

a few consolatory gibes. "Acute angles, these, sir." "Hard in the feather, that hen, sir." "Not so soft as Mrs. Nicol, sir!"

Nothing delights the sportsman more than symptoms of more than usual sagacity in his dog. We remember buying, for three pounds ten shillings, a young white-and-black spotted smooth puppy, just broke. He had had a severe inflammatory cold, was pinched up in the middle, and it was rather a spec. whether he should recover. But we were taken with his extreme beauty. A few gentle doses of castor oil put him all right, and he soon took the field. The first birds he found were a covey of partridges, in a hollow, which he got scent of just as he topped the brow of a rising ground, and it was beautiful to see the young thing—as if he felt how much his position exposed him to the view of the birds below, and that he was not there for that purpose—crouch to the ground, and crawl backwards behind the brow of the hill, over which he just pushed the tip of his nose towards the game. We need not say how great a favourite he became; nor did he belie the promise of his youth, being, for figure and performance, not to be matched, except in one particular, to which dogs of very high breeding are rather liable. He would not back perfectly. Give him but his nose before the other, and he was all right; but without that he was not satisfied. He was as fine in coat and shape as a greyhound; and yet we never saw setter which could stand work with him, either on moor or meadow. To be sure we put him in work before the commencement of the season, fed him well, and physicked him a little. He has often found his game from the other side of a fence; and we have seen him pointing on the top of a wall to a covey which he had found in that position, looking like "patience on a monument."

The steadiest dog in his point, and the most beautiful in his attitude, we ever saw, was a cross from a foxhound, a blue mottled smooth pointer, with tan muzzle. But it was almost his only virtue; for if a bird fell, he dashed at it, in spite of whip and voice, and little remained but the feathers, if he once reached it. If a hare shewed herself, he gave tongue like a whole pack, and it would have done the heart of a fox-hunter good to have seen the scurry the two made over the country. For us, alas! there was nothing but patience and resignation. One of the greatest instances of steadiness we are acquainted with, was that of a dog belonging to Mr. Cassels, banker, formerly of Manchester and London. At the moment when that gentleman, after a fatiguing forenoon's shooting, threw himself down on an inviting spot to lunch, his setter dog, Bang, made a point, scarcely a hundred yards off. Half from weariness, and half from a disposition to try the stanchness of the animal, the party continued their refreshment, not omitting a short siesta. The dog was observed gradually to drop to a recumbent position, as more convenient for a long watch; and when the sport was renewed, he was found still on the point, which he had kept for an hour, with the sound of busy jaws in the ears; the most trying thing in the world, certainly, for a tired dog. The game, a young bird, left behind out of a frightened pack, was bagged; and most evident and entertaining was the self-gratulation of poor Bang, shewn in many a curvet and gambol, in honour of his own merit, and quite beyond his ordinary demeanour.

We cannot say that we are partial to having pointers or setters

made to retrieve. It obliges one to hunt with but one dog; for if more be used, they cannot all retrieve at once; and those not so qualified are sure to be spoiled by following the example of the retriever, and running in to the shot without the same reason. If you can forego the pleasure of seeing a brace or more dogs hunt, point, and back to each other in turn, as "alternate they preside," then you will not only kill more game with one dog, whether on heather or stubble, but that dog may be a retrieving one. It is thought to require a better nose than ordinary to make a retriever; and, certainly, such of them as we have known, possessed that quality in a superior degree. An acquaintance of ours, Mr. Callender of Edinburgh, had a retrieving pointer, which, when bringing to him in its mouth a bird he had just shot, hit upon the scent of another,—a proof, certainly, of remarkable nose,—and which coolly laid down the shot bird, put his foot upon it, to prevent its escape, and thus pointed the newly found bird! This dog shewed considerable sagacity on another occasion, when the same gentleman was shooting in Berwickshire, on that bank of the Tweed which is opposite to Tillmouth Castle. The birds which he sprung, made across the river, there being a preserve on the other side; but one of them, which he shot while it was crossing, fell into the water, and was carried down by the stream. He would not suffer his dog to move, however, until he had reloaded, when, on getting the word—"seek dead," the observant animal galloped down the bank until he recovered sight of the floating pheasant, and then, plunging into the river, brought it safe ashore.

Smooth pointers are thought to want the peculiar faculty, or bump, of retrieving, and, certainly, do not seem to take to that accomplishment. The same gentleman had a good pointer, which, in conformity with this general opinion, he had not attempted to educate as a retriever. On one occasion, he shot a grouse, which fell into a pool of water, a little beyond reach. He put off some time trying to get the bird by throwing in stones beyond it, to cause a wave towards the shore, tying sticks together, and so on, and had given it up as lost; when happening, as he left it, to say to the dog, for want of better conversation, "Seek dead, Carlo," he was delighted and astonished to see Carlo plunge boldly in, and in another minute lay the bird at his feet. Thinking he had discovered an unlooked-for qualification in the dog, and that what he had done once he would readily do again, on any occasion, he tried him to fetch the next bird killed, which fell on dry ground; but, singularly enough, could not convince him that there was any need of his interference in that case; nor did he ever become a retriever; although it is remarkable that, on another occasion, when a bird fell into water, he again swam in for it, as if he comprehended that in such cases his services were necessary.

We have often been inclined to hazard a general conclusion, that good dogs in the field were sensible brutes in every thing else. But we are not sure if this will always hold. Mr. Lang's dog (Nelson), mentioned above, was an instance both for and against. On one occasion, his master's infant daughter was suddenly missed. The house, garden, road, and river were all searched, but to no purpose, and the family became much alarmed. At last the child was discovered asleep, as it seemed, in the farthest corner of the dog's kennel, and

Nelson lying in a dignified attitude before it. The first emotion of the parents was one of anger at the dog, and of terror for the state the little innocent might be in, especially as Nelson could not be got to stir from his position. The child was soon awoke by the attempts to get at her; and, immediately on this, the faithful and considerate Nelson came readily from his kennel, and the child was brought forth, all safe and sound, from a comfortable nap, during which he had protected her. The same dog, however, often behaved ridiculously enough on the way to the field, especially if his master were driving, and so had him less in command. The rogue, then amused himself as he ran before the gig, with what may be called playing at pointing, stopping frequently, as if pointing at game, roading it up, looking back to his master; and when the gig came up, galloping on again, with many pleasant antics, to repeat his joke.

The Big Bear of Arkansas.*

WHILE Lavater and others have given their attention to the interpretation of individual character on physiognomic principles, no one has thought of drawing any inferences from the language and forms of speech peculiar to the various nations of the earth. Probably, in many existing theories, effect is mistaken for cause; as, for instance, in phrenology; but that is no evidence against the truth of the principle. Thus, the use of the antiquated pronoun does not, by any rule of physics, turn to vinegar the milk of human kindness; yet is the maiden Rachael not prone to smile, neither friend Sadboy apt to relax the muscles of his visage. "That bastard Latin," as Byron calls the speech of modern Italy, is the mother tongue of song; and where could "quips and cranks" meet phrase so suitable as that in which they find expression on the banks of the Seine and Loire? Mrs. Trollope, and her successors, in depicting the domestic manners of the Americans, have set Jonathan, the citizen, before us, as one "pretty particularly considerably tarnation awful genuine active spry," both in vocabulary and vocation. The following sketch of a yeoman of the New World, we feel assured, is no caricature: he is, in fact, one of Nature's representatives—a sample of mankind in its earliest stage of civilization, such as the human race has exhibited since "Babel was Nimrod's hunting-seat." To be sure, he is not the style of person that the lady patronesses of Almack's would run after; nevertheless, at whatever risk of taste, we confess he is infinitely more to our kidney than the gentlemen who walk in silk attire and "Vestris" boots the parks of London and boulevards of Paris.

A steam boat on the Mississippi, in making her regular trips, frequently carries between places varying from 1,000 to 2,000 miles apart; and as these boats advertise to land passengers and freight at "all intermediate landings," the heterogeneous character of the passengers of one of these up-country boats can scarcely be

* This characteristic sketch is abridged from a paper in the "New York Spirit of the Times."

imagined by one who has never seen it with his own eyes. Starting from New Orleans in one of these boats, you will find yourself associated with men from every State in the Union, and from every portion of the globe; and a man of observation need not lack for amusement or instruction in such a crowd, if he will take the trouble to read the great book of character so favourably opened before him. Here may be seen jostling together the wealthy Southern planter, and the pedlar of tin ware from New England—the Northern merchant, and the Southern jockey—a venerable bishop, and a desperate gambler—the land speculator, and the honest farmer—professional men of all creeds and characters—Wolvereens, Suckers, Hoosiers, Buckeyes, and Corn-crackers, beside a “plentiful sprinkling” of the half-horse and half-alligator species of men, who are peculiar to “old Mississippi,” and who appear to gain a livelihood simply by going up and down the river. In the pursuit of pleasure or business, I have frequently found myself in such a crowd.

On one occasion, when in New Orleans, I had occasion to take a trip of a few miles up the Mississippi, and I hurried on board the well-known, “high-pressure-and-beat-every-thing” steambot *Invincible*, just as the last note of the last bell was sounding, and when the confusion and bustle that is natural to a boat’s getting under way had subsided, I discovered that I was associated in as heterogeneous a crowd as was ever got together. As my trip was to be of a few hours duration only, I made no endeavours to become acquainted with my fellow passengers, most of whom would be together many days. Instead of this, I took out of my pocket the “latest paper,” and more critically than usual examined its contents; my fellow passengers at the same time disposed of themselves in little groups. While I was thus busily employed in reading, and my companions were more busily still employed in discussing such subjects as suited their humours best, we were startled, most unexpectedly, by a loud Indian whoop, uttered in the “social hall,” that part of the cabin fitted off for a bar; then was to be heard a loud crowing, which would not have continued to have interested us—such sounds being quite common in that *place of spirits*—had not the hero of these windy accomplishments stuck his head into the cabin and holloaed out, “Hurra for the big bar of Arkansaw!” and then might be heard a confused hum of voices, unintelligible, save in such broken sentences as “horse,” “screamer,” “lightning is slow,” &c. As might have been expected, this continued interruption attracted the attention of every one in the cabin; all conversation dropped, and in the midst of this surprise the “big bar” walked into the cabin, took a chair, put his feet on the stove, and looking back over his shoulder, passed the general and familiar salute of—“Strangers, how are you?” He then expressed himself as much at home as if he had been at “the Forks of Cypress,” and, “prehaps, a little more so.” Some of the company at this familiarity looked a little angry, and some astonished; but, in a moment, every face was wreathed in a smile. There was something about the intruder that won the heart on sight. He appeared to be a man enjoying perfect health and contentment; his eyes were as sparkling as diamonds, and good-natured to simplicity. Then his perfect confidence in himself was irresistibly droll. “Prehaps,” said he, “gentlemen,” running

on without a person speaking, "prehaps, you have been to New Orleans often; I never made *the first visit before*, and I don't intend to make another in a crow's life. I am thrown away in that ar place, and useless, that ar a fact. Some of the gentlemen thar called me *green*—well, prehaps I am, said I, *but I arn't so at home*; and if I aint off my trail much, the heads of them perlite chaps themselves wern't much the hardest, for, according to my notion, they were *real know-nothings*, green as a pumpkin-vine—couldn't, in farming, I'll bet, raise a crop of turnips—and, as for shooting, they'd miss a barn if the door was swinging, and that, too, with the best rifle in the country. And then they talked to me 'bout hunting, and laughed at my calling the principal game in Arkansaw poker, and high-low jack. 'Prehaps,' said I, 'you prefer chickens and rolette;' at this they laughed harder than ever, and asked me if I lived in the woods, and didn't know what *game* was? At this, I rather think I laughed. 'Yes,' I roared, and says, 'Strangers, if you'd asked me *how we got our meat* in Arkansaw, I'd a told you at once, and given you a list of varmints that would make a caravan, beginning with the bar, and ending off with the cat; that's *meat* though, not game.' Game, indeed, that's what city folks call it, and with them it means chippenbirds and the like; may be such trash live in my diggings, but I arn't noticed them yet; a bird any way is too trifling. I never did shoot at but one, and I'd never forgiven myself for that had it weighed less than forty pounds; I wouldn't draw a rifle on anything less than that; and when I meet with another wild turkey of the same weight I will drap him."

In this manner the evening was spent, but conscious that my own association with so singular a personage, would, probably, end before morning, I asked him if he would not give me a description of some particular bear hunt, adding that I took great interest in such things, though I was no sportsman. The desire seemed to please him, and he squared himself round towards me, saying, that he could give me an idea of a bar hunt that was never beat in this world, or in any other. His manner was so singular, that half of his story consisted in his excellent way of telling it, the great peculiarity of which was, the happy manner he had of emphasizing the prominent parts of his conversation. As near as I can recollect, I have italicized them, and given the story in his own words.

"Stranger," said he, "in bar hunts *I am numerous*, and which particular one as you say I shall tell, puzzles me. There was the old she-devil I shot at the hurricane last fall; then there was the old hog thief I popped over at the bloody crossing, and then — yes, I have it, I will give you an idea of a hunt, in which the greatest bar was killed that ever lived, *none excepted*; about an old fellow that I hunted, more or less, for two or three years, and if that aint a *particular bar hunt*, I aint got one to tell. But, in the first place, stranger, let me say, I am pleased with you, because you aint ashamed to gain information by asking, and listening, and that's what I say to Countess's pups every day when I'm home; and I have got great hopes of them ar pups, because they are continually *nosing* about, and though they stick it sometimes in the wrong place, they gain experience anyhow, and may learn something useful to boot. Well, as I was saying about

this big bar, you see when I and some more first settled in our region, we were drivin to hunting naturally; we soon liked it, and after that we found it an easy matter to make the thing our business. One old chap who had pioneered afore us, gave us to understand that we had settled in the right place. He dwelt upon its merits until it was affecting, and shewed us, to prove his assertions, more marks on the sassafras trees than I ever saw on a tavern door 'lection time. 'Who keeps that ar reckoning?' said I. 'The bar,' said he. 'What for?' said I. 'Can't tell,' said he, 'but so it is, the bar bite the bark and wood too, at the highest point from the ground they can reach, and you can tell by the marks,' said he, 'the length of the bar to an inch.' 'Enough,' said I, 'I've learned something here a'ready, and I'll put it in practice.' Well, stranger, just one month from that time I killed a bar, and told its exact length before I measured it, by those very marks, and when I did that I swelled up considerable; I've been a prouder man ever since. So I went on, larning something every day, until I was reckoned a buster, and allowed to be decidedly the best bar-hunter in my district; and that is a reputation as much harder to earn than to be reckoned first man in Congress, as an iron ramrod is harder than a toadstool. Did the varmints grow over cunning, by being fooled with by green-horn hunters, and by this means get troublesome, they send for me as a matter of course, and thus I do my own hunting, and most of my neighbours'. I walk into the varmints though, and it has become about as much the same to me as drinking. It is told in two sentences; a bar is started, and he is killed. The thing is somewhat monotonous now; I know just how much they will run, where they will tire, how much they will growl, and what a thundering time I will have in getting them home. I could give you this history of the chase, with all the particulars at the commencement, I know the signs so well. *Stranger, I'm certain.* Once I met with a match, though, and I will tell you about it, for a common hunt would not be worth relating.

"On a fine fall day, long time ago, I was trailing about for bar, and what should I see but fresh marks on the sassafras trees, about eight inches above any in the forests that I knew of. Says I, them marks is a hoax, or it indicates the d——t bar that was ever grown. In fact, stranger, I couldn't believe it was real, and I went on. Again I saw the same marks, at the same height, and *I knew the thing lived.* That conviction came home to my soul like an earthquake. Says I, here is something a-purpose for me—that bar is mine, or I give up the hunting business. The very next morning what should I see but a number of buzzards hovering over my corn-field. The rascal has been there, said I, for that sign is certain; and, sure enough, on examining, I found the bones of what had been as beautiful a hog the day before, as was ever raised by a Buck-eye. Then I tracked the critter out of the field to the woods, and all the marks he left behind, shewed me that he was *the bar.*

"Well stranger, the first fair chase I ever had had with that big critter, I saw him no less than three distinct times at a distance; the dogs run him over eighteen miles, and broke down; my horse gave out, and I was as nearly used up as a man can be, made on *my principle, which is patent.* Before this adventure, such things were unknown

to me as possible ; but, strange as it was, that bar got me used to it, before I was done with him ; for he got so, at last, that he would leave me on a long chase *quite easy*. How he did it, I never could understand. That a bar runs at all, is puzzling ; but how this one could tire down, and bust up a pack of hounds and a horse, that were used to overhauling everything they started after, in no time, was past my understanding. Well, stranger, that bar finally got so sassy, that he used to help himself to a hog off my premises whenever he wanted one ; the buzzards followed after what he left, and so between *bar and buzzard*, I rather think I was *out of pork*. Well, missing that bar so often, took hold of my vitals, and I wasted away. The thing had been carried too far, and it reduced me in flesh faster than an ager. I would see that bar in everything I did,—*he hunted me*, and that, too, like a devil, which I began to think he was. While in this fix, I made preparations to give him a last brush, and be done with it. Having completed everything to my satisfaction, I started at sun-rise, and, to my great joy, I discovered from the way the dogs run, that they were near him—finding his trail was nothing, for that had become as plain to the pack as a turnpike-road. On we went, and coming to an open country, what should I see but the bar very leisurely ascending a hill, and the dogs close at his heels, either a match for him, this time, in speed, or else he did not care to get out of their way—I don't know which. But, wasn't he a beauty though ? I loved him like a brother. On he went, until coming to a tree, the limbs of which formed a crotch about six feet from the ground ; into this crotch he got and seated himself ; the dogs yelling all around it, and there he sat eyeing them, as quiet as a pond in low water. A green-horn friend of mine, in company, reached shooting distance before me, and blazed away, hitting the critter in the centre of his forehead. The bar shook his head as the ball struck it, and then he walked down from that tree as gently as a lady would from a carriage. 'Twas a beautiful sight to see him do that ; he was in such a rage, that he seemed to be as little afraid of the dogs, as if they had been sucking pigs ; and the dogs warn't slow in making a ring around him at a respectful distance, I tell you ; even Bowie-knife himself stood off. Then the way his eyes flashed ; why the fire of them would have singed a cat's hair ; in fact, that bar was in a *wrath all over*. Only one pup came near him, and he was brushed out so totally with the bar's left paw, that he entirely disappeared ; and that made the old dogs more cautious still. In the mean time, I came up, and taking deliberate aim as a man should do, at his side, just back of his foreleg, *if my gun did not snap*, call me a coward, and I won't take it personal. Yes, stranger, *it snapped*, and I could not find a cap about my person. While in this predicament, I turned round to my fool friend ; says I, ' Bill,' says I, ' you're an ass, you're a fool ; you might as well have tried to kill that bar by barking the tree under his belly, as to have done it by hitting him in the head. Your shot has made a tiger of him, and blast me, if a dog gets killed or wounded when they come to blows, I will stick my knife into your liver, I will ——' my wrath was up. I had lost my caps, my gun had snapped, the fellow with me had fired at the bar's head, and I expected, every moment, to see him close in with the dogs, and kill a dozen of them at least. In this thing I was mistaken, for the bar

leaped over the ring formed by the dogs, and giving a fierce growl, was off; the pack, of course, in full cry after him. The run this time was short, for coming to the edge of a lake the varmint jumped in, and swam to a little island in the lake, which it reached just a moment before the dogs. I'll have him now, said I, for I had found my caps in the *lining of my coat*; so, rolling a log into the lake, I paddled myself across to the island, just as the dogs had cornered the bar in a thicket. I rushed up and fired; at the same time the critter leaped over the dogs and came within three feet of me, running like mad; he jumped into the lake, and tried to mount the log I had just deserted, but every time he get half his body on it, it would roll over and send him under; the dogs, too, got around him, and pulled him about, and, finally, Bowie-knife clenched with him, and they sunk into the lake together. Stranger, about this time I was excited, and I stripped off my coat, drew my knife, and intended to have taken a part with Bowie-knife myself, when the bar rose to the surface. But the varmint stayed under, Bowie-knife came up alone, more dead than alive, and with the pack came ashore. Thank God, said I, the old villain has got his deserts at last. Determined to have the body, I cut a grapevine for a rope, and dove down where I could see the bar in the water, fastened my queer rope to his leg, and fished him, with great difficulty, ashore. Stranger, may I be chewed to death by young alligators, if the thing I looked at wasn't a *she-bar, and not the old critter after all*. The way matters got mixed on that island was onaccountably curious, and thinking of it made me more than ever convinced that I was hunting the devil himself. I went home that night and took to my bed; the thing was killing me. The entire team of Arkansas in bar-hunting, acknowledged himself used up, and the fact sunk into my feelings like a snagged boat will in the Mississippi. I grew as cross as a bar with two cubs and a sore tail. The thing got out 'mong my neighbours, and I was asked how come on that individ-u-al that never lost a bar when once started? and if that same individ-u-al didn't wear telescopes when he turned a she-bar, of ordinary size, into an old he one, a little larger than a horse? Prehaps, said I, friends, getting wrathful, prehaps you want to call somebody a liar. Oh! no, said they, we only heard such things as being *rather common* of late, but we don't believe one word of it; oh! no—and then they would ride off and laugh like so many hyænas over a dead nigger. It was too much, and I determined to catch that bar, go to Texas, or die; and I made my preparations accordin.' I had the pack shut up and rested. I took my rifle to pieces, and iled it. I put caps in every pocket about my person, *for fear of the lining*. I then told my neighbours that on Monday morning, naming the day, I would start THAT BAR, and bring him home with me, or they might divide my settlement among them, the owner having disappeared. Well, stranger, on the morning previous to the great day of my hunting expedition, I went into the woods near my house, taking my gun and Bowie-knife along, just *from habit*, and there sitting down, also, *from habit*, what should I see, getting over my fence, but *the bar!* Yes, the old varmint was within a hundred yards of me, and the way he walked *over that fence*—stranger, he loomed up like a *black mist*, he seemed so large, and he walked right towards me. I raised myself, took deliberate aim, and

fired. Instantly the varmint wheeled, gave a yell, and *walked through the fence* like a falling tree would through a cobweb. I started after, but was tripped up by my inexpressibles, which, either from habit, or the excitement of the moment, were about my heels, and before I had really gathered myself up, I heard the old varmint groaning in a thicket near by, like a thousand sinners, and by the time I reached him he was a corpse. Stranger, it took five niggers and myself to put that carcass on a mule's back, and old long ears waddled under his load, as if he was foundered in every leg of his body, and with a common whopper of a bar, he would have trotted off, and enjoyed himself. "I would astonish you to know how big he was, I made a *bed spread of his skin*, and the way it used to cover my bar mattress, and leave several feet on each side to tuck up, would have delighted you. It was, in fact, a creation bar, and if it had lived in Sampson's time, and had met him, in a fair fight, it would have licked him in the twinkling of a dice-box. But, stranger, I never liked the way I hunted him, and *missed him*. There is something curious about it, I could never understand, and I never was satisfied at his giving in so *easy at last*. Perhaps, he had heard of my preparations to hunt him the next day, so he jist come in, like Captain Scott's coon, to save his wind to grunt with in dying; but that aint likely. My private opinion is, that that bar was an *unhunnable bar, and died when his time come*."

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

BY THE EDITOR.

A GOOD many discussions have lately found their way into print, upon the policy of continuing or abolishing certain meetings at Newmarket. It may not be out of place to say a few words on the question here, the more that the actual business of our paper is too meagre to help us to a decent-looking article without some extraneous aid. The objection urged against the continuance of the Second Spring and First October Meetings, is the insignificant character of their sport and attendance. The argument, in this case, is started upon false premises. Racing, here, is not confined to the object with which it is pursued elsewhere. At Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and similar places, the turf is regarded solely as an instrument whereby popular amusement and local gain is effected. The inhabitants bestir themselves to give *éclat* and sinews to their races, and the whole affair is patronised and promoted by the leading families of the respective districts. At Newmarket racing is not, nor is it even assumed to be, a public concern. Nearly as much money was given to be run for on one day of this spring, at the Hippodrome, as there in the seven meetings which constituted the past season. A much larger amount, indeed, was added to one stake, at the "cockney meeting," than was offered for competition during the three days of the last Second Spring.

But what has that to do with the merits of the question as to curtailing the meetings at the metropolis of the turf? Is it desired to concentrate the sport for the purpose of securing a crowd? The absence of the turmoil, mob, and riotous pleasure, common to all other courses, constitute the chief charm and main attraction here, where, to the letter,

"All is *gentle* and aristocratic."

The design upon which Heaton Park, Goodwood, and Gorbambury were modelled, is alone to be seen carried into effect at Newmarket. Its heath is virtually, though not ostensibly, a private course. A body of gentlemen hire and preserve it at a large outlay. It is their training-ground, and the scene of their private and public trials; for, with hardly any exception, its business is relative. The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes is the great south country trial for the Derby; the One Thousand for the Oaks. Would a spring or autumn morning possess additional zest on the Warren Hill, if it were peopled like Greenwich Fair at Easter or Whitsuntide? Should we seek the flat with a greater relish, if assured of finding it occupied like Ascot Heath, or Moulsey Hurst, on "the Cup Day?" I am one of those by no means desirous of improving, by any agglomerating experiment, the present condition of racing at Newmarket. When the outcry about Catholic emancipation was at the highest, I happened to dine with a blazing Armagh Orangeman, who occupied one of the houses of Cornwall Terrace, in the Regent's Park. The serious affair of the repast was over, and we sat at our desert while the setting sun poured its softened light through the painted windows, and the melody of a distant band fell soothingly upon the ear. "Come," said my host, showing over a crystal jug of Carbonel's 1822 Lafitte, "fill your glass; here's 'THE GLORIOUS MEMORY!' I should like to know what the Pope, and the devil, and the Papists are crying out for? What do the d—d crawl-thumping vagabonds want? I say what *do* they want? *pray aint we very well as we are?*" To the reformers of Newmarket I as emphatically declare "we are very well as we are."

Tuesday the 6th ult. opened on the July Meeting in no smiling mood; neither was there a moral excitement to make up for the lack of movement in the *physique*. There was no disposition to bet. Unless things alter greatly, the trade of book-making is at an end, and gentlemen who have not as much available capital as would purchase a dinner of cow-heel, in future, must not expect to win twenty thousand pounds upon a well-managed Derby. The first race was a 20 sovs. Handicap, which brought our half-a-dozen; and as 6 to 1 was the highest odds asked, the industrious had the chance of a turn. Abydos won it by a neck; if he could have beaten The Nob, at Ascot, by half as much, it would have been a better omen. Just now, Lord Exeter's net can catch only little fishes. The July Stakes followed, and also brought to the post a field of six, with but slack betting; Lord Bruce's Rosalie colt the second, being backed to win at 6 to 4 and 11 to 8. The first heat was dead, between the favourite and Col. Peel's colt, by The Colonel, out of Hester; and the second the latter won almost in a canter by a length. The pace was good and the tailing great for the distance. In my opinion, the winner is likely to make a racer in every

way superior to Lord Bruce's colt, whose very denomination shakes one's faith in him. Lord Exeter's was at the extreme tip of the tail; a sad falling off in the *quondam* flying stable. It was publicly stated that the winner was below the mark; should he come out all right, he will take some beating.

The engrossing affair of Wednesday was the sale, by auction, of Mr. Ford's racing-stock, for which no buyers were to be had; and, of William Chifney's house and offices, of which Mr. Connop, the proprietor of the Hippodrome, was the purchaser, for the sum of £4,000. The weather was indifferent, and the racing neither good nor important. A 10 sovs. Sweepstakes was won by Mr. Stevenson's *Blanche* at 3 to 1 against her; *Joujou*, backed at 6 to 4, being a little sop for the fielders. Here, again, Lord Exeter ran a shocking bad last. Fifty Pounds, for all above two years old, found five of some character to start; Bob Peel and E. O. having the finish wholly to themselves, the former winning by half a length. The latter was backed against the field; so that the working class put in a good day. Lord Exeter ran last with *Rodosto*; the sporting marquis throwing crabs for both races.

Thursday.—This morning Mr. Tattersall wielded an ineffective hammer over Lord Lichfield's stud. A lot or so were sold (*pro pudor*); for example, *Zillah*, stinted to *Economist*, for twenty-two guineas. Colonel White's Derby nag, *Lamos*, fetched 95 guineas; so that between forfeits and performances, et cetera, he must have been about as bad a bargain as ever found its way in the gallant officer's family. I ought to have said that, yesterday, Captain Byng was elected a steward of the Jockey Club, vice Captain Rous, whose period of office had expired. The day's list was a fair one, containing four races for decision: the first of which was a Handicap Sweepstakes, won by a colt, by Bentley, out of Emma, a very spirited affair. Old Scroggins was defeated only by a neck; the hill (the finish being the winning post of the new T. Y. C.) and the lump of weight putting his ancient nose out of joint. It was an awful thing to see James Robinson on Spangle, beaten like sticks, and the *shine* so emphatically taken out of him. For the Chesterfield Stakes seven went, brother to Vulture being drawn after his jockey weighed. The Rosalie colt, here, was backed at two to one on him: a point less being eagerly taken, *malgre* his 4 lb. extra for losing the July Stakes. It was a splendid race between the winner, *Passion*; Mr. Wilson's colt, by *Voltaire*, out of Yorkshire lass; and the favourite, who was a neck behind the second. The winner is in the Derby Oaks, and *Leger*, for 1842, and ought to pay Isaac Sadler a handsome discount for the risk and trouble of bringing her to the post: the speed was very good. The Town Plate of £50 (with Perram's unclaimed Hymeneal *bonus* added) was won by Mr. Batson's Barbara, after a middling race, in which the winner waited and played with it at her pleasure. E. O. was backed against the field, and ran last, or thereabouts, so that the *shabbies* triumphed once again. The last race of the meeting, and by no means the least in interest, was for a 10 sovs. Sweepstakes; two-year-olds, 6st. 11lb.; three, 9 st. This Colonel Peel's *Leger* colt, *Hawk's-eye*, brother to Vulture, won in a canter; beating his field from the first stride; and at the end running away from them: either he is better

than people imagine, or the five two-year-olds that ran against him infinitely worse than they are considered by those to whom their pretensions ought to be known. Thus closed the July Meeting 1841; and if that of 1881, when a railroad shall disembogue a hecatomb of cockneys, to make hideous the glimpses of the Duke's Stand, be a pleasanter or more fitting tryst, then are we most lame and impotent of conclusion.

GLEANINGS FROM MY TRAVELLING JOURNALS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

(Continued from page 31.)

SLEDGING.—VIENNA, JANUARY, 1815.

“Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager on rapid sleds
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long-resounding course.” THOMSON'S SEASONS.

FROM the middle of December, until the middle of February, the ground was continually covered with snow. During this period the streets of Vienna were crowded with sledges, all the wheeled carriages having disappeared, and even the hackney coaches had been taken from their wheels, to be hung upon sledges. The horses' heads were adorned with plumes, while from fifty to a hundred bells were placed upon their shoulders, to give warning of their approach. The Prater (the Hyde Park of Vienna,) was daily crowded with sledges, and the equipages were singularly varied. As the Emperor of Austria passes in one direction, driving the Empress in a neat phaeton on skates, with a pair of quiet horses, and a single servant behind, the master of the horse, Count Trautmannsdorf, is passing the contrary way with a barouche sledge and four. Immediately before the Emperor, a *fiacre*, hired by some tradesman to take his wife and children to the Augarten, impedes the imperial progress; while behind, unrestrained by the citizen's orderly example, is the tandem-sledge of a young English nobleman. Next follows an open landau-sledge, with four horses: it contains the King of Prussia, and three of his diplomatic corps. Then a real Russian sledge, containing the Czar himself, accompanied by the Viceroy of Italy, Eugene Beauharnois. A splendid chariot, the panels emblazoned with arms, the coachman enveloped in fur, with a huge cocked hat, edged with lace, with two chasseurs in green and gold, ornamented with costly fur, contains two of *la crème* of Vienna society. That neat but unassuming-looking sledge, with two high-stepping horses, and harness that would gratify the eyes of a Peyton—who does not know the country to which it belongs? It is the sledge of the English Ambassador.

Nothing could exceed the gaiety of the scene: the splendour of the richly-caparisoned horses; the variety of colours in the plumes;

the furs and cloths that decked the sledges; the costumes of the different personages that figured in them: Germans from all parts, Italians, French, Greeks, Danes, Armenians, Poles, Russians, Turks, and last, not least, English. The Emperor, anxious to afford the crowned heads as much variety as possible, and to provide amusement for the strangers, invited his nobility to assist in forming a magnificent procession of sledges. The day appointed for this parade was a Sunday; and it was a fine, clear, frosty morning; the sky was intensely blue, and the sun gloriously bright. At about two o'clock the procession left the grand square of the Palace, the guards turning out, and saluting each royal personage, as he or she passed. There were nearly fifty sledges prepared for the purpose, fitted up and adorned in the most splendid manner. They all varied in colour: green, black, brown, red of every shade, covered with ornamental work of gold and silver, and lined within with the richest velvets and furs. They were generally built like light cars; some, however, were in the form of swans, and other fanciful designs, and contained two persons. The greater part of this assembly were royal personages: emperors, empresses, kings, queens, hereditary princes, archdukes, lords, ladies, were "as plentiful as blackberries." Each sledge was drawn by a pair of horses, covered with richly embroidered cloths of gold, their heads and necks decorated with plumes and ribbons, and a great mass of silver or gilded bells hanging across their shoulders. A servant in a rich fur cloak stood behind each sledge, and between each, three or four equerries attended, in the uniforms of the Emperor or of their respective masters. A band of military music, belonging to the noble Hungarian guard, preceded on a large sledge constructed for the purpose, and a similar band followed. A body of cavalry, splendid with green and silver, and leopard skins, mounted on grey horses, went before the whole, and another closed the procession. This brilliant pomp passed and repassed through all the principal streets of Vienna; then, leaving the town, proceeded to a palace of the emperor at some distance, where a magnificent dinner and a theatrical exhibition had been prepared; and at ten o'clock the procession returned by torch light. As it approached, over the glacis and open space between the walls of the city and its suburbs, the effect was peculiarly striking. The ground being covered with deep snow, the night just such a one as Juliet wished for—"a black-brow'd night;" and the winding course of the procession was marked, like a stream of fire, by the flames of the moving torches.

A VISIT TO THE BALATON LAKE, LOWER HUNGARY.

"Thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."

BYRON.

Leaving Kesythely at an early hour, accompanied by the Hofrichter, or steward who conducts the agricultural concerns, we visited the farms and breeding establishments of Graf Ladislaus Festetics. The stud was

numerous, and much care had been taken to improve the breed, by introducing Arabian blood. From the farm we drove past a Roman encampment, on our way to the lake, where we found a six-oared boat, manned by rowers in Venetian costume, waiting to convey us on board a flat-bottomed sloop, which is employed occasionally as a vessel of burden, to bring salt from the further end of the lake, but oftener for excursions of pleasure. The usual boats on this piece of water are clumsy canoes, made from a single tree, not unlike the Welsh corricle, and holding one person. These are called, on account of their insecurity, "seel trinkers," which may be anglicised, "soul swallows, or destroyers:" yet the fishermen often venture to cross the water in them, at its widest parts; and, from their skilful management, few accidents occur.

The Balaton is a fine lake: its shores are, in general, but little elevated; though in some parts, particularly about Tihany, they are precipitous. Its length is 40,000 klafters (forty-five English miles), and its width varies from 3,000 to 8,000 (three and a half to nine English miles): its greatest depth is not above twenty-seven feet. The river which chiefly supplies this lake is the Syala; it abounds in fine fish, amongst which are the celebrated fogas, carp, and pike. Nothing can exceed the flavour of the fogas; and here I could recount an admirable story of this fish, which was told me by a right noble Hungarian, one of the most popular foreigners that ever was naturalized in England, but that its raciness might be lost in the recital. Suffice it to say, that, at a supper-table, in Lower Hungary (we give a wide field), the hostess, having a remarkably fine specimen of the fogas, was at a loss for a dish large enough to contain it. Having lately received from England foot-baths and other useful appendages to the *toilette d'eau*, and not being exactly aware of the use of one of those commodities, which, though glorying in a French name, the hostess had never heard applied to a *meuble de cabinet de toilette*, she placed the fish in the aforesaid article, much to the amusement of a young Hungarian, who had paid repeated visits to England, and who (albeit, unused to the laughing mood) could not help smiling at the simplicity of the hostess's mistake; who, with the most innocent gravity, was pressing her guests to partake of this "fish out of place." For all we know to the contrary, she may to this day remain in the same "blissful ignorance," unless enlightened by some communicative friend. But to return to the fishing, which was, certainly, unworthy the disciples of "old Isaac;" for we found the *lakers*, in their canoes, forcing their way amongst the reeds to examine their snares. They have a method of constructing a labyrinth with thin hedges of reeds, in which the fish become entangled, and fall an easy prey. They also set conical baskets for fish, resembling those employed in our own rivers. The chief fishery is carried on in the winter, when they break successive holes in the ice, forming a large triangle; then they introduce a sieve-net at one of the angles, and pass it along the whole base, by means of the holes which are ranged on that line; draw the two ends together at the apex, and thus frequently take large quantities of fish. The right of fishing belongs to the proprietor of the land; but each peasant may purchase permission for a small sum, thereby affording a cheap addition to his means of subsistence. Returning from the water, we

stopped at a small farm-house, where a *déjeuné* had been prepared for us, by order of the Hofrichter; and such a one, that we might have exclaimed with the inimitable Fudge, in his letters from Paris,

"so unlike the ghost
Of your cursed English breakfast—your tea, and your toast;"

for we had fish (including the never-to-be-forgotten fogas), flesh, and fowl, in perfection; and almost every wine, from *vin ordinaire* to "imperial Tokay." In the afternoon we visited another object of curiosity—the garden kept for the rearing and preservation of land tortoises, which, as in America, are deemed a delicacy for the table. The preserve encloses about an acre of land, intersected by trenches and ponds. Having received an invitation for "spoon exercise," as the Yankees call it, from the Plenipotentiary, we had an opportunity of tasting the tortoise in soups, stakes, cutlets, &c.; and the feast would have gladdened the heart of any turtle-loving alderman of our great Babylon. At six o'clock the following morning the Graf's hunting-carriage, with four horses, and the Ober Jäger, or chief ranger, were at the door, to take us to the forest, that we might see the preserve of wild boars. The whole extent of the forest is about 36,000 jock,—three English acres being rather more than two jock. On reaching the residence of the forest-master, we found a breakfast prepared for us. The hunting-lodge is most superbly situated, on an elevation at the edge of a small park, stocked with deer, the park being nothing more than a space cleared on a declivity within the forest, which surrounds it in all directions, clothing most beautifully the sides and summits of the neighbouring hills, whose tops are embellished by the castles of Reyi and Tatika: both are connected with historical recollections in the mind of the Hungarian. After breakfast, adding the forest-master to our party, we proceeded more deeply into the forest, till, in about an hour, we saw the herd of wild-boars feeding among the trees. It must be confessed that these animals have lost a great part of their natural ferocity, by being accustomed to come together every night at a certain place, where their young are kept, to be fed; still, however, they preserve, to a great degree, the habits of the true wild breed; and their flesh, we were told, had all the flavour of the savage boar. Except in some of the most secluded forests, and in the recesses of the Carpathian mountains, the animal, in its wild state, is nearly extinct in Hungary.

(To be continued.)

RACES FOR AUGUST.

The Pottery	3	Lewes	11	Aberystwith	18
Redditch	3	Leominster	11	Weymouth	18
Haverfordwest	3	Anglesey	11	Paisley	19
Ile of Wight	3	Marlow	11	Winchester	24
Brighton	4	Blandford	12	York	25
Ballsbury	4	County of Dorset	12	Egham	25
Harwich	4	Ripon	16	Hereford	25
Newcastle (Staff.)	5	Bloxwich	16	Bromsgrove	25
Canterbury	5	Huntingdon	16	Tyverton	26
Edware	5	Lichfield	17	Stockton	26
Wolverhampton	9	Chelmsford	17	Swansea	26
Kington (Herefordshire)	9	Oxford	17	Stourbridge	30
Plymouth, &c.	10	Tonbridge Wells	18	Southampton	30
Hertford	10	Exeter	18		

THE DOCTOR'S HORSE.

A TALE.

BY SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, BART.

Doctors cure some, and many they make worse,
 One cureless patient suffers, 'tis their horse.
 Healum had more of honour than of pay,
 Disturb'd by night, and duty-bound by day,
 Belov'd he was by all the country round,
 Of gentle nature, and of skill profound ;
 Trusted by all, by most believed to cure,
 As doctor, surgeon, dentist, accoucheur ;
 His ill-fill'd purse full oft the wants supplied
 Of those who sank from famine ere they died ;
 And many a night he left some cottage door,
 Sick as his patient, and almost as poor :
 The Doctor's nag bore Pestle for his name,
 That shared the Doctor's labours and his fame.
 Not to the sick, or med'cine, was confined
 The active impulse of the Doctor's mind ;
 Oft in the field, he shew'd an equal skill,
 Could save a patient, or a fox could kill :
 Was there a check, he'd point a forward cast ;
 Could spy a fault, and knew what hound hit last ;
 Where the hounds met, was made, full many a day,
 To where the patient liv'd, the shortest way ;
 Nor less was Pestle known—lean, fleet, but good,
 By some suspected of the Whalebone blood ;
 At twenty pounds he'd scarce a buyer find,
 Whilst those of ten times twenty dropp'd behind.
 Now Healum had a patient who'd been treating
 The men of Guzzledown rich turtle eating ;
 Reformer—he, in curing England's ills,
 Found need of Healum's lancet and his pills :
 When Pestle was well groom'd, and nothing stinted,
 A hunting day was something more than hinted ;
 By nine was Pestle in Squire Greedy's stable,
 And Healum seated at the breakfast-table :
 " Doctor, I'm better ! here's a rare ham pie,
 " I've got my boots on, and the hounds are nigh."
 " Sir, let me feel your pulse : ay—steady—so—
 " Quite strong and good—just sixty—you may go !
 " I'll call on Neverwell ; and, if not worse
 " I find him now, I'll meet you at the Gorse."
 Pestle was call'd for :—that untiring hack
 Went cantering off, with Healum on his back !

And now would Pestle tell you, could he speak,
 Some of the toils and pleasures of the week.
 Soon from Squire Neverwell's they hurried round :
 "Hark !" cried old Healum, "for, by Jove, they've found :
 "Hark ! now the horn ; and now they come on faster !"
 Which was most keen—or Pestle, or his master ?
 "We must not head him—no—behind a tree,
 "Which way he points, in silence let us see."

Healum was right ; slow creeping from the wood,
 Sly Reynard stole ; in silence Healum stood ;
 Till two large fields he cross'd, and then rang out
 The Doctor's joyous animating shout.
 Swift soon came on the vulpiciding crew,
 Sportsmen in red, and farmers green and blue.
 In the good cause, not lagging far behind,
 The faithful sons of mother church we find.
 Away ! away ! still see how Pestle leads,
 O'er fallows brown, and daisy-cover'd meads ;
 O'er stile or gate 'twere tedious now to tell,
 How some flew safe, and some disgraceful fell ;
 Reynard was press'd full hard, and desperate took,
 As a sure refuge, o'er a yawning brook ;
 Soft were its banks, familiar but to few,
 Not to be trusted with a footing true :
 These Healum knew, and o'er the riv'let clear,
 Safe to the bank, flew Pestle like a deer :
 Then came the tug of war, and nerves were tried,
 Some clear'd the brook—some fell, and many shied.
 Then thundering on, and resolute to go,
 On his best nag came bold Lord Misleto :
 But oh ! capricious often is their fate,
 When guardian angels quit the destined great ;
 They fell in both, and, at a treacherous place,
 A fall terrific smash'd his Lordship's face.

Now he was one, as nobles sometimes are,
 Who little had of comeliness to spare ;
 But till we lose 'em scarcely one supposes,
 How much our faces are improved by noses ;
 And though his Lordship's was a pug, I own
 E'en such a nose is better far than none.
 "But where is Healum ? sure the Peer is dead :"
 "He's with the hounds, as usual, at their head."
 Healum was stopp'd—and now, with pressing need,
 Was Pestle turn'd and urged to utmost speed :
 They rais'd his Lordship ; Healum wiped his head,
 He felt his pulse, and smiled—"Oh ! he's not dead."
 But then his nose !—his Lordship gave a groan.
 "Sure there are noses better than his own,"

Said Healum! "for a nose I'll yield to no man;
 "Nose I must make—a Grecian or a Roman:
 "Which would my Lady like? It would most please her
 "To have his Lordship with a nose like Cæsar."

Straight from his pouch a little waxen taper
 He gently drew; a penknife served as scraper;
 With plastic skill within the nostrils press'd,
 The bridge was mended, and the nose was dress'd:
 His sense return'd, and all the field were glad,
 He should regain the little that he had.

His Lordship mounted—Healum by his side,
 Steered to his house—his Doctor for a guide:
 His Lady heard with tears his tale of woes,
 But much admired the beauty of his nose,
 And sovereigns twenty for the Doctor's skill,
 Earnest of better things, his pocket fill.
 Tenants like these, unwonted strangers were,
 The very sovereigns wonder'd they came there:
 The sun went down ere yet they pass'd the moor,
 And it grew dark ere Healum reach'd his door.
 His joyful wife heard Pestle's cheerful neigh,
 As to his stall he took the well-known way.

There Pestle had a friend, a humble boy,
 Who, 'mongst his various labours, had one joy—
 The care of Pestle:—Pestle's clean straw bed,
 With nicest care was ever ready spread;
 The beast was like himself—a willing slave,
 And kindred labours kindred love should have.
 Vain was his master's call, for he would stay
 Till, from his glossy coat, he'd brush'd the clay:
 And as his gruel and his corn he brought,
 Would Pestle neigh, and look his grateful thought.
 Pity and truth were all the poor boy knew;
 His book was Nature, and his heart was true!

See Healum seated near his crackling fire,
 The happy husband, the delighted sire!
 There smoked the joint, and foam'd the tankard:—bliss
 Smiled o'er his hearth, and love breathed forth its kiss.
 It was a rough and angry night, and, lo,
 Oft down the chimney fell thick flakes of snow.
 "Poor houseless wretches, that can ill provide
 "For what, with half clad limbs, they must abide:
 "O! think on them; and then how blest we are,
 "Warm and secure, and with sufficient fare."
 So Healum spake: "and now, dear wife, behold,
 "Another Jupiter with shower of gold."
 And, as he spoke, he, with delighted glee,
 Pour'd on her lap the morning's glittering fee:



Engraved by E. Landwehr

R. S. Davis photo.

Then were detailed the chances of the chase ;
 His Lordship's downfall, and his mended face.
 "But hark !—what noise ? a horseman's tramp, I fear !
 "Sure, he has pass'd ! Alas ! he's halted here."
 In rush'd a man all haggard, pale, and wild,
 And, in a faltering voice, exclaimed—" My child !
 " Oh ! haste, my friend, and to my cottage fly !
 " My child—my wife—oh ! aid them, or they die.
 " My child her mother helping in her bed,
 " A flame, unnoticed, round her garments spread,
 " And both in agony and ceaseless pain
 " Call for your aid : and shall they call in vain ?"
 " Where dwell'st thou friend ? and is it far to ride ?"
 " Scarce seven miles hence I live, at Fellenside."
 Good Healum was not one that could deny
 The call of sufferers in extremity.
 Fain would his wife, at such an hour, say no ;
 But Healum rose, was resolute to go.
 " Say, are the waters out ?—the moor rides sound ?
 " Boy, to the stable and bring Pestle round,"—
 Said I not sooth ? There is no slavery worse
 Than country practice for the Doctor's horse.
 The slipshod boy could scarce refrain a tear,
 As with his lamp to Pestle he drew near :
 " Ah, my poor friend, you must, alas ! arise
 " And brave the miry roads, and wintry skies."
 Then as the bridle o'er his head he threw,
 The beast laid back his ears, as if he knew,
 And would have said—" Like me thou art a slave,
 " We bear like burdens, even to the grave."
 Some drugs and needful condiments, with care,
 In haste did Healum's prescience soon prepare ;
 For well he knew how much is needed more,
 When pain and poverty assail the poor.
 " Children and wife good night ; and you, good man
 " (The case needs haste), may follow as you can."

(To be continued.)

YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

Cowes, July 23, 1841.

THIS favourite watering place is nearly as dull as in the winter months, occasioned by the general election. Instead of seeing twenty

or thirty yachts in our roads daily, we have now only three or four; the families, however, have, within the last few days, began to arrive, and several of the yachts are fitting out. The Commodore's yacht, *Kestrel*, will be out of harbour in a few days, and we hope several more, to enliven the scene; but the season will be very short. The members at present here, are the Marquis of Anglesey (who, we rejoice to say, looks exceedingly well); the Earl of Tyrconnel; the Marquis of Conyngham; Sir Bellingham Graham; Captain A. L. Corry, R. N.; Colonel Petre; A. W. Corbet, Esq.; R. B. Sheridan, Esq.; John Hibbert, Esq.; James Saunderson, Esq.; T. L. Lane, Esq.; John Anderson, Esq.; John Congreve, Esq.; Wm. Delafield, Esq.; Spencer de Horsey, Esq.

At the General Meeting on the 9th of July, the following were elected

MEMBERS :

	Tons.
Capt. F. Holcombe, R. H. A., <i>Medina</i> , yacht	42
Capt. C. H. Williams, R. N., <i>Will o' the Wisp</i>	45
The Marquis of Ormonde, <i>Gem</i>	125
Sir Edward Scott, Bart., <i>Fanny</i>	75

HONORARY MEMBERS :

Commander W. H. Jervis, R. N.
 Commander C. C. Otway, R. N.
 Commander G. G. Otway, R. N.
 Capt. William Holt, R. N.
 Commander Festing, R. N.

The Royal Yacht Squadron's Regatta will take place as follows :

The Royal Yacht Squadron's annual ball, on Monday August 16th. Her Majesty's Cup will be sailed for on Tuesday August 17th; and fireworks the same evening. The Royal Yacht Squadron's annual dinner on Wednesday, August 18; and the Royal Yacht Squadron's Cup of £100 (it is proposed) shall be sailed for on Saturday, August 21.

 ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB.

THE Secretary of this popular Club has written us an unpromising account of its proceedings as far as the season has gone, and holds out but little hope of amendment during the present year. The elections, and their consequences, have sadly interfered with pleasure-sailing at all the rendezvous for that truly national sport. On Tuesday, the 3rd instant, the Plymouth Regatta takes place, of which the secretary has been kind enough to promise us an account, as well as a list of the Club, corrected up to that date.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.
BETTINGS FOR JULY.

BUSINESS during the past month was almost wholly restricted to the various engagements for Goodwood; and that fluctuated as the Newmarket, Liverpool, and other meetings threw, or appeared to throw, their illuminations upon the issues. These, now, are no longer matters for speculation, but we hold it of interest to record their progress. The result of Goodwood Races, upon the autumn betting, is given at page 92: speculation since "the settling for the Derby" has been anything but animated.

MONDAY, July 5.

GOODWOOD STAKES.		GOODWOOD CUP.	
Welfare, 4 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	10 to 1 agst. —	Charles XII., 5 yrs., 8 st.	7 to 1 agst. (tk.)
Fitzroy, 4 yrs., 8 st. 10 lb.	10 to 1 —	13 lb.	7 to 1 agst. (tk.)
Portrait, 3 yrs., 6 st. 7 lb.	12 to 1 — (tk.)	Pocahontas, 4 yrs., 7 st.	11 lb.
Confusionée, 5 yrs., 8 st.	12 to 1 — (tk.)	11 lb.	9 to 1 — (tk.)
Isabella, 6 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb.	16 to 1 —	Nautilus, 6 yrs., 6 st. 12 lb.	10 to 1 —
Rastabana, 6 yrs., 7 st. 13 lb.	20 to 1 —		
Calypeo, 4 yrs., 9 st.	20 to 1 —	DERBY.	
Carlotta, 4 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb.	25 to 1 — (tk.)	The Artful Dodger, by	
Master Tommy, 4 yrs., 6 st.		The Saddler, out of Cy-	
7 lb.	25 to 1 — (tk.)	prian	25 to 1 agst. (tk.)
Portrait and Confusionée	6 to 1 — (tk.)		

MONDAY, July 12.

GOODWOOD STAKES.		GOODWOOD CUP.	
Welfare, 4 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	7 to 1 agst. —	Pocahontas	8 to 1 agst. —
Master Tommy, 4 yrs., 6 st.		Nautilus	8 to 1 —
7 lb.	11 to 1 — (tk.)	Colwick	12 to 1 —
Exit, 4 yrs., 6 st. 11 lb.	11 to 1 — (tk.)	Maroon	12 to 1 —
Confusionée, 5 yrs., 8 st.	14 to 1 — (tk.)	Vapour	12 to 1 —
Henri Quatre, 3 yrs., 6 st.		Vendredi	12 to 1 —
4 lb.	15 to 1 — (tk.)	ST. LEGER.	
Carlotta, 4 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb.	20 to 1 —	Coronation	2 to 1 agst. (tk.)
Wanton, 4 yrs., 6 st. 7 lb.	25 to 1 —	DERBY.	
Valaincourt, 5 yrs., 7 st.		The Field	20 to 1 on.
9 lb.	30 to 1 —	Robert de Gorham, by Sir	
		Hercules, out of Duver-	
		nay	30 to 1 agst. (tk.)

MONDAY, July 19.

GOODWOOD STAKES.		GOODWOOD CUP.	
Dr. Caius, 4 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb.	9 to 2 agst. (tk.)	Valaincourt, 5 yrs., 7 st.	9 lb.
Henri Quatre, 3 yrs., 6 st.		9 lb.	30 to 1 agst. (tk.)
4 lb.	12 to 1 — (tk.)	GOODWOOD CUP.	
Welfare, 4 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	10 to 1 —	Pocahontas	5 to 1 agst. —
Exit, 4 yrs., 6 st. 11 lb. ...	12 to 1 — (tk.)	Nautilus	9 to 2 —
Monops, 4 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb.	12 to 1 —	Colwick	6 to 1 — (tk.)
Orelia, 5 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb. ...	12 to 1 —	Charles XII.	8 to 1 —
Isabella, 6 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb.	16 to 1 — (tk.)	Vapour	20 to 1 —
Confusionée, 5 yrs., 8 st.	18 to 1 — (tk.)	Maroon	20 to 1 —
Bugle, 3 yrs., 5 st. 4 lb. ...	20 to 1 — (tk.)	The Field agst. three	6 to 5 on (tk.)
I-am-not-aware, 6 yrs., 7 st.			
7 lb.	20 to 1 —	ST. LEGER.	
Carlotta, 4 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb.	20 to 1 —	Coronation	5 to 4 agst. —
The Maid, 4 yrs., 6 st. 11 lb.	30 to 1 — (tk.)	Middleham	10 to 1 —

THURSDAY, July 22.

GOODWOOD STAKES.				The Maid and I-am-not-aware, 6 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb. 10 to 1 agst. (tk.)			
Dr. Caius, 4 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb.	9	to	2 agst. (tk.)				
Henri Quatre, 3 yrs. 6 st.							
4 lb.	10	to	1 — (tk.)				
Welfare, 4 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	10	to	1 — (tk.)				
Portrait, 3 yrs., 6 st. 7 lb.	10	to	1 — —				
Exit, 4 yrs., 6 st. 11 lb. ...	11	to	1 — (tk.)				
Monops, 4 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb.	13	to	1 — (tk.)				
Orelia, 5 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb. ...	13	to	1 — (tk.)				
Master Tommy, 4 yrs., 6 st.							
7 lb.	14	to	1 — (tk.)				
Isabella, 6 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb.	16	to	1 — —				
Confusionée, 5 yrs., 8 st.	20	to	1 — —				
The Maid, 4 yrs., 6 st. 11 lb.	17	to	1 — —				

GOODWOOD CUP.				DERBY.			
Pocahontas	7	to	2 agst. —				
Nautilus	7	to	1 — (tk.)				
Colwick	9	to	1 — —				
Charles XII	6	to	1 — (tk.)				
Tearaway	20	to	1 — (tk.)				
				Robert de Gorham			
				28 to 1 — (tk.)			

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

AMONG the changes incident to our department on the accession of the new administration, rumour gives the offices of Master of the Horse to Lord Jersey, and Master of the Staghounds to Lord Rosslyn.

LIVERPOOL JULY RACES.—This meeting, by energetic and judicious management, has grown, from insignificance, to rank with the best in England. The last anniversary, though suffering from many temporary drawbacks, was remarkable for the quantity and excellence of the sport. The course is admirable in every respect—the turf, as good as turf can be, and all the arrangements are excellent. The code of rules published by the stewards is too lengthy to allow of our giving it insertion, or we should have been tempted to have put so useful a document in the possession of our readers. All the details will be found in the notice of the meeting in the Turf Register. These, coupled with the facility of approach, and the admirable character of its accommodations, exhibit it as the most generally attractive of all our provincial meetings.

After winning the Liverpool Cup, Orelia was purchased by Mr. Goodman Levi, at the reported price of £800.

RACING UPON A NEW PRINCIPLE.—Mr. J. K. Brunel, the engineer on the Great Western Railway, will shortly perform a match from Bristol to London, by the engine which is termed the Hurricane, within two hours, for 1,000*l.*, the distance is 120 miles.

A GAMBLING CASE.—That the true character of the following "case" may be understood by the million, we offer a slight prefatory notice of the *dramatis personæ*. The party "had" was a Mr. Pearce, who, however, wanted penetration enough to discover the quality of his acquaintance. Mr. Grant is one of the beaux (Bowes?) who did not win upon the Derby in Mundig's year. Mr. Caldwell is known by the *sobriquet* of Porson: "Ionice," as the commentators on Homer

have it. Gray, who brought the action, is said to have been a Levite, by some figure of speech apparently more obscure than that which refers to the "Greek."

Court of Exchequer, Friday, July 2nd. Before Lord Abinger and a Special Jury. *Gray v. Pearce*. This was an action on a promissory note for £3,400, made payable to one James Augustus Grant, by whom it was endorsed to the plaintiff. The defendant pleaded that the note was given by him to Mr. Grant in payment of a gambling debt, and that Mr. Grant had endorsed it to the plaintiff without consideration.

Mr. Erle and Mr. Wordsworth for the plaintiff; Mr. Thesiger and Mr. Humphrey for the defendant.

The issues raised by these pleadings having cast the affirmative upon the defendant, his learned counsel addressed the jury, and proceeded to call witnesses, from whose statements the following facts were established:—On the 9th of February, a gentleman named Caldwell called at the Albion hotel, Brighton, and engaged a private room for Mr. Grant, and, at the same time, ordered dinner "of the best" for three. At the appointed hour the defendant arrived, and was shewn by the waiter into the room where Mr. Grant was, with whom, however, he did not seem to have had any previous acquaintance, his engagement being with Mr. Caldwell. That gentleman soon afterwards entered the room, and the dinner was served, when there were drunk two bottles of champagne, one of port and sherry, and half a pint of brandy, nearly all of which fell to the share of Mr. Caldwell and the defendant, Mr. Grant alleging ill health as a plea for teetotalism, though he contrived to make a hearty meal. As soon as the cloth was removed, cards were ordered, and the party, which did not break up till half-past two, was supplied freely with gin-punch and soda-water, in the course of the night. On the following morning, the waiter was called into Mr. Grant's room, where he witnessed the execution of a memorandum given by that person to the defendant, who had just then come in, the contents of which were concealed from his view by a piece of blotting-paper. This instrument, on being read to-day, was to the effect, that as Mr. Pearce had given to Mr. Grant a note for £3,400 on that day, for a debt due to him, he (Mr. Grant) undertook not to require payment thereof until Mr. Pearce should give him notice of his ability to discharge it, unless in the event of his death. This bore date the 10th of February, and Mr. Grant remained at the Albion for some days afterwards, till the Sunday, when he suddenly quitted, though he had made an appointment to meet two gentlemen from the defendant on the following day, they having come down for the purpose of serving him with an injunction from the Chancellor, not to part with the note which was the subject of the memorandum. From that time nothing has been heard or known of Mr. Grant, though hand-bills and advertisements were issued; but the plaintiff shortly after sued the defendant upon the note. With regard to the plaintiff, many witnesses were called to prove that he had been twice a bankrupt, without paying any dividend, while it was farther shewn that he was connected with some notorious gamblers, and had been seen, no longer since than the last Epsom races, in the capacity of manager of a gambling booth, called the

Baden-Baden Pavilion Booth, where hazard and roulette were played. Under these suspicious circumstances, Mr. Grant being further proved not to be worth anything, it was submitted to the jury whether the plea of the defendant was not substantiated.

Mr. Erle, for the plaintiff, contended that there ought to be direct proof that the note was given for the gambling transaction of the 10th. The note bore date on the 15th, and it was quite consistent with the defendant's case that there might have been another given on the 10th. At all events, the plaintiff, who was the holder of this note, ought not to suffer from the prejudices sought to be raised by the defendant by introducing Mr. Grant's character into the case.

Lord Abinger summed up the case to the jury, who at once returned a verdict for the defendant, subject to a point reserved by the learned Chief Baron, at the instance of the plaintiff, as to the admissibility of various portions of the evidence adduced by the defendant.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.—By an unfortunate coincidence the matches of this distinguished Club, during the present season, have occurred at periods that forbade us the gratification of participating in them. They have been of an unusually interesting description, and our connexion with the society of course adds to the desire we feel to witness the trials of skill and enterprize to which it gives origin. On Monday, the 28th of June, the Challenge Cup of 100 guineas was sailed for by the following vessels, the course being from Greenwich to Coal-hole Point, and back :

	Tons.	
The Champion	25	Messrs. T. and J. Wanhill
The Alarm	20	Mr. Robert Hope
The Ada	25	Hon. H. M. Upton
The Gnome	23	Messrs. R. and T. Meeson
The Gazelle	25	Mr. H. Gunston :

the contending yachts reaching the winning-post thus :—the *Champion*, 23 minutes, 45 seconds, past 5 ; the *Ada*, 28 minutes, 20 seconds, past 5 ; the *Gnome*, 31 minutes, 50 seconds, past 5 ; the *Gazelle*, 35 minutes, 40 seconds, past 5 ; the *Alarm*, 40 minutes, 30 seconds, past 5.

A more even rate of sailing, the distance being had in account, probably has rarely been witnessed ; a more seamanlike contest no river in the world ever saw. Every season adds to the position of the Royal Thames Yacht Club in the character of its craft and all its professional details : were the social arrangements placed upon a corresponding footing, it would be second to no society of the kind in the kingdom. Our knowledge of the peculiar qualities of its popular Commodore, for promoting good fellowship, strengthens us in the trust that, very soon, this Club will be as efficiently provided for ashore as it already is afloat.

SPORTING LAW.—**THE WAGES OF A JOCKEY.**—At the Stafford Assizes, on Monday, an action was brought, by Marlow the jockey, against Mr. Fuller, a proprietor of race-horses, to recover fees for professional services rendered to him, by riding various horses belonging to the defendant. According to the evidence of a witness named

Osland, who was for many years the trainer of Mr. Fuller the defendant, the plaintiff, in the year 1835, had "a general retainer for the season," to ride the defendant's horses. The plaintiff, accordingly, in the summer of that year, rode a mare of the defendant's, named Nell Gwynne, at the Hereford races, and won the stakes, for which the defendant paid him five guineas. Osland was then directed by Fuller to take Nell Gwynne, and another mare, Lady Harrington, to the Carmarthen and Brecon races, at both of which places they were ridden by the plaintiff, but not with the same success. It was for the jockey's fees upon these occasions that the present action was brought, and evidence was given, shewing that the customary *douceur* to the rider of a winning horse is five guineas, and to a loser three guineas. The plaintiff also claimed his travelling expenses to and from Brecon and Carmarthen to his own home in this county, and it was stated that, when a rider was specially retained to ride a particular horse, he was entitled to those expenses, but that he had no claim to them if he rode for more than one person at the races. On behalf of the defendant it was contended that he had never authorized the engagement of the plaintiff; but this defence failed, and, under his Lordship's direction, the plaintiff had a verdict for the full amount of his claim.

COURSING MATCH.—At the late Cambridge Assizes, an action was brought by Captain Daintree against Mr. Hutchinson, upon a contract by which the parties agreed that their respective greyhounds should run a match of three courses for the sum of £100, "p.p." The plaintiff, Captain Daintree, resides at Fenstanton, near Cambridge, and is a magistrate, and a gentleman of fortune; the defendant lives near Nottingham, and is also a man of property. They were at the Lowth Coursing Match at the end of November last, and after dinner the conversation turned upon the comparative merits of the plaintiff's greyhound "King Cole," and the defendant's "Grasper," which ended in the parties signing the following agreement:—"Mr. Hutchinson challenges Captain Daintree to run a greyhound against his for £100, the best of three courses in one day. Mr. Hutchinson names his red-and-white dog Grasper: Captain Daintree names his fawn-and-white dog, King Cole. Each party is to name a judge, and the judges a referee. The match to be run on the Wednesday in the Newmarket February Meeting, 1841, p.p." It appeared by the evidence that there exists at Newmarket a coursing club, which holds its meetings in the first week in February and November in each year; of this club the plaintiff is a member, and the defendant is not. Before the time when the agreement was signed, the Newmarket February Meeting had been fixed for Tuesday the 2nd of that month, and the coursing was to take place on the four following days. On Tuesday, the 2nd of February, the defendant was at Newmarket, ready to run his dog, but there was so severe a frost that it was found impossible to run, and the members of the club, who met and dined together on that day, adjourned the coursing until the "first open Tuesday," which proved to be the 17th of that month. The defendant, who had travelled nearly 100 miles, was prepared to run the match, but the plaintiff was not; and the former, therefore, said the match ought to be off; but the plaintiff gave him written notice that he should insist upon its "coming

off" the adjournment-day. The defendant then left Newmarket, and did not return on the 17th, the day on which by adjournment the coursing of the club took place; the plaintiff was on the ground with "King Cole," and after the secretary to the club had in due form made proclamation for "Grasper" and his master, and they appeared not, he declared the £100 to be forfeited by the defendant.—Mr. Baron Alderson, in this state of things, was of opinion that the action could not be sustained. The parties make a contract that their dogs shall run a match on the 3rd of February, for, as the Newmarket Meeting was fixed before the contract was entered into, that date was to be considered as imported in the agreement. The day arrives; the defendant is prepared with his dog, and ready to run, but owing to the state of the weather it is found impossible to start. The defendant was not bound to run his dog on any other day than that on which he had agreed that he should run, unless he made a fresh agreement; he was no party to the postponement by the club of the coursing, and he was not to be kept from his home and business for a fortnight or a month, or to return at the time to which the club thought proper to adjourn the meeting. The plaintiff was not ready to run on the day mentioned in the agreement, and therefore was not entitled to treat the £100 as forfeited by the defendant. The jury then, under the learned Judge's direction, found a verdict for the defendant.

ARCHERY.—On Wednesday, the 21st ult., the annual grand open *fête* of the archers of the "Fraternity of St. George," was held within the archery grounds belonging to Mr. Freeman, bowyer, Oxford-street, in Abbey-road, St. John's-wood. The wretched state of the weather not only prevented the brilliant display of visitors which was anticipated, but proved a very great hinderance to the gentlemen engaged in the match. The violence of the wind was, of course, most unfavourable for the sport. The match, however, was kept up with great spirit. Between thirty and forty gentlemen entered the lists. Besides those belonging to the fraternity, as the match was a challenge to all comers, there were representatives present of the East Surrey Bowmen, the Robin Hood Bowmen, and the Brighton Archers. Three distances were successively shot over—the first of 100 yards, the second of eighty yards, and the third of sixty yards. Each gentleman discharged thirty-six arrows, and the results, as announced by the Captain of the Club, were as follow:—

1st prise, Mr. Heath, whose score amounted to	212
2nd ditto, Mr. Forsyth (the captain)	208
3rd ditto, Mr. Evans, of Covent-garden (the lieutenant)	158
4th ditto, Mr. Freeman, of Oxford-street	112
5th ditto, Mr. Cookman	103
6th ditto, Mr. Satherthwaite (Captain of the East Surrey Bowmen)	91
7th ditto, Mr. Kepper	79
8th ditto, Mr. Dyson (secretary)	73

DEATH OF SIR EDWARD MOSTYN, BART.—We have to record the death of the above worthy baronet, who died at Talacre, the family seat, in Flintshire, on Sunday last, after a lengthened illness. The deceased, who was the seventh baronet, was born in 1785, married first, in 1808, Miss Blundell, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Blundell, of

Crossby Hall, Lancashire, and secondly in 1826, third daughter of the late Mr. Henry Slaughter, of Furze Hall, Essex. In 1823 he succeeded his father; was *custos brevium* of the Court of Common Pleas; and was last year appointed Deputy Lieutenant of Flintshire. He is succeeded by his eldest son by his first marriage, now Sir Pyers Mostyn, Bart., born in 1811.

THE HAMBLEDON HOUNDS.—This hunt wound up their season with their annual races over Soberton Down, on the 28th of April, when fine weather, good sport, and plenty of company gave a good finish to the first season of these hounds being under the management of Walter Long, jun., Esq., of Preshaw-house, Hants. It is gratifying to be able to state that he has given general satisfaction; their sport, up to the frost, was excellent, and immediately on its breaking up they had four good days in one week, each ending with blood. There is little good hunting to be got in Hampshire (the New Forest excepted) after February; it is rare that anything worthy of record occurs when the March winds set in. Our hills (never abounding with tenacity of scent), in dry and cold weather, require the utmost perseverance in hounds, and the best management on the part of the huntsman, to afford any sport. Mr. Long has a good pack of hounds, and a quick and clever huntsman, and showed as good sport to the end of the season as can be obtained in that country. In one of my communications, last summer, I mentioned having seen seven foxes together in the month of July, on the farm of Mr. Henry Barnard, at Eastmeon, Hants, who had taken great pains to rear them. These foxes afforded several good runs during the past season, and the cover (a very small one) in which they were littered, was, I believe, seldom or never drawn blank all the year. When we read of the disputes that have taken place between the farmers and members of the leading Hunt of England, we cannot too highly appreciate the assistance of Mr. Henry Barnard, towards the sport of the Hambledon Hunt, by the manner in which he preserved these foxes, by feeding, and great care that they should not be disturbed.

W. MISING.

HAWKING AT LOO.—The hawking at Loo was closed on the 10th inst., by Mr. Charles Stuart Wortley, as senior member of the society. The herons taken during the season amounted to 237. The last days were extremely favourable for the sport. The concluding flight was peculiarly fine. The falcons marked their game at such an elevation as to be nearly invisible to the sportsman and spectators; the heron finding it impossible to escape its pursuers, descended and fell unharmed amongst the company. Being exhausted by terror and fatigue, it was easily secured, and marked with the ring No. 121; and when recovered, set at liberty again from the hand of Lady Stuart Wortley. Two falconers immediately afterwards set out for Norway, to catch fresh hawks for next season.

The Duke of Leeds is at the Hague, where the hawking season has commenced with some spirit, the heron having been unusually strong on the wing. The new King of Holland has greatly increased the establishment.

CRICKET.—At Lord's, June 13th. Six gentlemen of the Marylebone Club, with four players of the ground, and Wenman, against five gentlemen of the Sussex, and six players of the county.

MARYLEBONE.		1st inn.	2nd do.
Bayley, ct. by Barnett, b. by Lillywhite	5
C. G. Whitaker, Esq. st. Box, b. Lillywhite	12	..	run out 5
Cobbett, ct. by Box, bowled by Dean	2	..	bowled by Lillywhite 23
Hon. Capt. Liddell, st. by Box, b. Dean	6	..	not out 25
Sewell, not out	12	..	ct. Haslett, bowled by Lillywhite 32
Wenman, bowled by Dean	0	..	bowled by Dean 0
Hillyer, bowled by Dean	1	..	not out 3
R. Kynaston, Esq., c. Millyard, b. Dean	0	..	ct. by Barton, Esq., bd. by Dean 3
F. Thackeray, Esq., bowled by Dean	0	..	bowled by Dean 0
Hon. Col. Lowther, st. Box, bow. by Dean	0
T. M. Wythe, Esq., run out	0	..	bowled by Lillywhite 1
Byes 5, wide ball 1	6	..	Byes 6 6
Total	—44		Total —98
SUSSEX.		1st inn.	2nd do.
Millyard, hit wicket, bowled by Cobbett	11	..	bowled by Bayley 9
Lillywhite, ct. by Cobbett, b. by Bayley	0	..	not out 4
Box, bowled by Bayley	10 bowled by Bayley 0
Hawkins, bowled by Cobbett	0 bowled by Bayley 33
C. G. Taylor, Esq., bowled by Cobbett	6 bowled by Cobbett 23
Mr. Mason, bowled by Cobbett	1	..	ct. Col. Lowther, bow. by Bayley 0
G. Barton, Esq., ct. Thackeray, b. Bayley	2 bowled by Cobbett 1
E. Barnett, Esq., ct. Wenman, b. Bayley	7	..	run out 8
A. Smith, Esq., run out	4 bowled by Cobbett 1
Haslett, ct. by Cobbett, bow. by Bayley	3 bowled by Cobbett 0
Dean, not out	0	..	ct. by Cobbett, bowled by Bayley 3
Byes	4	..	Byes 11
Total	—48		Total —93

The following were the principal matches played during the past month and the conclusion of June: eight gentlemen, old Etonians, with Cobbett, Hillyer, and Lillywhite, against eight gentlemen of England, with A. Mynn, Esq., Bayley, and Pilch. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 29th and 30th.

ETONIANS.		1st inn.	2nd do.
T. Anson, Esq., c. Nethercote, b. A. Mynn	20	..	bowled by Bayley 8
Lillywhite, ct. Hastings, bow. by A. Mynn	10 bowled by Bayley 1
R. Kynaston, Esq., ct. Pilch, b. A. Mynn	1 bowled by A. Mynn 18
C. G. Taylor, Esq., ct. by Nethercote	1	..	run out 2
Cobbett, bowled by Bayley	1 bowled by Bayley 16
Hillyer, bowled by Bayley	2	..	not out 0
Hon. Capt. Liddell, bow. by A. Mynn	0	..	absent 5
R. Garth, Esq., run out	4	..	ct. W. Mynn, b. A. Mynn 0
F. Thackeray, Esq., bowled by Bayley	0 bowled by A. Mynn 4
W. Pickering, Esq., not out	0 bowled by A. Mynn 14
R. W. Keate, Esq., ct. W. Mynn, b. A. Mynn	5 bowled by A. Mynn 11
Byes 4, wide balls 4, no ball 1	9	..	Byes 3, wide balls 2 .. 5
Total	—53		Total —84
GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.		1st inn.	2nd do.
A. Mynn, Esq., leg b. w. bow. Hillyer	1 bowled by Lillywhite 7
W. Mynn, Esq., bowled by Lillywhite	0	..	c. Cobbett, b. Lillywhite .. 6
Pilch, bowled by Lillywhite	22 bowled by Cobbett 35
C. G. Whitaker, Esq., bow. by Hillyer	0	..	c. Cobbett, bowled Hillyer .. 8
H. O. Nethercote, Esq., b. by Lillywhite	3	..	not out 5
P. Mundy, Esq., bowled by Lillywhite	7 bowled by Hillyer 6
Mr. Mason, bowled by Hillyer	11	..	c. Capt. Liddell, b. Lillywhite 4
Bayley, bowled by Lillywhite	9	..	st. Anson, bow. Hillyer .. 4
Franks, Esq., bowled by Lillywhite	0 bowled by Lillywhite 0
Hon. G. Hastings, bowled by Hillyer	0 bowled by Lillywhite .. 3
H. A. Bathurst, Esq., not out	0 bowled by Lillywhite 1
Wide ball	1	..	Byes, &c. 0
Total	—54		Total —79

Eton went in first, and won by 4 runs.

The Slow and Fast Bowlers. These eleven were selected by Mr. Aislebie ; and a finer exhibition of bowling, batting, and fielding there could not have been.

FAST BOWLERS.		1st inn.	2nd do.
W. Ward, Esq., bowled by Lillywhite	12	.. not out ..	9
R. Anderson, Esq., bowled by Lillywhite	0	.. run out ..	17
Fenner, bowled by Bayley	2	.. bowled by Lillywhite ..	30
Filch, ct. by Taylor, b. by Cobbett	22	.. ct. by Taylor, bow. Lillywhite	10
A. Mynn, Esq., ct. Wenman, b. Cobbett	19	.. ct. by Bayley, bow. Lillywhite	0
Hon. F. Ponsonby, c. Nethercote, b. Cobbett	1	.. st. by Wenman, b. Lillywhite	0
Box, bowled by Bayley	7	.. ct. by Nethercote, b. Cobbett	3
Redgate, bowled by Bayley	7	.. ct. by Kynaston, b. Cobbett	3
R. W. Keate, Esq., not out	8	.. bowled by Lillywhite	1
F. Thackeray, Esq., bow. by Bayley	0	.. bowled by Cobbett ..	26
Hon. A. Savile, run out	0	.. bowled by Cobbett ..	0
Bye	1	Byes 2, wide ball 1	3
Total	79	Total	102

SLOW BOWLERS.		1st inn.	2nd do.
T. A. Anson, Esq., hit w. b. Fenner	22	.. bowled by Mynn	12
R. Kynaston, Esq., bowled by Redgate	0	.. bowled by Mynn ..	1
Guy, caught and bowled by Mynn	18	.. ct. by Mynn, b. by Redgate	3
Wenman, ct. by Box, bow. by Redgate	27	.. not out ..	22
C. Taylor, Esq., run out	0	.. ct. by R. Anderson, b. Mynn	0
Cobbett, bowled by Redgate	3	.. bowled by Redgate	2
Lillywhite, not out	8	.. bowled by Mynn ..	11
Bayley, stumped by Box, b. by Mynn	0	.. bowled by Redgate ..	3
Hon. Capt. Liddell, bow. by Mynn	0	.. bowled by Mynn ..	0
H. O. Nethercote, Esq., run out	4	.. bowled by Mynn ..	0
G. A. F. Bentinck, Esq., bow. by Redgate	0	.. bowled by Redgate	0
Byes 2, no ball 1	3	Byes 3, wide ball 1	4
Total	85	Total	58

The "Slows" losing by thirty-six runs.

The Gentlemen and Players of England. Lord's, Monday, 12th, and Tuesday, 13th.

GENTLEMEN.		1st inn.	2nd do.
W. Barton, Esq., bowled Lillywhite	0	.. run out ..	1
T. A. Anson, Esq., leg. b. w. b. Cobbett	3	.. ct. Sewell, bowled Redgate	11
C. G. Taylor, Esq., b. Lillywhite	0	.. bowled by Lillywhite ..	2
A. Mynn, Esq., bowled by Lillywhite	18	.. bowled by Redgate	17
G. Langdon, Esq., ct. Sampson, b. Cobbett	11	.. bowled by Redgate ..	25
R. Nicholson, Esq., ct. Guy, b. Lillywhite	1	.. not out ..	29
G. Boudier, Esq., bowled by Cobbett	0	.. run out ..	2
C. G. Whittaker, Esq., bow. Lillywhite	9	.. ct. Lillywhite, b. Lillywhite	9
Hon. F. Ponsonby, not out	19	.. bowled by Lillywhite ..	5
Sir F. H. Bathurst, bow. Lillywhite	5	.. ct. Hawkins, bow. Lillywhite	0
A. Lowth, Esq., bowled by Lillywhite	8	.. bowled by Lillywhite ..	5
Byes	4	Byes 2, wide balls 1	3
Total	78	Total	109

PLAYERS.		1st inn.	2nd do.
Redgate, ct. Nicholson, bowled Mynn	8	.. not out ..	5
Good, ct. Barton, bowled by Lowth	6	.. bowled by Mynn ..	4
Fenner, bowled by Lowth	4	.. leg before wicket, b. Mynn	32
Guy, bowled by Mynn	11	.. caught by Taylor, b. Lowth	12
Filch, run out	11	.. not out ..	13
Wenman, bowled by Mynn	1	.. bowled by Mynn ..	27
Hawkins, ct. Hon. F. Ponsonby, b. Mynn	0	.. bowled by Lowth ..	1
Sewell, ct. Taylor, bowled by Mynn	10	.. bowled by Mynn ..	11
Sampson, ct. Anson, bowled by Mynn	3	.. bowled by Lowth ..	7
Cobbett, not out	3	..	7
Lillywhite, st. Anson, bowled by Mynn	0	Byes 5, wide balls 7	12
Byes 4, wide balls 3	7	Total	124
Total	64	Total	124

The Gentlemen went in first, and lost the match by three wickets.

The Oxford and Cambridge Match, at Lord's, Wednesday the 14th, and Friday the 16th ult. The Cambridge men, it will be seen, won by eight runs.

CAMBRIDGE.		1st inn.	2nd do.
E. Harenc, Esq., bowled by Mills	..	0	.. bowled by Lord Ward .. 2
T. A. Anson, Esq., run out	..	15	.. ct. Dryden, bow. Cowburn 30
J. R. Bulwer, Esq., ct. Cowburn, b. Lowth	31 ct. and bow. by Lowth 0
A. Hume, Esq., bowled by Lowth	..	0	.. bowled by Cowburn .. 16
G. J. Boudier, Esq., ct. Nethercote, b. Ward	11 ct. Lord Loftus, bow. Mills 24
W. Mills, Esq., not out	..	2	.. run out .. 0
W. De St. Croix, Esq., ct. Garth, b. Ward	6 run out .. 4
J. B. Turner, Esq., ct. Garth, b. Ward	10 bowled by Lord Ward 1
E. Sayres, Esq., ct. Dryden, b. Lowth	0 st. by Garth, bow. by Mills 3
E. Hartopp, Esq., ct. and b. by Lowth	0 not out .. 7
H. Jenner, Esq., absent	..	0	.. bowled by Cowburn .. 5
Byes 12, wide balls 16	..	28	Byes 7, wide balls 21 .. 28
Total	..	-103	Total .. -120
OXFORD.		1st inn.	2nd do.
A. Dryden, Esq., ct. Turner, b. Sayres	28 bowled by Mills .. 7
A. Lowth, Esq., run out	..	24	.. ct. Jenner, bow. St. Croix 3
H. Curteis, Esq., bow. by St. Croix	0 bowled by Mills .. 0
R. Garth, Esq., St. Anson, bow. St. Croix	16 not out .. 40
H. O. Nethercote, Esq., bow. by Sayres	11 bowled by St. Croix .. 5
G. C. Cherry, Esq., bow. by St. Croix	1 bowled by Sayres .. 17
Lord Loftus, bowled by St. Croix	..	1	.. bowled by Sayres .. 0
R. Lowndes, Esq., bowled by Sayres	..	3	.. bowled by Mills .. 22
Lord Ward, ct. Jenner, bow. by Sayres	1 absent .. 0
A. Cowburn, Esq., not out	..	2	.. bowled by Mills 3
H. Mills, Esq., bowled by Sayres	..	0	.. bowled by Sayres .. 0
Byes 3, wide balls 13	..	16	Byes 7, wide balls 8 .. 15
Total	..	-103	Total .. -112

CRICKET.—THE MARYLEBONE CLUB v. THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.—On Saturday, the 17th ult., a match was played at Lord's, between eleven gentlemen of the University of Oxford, and a similar number of members of the Marylebone Club. The Oxonians were Lord H. Loftus, R. Garth, Esq., H. O. Nethercote, Esq., A. Dryden, Esq., W. Cherrey, Esq., H. Curteis, Esq., R. Lowndes, Esq., A. Cowburn, Esq., H. Mills, Esq., W. Blacker, Esq., and C. Leslie, Esq.—The Marylebone eleven consisted of Viscount Drumlanrig, Lord C. Russell, the Hon. Capt. Liddell, the Hon. C. Saville, T. A. Anson, Esq., G. Proctor, Esq., F. Thackeray, Esq., H. Walker, Esq., F. Huddleston, Esq., T. Burgoyne, Esq., and E. Sayres, Esq. The following is the score:—

OXONIANS	1st inn.	157	—	2nd inn.	105
MARYLEBONE CLUB	1st inn.	123	—	2nd inn.	140

Thus winning, and with six wickets to go down.

The return match, between Kent and Sussex, which came off at Town Malling, terminated in favour of Kent, with six wickets to go down.

TURF REGISTER.

* It is not thought convenient to give the details of the running at the Minor Meetings.

HIPPODROME MEETING.—TUESDAY, MAY 4TH.

The Baywater Free Plate of 50 sovs., for maiden horses of all ages; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 9 lb.; five and upwards, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; three horses to start, or no race; heats, one mile.

Mr. Isaac Day's ch. c. Marius, three years old (Bartholomew)	0	1	1
Mr. Balchin's b. f. Affection, three years old (Esling)	1	0	0
Mr. Stirling's b. c. The Pocket Viper, three years old (Cowen)	0	0	2
Mr. Wade's br. g. Turncoat, six years old (Rogers)	0	3	3
Captain Gardner's bk. g. Dismal Jemmy, four years old (Nat)	0	2	0
Lord Worley's b. c. by Plenipo, out of Rosabel, late Runnymede, three years old (Sheepway)	2	0	0
Mr. Roe's ch. f. by Nonsense, out of Alda, four years old (E. Edwards)	0	0	0
Mr. Booth's ch. c. Russell Frost, four years old (Sly)	0	0	dr.
Sir C. Ibbotson's bk. c. The Black Knight, three years old (Mann)	0	dr.	
Captain Green's gr. m. Miss Gray, aged (Boast)	0	dr.	
Mr. Waine's br. m. Saracena, three years old (Crickmere)	0	dr.	

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 100 given by the Proprietor of the Hippodrome; for three-year-olds, 6 st. 9 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; horses having won once this year before starting, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; thrice, 7 lb. extra, matches excepted; the owner of the second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the Stakes; about two miles (six subscribers).

Mr. Isaac Day's Tamburini, five years old (Connelly)	1
Mr. Morris's Fat Jack, aged (Marlow)	2
Mr. Kingston's Ruby, aged (Sly)	3
Mr. Houldsworth's Hampton, three years old (Chapple)	4

Betting: 6 to 5 against Tamburini, and 5 to 2 against Ruby.

The Hyde Park Derby Stakes of 25 sovs. each; 10 ft., with 200 added by the Proprietor of the Hippodrome; for three year old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the winner of either of the Huddesworths, the Column, 2000 gs., or Newmarket Stakes, to have carried 5 lb. extra; if any two of the above, 7 lb. extra; a mile and a half (eighteen subscribers, seven of whom declared, &c.)

Mr. Sadler's Protection, by Defence (Connelly)	1
Mr. Bristol's br. c. Sterne, by Dr. Faustus, out of Mary (Chapple)	2
Mr. Stirling's The Comptroller (May)	0
Mr. Houldsworth's Delusive (Rogers)	0
Mr. Skerratt's b. f. Lydia (Marlow)	0
Mr. Skerratt's b. c. by Newton, dam by Mr. Lowe, grandam by Trinidad, out of Miss Skim (Macdonald)	0
Mr. Boast's b. c. Clarendon (Boast)	0
Captain Gardner's CEnon, by St. Nicholas, out of CEna (Nat)	0

Betting: 7 to 4 against Protection, 7 to 2 against Sterne, 5 to 1 against Lydia, and 10 to 1 against Clarendon.

The Notting Hill Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 given by the Proprietor of the Hippodrome, for horses of all ages; three-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st. 12 lb.; five, 9 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 12 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.; one mile and a half (ten subscribers).

Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, aged (Marlow)	1
Mr. Bennett's br. c. Whisperm, three years old (Chapple)	2
Mr. Bradford's ch. f. Jessica, three years old (Bartholomew)	0
Mr. Lucas's gr. f. Traitress, three years old (a lad)	0
Mr. King's br. m. Dahlia, four years old (Balchin)	0
Mr. Connor's bk. h. Hazard, five years old (Webb)	0
Mr. Isaac Day's b. m. Science, five years old (Connelly)	0
Mr. Booth's br. m. Isabella, six years old (Sly)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 against Jessica, 3 to 1 against Fat Jack, and 9 to 2 against Science.

FRIDAY, 7th.—The Kensington Free Plate of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb. five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners on the first day (matches excepted), 5 lb.; if twice, 9 lb. extra; heats, one mile; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded.

Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, aged, 5 lb. extra (Marlow)	0	1	1
Mr. Stirling's ch. c. The Comptroller, three years old (Cowen)	2	2	2
Mr. Greville's ch. h. Perseus, four years old (Nat)	1	3	dr.
Mr. Armstrong's ch. g. Bonnet Rouge, four years old (Tiny)	0	0	dr.
Mr. Bacon's bk. h. Ascanius, six years old (Brick)	0	0	dr.
Mr. Wickham's br. h. Primus, six years old (owner)	0	0	dr.
Mr. Lucas's gr. f. Traitors, three years old (a lad)	0	0	dr.

The Notting Barnes Handicap of 10 sovs. each, with 100 given by the Proprietor of the Hippodrome; Chesterfield Course, about two miles (six subscribers).

Mr. Wright's sister to Pickwick, by Camel, five years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Nat)	1
Mr. Stirling's b. c. The Pocket Viper, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Bartholomew)	2
Mr. Isaac Day's b. m. Science, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Connelly)	3
Mr. Houldsworth's Hampton, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Percy)	4
Mr. Booth's ch. c. Benjamin, four years old, 9 st. 10 lb.	dr.
Mr. Wade's br. g. Turncoat, six years old, 8 st. 6 lb.	dr.

Betting: 2 to 1 against Science, 3 to 1 against sister to Pickwick, and 4 to 1 against Hampton.

The Hyde Park Oaks Stakes of 15 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; to this Stake 100 will be added by the Proprietor of the Hippodrome; the winner of either of the Riddleworths, the Column, 2,000 gs., 1,000 gs. Newmarket Stakes, or Hyde Park Derby, 5 lb. extra; of any two of the above, 7 lb. extra; the Magnum Bonum Course, one mile and a half (seven subscribers).

Captain Rous's Langoe, by Langar (Pettit)	0	1
Mr. Skerratt's b. f. Lydia (Marlow)	0	2
Mr. Sadler's Protection (Rogers)	3	
Mr. Dixon's f. b. Muley Moloch, out of Dryad (Nat)	0	
Captain Colquitt's ch. f. Miss Emily, by Velocipede, out of Arbis (Butler)	0	
Mr. Houldsworth's Delusive (Chapple)	0	

Betting: Even on Protection, and 2 to 1 against Langoe.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 given by the Proprietor of the Hippodrome; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 9 lb.; five, six, and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; T. Y. C. (seven subscribers).

Mr. Fulwar Craven's br. f. Benedetta, by Defence, three years old (Percy)	1
Lord Warwick's ch. m. Petty Larceny, four years old (Marlow)	2
Captain Colquitt's ch. f. Miss Emily, three years old (Mann)	0
Mr. Kling's br. m. Dahlia, four years old (Balchin)	0
Mr. Goodman's br. g. Mungo Parke, four years old (Butler)	0
Captain Lamb's gr. h. Chit-chat, aged (Nat)	0
Mr. Wickham's b. m. The Howdy, aged (Ford)	0

Betting: 3 to 1 against Benedetta, 3 to 1 against Petty Larceny, and 4 to 1 against Chit-chat taken.

KELSO SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY, May 11th.—The Border St. Leger, a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added by Capt. M. Innes; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 6 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; one mile and a half (four subscribers).

Mr. W. R. Ramsay's br. c. Sheriff and Fulton (late Swipes), by The Saddler, or Marcian (Noble)	1
Mr. G. Dawson na. ch. f. Euterpe, by Valparaiso—Emma (Holloway)	2

The Two-year-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with £50 added by W. R. Ramsay, Esq.; for colts, 5 st. 6 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; half a mile (four subscribers).

Mr. W. R. Ramsay's br. c. Whistle Binkle, by Round Robin, out of Lady Easy (Noble)	1
Sir Jas. Boswell's b. c. Monarch, by Valparaiso (Holloway)	2
Sir W. Scott's ch. f. Tadlet, by Muley Moloch, dam by Chateaux Margaux, foaled in 1830 (Springate)	3

The Jerriswoode Plate of £155, by subscription of the inhabitants of Kelso, farmers and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, for horses of all ages; the winner to give four dozen of claret, to be drunk at the ordinary, to the health and prosperity of George Baillie, Esq., of Jerriswoode; heats, two miles.

Mr. W. R. Ramsay's b. c. Neptune, four years old, 9 st. 2 lb. (Noble)	1	1
Mr. Lambert's br. h. St. Bennett, by Catton, aged, 10 st. 5 lb. (J. Clark)	2	2
Mr. R. Crawford's br. g. Centurion, aged, 10 st. 3 lb.	5	3
Mr. A. Waugh's b. g. St. Monance (late High Sheriff), five years old, 9 st. 12 lb. (Springate)	3	dr.
Mr. John Barclay's br. m. Tweedside, by Epperstone, aged, 10 st. 3 lb. (Prentice)	4	dr.

The Oats Sweepstakes of 5 bolls each, p.p., for horses of all ages that never started before the day of nomination, except for Matches, Hunters' Stakes, Cocktail Stakes, Oats Stakes, or Farmers' Plates; gentlemen riders; heats, one mile and a half.

Sir W. Scott's ch. f. Lilliard, by Corinthian, dam By Wrangler, four years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (Capt. Campbell)	1	1
Hon. H. F. H. Scott na. b. m. Maid of the Mill, by Scarborough—Maggie Lauder, four years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (Mr. Young)	4	2
Mr. Baillie na. b. g. by Young Comus, dam by Guerilla, four years old, 10 st. 4 lb.	2	dr.
Earl of Haddington na. ch. g. Barebones, by the Earl, six years old, 12 st. (Mr. Miller)	3	dr.

WEDNESDAY, 12th.—The Hunters' Stakes of 5 sovs. each, p.p., for horses that have been regularly hunted during the preceding season; gentlemen riders; 12 st.; heats, two miles (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zorab, by Lottery, aged (Capt. Campbell)	1	1
Mr. R. Crawford's br. g. Centurion, aged (Mr. Boag)	2	2
Mr. A. Waugh's b. g. St. Monance (late High Sheriff), five years old (Mr. Smith)	3	3
Mr. W. R. Ramsay's ch. g. Sulleman, five years old (Mr. Wood)	4	4

The Duke of Roxburghe's Plate, value 50 gu., for horses of all ages; heats, two miles.

Mr. W. R. Ramsay's b. c. Neptune, four years old, 8 st. (Noble)	1	1
Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zorab, by Lottery, aged, 8 st. 8 lb. (Holloway)	2	2
Earl of Chesterfield's b. h. Colwick, aged, 8 st. 10 lb. (J. Holmes)	3	dr.

Duke of Buccleugh's Plate of £50, for horses the property of farmers residing within the limits of His Grace's and Lord Elcho's hunts, occupying, on a regular lease, not less than 100 acres of arable land, or the sons of such following their profession, that have been the property of the present proprietor since the 1st January, 1841, and not in a regular training stable up to the time of starting; to be ridden by farmers or their sons following the same profession, and resident within the above limits; once round and a distance.

Mr. W. Binnie's ch. g. The Laird's Brother, aged, 13 st. 3 lb. (Mr. Young)	5	3	1	1
Mr. B. Anderson's b. g. Æolus, by Corinthian, aged, 13 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Usher)	2	1	2	2
Mr. Laing's br. g. Shadow, aged, 12 st. 4 lb. (Mr. Laing)	1	2	5	dr.
Mr. John Barclay's br. m. Tweedside, aged, 12 st. 15 lb. (Mr. Barclay)	3	4	3	dr.
Mr. Cossar's g. m. Kate Nickleby, by Macorville, six years old, 12 st. 4 lb. (Mr. Cossar)	7	6	4	dr.
Mr. J. Mitchell's b. g. Reindeer, six years old, 12 st. 6 lb. (Mr. Carnegie)	4	5	6	dr.
Mr. C. Dycer na. ch. g. Barebones, by The Earl, six years old, 12 st. 4 lb.	6			dr.

The Farmers' Plate, by subscription, with £12 : 12s. added from the proceeds of the Stand, by permission of His Grace the Duke of Roxburghe, for horses of all ages, *bona fide* the property of farmers who occupy at least fifty acres of arable land, or their sons following the same profession, that never started for £50 in plate or stakes before the day of nomination (excepting Farmers' Plates), nor any horse that ever actually won £5 at any one time before the day of nomination (matches excepted); to be ridden by farmers or their sons; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Fauscus's b. g. by Young Comus, dam by Guerilla, four years old, 11 st. (Donkin)	1	1
Mr. Tait's b. m. Eliza, by Tramp, four years old, 11 st. (Anderson)	3	2
Mr. C. Dycer na. ch. g. Barebones, by The Earl, six years old, 12 st. 10 lb. (Dawson)	dis.

BEVERLEY RACES.

Stewards: Col. Thompson, H. Wormald, and H. Pesse, Esqrs.

WEDNESDAY, May 12th.—The Holderness Stakes of 10 sovs. each; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 3 lb., and fillies, 8 st.; T.Y.C. (seven subscribers).

Mr. B. King's b. c. Cattonite, by Muley Moloch—Jubilee (Templeman)	1
Mr. Singleton's ch. c. Smike, by St. Nicholas, out of Sally Snobs (Weatherill)	2
Mr. Bell's b. f. Frea, by Romulus, out of Selina (Hesseltine)	0
Mr. H. Robinson's b. f. Maria, by Belshazzar, out of Melbourn's dam (J. Marson)	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. All-my-eye, by Sheet Anchor, out of Betty Martin (Francis)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Cattonite, 3 to 1 agst. Smike, and 3 to 1 agst. All-my-eye.

The Gold Cup Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added by the Town; the second saves his stake; two miles (twelve subscribers, of whom four paid 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Richardson's ch. c. Kingston Robin, by Robin Hood, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Templeman)	1
Mr. Wormald's ch. c. Millepede, by Velocipede, three years old, 7 st. (Lye)	2

Mr. Allen's b. m. Antigua, by Mulatto, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (J. Marson) ...	0
Mr. Fox's b. h. Sandy, by Sandbeck, five years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (W. Marson) ...	0
Mr. Robinson's ch. c. Nebuchadnezzar, by Belshazzar, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (M. Hutchinson) ...	0
Mr. Peck's b. g. Tournament, by Contest, three years old, 6 st. 2 lb. (Joy) ...	0
Mr. Haworth's br. c. Hull Bank, by Contest, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Francis) bolted.	

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Millepede, 3 to 1 agst. Antigua, and 5 to 1 agst. Kingston Robin.

Plate of 50 sovs., given by S. L. Fox, Esq., M.P., for horses, &c., that never won £50 at any time; three-year-olds, to carry 8 st.; four, 9 st.; five, six, and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb., and half-bred horses, &c., 7 lb.; heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Hobson's br. c. Cainby, by Mulatto, four years old (J. Marson) ...	0	1	1
Mr. H. Robinson's ch. c. Cato, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Templeman) ...	1	2	2
Mr. R. Collinson's br. m. by Falcon, dam by Young Phantom, four years old (R. Spivey) ...	0	3	3
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Henri Quatre, three years old (Francis) ...	2	dr.	
Mr. Bell's b. f. Mary O'More, three years old (Hesseltine) ...	0	dr.	

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Cainby, 3 to 1 agst. Cato, 4 to 1 agst. Henri Quatre, and 4 to 1 agst. any other.

THURSDAY, 13th.—The Hotham Stakes, of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 25 added by the Town, for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; one mile and a quarter (six subscribers).

Mr. Wormald's ch. c. Millipede, by Velocipede (Hesseltine)
Mr. Brook's ch. f. Moonbeam, by Tomboy (Marson)	2
Mr. G. Clark's ch. c. Playfellow, by Langar, out of Delusion (Francis)	fell

Betting: Even on Moonbeam.

The Beverley Stakes of 7 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 20 added; gentlemen riders; once round and a distance (seven subscribers).

Mr. J. Simpson's b. h. Aggravator, by Palmerin, aged, 11 st. 9 lb. (Mr. W. Simpson) ...	1
Mr. Bell's ch. m. sister to Ferneley, by Gainsbro', six years old, 11 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Willoughby) ...	2
Mr. C. Robson's ch. m. The Romp, by Record, six years old, 10 st. 12 lb. (Mr. W. Lamplugh) ...	3
Mr. Oxtoby's gr. c. by Falcon, dam by Y. Ardrossan, four years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Hopper) ...	4
Mr. Baxter's b. m. sister to Hamlet, aged, 10 st. 9 lb. (Mr. Ford) ...	5
Mr. Greenwood's br. m. by Margrave, out of Miss Chance's dam, five years old, 10 st. 10 lb. (Mr. Holmes) ...	6
Mr. Walker's br. c. by Contest, out of Rife, three years old, 9 st. (Mr. Bell) ...	7

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Aggravator, 3 to 1 agst. Falcon colt, and 5 to 1 agst. sister to Ferneley.

The Kingston Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added, for horses that never won £100 before naming; two-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; and three, 9 st.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner before starting, 3 lb. extra; the second saves his Stake; Kingston Course (six subscribers).

Mr. Peck's b. g. Tournament, by Contest, three years old (Wetherill) ...	1
Mr. Simpson's ch. f. The Chaldean Princess, three years old (Marson) ...	2
Mr. J. Scott na. b. f. Mary O'More, three years old (Hesseltine) ...	3
Mr. Robinson's b. c. Baato, by Muley Moloch, out of Bolivar's dam, three years old, (Templeman) ...	4

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Mary O'More, 3 to 1 agst. Tournament, and 4 to 1 agst. Baato.

A Plate of 50 sovs., given by J. W. Hogg, Esq., M.P.; three years old, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 8 lb.; five, 9 st. 3 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 4 lb.; maiden three and four-year-olds, at starting, 7 lb.; and five-year-olds and upwards, 10 lb.; half-bred horses, 7 lb.; the winner of the Cup Stakes, 3 lb. extra; heats, mile and a half.

Mr. Hesseltine's br. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, five years old (Hesseltine) ...	1	1
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Henri Quatre, three-years old (Francis) ...	2	dr.
Capt. Elmsall's b. m. Selima, by Young Phantom, aged, half-bred ...	3	dr.

Betting: 5 to 1 on The Shadow.

SHIFFNAL RACES.—FRIDAY, MAY 14TH.

Stewards: Ernest Durrant, Esq.; Richard Phillips, Esq.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 35 added from the fund; the second to receive 5 sovs. out of the Stakes; twice round and a distance, about two miles (five subscribers).

Mr. Page's b. m. Query, by Emancipation, six years old, 9 st. 2 lb. (Marlow) ...	1
Mr. Jackson's b. h. Wings, five years old, 9 st. 1 lb. (Calloway) ...	2
Mr. Griffith's ch. h. Lugwardine, six years old, 9 st. 5 lb. (Hardy) ...	0
Mr. Knox's ch. h. George, six years old, 9 st. 9 lb. (Peace) ...	0
Mr. Copeland's bk. c. St. Botolph, three years old, 7 st. 1 lb. (Dodgson) ...	0

The South Shropshire Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Hon. R. H. Clive and the Earl of Darlington, Members for the Southern Division of the County, and 5 by the Hon. S. Herbert, M.P.; the second to receive £5; heats, one mile and a half (ten subscribers).

Mr. Skerratt's b. c. by Newton, dam by Marneluke, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (J. House) ...	0	1	1
Mr. Saunders's ch. f. Lady Caroline, by Memnon Junior, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Stagg) ...	0	2	2
Mr. Peel's br. h. Meerut, four year's old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Whitehouse) ...	1	3	dr.
Mr. Flintoff's b. m. Constance, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Calloway) ...	2	0	dr.
Mr. Arthur's b. c. The Star, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (W. Arthur) ...	0	0	dr.
Mr. Denman's b. f. by Doncaster, out of Helen Mar, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Denman) ...	0	0	dr.
Mr. Copeland's bk. c. St. Botolph, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Dodgson) ...	0	dr.	
Lord Warwick's ch. f. Syria, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Hadley) ...	dis.		

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 15 added by the Right Hon. Lord Ward, E. Durrant, Esq., and R. Phillips, Esq., and 10 from the fund; the second to receive £5 out of the Stakes; heats, twice round and a distance (five subscribers).

Mr. Hughes's ch. h. Sportsman, by Jupiter, four years old, 9 st. 8 lb. (owner) ...	1	1
Mr. Robinson's br. m. Finality, aged, 10 st. 11 lb. (Wadlow) ...	0	2
Mr. Davies's ch. c. Hatred, by Revenge, three years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Marlow) ...	0	0
Mr. Hollinshead's b. g. Little Peter, aged, 10 st. (Oliver) ...	0	0
Mr. Wilkinson's ch. g. Glance, by Newborough, three years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Price) ...	2	dr.

The Hurdle Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the fund; the second to receive £3; two miles, with six leaps over hurdles; the winner to pay 2 sovs. for the hurdles.

Mr. Hollinshead's b. m. Mischief, aged, 11 st. (Oliver) ...	1
Mr. Peace's b. g. Defence, aged, 11 st. (Peace) ...	2
Mr. Bennett's b. m. Woodbine, six years old, 11 st. (Hardy) ...	3
Mr. Parker's d. m. Duenna, aged, 11 st. 4 lb. (Frisby) ...	4

Won easy.

GORHAMBURY RACES.

TUESDAY, May 18th.—The Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added from the fund; three-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; Cherry-tree in (six subscribers).

Capt. Gardner's b. c. Ben Brace, by Sheet Anchor, three years old (Nat) ...	1
Lord Sandwick's br. h. Normanby, aged (Wakefield) ...	2
Lord Verulam's ch. c. by Actæon, out of Corumba, by Filho da Puta, three years old (Mann) ...	3
Mr. Coleman's ch. b. Carlos, four years old (W. Coleman) ...	4
Lord March's bk. h. The Lawyer, by Wrangler, dam by Muley (half-bred), four years old (Balchin) ...	5

Betting: 7 to 4 on Ben Brace. Carlos led to the distance, where Normanby went in front, and kept there till a hundred yards from home, when the favourite challenged and won by half a length: a tailing race.

The Sir Hercules Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added by the Proprietor of Sir Hercules, for the produce of mares covered by that horse in 1838; colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the last mile (three subscribers).

Lord Verulam's c. out of Duvernay, by Emilius (Connelly) ...	1
Mr. Shelley's f. Iole, out of sister to Green Mantle (Nat) ...	2

A few bets were laid at 6 and 7 to 4 on Iole: won in a canter, by three lengths.

The Ladies' Plate of 50 sovs., for horses that have never won; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 12 lb.; five, and upwards, 9 st. 5 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the Stand Course.

Mr. T. Taylor's b. f. by Ishmael, out of Charity, by Tramp, three years old (Nat) ...	1
Mr. Booth's ch. h. Russell Frost, four years old (Sly) ...	2
Mr. Kingston's b. h. Fugleman, four years old (Hornaby) ...	3
Mr. Kempster's b. m. Chance, by Tarrare, aged, half-bred (Wakefield) ...	4

Betting: 7 to 4 each agst. the Charity filly and Russell Frost. A fine race, won on the post by a head: the other pair were beaten off.

The Gorbamby Stakes (Handicap) of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added from the fund; the second saves his Stake; the winner of the Chester Cup or the Newmarket Stakes, 7 lb., of the Suffolk Stakes, 5 lb. extra; Fir Clump in (fifty subscribers, twenty-nine of whom declared).

Mr. S. Stanley's The Genius, by Falcon, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Bartholomew)	1
Mr. Graydon's Clinker, five years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Connelly)	2
Mr. Collins's Isaac, aged, 9 st. 7 lb. (Darling)	0
Mr. Herbert's Arctic, aged, 9 st. 3 lb. (Rogers)	0
Mr. Goodman's Bedford, five years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Wakefield)	0
Mr. Coleman's Chymist, six years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (W. Coleman)	0
Lord Exeter's Bosphorus, five years old, 8 st. (S. Mann)	0
Mr. Tidmarsh's Lincoln, aged, 8 st. (G. Ball)	0
Lord Chesterfield's Molineux, four years old, 8 st. (Nat)	0
Mr. Flintoff's The Plover, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Sly)	0
Mr. Griffith's Tupley, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Chapple)	0
Mr. Hornsby's Revoke, five years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Howlett)	0
Mr. Wade's Turncoat, six years old, 7 st. (Halls)	0
Lord Verulam's b. m. by Actson, out of Brocard, five years old, 7 st. (R. Nunn)	0
Mr. Balchin's Dromedary, four years old, 7 st. (Kaling)	0
Mr. Shelley's Hellepont, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Pettit)	0
Mr. Worley's Pansey, four years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (a lad)	0
Lord Sandwich's Grasshopper, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (a lad)	0
Mr. S. Scott's Windsor, three years old, 5 st. 12 lb. (Percy)	0
Lord Albemarle's c. by Taurus, out of Perfume, three years old, 5 st. 6 lb. (Bell)	0

Betting: 6 to 1 agst. The Genius, 8 to 1 agst. Molineux, 10 to 1 agst. Hellepont, 10 to 1 agst. Isaac, 10 to 1 agst. Windsor, 12 to 1 agst. Arctic, 12 to 1 agst. Bedford, 15 to 1 agst. Bosphorus, and 20 to 1 agst. Grasshopper. The first of the running was made by Revoke, the lot closing at the end of the half-mile, and the speed improving. As they came into the straight run, The Genius, Clinker, and Bosphorus were in front; the favourite, at the finish, winning in a canter, by a couple of lengths. The field was made a terrible example of:—Lincoln never got off at all.

The Brigade Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses the property of Officers of the Household Brigade, and the regiments quartered at Hounslow and Windsor, to be ridden by the same; four-year-olds, 10 st. 7 lb.; five, 11 st. 3 lb.; six and aged, 11 st. 9 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner once, 3 lb.; twice, 7 lb.; three times, or more, 12 lb. extra; maiden and half-bred horses allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the last mile (twenty-two subscribers).

Capt. Martin's bk. g. Dismal Jemmy, four years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (Lord Drumlanrig)	1
Mr. Alexander's b. h. Perfidious (late Baylark), by Skylark, six years old, 12 st. 2 lb. (owner)	2
Mr. Oliver's ch. g. Moselle, by Langar, five years old, 12 st. 2 lb. (owner)	0
Lord March's bk. h. The Lawyer, by Wrangler, four years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (Mr. Bastard)	0
Mr. C. Kent's b. g. Abel, five years old, 11 st. 12 lb. (Mr. Vyse)	0

No betting. Perfidious made running to the cords, where Jemmy passed him, and won easily.

The St. Albans Town Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft.; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 9 st. 6 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 9 lb.; the winner of the Gorbamby Stakes, 5 lb. extra; the Verulam Course (ten subscribers).

Mr. Booth's ch. c. Benjamin, by Belshazzar, four years old (Sly)	1
Mr. Herbert's Arctic, aged, half-bred (Rogers)	2
Mr. Collins's Isaac, aged (Darling)	3

Betting: Even on Isaac, 7 to 2 (at one time 5 to 1) agst. Benjamin. As fine a race as ever was seen, terminated by half a length in Benjamin's favour; Arctic only beat Isaac a neck.

The Stand Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; three-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; winners once this year, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs., if demanded, &c.; heats, Stand Course (five subscribers).

Mr. Booth's br. m. Isabella, by Medoro, six years old, 9 st. 1 lb. (Sly)	1
Mr. Worley's b. h. Mogul, four years old (a lad)	2
Mr. Arnold na. ch. h. Carlos, four years old (W. Coleman)	4
Mr. Taylor's f. by Ishmael—Charity, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Bartholomew)	3

WEDNESDAY, 19th.—The Clarendon Stakes, a subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added; for three-year-olds, 7 st., and four, 8 st. 10 lb.; the Cherry-tree mile (five subscribers).

Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Actson, out of his Brocard, three years old (Mann)	1
Mr. S. Scott's ch. h. Windsor, three years old (Percy)	2
Captain Gardner's b. c. Ben Brace, three years old (Nat)	3
Mr. Booth's ch. h. Benjamin, four years old (Sly)	4

Betting: Even and 5 to 4 on Ben Brace. The winner, who ran a waiting race, came out at the Grand Stand, made a desperate struggle, and finished in front a neck before Windsor.

The Park Stakes, a subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the winner of any two-year-old race, 4 lb. extra; T. Y. C. (seven subscribers).

Mr. Coleman's Gazelle, by Jerry, out of Brocard (W. Coleman)	1
Mr. Shelley's Iole, by Sir Hercules (Nat)	2
Mr. Goodman's ch. f. Banish, by Bran, out of Happy-go-lucky, by Belzoni (Wakenfield)	0
Mr. H. T. Worley's br. f. Conjugation, by Dr. Syntax, out of Zinc (Connelly)	0
Lord Orford's b. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Goldpin (Rogers)	0

Betting: Even on Banish, 2 to 1 agst. Goldpin, and 4 to 1 agst. the winner. A fine race for the last hundred yards, won by half a neck.

The Verulam Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, for four-year-olds, 8 st. 12 lb.; five, 9 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 10 lb.; the second to save his stake; the Verulam Course (five subscribers).

Mr. Booth's ch. h. Benjamin, by Belhazzar, four years old (Sly)	1
Lord Chesterfield's b. h. Molineux, four years old (Nat)	2
Mr. Worley's b. m. Fansey, four years old (Connelly)	3

Betting: Even and 5 to 4 on Molineux.—Benjamin took the lead, kept it, and won by six lengths.

The Kingsbury Stakes, a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards; to be ridden by Officers of the Army and Navy, or by Members, or sons of Members, of White's, Boodle's, Brooks's, the Jockey Club, Goodwood, Heaton Park, or Bibury Clubs; the Cherry-tree mile (seven subscribers).

Mr. Cavendish's Curlew, aged, 11 st. (Mr. Oliver)	1
Captain Martin's Dismal Jemmy, four years old, 11 st. (Mr. P. Williams)	2
Mr. Coleman's ch. h. Chymist, six years old, 11 st. 6 lb. (Lord Drumlanrig)	3

No betting. Dismal Jemmy made running to the cords, where Curlew ran by him, and won in a canter.

The Brigade Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Racing-fund, for horses of all ages; to be ridden by Officers of the Household Brigade, or of the regiments quartered at Hounslow or Windsor; T. Y. C. (twenty-four subscribers).

Mr. Cavendish's b. g. Curlew, aged, 11 st. 3 lb. (Mr. Oliver)	1
Mr. Balchin's br. h. The Dromedary, four years old, 11 st. 10 lb. (Mr. Beauchamp)	2
Mr. Alexander's b. h. Perfidious, six years old, 11 st. 10 lb. (owner)	0
Lord March's bk. h. The Lawyer (half-bred), four years old, 10 st. 6 lb. (Mr. Vyse)	0
Mr. C. Beauclerk na. br. g. Chance (half-bred), six years old, 11 st. (Lord G. Paget)	0

No betting. Curlew took the lead, made the running, and won in a canter.

The Hunters' Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Racing-fund, for horses regularly hunted with any established pack of fox or staghounds in the county of Herts; gents or farmers riders; 12 st. each; thorough-bred horses 21 lb. extra; the winner of the Hunters' Stakes at the Hoo, 12 lb. extra; Stand Course (five subscribers).

Baron Rothschild's ch. g. Consul, half-bred, by Irish Napoleon (Mr. Bretherton)	1
Mr. Bond's b. r. Jupiter, half-bred, aged (Mr. Curwen)	2
Mr. Brown's br. g. Nimrod, by Childe Harold, aged (owner)	3
Mr. Adamson's br. g. Oak Stick (Captain Becher)	4

Won by two lengths: on going to scale, the owner of Jupiter claimed the Stakes, on the ground that Consul is thorough-bred (he was entered as half-bred), and, therefore, should have carried 21 lb. extra.

YORK SPRING MEETING.—TUESDAY, MAY 18TH.

The York Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; one mile and a half (four subscribers).

Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Jack Sheppard, by Voltaire, out of Rebecca's dam (S. Templeman)	1
Major Yarburgh's b. c. Heslington, brother to Charles XII., by Voltaire (W. Scott)	2
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Middleham, by Muley Moloch, out of Olive (J. Day)	3
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. Giasour, by Sultan (T. Lye)	4

Even betting on Middleham, 2 to 1 on Heslington, and 5 to 1 against Jack Sheppard.

The Two-year-old Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; T. Y. C. (ten subscribers).

Mr. J. Osborne's b. c. Skipton, by Stockport, dam by Swiss (J. Day)	1
Mr. Brooks's br. f. Idolatry, by Muley Moloch—Lunatic (J. Marson)	2
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Foxberry, by Voltaire—Matilda (T. Lye)	3

Mr. Osbaldeston's br. c. by The Saddler, out of Fickle (R. Hesseltine) ...	4
Mr. Foljambe's b. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Adriana, by Comus (Holmes) ...	5
Mr. Jaques's b. c. Playfellow, by Tomboy—Galena (S. Templeman) ...	6

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Foxberry, 4 to 1 agst. Mr. Osbaldeston's colt, 5 to 1 agst. Mr. Foljambe's filly, 5 to 1 agst. Skipton, 5 to 1 agst. Idolatry, and 6 to 1 agst. Playfellow.

The New Stakes of 15 sovs. each; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the second received 50 sovs. out of the Stakes; one mile and a half (twenty-nine subscribers).

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Knight of the Whistle, by Velocipede, out of Rattle's dam (W. Scott) ...	1
Mr. S. King's b. c. Cattonian, by Muley Moloch (Holmes) ...	2
Mr. Bell's b. c. Thirak, by Voltaire (Hesseltine) ...	3
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. Quilt Arnold, by Langar (Templeman) ...	4
Lord Eglington's ch. c. Zaniel, by Muley Moloch (T. Lye) ...	5
Major Yarbrough's br. f. Brandy Snap, by Muley Moloch (Cartwright) ...	6
Sir C. H. Ibbotson's b. f. Whardale Maid, by Voltaire, dam, foaled in 1820, by Partisan (J. Marson) ...	7

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Knight of the Whistle, 3 to 1 agst. Thirak, 4 to 1 agst. Quilt Arnold, and 4 to 1 agst. Cattonian.

HIPPODROME (SECOND MEETING).

WEDNESDAY, June 2nd.—The Hammersmith Free Plate of 50 sovs.; for three-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners once this year 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb. extra (matches excepted); the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile.

Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. Executrix, by Saracen, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Percy) ...	1	0	1
Mr. Rush's ch. c. Plenipotentiary, out of Obelisk's dam, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Bartholomew) ...	0	1	0
Mr. Balchin's Dromedary, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Balchin) ...	2	0	2
Mr. Goodman's Mungo Parke, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Crouch) ...	0	2	3
Mr. Tidmarsh's Lincoln, aged, 8 st. 11 lb. (Mann) ...	0	0	0
Mr. Worley's b. f. Pansey, four years old, 8 st. (Marlow) ...	0	0	0
Mr. Jones's b. m. Maid of Gwent, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Connelly) ...	0	0	dr.
Mr. Booth's gr. h. Colchicum, five years old, 9 st. 1 lb. (Sly) ...	0	dr.	
Lord Huntingtower's ch. f. by Langar, out of sister to Portrait, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (a lad) ...	0	dr.	

The Willesden Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 given by the Proprietor of the Hippodrome, for three and four-year-olds; three, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; horses having won once this year to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; thrice, 7 lb. extra (matches excepted); the winner to be sold for 500 sovs., if demanded, &c.; three quarters of a mile (six subscribers).

Mr. Isaac Day's Mulciber, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Connelly) ...	1
Fulwar Craven's Benedetta, three years old, 7 lb. 5 lb. (Percy) ...	2

Betting: 4 to 1 on Benedetta.

The Hippodrome Paddock Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Proprietor of the Saddling Paddock, for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; and fillies 8 st. 3 lb.; the Half-mile Course (twenty-four subscribers).

Mr. Etwall's br. c. Palladium, by Defence (J. Day) ...	1
Mr. Sadler's Mule, by Camel (Connelly) ...	2
Mr. T. Coleman's br. or bl. f. Gazelle, by Jerry (Coleman) ...	0
Mr. Booth's b. c. St. Jean d'Acre, by Bizarre—Problem (Sly) ...	0
Mr. King's Tommy, by Touchstone, out of Zenana (Wheeler) ...	0
Mr. Owaley's b. c. Happy-go-lucky, by Young Emilius, out of Catherina (Bradley) ...	0
Mr. S. Lucas's br. c. The Traitor, by the Mummy (Butler) ...	0
Mr. Houldsworth's Darling, by Plenipotentiary (Rogers) ...	0
Mr. Balchin's The Dandy, by The Colonel (Balchin) ...	0
Mr. W. Ongley's ch. c. by Camel, dam Pandora, by Wrangler, out of Miss Stephenson (F. Bell) ...	0
Mr. Gonnop's ch. c. Little Johnny, by Doctor Syntax, or St. Patrick, out of Nameless (Marlow) ...	0
Capt. Gardner's br. f. by Sheet Anchor, dam (foaled in 1832) by Brutandorf—Remembrancer, out of Loom (Mann) ...	0
Mr. H. T. Worley's br. f. Conjugation, by Doctor Syntax, out of Zine (Crouch) ...	0
Colonel Peel's br. c. by Camel, out of Jason's dam (Nat) ...	0

Betting: 6 to 4 on Palladium, 4 to 1 against Gazelle, and 5 to 1 against Mule.

The London Handicap of 80 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with a subscription from the City of London, guaranteed by the Proprietor of the Hippodrome to be not less than 300 sovs. added; the owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake; the winner of the Gorhambury Stakes, Derby, or Oaks, to have carried 7 lb. extra; and the second horse for Derby or Oaks, 4 lb. extra; Chesterfield Course, about two miles (thirty-six subscribers, twenty of whom declared, &c.)

Mr. Payne's Welfare, by Friam, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Nat)	1
Mr. Treven's Fitzroy, four years old, 9 st. (Connelly)	2
Mr. Houldsworth's Confederate, four years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (Rogers)	0
Mr. Greville's Persena, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Mann)	0
Mr. I. Day's f. by Nimrod, out of Busk, four years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Chapple)	0
Capt. Ross's Nicholas, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Pettit)	0
Mr. J. Watson's ch. c. Humility, by Recovery, half-bred, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (a lad)	0
Col. Anson's The Witch of Whorley Hill, three years old, 5 st. 7 lb. (Howlett)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Busk filly, 5 to 2 agst. Welfare, 5 to 1 agst. Fitzroy, and 6 to 1 agst. Confederate.

FRIDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 9 lb.; five and upwards, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c. T. Y. C. (seven subscribers).

Mr. Greville's br. g. Pickwick, by Camel, aged (Nat)	1
Mr. Balchin's Clematis, four years old (Balchin)	2
Mr. F. Wood's b. g. Tournament, three years old (J. Gray)	3
Mr. Smith's gr. g. Jim Crow, aged (Coleman)	4
Mr. Waine's b. f. Kate Nickleby, four years old (Sly)	5

Betting: Even on Pickwick.

The Tradesmen's Free Handicap Plate, for horses of all ages; three horses to start, or no race; heats, one mile.

Mr. Goodman's Mungo Parke, four years old (Crouch)	1	1
Mr. Balchin's b. c. Dromedary, four years old (Nat)	2	2
Mr. Booth's ch. c. Benjamin, four years old (Sly)	0	3
Mr. Erskine's Armelle, five years old (Howlett)	0	4
Lord Huntingtower's ch. f. by Langar—sister to Portrait, three years old (a lad)	0	dr.

A Match, 50 sovs.; 8 st. 4 lb. each; three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Booth's b. c. St. Jean d'Acre, by Bizarro (Sly)	1
Mr. Connop's ch. c. Little Johnny, by Dr. Syntax or St. Patrick (Marlow)	2

No betting.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 100 sovs. given by the Proprietor of the Hippodrome; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the winner of the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes to have carried 7 lb. extra; about three-quarters of a mile (twelve subscribers).

Mr. Sadler's Mule, by Camel, 8 st. 7 lb. (Connelly)	1
Col. Anson's Elopement, by Velocipede—Scandal, 8 st. 2 lb. (Nat)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's Balcony, by Bay Middleton, out of Ballustrade, 8 st. 2 lb. (W. Day)	3
Mr. Alpin's ch. f. by Ishmael—Dewdrop, by Defence, 8 st. 2 lb. (Butler)	0
Mr. Houldsworth's Darling, by Plenipotentiary, 8 st. 7 lb. (Rogers)	0
Mr. Goodman's f. Banish, by Bran, out of Happy-go-lucky, 8 st. 2 lb. (Crouch)	0
Mr. Connop's gr. f. May-day, by The Colonel—Gris, 8 st. 2 lb. (Marlow)	0
Mr. G. Coleman na. Gazelle, by Jerry (Coleman)	0

Betting: 5 to 2 on Mule (tk.), and 5 to 1 agst. Elopement.

The Westminster Handicap of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with a subscription from the City of Westminster, guaranteed by the Proprietor of the Hippodrome to be not less than 300 sovs., added; the winner of the London Handicap to have carried 10 lb. extra; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake; about a mile and a half (twenty-three subscribers).

Duke of Richmond's The Currier, five years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Rogers)	1
Mr. Morris's Fat Jack, aged, 8 st. 8 lb. (Marlow)	2
Captain Gardiner's Io, five years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Nat)	3
Mr. Lichtwald's The Plover, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Mann)	0
Lord Miltown's Zulima, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Stagg)	0
Mr. Isaac Day's Mulciber, four years old, 7 st. (Chapple)	0
Lord Chesterfield's La Gitana, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (Percy)	0
Mr. Rush's br. g. by The Exquisite—Maresfield's dam, three years old, 5 st. 7 lb. (Howlett)	0
Mr. Watson's Humility, by Recovery, half-bred, three years old, 5 st. 5 lb. (Evans)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Mulciber, 5 to 2 (at one time 4 to 1) against The Currier, and 5 to 1 agst. La Gitana.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Proprietor of the Hippodrome, for three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 9 lb.; five and upwards, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners this year before starting for this race to carry 4 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs., if demanded, &c.; a mile (seven subscribers).

Mr. Greville's br. g. Pickwick, aged (Nat)	1
Duke of Richmond's b. h. Bracelet, six years old (Rogers)	2
Lord Huntingtower's ch. f. by Langar, out of sister to Portrait, three years old (Evans)	3

Mr. Tidmarsh's Lincoln, aged (a lad)	6
Lord Miltown's Zulima, four years old (Calloway)	0
Mr. F. Wood's b. g. Tournament, three years old (Gray)	0

Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 on Pickwick, and 2 to 1 agst. Bracelet.

MANCHESTER RACES.

Stewards: John Entwistle and R. P. Willock, Esqrs.

WEDNESDAY, June 2nd.—A Free Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for four-year-olds; a mile and a quarter (fourteen subscribers).

Mr. Richardson's ch. c. Kingston Robin, by Robin Hood, 6 st. 12 lb. (J. Francis) 1
Mr. Allen's b. f. Muleskin, by The Mole, 6 st. 5 lb. (Hutchinson) ... 2
Mr. Bower's ch. f. Lady Grove, by Langar, 7 st. 3 lb. (Whitehouse) ... 3
Mr. Graydon's ch. f. Miss Heathcote, by Velocipede, 7 st. 7 lb. (Wakefield) ... 0
Mr. Stephenson's br. f. Martha Lynn, by Mulatto, 6 st. 12 lb. (Dodgson) ... 0
Mr. Hutchinson's ch. f. Maria Monk, by Revolution, 6 st. 5 lb. (Epdale) ... 0

Betting: 6 to 4 on Kingston Robin, 3 to 1 agst. Miss Heathcote, and 5 to 1 against Lady Grove.

Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 20 added; for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; a mile and a quarter (three subscribers).

Mr. Bell's b. f. Mary O'More, by Muley Moloch, dam by Ebor (Hesseltine) ... 1
Mr. Bower's b. f. Collina, by Langar—Lady Stafford (Whitehouse) ... 2

Betting: 7 to 4 on Collina.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100gs. for three-year-olds and upwards; three year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 2 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and aged, 10 st. 5 lb.; three miles and a distance.

Mr. Mitchell's b. f. Lady Liverpool, by Liverpool, four years old (Hesseltine) 1
Mr. Worthington's b. h. Northenden, by Battledore, six years old (J. Holmes) 2
Mr. Graydon's br. h. Roscius, by Turcoman, five years old (S. Wakefield) ... 3
Capt. Wrather's bk. g. Lartington, by Camel, aged (Armstrong) ... 0
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, by Whisker, aged (Templeman) ... 0
Mr. Hill's ch. f. Lady Flora, by Hampton, three years old ... 0
Mr. J. Osborne's ch. g. The Emperor, by St. Nicholas, three years old (G. Lye) 0
Mr. Speed's b. c. Rough Robin, by Muley, four years old (Morris Jones) ... 0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Lady Liverpool, 3 to 1 agst. Roscius, 3 to 1 agst. The Emperor, and 4 to 1 agst. Catherina.

THURSDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, with 40 added; two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; about three-quarters of a mile (six subscribers).

Mr. Dawson's br. f. Temptation, sister to the Young un, by Satan (Lye) ... 1
Mr. Worthington's b. c. by Physician, out of Young Johanna Southcote (Holmes) 2
Mr. Buckley's b. c. David, by Physician, out of Rosalia, by Walton (Whitehouse) 0
Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. f. Wide-awake, by Recovery, out of Miss Patrick (Darling) 0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Wide-awake, 5 to 2 agst. Temptation, and 3 to 1 agst. Worthington's colt.

The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; the owner of the second to receive back his stake; one mile and three-quarters (four subscribers).

Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Galaor, by Muley Moloch, out of Darioletta (Cartwright) 1
Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumpa, out of Miniature, by Teniers (Jones) 2
Mr. Wormald's ch. c. Millepede, by Velocipede, out of Monica, by Lottery (Hesseltine) ... 3

Betting: 7 to 4 on Galaor, and 5 to 2 agst. Portrait.

One Hundred Sovs. given by the Owners of the race-course, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; the second saves his stake; for three-year-olds, 6 st. 3 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, at starting, allowed 6 lb.; winners of one Cup or Stakes of the value of 100 sovs. 3 lb.; of two or more, 5 lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; two miles and a distance (seven subscribers).

Mr. Murray's b. f. Lady Paramount, by The Earl, out of Miss Branch, three years old (Hutchinson) ... 1
Mr. Heywood's gr. c. by The Saddler, d. by Velocipede, three years old (J. Bumby) 2
Mr. Graydon's br. h. Roscius, five years old (Wakefield) ... 3
Mr. Osborne's ch. g. The Emperor, three years old (Epdale) ... 0
Mr. W. Holker's b. g. Scrub, by Pantaloon, three years old (Bradburn) ... 0
Mr. Robinson's ch. c. Nebuchadnezzar, three years old (G. Francis) ... 0

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Lady Paramount, 7 to 2 agst. Nebuchadnezzar, and 4 to 1 agst. Roscius.

A Plate of 60 sovs., the second to receive £10 out of the stake; for horses, &c., that never won 50 sovs. at any time; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; heats, two miles and a distance.

Lord Eglinton's ch. f. Amulet, by Velocipede, out of Monica, four years old (T. Lye)	0	1	1
Mr. Frost's br. f. Image, by Langar, three years old (Whitehouse)	1	3	2
Mr. Hill's ch. f. Lady Flora, by Hampton, three years old (Francis)	0	2	dr.
Mr. Molyneux's b. g. Frank, by Priam, five years old (Stagg)	3	dr.	
Capt. Witham's bk. g. Lartington, aged, half-bred	0	dr.	
Mr. Hutchinson's ch. f. Maria Monk, four years old (Jaques)	0	dr.	
Mr. G. Clark's ch. c. Playfellow, three years old (Dodgson)	0	dr.	

FRIDAY.—The Broughton Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 25 added; for three-year-olds, 6 st. 6 lb., and four, 8 st. 6 lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; and maidens at the time of naming, 3 lb.; the winner of the St. Leger 3 lb. extra; the St. Leger Course (thirteen subscribers).

Mr. Wormald's ch. c. Millepede, by Velocipede, three years old (G. Francis) ...	1
Mr. Critchley's bl. c. Dunstan, by St. Nicholas, four years old (G. Whitehouse) ...	2
Mr. Murray's br. f. Lady Paramount, three years old (Hutchinson) ...	3

Betting: 6 to 4 on Millepede.

The Tradesmen's Cup, value 100 sovs., with 60 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; the second horse to receive 25 sovs. (twenty-four subscribers, ten of whom pay 5 sovs. forfeit); two miles and a distance.

Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Galsor, by Muley Moloch, three years old, 7 st. (Cartwright) ...	1
Mr. Wormald's gr. h. Bolus, five years old, 8 st. (Hesseltine) ...	2
Mr. Milner's br. h. Humphrey, six years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (Marson) ...	0
Mr. Meiklam's br. g. Wee Willie, six years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (Templeman) ...	0
Lord Stanley's ch. f. Rhodanthe, four years old, 8 st. (Jones) ...	0
Mr. Richardson's ch. c. Kingston Robin, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Holmes) ...	0
Mr. Taylor's br. m. Margaret, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Clarke) ...	0
Mr. Edge's ch. c. Hautboy, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Dodgson) ...	0
Mr. Graydon's ch. h. Clinker, five years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Wakefield) ...	0
Mr. Worthington's b. h. Northenden, six years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Francis) ...	0
Mr. Smith's b. f. The Maid, by Mulatto, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Lye) ...	0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. The Maid, 9 to 2 agst. Kingston Robin, 9 to 2 agst. Galsor, 7 to 1 agst. Rhodanthe, 10 to 1 agst. Clinker, and 12 to 1 agst. Bolus.

A Plate of £60, £10 to the second; for three-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners of one plate, 3 lb.; two, 5 lb. extra; heats, two miles and a distance.

Lord Stanley's ch. c. Cornuto, by Actæon, four years old (M. Jones) ...	1	1
Mr. Mitchell's b. f. Lady Liverpool, four years old (Hesseltine) ...	3	2
Mr. Meiklam's br. g. Wee Willie, six years old (Templeman) ...	2	3
Lord Eglinton's ch. f. Amulet, four years old (Lye) ...	4	4

A Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Critchley's bk. c. Dunstan, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Whitehouse) ...	1
Mr. Edge's ch. c. Hautboy, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Dodgson) ...	2
Mr. Ogden's b. g. St. Leonard, six years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Francis) ...	0
Mr. Leicester's ch. m. Kersal Maid, five years old, 6 st. (Hutchinson) ...	0

Betting: even on Dunstan.

A Plate of £60; three-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner of one Plate previous to starting, 3 lb.; of two or more, 5 lb. extra; the owner of the second horse received £10; heats, two miles and a distance.

Lord Stanley's ch. c. Cornuto, by Actæon, four years old (M. Jones) ...	1	1
Mr. Mitchell's b. f. Lady Liverpool, four years old (Templeman) ...	0	2
Mr. Meiklam's br. g. Wee Willie, six years old (Hesseltine) ...	2	0
Lord Eglinton's ch. f. Amulet, four years old (Lye) ...	0	0

A Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Critchley's bk. c. Dunstan, by St. Nicholas, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Whitehouse) ...	1
Mr. Edge's ch. c. Hautboy, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Dodgson) ...	2
Mr. Ogden's b. g. St. Leonard, six years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Francis) ...	0
Mr. Leicester's ch. m. Kersal Maid, five years old, 6 st. (Hutchinson) ...	0
Mr. Hobhouse's br. f. Mary Anne, four years old, 7 st. ...	0

SATURDAY.—The Hurdle Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; four-year-olds, 10 st.; five, 11 st.; six, 11 st. 6 lb.; and aged, 11 st. 8 lb.; winners once, 5 lb.; twice, 7 lb.; thrice or more, 12 lb. extra; thorough-bred horses, 5 lb. extra; heats, twice round, with three leaps in each round (seven subscribers).

Mr. Barker's br. g. Sam Weller, by Strephon, aged (Mr. Barker)	1	1
Mr. James's br. g. St. Valentine, four years old	0	dis.
Mr. Peace's b. g. Defence, aged (fell)	0	dis.
Mr. Goodwin's br. m. Mischief, aged	2	dr.
Mr. Thompson's br. g. December, aged	0	dr.

The Innkeeper's Purse of 50 sovs. added to a Handicap Stakes of 50 sovs. each; heats, a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Allen's b. f. Moleskin, by The Mole, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Cartwright)	1	0	1
Mr. Milner's br. h. Humphrey, six years old, 9 st.	0	1	3
Mr. Ogden's br. h. St. Leonard, six years old, 7 st. 8 lb.	0	0	2
Lord Eglington's ch. f. Amulet, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb.	0	2	dr.
Mr. Thompson's br. f. by The Mole—Fenella, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb.	3	3	dr.
Mr. Flintoff's b. m. Prudence, six years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	2	dr.	
Mr. Sandilands' br. g. Easingwold, five years old, 8 st 10 lb.	0	dr.	
Mr. Robinson's ch. c. Nebuchadnezzar, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb.	0	dr.	

The Trotting Race Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 40 added, open to all England except Wankey, Confidence, and Alexander, 12 st. each; horses under 15 hands allowed 7 lb. for every inch; winners once over Manchester, 7 lb. extra: the owner of the second horse saved his stake; heats, twice round.

Mr. Barton's b. g. Rocket, six years old	1	1
Mr. Corn's bk. h. Scamp, six years old	2	2
Mr. Hobhouse's b. m. Silvertail, six years old	0	0
Mr. Howarth's gr. h. Hope, six years old	0	dr.

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

TUESDAY, JULY 6th.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, and only 5 if declared by ten o'clock the night before running, to go to the owner of the second horse; New T.Y.C. (eight subscribers).

Lord Exeter's Abydos, by Sultan, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Mann)	1
Lord Albemarle's c. by Taurus—Perfume, three years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (Howlett)	2
Col. Peel's Hawk's-eye, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Nat)	3
Lord Orford's Young Quo Minus, three years old, 8 st. (Rogers)	0
Duke of Rutland's Minx, three years old, 7 st. (Chapple)	0
Mr. Sadler's Diversion, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Bartholomew)	0
Mr. Byng's Garryowen, four years old, 9 st. 7 lb.	paid 20 sovs.
Lord Albemarle's Spangle, four years old, 8 st.	paid 5 sovs.

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. Abydos, 4 to 1 agst. Diversion, 4 to 1 agst. Young Quo Minus, 4 to 1 agst. Hawk's-eye, and 6 to 1 agst. any other. At the end of the first quarter of a mile Lord Albemarle's colt went in front, and stayed there to the rise, where Abydos challenged, beat him, and won a good race by half a length.

The July Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; New T. Y. C. (twenty-four subscribers).

Col. Peel's ch. c. by The Colonel, out of Hester (Nat)	0	1
Lord Bruce's b. c. by Glaucus, out of Rosalie (J. Day)	0	2
Mr. Sadler's br. c. Mule, by Camel, out of Temper (Connelly)	0	0
Mr. B. Greene's ch. c. by Wisacre, out of Bupta (Robinson)	0	0
Lord Orford's b. c. by Jerry, out of Fetulance (Rogers)	0	0
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Albion, by Beiram, out of Advance (Darling)	0	0

Betting: 11 to 8, on the Rosalie colt, 3 to 1 agst. the Hester colt (taken), and 6 to 1 agst. Mule; no others named. The lot got off at the first attempt, the favourite cutting out the work at poor speed, Mule at his quarters, and the main body well up, the Hester colt being third. As they rose the hill, the Hester colt took the second place, set to with the leader, and finished by making a dead heat of it on the post. For the second heat they backed the Rosalie colt at 2 to 1, who led again to the hill, was there again caught, and, half way up the ropes, beaten very cleverly by a length.

WEDNESDAY, 7th.—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. &c. New T. Y. C. (five subscribers).

Mr. Stephenson's Blanche, by The Tulp (Stephenson)	1
Mr. Sadler's Diversion (Rogers)	2
Duke of Bedford's Joujou (E. Edwards)	3
Duke of Portland's f. by Glaucus, out of Tragedy (J. Day)	4
Lord Exeter's Syria (Darling)	5

Betting: 5 to 4 on Joujou, and 3 to 1 agst. Blanche. Diversion made all the running till they were within the cords, where Blanche (who had been a close second from the start) challenged, and, after a very severe set to, won by a head. Syria was beaten off.

Fifty Pounds; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 1 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; to start at the starting-post of the T. M. M., and run to the end of the R. C. (a short two miles).

Mr. Beresford's Bob Peel, by Medora, four years old (F. Butler)	1
Mr. Thornhill's E. O., three years old (Pettit)	2
Mr. Boyce's Scroggins, aged (Wakefield)	3
Mr. Wigram's Teleta, four years old (Connelly)	4
Lord Exeter's Rodosto, four years old (Darling)	5
Lord Albemarle's Spangle, four years old	dr.

Betting: Even between the field and E. O., 4 to 1 agst. Teleta, and 5 to 1 agst. Scroggins. Teleta ran in front to the top of the hill, where Bob Peel and E. O. joined her, the others then being out of the race. The three then went to work in earnest, and Peel had the best of it by half a length.

Match, 100, h. ft., 8 st. 7 lb. each; New T. Y. C.

Mr. Byng's Tom Noddy, by Bedlamite, out of Fidalma	received.
Lord Lichfield's c. by Bay Middleton, out of Zillah	paid.

THURSDAY, 8th.—A Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., for all ages (two-year-olds excepted); to start at the starting-post of B. M., and run to the end of New T.Y.C. (five subscribers).

Mr. Rogers's c. by Bentley, out of Emma, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Nat)	...	1
Mr. Boyce's Scroggins, aged, 9 st. 5 lb. (Connelly)	...	2
Lord Exeter's Abydos, three years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Darling)	...	3
Mr. Pettit's Blanche, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Pettit)	...	4
Lord Albemarle's Spangle, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Robinson)	...	5

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Scroggins (tk.), 5 to 2 agst. Abydos, 5 to 1 agst. Emma, 5 to 1 agst. Spangle, and 7 to 1 agst. Blanche. Scroggins cut out the first of the work, and led to the Plantation, where the Emma colt ran to his side, contested every inch of the ground to the chair, and won a fine race by a neck. The others were well up, save Spangle, who was beaten off.

The Chesterfield Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the winner of the July Stakes, 9 lb., and the second horse, 4 lb. extra; last half of B. M. (twenty-one subscribers).

Mr. Isaac Sadler's ch. f. Passion, by Ella, out of Pet (Connelly)	...	1
Mr. Wilson's b. f. by Voltaire, out of Yorkshire Lass (Rogers)	...	2
Lord Bruce's b. c. by Glaucus, out of Rosalie, 4 lb. extra (J. Day, jun.)	...	3
Lord Exeter's f. by Belram, out of Dahlia (Darling)	...	0
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Lisburn, by Jerry, out of Dublin (J. Day)	...	0
Colonel Peel's c. by Glaucus, out of Malibran (Nat)	...	0
Lord Albemarle's br. c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Ally (Robinson)	...	0

Chapple weighed for Col. Peel's brother to Vulture, who was afterwards drawn.

Betting: 10 to 6 on the Rosalie colt, 4 to 1 agst. Ally colt, 6 to 1 agst. Lisburn, and 10 to 1 agst. any other. At the second off the start was accomplished, and the party ran abreast for a short distance, when Passion rushed to the front, with the favourite, and the Voltaire colt at her quarters. The speed was very great, and, as they rose the hill, these three had the race to themselves, Sadler's filly winning by a neck, and the favourite only a neck from the second. The others were beaten away.

The Town Plate of £50; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb. fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; B. M. (N.B. The Ferram Donation not having been claimed this year as a marriage portion, the winner of this plate became entitled to it).

Mr. Batson's Barbara, by Plenipotentiary (Bartholomew)	...	1
Lord Exeter's Abydos, by Sultan (Darling)	...	2
Duke of Portland's c. by Mundig, out of Thebes (J. Day)	...	3
Lord Albemarle's c. by Taurus, out of Perfume (Robinson)	...	0
Mr. Negus's Portsoken, by Divan (Chapple)	...	0
Mr. Thornhill's E. O., by Emilius (Connelly)	...	0

Betting: 6 to 5 on E. O., 5 to 1 agst. Thebes colt, 6 to 1 agst. Barbara, and 8 to 1 agst. Portsoken. Barbara and the Thebes colt divided the running between them to the top of the hill, where the mare went in front, and won by a length. Abydos took second place as they climbed the rise.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; for two-year-olds, 6 st. 11 lb.; three, 9 st.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; New T. Y. C. (six subscribers).

Col. Peel's Hawk's-eye, brother to Vulture, three years old (Nat)	...	1
Mr. Thornhill's Evasion, sister to Elphine, two years old (Pettit)	...	2
Mr. Wilson's b. f. by Muley Moloch—Silvertail, two years old (Bartholomew)	...	3
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Nick, three years old (J. Day)	...	4
Lord Exeter's f. by Belram, out of Dahlia, two years old (R. Cotton)	...	5
Lord Albemarle's b. c. by Plenipotentiary—Antlope, two years old (Howlett)	...	6

Betting: 10 to 6 agst. Hawk's-eye, 5 to 2 agst. Nick (tk.), and 6 to 1 agst. Silvertail. The favourite made strong running all the way, was never approached, and won in a canter by two lengths.

A Match of 50 sovs. h. ft.; T. Y. C.

Col. Peel's brother to Vulture, by Langar, 8 st. 4 lb.	...	received.
Lord Kelburne's c. (dead) by Velocipede, out of Miss Whip, 8 st. 1 lb.	...	paid.

LIVERPOOL JULY MEETING.

Stewards: the Earl of Sefton, Lord G. Bentinck, and Sir R. Bulkeley, Bart.

WEDNESDAY, July 14th.—The Croxteth Stakes, of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 30 added; three-year-olds, 6st. 8 lb.; four, 5 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; mile and a quarter (seven subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Caius, by Physician, four years old (Lye)	1
Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Bloomsbury, five years old (Wakefield)	2
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. Oxtou, three years old (Benson)	3
Mr. Watt's ch. c. by Zealot, out of Zillah, three years old (Stagg)	4
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. by Colwick—sister to Ainderby, three years old (Howlett) ...	5

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Bloomsbury, and only 6 to 4 agst. the Doctor. The favourite made the best part of the running, Mr. Watt's colt and Dr. Caius with him to the distance, where the latter came up, and beat Bloomsbury on the post, by a neck. The two had the finish to themselves.

The Produce Stakes, of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; three-year-old colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; 3 lb. allowed, &c.; two miles (six subscribers).

Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Prince Caradoc, by The Colonel walked over.

The Sefton Stakes, of 30 sovs. each, h. ft.; three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; once round (eight subscribers).

Col. Crauford's b. f. Ermangardis, by Langar (Templeman)	1
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Cerito, by Birdcatcher, by C. Piatti (Darling)	2
Lord Stanley's bk. f. Nightshade, by Sir Hercules (M. Jones)	3

Betting: 5 to 4 on Ermangardis, 7 to 4 agst. the Birdcatcher filly, and 5 to 1 agst. Nightshade. The favourite led from end to end; and, though Cerito and Nightshade ran up to her at the distance, she won very cleverly by a length.

The Bickerstaffe Stakes, of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., was off by consent.

The Mersey Stakes, for two-year-olds—a sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added; colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; T.Y.C. (sixteen subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Misdeal, by Camel—The Odd Trick (J. Day)	1
Mr. J. Osborn's br. f. The Gipsy Queen, by Dr. Syntax—Malibran (Nat)	2
Lord Stanley's b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Rocbana (M. Jones)	3
Duke of Cleveland's bk. c. Pharold, by Velocipede, out of Gipsy (Lye)	0
Mr. Edmonstone's ch. f. The Nun, by Bran, by H. Clinker (Stagg)	0
Sir C. Monck's b. c. by Langar, dam by Filho da Puta (Cartwright)	0
Sir T. S. M. Stanley's ch. c. brother to Susanetta, by Battledore (Templeman) ...	0
Mr. Woodhouse's br. c. Havannah, by Colwick, dam by Woldsman (Calloway) ...	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Misdeal, 7 to 2 agst. Gipsy Queen, 7 to 2 agst. Rocbana, and 4 to 1 agst. Pharold. The favourite, in this instance, jumped off with a commanding lead, was never approached, and won by four or five lengths. After the race, Mr. Osborne claimed the Stakes, on the ground that Misdeal was not behind the post at the time of starting; but the objection was overruled by the other two stewards, Lord George Bentinck having acted as starter in the place of Mr. Eddy. A great deal of unpleasant allusion was, subsequently, made to this circumstance: it is certainly by no means likely to be a popular measure for a steward, having a horse in a race, to act in the capacities of starter or judge; the one is as obnoxious to invidious observation as the other.

A Maiden Plate, value 70 sovs.; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five and upwards, 8 st. 12 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the second to receive 10 sovs. out of the Plate; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Clark's br. c. Gammon Box, by St. Nicholas, three years old (Francis) 0 3 1 1	
Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. g. Hawksbury, four years old (Marson) ... 0 1 2 2	
Sir Thomas Stanley's ch. c. by Battledore, or Peter Lely, out of Augustina, three years old (Cartwright)	1 4 4 dr.
Mr. Hunter's br. f. Dervigild, four years old (G. Noble)	0 5 3 dr.
Mr. R. J. Mostyn's b. f. Myrtle, three years old (Lye)	2 2 dr.
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Barelega, three years old (Howlett)	3 dr.
Mr. Meiklam's br. f. Georgiana, three years old (Whitton)	0 dr.

THURSDAY, 15th.—The Chesterfield Stakes, of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; winners before starting, 3 lb. extra; T.Y.C. (three subscribers).

Mr. G. Clark's b. c. Master Thomas, by Tomboy, out of Mamsel Otz (Holmes) ...	1
Lord Stanley's bk. f. Lady of the Lune, by Amurath, dam by Longwaist (M. Jones) 2	
Gen. Sharpe's ch. c. Precursor, by Curtius—Myrrha (Templeman)	3

Betting: 11 to 8 on Master Thomas, 6 to 4 agst. Lady of the Lune, and 3 to 1 agst. Precursor. After one false start, Master Thomas went off in front, kept his place all through, and won in a canter, by several lengths: it was not a shadow of a race.

A Free Handicap of 10 sovs. each, 25 added, for all ages; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Loy's b. h. Ararat, by Liverpool, five years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Francis)	1
Mr. Bower's ch. f. Lady Grove, four years old, 7 st. 1 lb. (Stagg)	2
Duke of Cleveland's b. h. Sampson, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Lye)	6
Mr. Holker's ch. m. Maid of Monton, aged, 7 st. 12 lb. (Templeman)	6

Sir C. Monck's b. m. Garland, six years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Oates)	0
Mr. Graydon's ch. f. Miss Heathcote, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Wakefield)	0
Mr. Allen's b. m. Antigua, five years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Marson)	0
Mr. Ramsay's b. c. Neptune, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Noble)	0

Betting: 5 to 2 each agst. Ararat, Neptune, and Sampson. Here, again, was an easy victory, Ararat leading from the post, and winning as he pleased, by a length.

The Tradesman's Cup, or Piece of Plate, value 200 sovs., with 100 given from the Racing-fund, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared on or before the 1st July, 1841; the winner to pay 30 sovs. to the Judge: the second horse to receive 50 sovs. from the Stakes; the winner of the Northumberland Plate or Cup, at Newcastle, 5 lb. extra; a subscriber not the owner of a horse is only liable to the payment of 5 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. Allen's b. m. Orelia, by St. Nicholas, five years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Dodgson)	1
Mr. Maher's b. c. Johnny, by Elvas, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Cartwright)	2
Mr. Johnstone's br. h. Charles XII., five years old, 9 st. 3 lb. (Marson)	0
Lord Eglinton's b. g. The Potentate, aged, 8 st. 3 lb. (Lye)	0
Lord Mililton's ch. m. Cruiskeen, aged, 8 st. 3 lb. (Calloway)	0
Mr. St. Paul's b. f. Calypso, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Templeman)	0
Mr. Gregory's ch. c. Fitzroy, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Chapple)	0
Major Hay's ch. c. Retriever, five years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Holmes)	0
Mr. Collett's b. g. Tubalcain, five years old, 8 st. (W. Day)	0
Mr. Isaac Day's ch. h. Tamburini, five years old, 8 st. (Connelly)	0
Mr. Painter's Ernest the First, by Emancipation, five years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (G. Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Holmes's b. c. Vulcan, by Verulam, out of Puss, four years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Noble)	0
Mr. Knox's ch. h. George, six years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Mollony)	0
Mr. Eddison's ch. g. Recorder, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	0
Lord G. Bentinck's b. g. Naworth, four years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Howlett)	0
Mr. D. M'Viccar na. br. c. Champagne, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Mann)	0
Mr. Graydon's ch. h. Clinker, five years old, 7 st. (Ryan)	0
Mr. Sigsworth's b. c. Muleteer, four years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Wakefield)	0
Lord Derby's ch. f. Rhodanthe, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Percy)	0
Mr. Orde's b. f. Queen Bee, by Liverpool, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Oates)	0
Lord Mililton's b. h. Wirrestrew, five years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (Stagg)	0
Mr. L. Hesletine's b. c. Milksop, by Mulatto, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Bumby)	0

Betting: 5 to 1 agst. Charles XII., 11 to 2 agst. Naworth, 10 to 1 agst. Calypso, 10 to 1 agst. Orelia, 10 to 1 agst. Milksop, 10 to 1 agst. The Potentate, 10 to 1 agst. Rhodanthe, 14 to 1 agst. Recorder, 16 to 1 agst. Ernest the First, 20 to 1 agst. Muleteer, and 20 to 1 agst. Tamburini. This large field was got off at the first attempt, with the exception of George, who ran out, and Tamburini, and, for the first mile, Clinker and Johnny had the best of the lot. At the turn for home, Orelia, who had been waiting till then, came out, and, passing Johnny, went at once to the front. As they landed on the straight ground, Rhodanthe was second and Naworth third, and it looked like a race; but, at the distance, Dodgson set at his mare, ran clear of everything, and finished, as easy winner, by three lengths. As they closed the chair, Johnny was brought up with a rush, and secured the second place: the tailing was very great. Run in four minutes, seventeen seconds; very bad time for such a race.

The Foal Stakes, of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; 3 lb. allowed, &c.; once round and a distance (five subscribers).

Lord Westminster's br. f. Lampon, by Camel walked over.

The Derby Handicap, of 10 sovs. each, p.p., with 80 added by the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby; one mile (twenty-six subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Caius, by Physician, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Lye)	1
Mr. Hesletine's b. m. Shadow, five years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (Hesseltine)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's b. g. Naworth, four years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Howlett)	3
Sir T. S. M. Stanley's br. g. Apothecary, five years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Templeman)	0
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. Spring-heel'd Jack, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Wakefield)	0
Mr. Graydon's ch. f. Miss Heathcote, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Bower's ch. f. Lady Grove, four years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Stagg)	0
Mr. John Watson's b. c. Milksop, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Benson)	0
Lord Eglinton's br. c. The Young-un, four years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Cartwright)	0
Mr. Mostyn's br. f. Birthday, three years old, 7 st. (Oates)	0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Dr. Caius, 3 to 1 agst. Shadow (6 to 4 on the two agt. the field), 4 to 1 agst. The Young-un, 4 to 1 agst. Naworth, 5 to 1 agst. Milksop, 5 to 1 agst. Lady Grove, 6 to 1 agst. Spring-heel'd Jack, and 8 to 1 agst. Miss Heathcote. The pace was made by Miss Heathcote, as hard as she could split to turn for home, where Shadow passed her. As they closed the distance, Lye brought up his horse, took the lead from the mare, and won easily by a length; a sad tailing with the lot that were not placed.

Her Majesty's Plate, value 100 gs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 9 st. 1 lb.; five, 9 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 2 lb.; heats, two miles.

Duke of Cleveland's b. h. Sampson, by Cetus, five years old (Lye)	5	1	1
Mr. Kirby's ch. c. Kingston Robin, four years old (Holmes)	1	3	2
Mr. Hesletine's b. m. The Shadow, five years old (Hesseltine)	6	2	dr.
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Neptune, four years old (Noble)	2	dr.	
Mr. G. Waits's br. c. Magic, by The Conjuror, three years old (Ryan)	3	dr.	
Mr. Bateman's ch. g. Vapour, four years old (Treen)	4	dr.	

FRIDAY 16th.—The Knowsley Dinner Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 8 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb. Once round (six subscribers).

Lord Westminster's Lampon, by Camel walked over.

The Grosvenor Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 50 added; for three and four-year-olds; three, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; four-year-olds, being maidens at the time of nomination, 3 lb.; the winner of the St. Leger in the same week 3 lb. extra. Mile and three-quarters (thirteen subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's b. c. Doctor Caius by Physician, four years old (Lye) 1
Lord Westminster's b. c. Maroon, four years old (Nat) 2

The betting fluctuated from 5 and 6 to 4 on Maroon, to 5 and 4 on the Doctor, who made running, was never caught, and won easy by a length.

The Liverpool St. Leger of 25 sovs. each, p. p., with 100 added; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 8 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; the winner of the Riddlesworth, or 2000 gs. at Newmarket, or Derby at Epsom, 7 lb.; of the Tuesday's Riddlesworth, 1000 gs. or Oaks, 5 lb.; of the York Derby, Chester Produce, Dee, or Palatine Stakes, the Manchester or Newton St. Leger, 3 lb. extra; of any two of the above, 2 lb. in addition to the highest weight attached to either of such two; the second horse to receive £50 out of the stakes; one mile and three-quarters (thirty-five subscribers).

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Middleham, by Muley Moloch (J. Day) 1
Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Prince Caradoc (Darling) 2
Lord Westminster's br. c. Satirist, by Pantaloon (Nat) 3
Mr. Goodman's ch. c. Belgrade (Crouch) 4
Col. Cradock's b. c. Pagan (Templeman) 5
Col. Crauford's b. f. Ermangardis (Marson) 6
Mr. Ogden's b. c. brother to Harpurhey (Connelly) 7

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Satirist, 4 to 1 agst. Pagan, 9 to 2 agst. Middleham, 6 to 1 agst. Belgrade, 6 to 1 agst. brother to Harpurhey, and 8 to 1 agst. Prince Caradoc. Very soon after they got off (at the second attempt) Middleham showed a splice of his pace in front; but as they rounded the first turn he gave way to Belgrade, who carried on the lead to the turn for home, when brother to Harpurhey had it. At the distance, however, Middleham was again first, kept his place without an effort, and won cleverly by a length. A slashing race for second, won by a neck.

The Stand Cup, value 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each; 10 ft., once round and a distance (twenty-six subscribers).

Lord Mililton's ch. m. Cruiskeen, by Sir Hercules, aged, 9 st. 13 lb. (Stagg) 1
Mr. Orde's b. f. Queen Bee, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Oates) 2
Mr. Meiklam's b. c. Broadwath, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Noble) 3
Mr. St. Paul's b. f. Calypso, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Templeman) 0
Lord G. Bentinck's b. g. Naworth, four years old, 7 st. 13 lb. (Howlett) 0
Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, five years old, 7 st. 13 lb., 2 lb. over (Holmes) 0
Lord Eglinton's br. b. The Young'un, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Lye) 0
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. Spring-heel'd Jack, four years old, 7 st. 1 lb. (Crouch) 0
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Trustee, four years old, 7 st. (Cartwright) 0
Mr. Graydon's ch. h. Clinker, five years old, 7 st. (W. Jones) 0
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Cornuto, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Francis) 0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Calypso, 5 to 2 agst. Cornuto, 4 to 1 agst. Cruiskeen (tk. freely), and 8 to 1 each agst. Clinker, Queen Bee, and The Young'un. At the second offer they got away, and after a few changes Cornuto settled himself in the van, and led, accompanied by Queen Bee, Spring-heel'd Jack, and the winner to the distance, when Cruiskeen and Queen Bee went in front, followed by Broadwath, and after a splendid head-and-head race between the three, the Irish mare won by a neck. Time, two minutes forty-three seconds.

The Stanley Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 30 added; for two and three-year-olds; two, 6 st. 12 lb.; three, 9 st. 2 lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 2 lb.; the second horse to save his stake; T.Y.C. (ten subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Misdeal, brother to Revoks, by Camel, two years old (Howlett) 1
Mr. Osborn's br. f. The Gipsy Queen, two years old (Francis) 2
Lord Stanley's bk. f. Lady of the Lune, two years old (Stagg) 3
Mr. Ogden's br. c. brother to Harpurhey, three years old (Connelly) 4
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. Cerito, three years old (Darling) 5
Mr. Dawson's f. The Biddy, by Bran, out of Pantaloon's dam, two years old (Lye) 6

Lord George Bentinck having declared that his orders to his jockey were to start two lengths behind the other horses, to shew that Misdeal had won the Mersey Stakes from his great superiority, 2 to 1 were laid on him. He went off according to instructions, caught and passed his field at the distance, and won with ease by a length.

The Selling Stakes, a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 70 added; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; winners once to carry 3 lb. extra; twice, 6 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the second horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the stakes, and the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded in the usual way; heats, once round.

Mr. Meiklam's b. g. Wee Willie, by Liverpool, six years old (Templeman) 6 1 1
Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. g. Hawkbury, four years old (Marson) ... 1 2 2
Mr. Watts's ch. c. by Zealot, out of Zillah, three years old (Oates) 3 3 dr.
Mr. O'Meara's b. c. Kilmoyler, by Elvas, out of Anonymous, three years old (Cartwright) 2 4 dr.
Mr. Speed's b. c. Rough Robin, four years old (M. Jones) 4 dr.
Lord Mililton's ch. f. Semiramide, three years old (Stagg) 5 5 dr.

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1841.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

"LUXURY," ONE OF THE ROYAL STAGHOUNDS, BY R. B. DAVIS ;
"ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EQUESTRIAN ORDER." NO. I.—A PLEBS ;
AND
A MAP OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S COUNTRY.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received Nos. VIII., IX., and X. of that fine national work, Professor Low's "Domestic Animals of the British Isles," and defer our notice till next month, when we shall find room to do them justice. It is unfair, both to authors and their reviewers, to attempt an analysis of literary works in a space little more than necessary for a recital of their titles. It is our desire to make the *SPORTING REVIEW* the channel for a liberal criticism on sporting literature, a feature neglected by all other periodicals of its class. To this end we make our observations, ample and in a fair spirit, at all events: what claims beyond these they have, we leave to others to say.

Has the following letter any reference to the last St. Leger? We expressed our fears at the time as to the effect the policy pursued in that event would exercise on the interests of the Doncaster Races.

"TO THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF DONCASTER.

"Gentlemen,—I fully appreciate the high honour which it has been your wish to confer upon me, and would have gladly accepted the offer; but, as I do not approve of the manner in which racing is now conducted, I must, with great reluctance, decline the office of steward at the ensuing meeting.—I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"Filey, Aug. 18, 1841."

"MILTON."

Why does not "An Amateur" write to us *en ami*? We are ignorant of his present whereabouts, or he should have been so addressed by ourselves.

Certainly our pages are open to *all* sporting communications of talent. Our correspondent has been informed in error, that they are exclusively confined to a particular *clique* of contributors.

The Editor will presently reply to the application on the subject of the "Wild Sports of the North."

Mr. Edward Lawton can communicate with the publisher.

We must decline publishing the names of parties who choose to write under assumed signatures; we do not think our applicant will fare better with the editor of the "Morning Post."

Vol. V., bound in cloth boards, lettered, is now ready, and may be had of all Booksellers.

HYDE MARSTON ;
OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN'S LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH :—MORE COLLEGE LIFE.

" Come, spur away ;
 I have no patience for a longer stay,
 But must go down,
 And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.
 I will the country see,
 Where old simplicity,
 Though hid in grey,
 Doth look more gay
 Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
 Farewell, you city wits, that are
 Almost at civil war ;
 'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows mad."

RANDOLPH.

THE eve of a brilliant spring day, in the last week of April, restored me again to my rooms in Oxford, and the following morning I found Maher up to the elbows in a vast chaos of pasteboard and miscellaneous paper ; in short, sorting my cards, notes of invitation, whose dates had long expired, and reminiscences of other notes, in a similar dilemma. Having paid off as many of these latter as the state of the supplies authorized, and put off others with promises to pay, it became necessary to discharge a few of the still more absolute obligations, and an immediate wine party was resolved upon. To this intent all my old friends (boon-companions, who never had the impertinence to ask whether my abrupt disappearance from the University was the effect of a natural or artificial death) were laid under embargo for an early night, together with some fresh-men, who entered during my absence, and had brought letters of introduction to me. Of these, two were brothers, Launcelot and Panton Ridsdale, cousins on my mother's side, some three or four degrees removed, and sons of a Yorkshire gentleman of easy fortune. I had never before met them, nor, indeed, were our families on visiting terms, probably because some hundred and fifty miles between their respective abodes were adverse to intimacy. The eldest I had frequently heard of, as a ricketty boy, reared with as much art and care as the most tender hot-house exotic, a description which by no means prepared me for the style of person I found him : the youngest was represented as an indolent, dull lad, of lax morals, and, consequently, intended for the church.

We will not stay to examine what claims to truth the report possesses which assigns to Oxford a great decrease, of late years, in its contributions to the excise. The change, if it has been effected, is one of the most notable moral revolutions of these times of mutability. In my day, the simple act of putting on the academic suit assured an assumption of its other habits also. I could not take it on my conscience to say, in my experience, I had knowledge of a member of the University (the provosts and heads of colleges of course excepted, who, upon all ordinary occasions, confined themselves to toast and water, and only on galas went the length of lemonade)—that did not, as a practice, daily consume as much strong drink as would have overloaded tenfold his own bulk of the best sponge. Probably, art will never increase the facilities for slaking drought which were familiar to mankind a quarter of a century ago. The night that re-opened my rooms at the perfumer's might be quoted as a favourable sample of a "dewy eve" of that period. The company consisted of about a dozen: the drinkables could scarcely have been numbered without the assistance of logarithms. You might have made some shrewd hits on character, by observing the fashion of each drinker's consumption. The superfine men confined themselves to hock negus and curaçoa grog. The correct drank bishop, Burgundy punch, iced claret, Hollands, and Kircher Wasser; the less particular dabbling in indigenous gin, hot, with sugar, cognac similarly compounded, London stout, Burton ale, clay pipes, and tobacco in all grades, from Oronooko to negro-head.

As the Ridsdales had come to Oxford with but a slight introduction, and only a few days previously, this was their *debât*, and it was not a favourable one. Launcelot, who was an athletic young man, appeared to be a bluff northern sportsman, with a full share of his country's keenness; but, withal, deficient in that peculiar refinement which redeems the intercourse of college society, however coarseness may preponderate in its pursuits. His manner was confident and assuming: ever on the watch for such fortuitous occasions as afforded an opportunity for aggression, he would push the advantage afforded him beyond the limits of good nature and good taste. Unlike its usual effects, however, opposition did not seem to rouse or irritate him: left to himself, he would proceed from disagreeable allusions to the verge of direct offence; but, if interfered with, he would compromise, or abandon the controversy. A commanding person and stern bearing gave great force to the expression of a strong mind, and a vocabulary by no means stinted in materials for argument or reply; and yet it was strange to see how easily and effectually an animated rejoinder or remark succeeded in putting him to silence. I could not avoid being struck with this; others also observed it, and some turned it to no very social account: it was

clear that he had not made a favourable impression. Panton Ridsdale had nothing in common with his brother. He was without a shade of offence in his character, and, indeed, pretty much without anything else. No Mussulman ever cultivated ease with more relish. His ideas of liquors were evidently good; but he would not put himself to trouble in carrying them out. Whatever was within reach of his arm, and that which was to be had by the least extension of it, he invariably indulged: champagne followed stout; *eau de vie de Dantzic* succeeded Hodgson's pale ale; and whiskey toddy acted as *avant courier* for Châblis or Moselle, as accident made each most easily available. "A pair of characters, those Yorkshire-cured relatives of yours," said Hervey, who was the last to retire, as his custom was; "a brace of very odd fish, but the smallest is the best flavoured; the first-born is far from the style of person one would make a point of being introduced to." I was entirely of the same way of thinking, but held my peace, for the sake of kith and kin.

At the period of which I write, gymnastics did not form regular items in a course of polite education; but they were not the less generally and energetically cultivated for all that. For want of those established arenas which the wisdom of Greece and Rome provided for the use of such citizens as desired to exercise themselves in personal trials of strength and courage, there was, in almost every town and village in England, some spot conventionally set aside for passages at arms. The corn-market, in Oxford, was the peculiar place of *fisty-cuffs* for that city; where "gown," "town," and clown were wont to meet, and study phrenology after a fashion of their own; in so far resembling the modern science, that bumps on the head, at all events, helped them to their conclusions. Not many nights in the week passed in which these philosophers did not indulge in their experiments; the space in front of the Star being, to *Alma Mater*, what Flanders used to be to the rest of Europe. If a man was discovered sauntering there after sunset, it was understood as a quiet announcement that his blood was a little slow of circulation—in short, that he was a customer for a row.

About a week after the party already described, I was on my way home from a dinner at Witney, by the light of a moon, such as Douglas compared to his shield; and, as I passed the top of the High-street in the direction of the *debateable ground*, a clear treble, with the whole strength of the proprietor's lungs, was pouring forth the rollicking air of the "Groves of Blarney." The verse that the singer was executing at the moment, was something to the following effect:—

“ Readin’ and writin’
 We do delight in ;
 All soorts of fightin’,
 They are our joys :
 For drinkin’, atin’,
 And proctor batin’,
 We bang the state, in
 Regard of boys.”

The identity of the minstrel was as unequivocal to me as his *status* to such of the public as might chance to fall in his way. It was Maher; and Maher was drunk, or “glorious,” as that condition of ebriety is politely termed wherein the patient considers himself a better man than Alexander the Third of Macedon, and is prepared to do to death any one disposed to gainsay it. As there was probability of some adventure speedily occurring to a knight-errant that chose the corn-market wherein to throw down his gauntlet, Hervey, who was my companion, persuaded me (without exercising, indeed, any extraordinary importunity) to wait, and see what might come of it. The light of the full moon was streaming on the gladiatorial arena, which the Irish champion was patrolling in every variety of mathematical line, except the straight; so that if any passenger happened to be pursuing a right line in the direction that he seemed to be taking, a collision was not only possible, but probable. It took a very short time to work out the problem. From the Star gateway a figure issued, enveloped in an ample great-coat,—a devil of a strapping fellow, big enough to have slain and eaten the little bully. At all events, as the man of might crossed the street, the man of metal ran into him, apparently on purpose. This brought them both up, “all standing,” as the naval phrase is; and as they stood, eyeing each other, the melodist again broke forth,—

“ Readin’ and writin’
 We do delight in ;
 All soorts of fightin’ :”——

“ Silence !” shouted the man in the great-coat, in a voice trembling with rage, deep and hoarse as if it came out of the mouth of a coal-pit; “ cease your noise, ye drunken Irish blackguard, or I’ll help ye to sing with the other side of your mouth.”

“ It would be a pity to rob you entirely, my poor fellow,” replied the tenor, “ for the devil a much music ye have to spare. No doubt, as it is, your servant often thinks his master is calling when the don-keys is praying for a shower.”

“ Do you know who you’re talking to, you ruffian ?” cried the first speaker, striding up to his adversary, and confronting him as Gulliver did the Emperor of Lilliput.

“ It isn’t a *four-footed* ass that’s in it, any how,” said the Irishman,

looking up, as if he were reading the address on a finger-post, while the crown of his hat was on a level with the pit of the gowmsman's stomach; "though may be I wouldn't be sure of *that*, only for the light of the parish lantern."

"You infernal saucy little rascal!" exclaimed the member of the University; "I'll teach you how to insult a gentleman;" and he lent my master of the horse a box on the ear, that swept him off his legs, as one clears the table of a spider with the dash of a pocket handkerchief.

The conversation and its consequence took not a tenth of the space in the action that the narration has occupied. I had just time enough to imagine that the voice of the second speaker was not unknown to me, when the catastrophe ensued, and my unlucky serving-man measured his length on his native element.

"By Jove! he'll be put to death, Hervey," said I, "unless we cover his retreat. I shouldn't mind his getting a good thrashing, as it might help to sober him; but if he's killed, there will be a coroner's inquest——" Thus far my speech had proceeded, when Maher leaped on his legs, and, giving himself a shake, flew at his assailant like a game-cock, or any animal more pugnacious, if such there be. By this time the adjacent courts and public-houses were pouring their tribute of disorderlies into the scene of action, wherein such a brace of combatants appeared as, probably, were never pitted since the encounter between David and Goliath of Gath. Some were shouting for a ring; and others cheering on the mannikin, who was peppering away at the giant with prodigious energy. As Hervey and I approached the place of conflict, Maher succeeded in planting a blow, like the kick of a horse, in that part of his antagonist's person which is genteelly distinguished, in pugilistic phrase, as "the victualling department." As a specimen of the *vis viva*, it was a phenomenon, and prostrated the receiver more speedily and effectually than a ball through the pericardium, from one of Joe Manton's "French-scratch barrels," at twelve paces.

A fight is far too popular a thing to be permitted to terminate abruptly; and you find that, as long as a couple of their fellow-sinners can stand up and belabour one another, the mob is officiously polite in assisting them to their legs, whenever the chances of war have reduced either to the horizontal. The moment, therefore, that the patrician kissed the earth, fifty volunteers rushed to pick him up, and as many more to clap the plebeian upon the back, and whisper advice for "licking the big un." But both parties had their trouble for their pains. No sooner was the fallen again placed upright, than, turning his back on the little bantam, who was "coming up" in a highly scientific attitude, he went off at speed, in the direction of the High-street, with the rabble in full chorus at his heels. Fear had given wings to his flight; and he was soon clear of the mob: but,—“O! world of slippery turns!”

a guardian of the night, who was walking his beat, as usual, in his sleep, stood in the course of the fugitive, and the pair dropped, after the manner of clown and pantaloons in the pantomime. A qualm of humanity prompted Hervey and I to go to the poor hunted wretch's assistance; for though his miserable poltroonery shocked, its very extremity excited our pity. We lifted him up, more dead than alive, and placed his back against the door of a house, for he was in a state of insensibility. It was Launcelot Ridsdale! He was as quick in recognising me; and a flush of agony crossed his face at the discovery. "I hope your fall has not seriously hurt you," said I: "we were turning the corner as you ran into this watchman of little vigilance——." But he saw through the *ruse*; and the instinct of manhood, for the moment, conquered constitutional dastardy. "You saw it all, both of you," said he, with bitter fierceness: "I know it;—and you, Mr. Marston, set on your creature to make me a scorn and a by-word—*remember that!* I give you no thanks for your insolent courtesy. You have done me deadly wrong,—*remember that!*" and he passed from us, in the direction of Christchurch.

With the tray of potted meats and fish that, in those days, used to go to a quiet University supper, the gladiator of my household appeared. The spirit of his intoxication had evaporated, and left behind it that owl-like counterfeit of gravity which is the most soul-moving of all the phases of drunkenness.

"And so, you rascal," I began, as he entered, "you have been drunk, and fighting with one of your master's relations. Don't dare to add a lie to your offence,—I was present, and saw him, very properly, knock you down; and——"

"Never say a word more about it, sir," he replied, with a most diabolical attempt at a gracious smile, and a hiccup that convulsed his ventricle like an earthquake. "I beg you'll not name it;—I've no animosity to the gentleman,—not a taste in the world; and, by the same token, he did not hurt me at all at all—devil a hurt. It's the bether of it I am, it is, by J——; I mane, *that's a fact.*"

"Leave the room, you drunken brute," I exclaimed, my patience utterly upset by his coolness, "and, to-morrow, when you've slept off the fumes of your debauch, I'll find a method to bring you to your senses. Get out of the room instantly!"

"See that, now," he muttered, obeying the order at a pace that a lively snail would have been ashamed of;—"see that!—I've said I bare no malice; and that doesn't seem to please." Then, after musing for a minute, he continued, lingering at the half-opened door: "Sure, sir, I'll shake hands with him in the morning; and, barring he's a Turk, that *must* settle it. But there's no continting some people—there's not, by ——, *it's a fact.*"

ON THE PRESERVATION OF GAME.

BY THE HONOURABLE GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY, M. P.

VERMIN TO BE DESTROYED.

(Continued from page 92.)

OWLS.

OF the owl tribe, the brown owl is by far the worst vermin, being very destructive to leverets and young rabbits, as well as occasionally to the broods of feathered game. The hollow tree, wherein the brown owl rears her young, reveals sad secrets as to the depredations of these birds; and proves that the pigeon-house, as well as the woods and fields, are subject to their taxation. I never caught but one brown owl in a trap set with a bait, in my life, and then I believe that there must have been a mouse nibbling at the meat, on the bridge of the trap, which caused the owl to strike it. They are sometimes to be caught on the pole-trap, previously described; but the gamekeeper must trust to his gun to clear the preserves of this vermin.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT-HORNED OWL

Are similar in their habits of seeking their food, and resemble each other much in plumage, and seem to be the connecting link that joins the birds of night and day together. They approach very nearly to the hawk in their eyes and wings, and are chiefly destructive to the leveret and rabbit. They are found in greatest abundance in moor countries, but they are distributed pretty generally throughout England.

THE WHITE OWL.

This, though often serviceable to the farmer in the capture of mice, is very destructive to the leveret and rabbit, as the vicinity of the nest will testify. They reside in barns, in hollow trees, or in the holes or corners of buildings, and are very easily destroyed with the gun. If, in the dark of the evening, you perceive a white owl upon the wing, and can conceal yourself, an imitation of the squeak of a mouse will invariably attract the bird within shot, and an easier mark is seldom offered. They are very *odd* birds; may easily be tamed, and, when tame, are very amusing; their gravity, hastiness of temper, horror of the countenances of large dead birds, when made to appear before them in a ghostly manner, as well as their triumphant, but sorrowful, contortions over the bodies of mice or small birds when beneath their claws, affords an infinity of amusement. It is this owl that makes a hissing or screeching noise by night; while the brown owl, previously described, "too-wits," and hoots in a louder key.

Having now run through the list of common vermin, I will add a few remarks upon the hedgehog, it having been denied that he is destructive to game. In the first place, though I never saw a hedgehog kill

a leveret, nevertheless, I am firmly convinced that the teeth which the hedgehog has, were never given him for the simple mastication of an insect or a root; and, as to his sucking eggs, I have not only caught him in traps baited with eggs, but I have placed eggs with tame hedgehogs, over night, and in the morning they have been found scientifically sucked. The squirrel will also suck eggs, when he meets with them, and I have had ocular demonstration of the fact, in the woods, with the eggs of pheasants; observing, among other things, that the squirrel *knew how* to carry a half-sucked egg up a tree without spilling the contents. The snake is accused of sucking eggs, having been found curled up in the nest of a pheasant, where eggs had been destroyed; but I doubt if this reptile, in this immediate instance, has not been wrongfully accused, for he has scarcely strength enough in his jaw to break the shell. That he would catch and swallow a newly-born leveret, or lately-hatched pheasant or partridge, I have no doubt; for in the belly of the snake I have seen both toads and frogs, larger and more active than either of the newly-born game above mentioned.

In closing these notices on the preservation of game, and the destruction of vermin, my readers will pardon me for adding, that though an over-attachment to the sports of the field, and the mysteries of merry woodcraft, is often condemned, as a fact likely to unfit a man for the more polite associations of the world, nevertheless, I maintain that he may not only gain a thorough insight into them without an injury to more important accomplishments or callings, but that, in the study of the habits of the minutest animal that moves, there is a curious, a beautiful, and an ever-entertaining lesson, and, as it were, a book to be read, which the bountiful hand of nature never closes against the eyes of a willing scholar.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES OF SPORTING LITERATURE.

“Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum.”

HOR. DE ARTE POETICA.

To delve through nooks and sinuosities,
For “literary curiosities.”

THE condition of the Turf among the ancient Romans is to us, in a professional as well as literary point of view, so interesting, that we might naturally expect to find it fully discussed and satisfactorily explained by the classical antiquarians. If any one entertains such a hope, he will be woefully disappointed. Among the more modern compendiums there is little to be gleaned beyond a few vague and general observations; and I have thought that a few of these pages may with some advantage be devoted to a methodized account of the chariot and horse racing of the Romans.

I shall take leave, therefore, without further apology, to introduce the reader to the great racing theatre of Rome—the Circus Maximus, which is minutely described by Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

Imagine an elliptical building, three stadia and one half in length, and somewhat more than a stadium in breadth ; the circuit will thus be, in round numbers, somewhere about a Roman mile. In the time of the republic, and under the earlier emperors, the ordinary course was seven rounds of the circus, or about seven miles. But in the reign of Claudius the number was reduced to five ; a change afterwards followed by Domitian, but never permanently adopted. The circus was furnished with rows of seats all around, rising one above the other, and capable of containing, according to Pliny, two hundred and fifty thousand, or, as others have estimated, three hundred and eighty thousand spectators. Down the middle of the area, thus enclosed, extended a broad wall (*spina*), four feet in height, separating the two sides of the course, at each end of which stood the *metae* or goals—three pillars on a single base. Near the goal from which they started rose seven columns, each surmounted by the figure of an egg (in honour of the twin offspring of Leda's fabled egg), which were designed to regulate the running. In the bustle and excitement of the race, the charioteer, having the same round to repeat seven times, might easily lose his reckoning, and forget the number of circuits already made, and the number still uncompleted. As soon as the leading chariot, therefore, passed the starting-post, each round, one of the eggs was lowered ; so that a single glance told the work yet remaining, and enabled the jock to husband his strength accordingly. I shall not pursue the minutiae of description farther. This will suffice to give an idea of the "ground ;" and I shall only add, that the racing was invariably made in a circuit from *right to left*.

The races of the circus, as far as I can discover, were all decided by a single heat. But from the number of matches, and the rapidity with which they came off, one after the other, a day at the circus must have afforded abundant sport of the most exciting character. The usual number of races in a day was twenty-five. But this limit was often exceeded, particularly under Nero, Vitellius, Domitian, and Caligula, all especial patrons of the turf : Domitian, for instance, exhibited no less than one hundred matches each day of the games.

The charioteers and jockeys were divided into factions or parties, distinguished by the colours they wore. Originally there were but two factions—white (*albata*), and red (*russata*). Afterwards they were extended to four ; green (*prasina*) and sky-blue (*venita*) being added. Under Domitian, two more, gold (*aurata*) and purple (*purpurea*), were introduced ; but did not outlive his reign, being abolished in detestation of his tyranny. These colours were always opposed in the race, a horse or chariot starting from each faction ; and Pliny, ridiculing the blind devotion of the people to one or other among them, says that they looked but to the colour, disregarding the speed of the horse, or the dexterity of the charioteer. Each of the colours had its own partisans, even among the highest in the state. Thus, Vitellius was a favourer of the blue ; while Nero, Caligula, and Lucius Verus, attached themselves to the green. Nor were they a whit less arbitrary in these matters than in affairs of greater moment. When the populace dared to shout their disapprobation of a charioteer whom Caracalla favoured, he turned his soldiers into the circus to

quell the daring heterodoxy ; and, with still greater brutality, put to death an inoffensive old man, the first charioteer of an opposite faction, who had gained no less than *seven hundred and eighty* prizes in his long and honourable career. We gather from Ovid's advice—

“Nec mora, quisquis erit cui favet illa, fava”—

that the gentler sex entered, with as much zeal as the men, into the contests of the rival colours.

Each of the factions had a distinct corporation, and had a number of officers, whom it were tedious to enumerate, even if we were acquainted with the duties assigned to each. There is a long chapter on the subject in Panvinus “*De Ludis Circensibus*,” which may amuse any one whose curiosity will overcome his repugnance to the musty Latin of a dull though learned antiquarian. I shall only mention an ancient tablet, bearing an inscription, to the effect that it was erected by M. Vipsanius, surgeon of the greens, to four persons (from their names, probably of his own family), who had held the offices respectively of charioteer, clothes-holder, traveller (possibly for the purchase of horses or forage), and trainer, in the same green faction.

Our modern “gentlemen of the cap and jacket” can form but a faint idea of the importance of their brethren in ancient Rome. Each faction, forming an independent community, possessed clear and well-defined privileges, which they all seem to have asserted, in defiance of the highest authority. Thus the blues were not afraid to murmur aloud against Lucius Verus, for his undue preference of an opposite colour ; and, in the time of Nero, the whole body had become so insolent, even to the prætors and consuls, that, in order to humble their pride, by teaching them that their services were not indispensable, the prætor is stated, on authority, which, strange as it may appear, cannot be doubted, to have had *dogs* trained, instead of *horses*, to draw the chariots in the circus. This, however, if the story can be credited at all, was, as might be expected, but a short-lived attempt ; and the affair, by the favour of Nero, terminated in the triumph of the jockeys. Their internal feuds, too, were obstinate, and often bloody. Paul, the deacon, quoted by Panvinus, speaks of a civil war which arose from the disputes of the *blues* (who seem to have been especially pugnacious), and the rival faction of green ; and, in the time of Justinian, no less than thirty thousand persons are said to have lost their lives at Constantinople, in a tumult of similar origin !

Nor need we wonder at this, when we find that not only slaves, or plebeians, but even the highest of the patricians—nay, the emperors themselves, were enrolled in the rival ranks. Caligula, who mounted the green colours, was so devoted to the circus, that Suetonius says he almost lived in the stables. When his favourite horse Incitatus was to run, he had sentinels posted all round the stables to preserve silence, and secure unbroken repose for him ! Nero, in his youth, was a celebrated charioteer ; and Vitellius, who is said to have owed his elevation to the purple to his accomplishments in this line, was lamed for life by a fall from his chariot in the race. But, as it might be expected, the most skilful charioteers were of the menial class. I could mention the names of many who were the Chifneys or Robinsons of their day. Felix, Boccus, and, still more, Scorpus, are

especially celebrated by Martial. His epigrammatic epitaph of the last-named has often been admired :

“ Ille ego sum Scorpus clamosi gloria circi
 Plausus Roma! tui, deliciæque breves—
 Invida quem Lachesis raptum trieteride nona,
 Dum numerat palmas credidit esse senem !”

High though the party spirit of the different factions ran, it was lawful to change from one to the other. We find Diocles, one of the most celebrated names in the racing annals of Rome, first in the white, then a member of the green, and last of all in the red faction.

The running was conducted on almost the same principles as that of the Grecian hippodrome, except as to the number of chariots permitted to start. In Greece there seems to have been no limit. Ten, twenty, and even forty, are known to have come to the post together; nay, although forty is commonly assigned, on the authority of Pindar, as a maximum, there are reasons for believing that there may have been, and was, a greater number. For in the races to which Pindar alludes (it is in his second ode to Arcesilaus), *forty of the charioteers fell, or were overturned*; which affords a fair presumption that more than forty may have started, and probably did start. But in the circus the number was usually limited to one from each faction; ordinarily, therefore, there were but four; and, in the time of Domitian, who established two new factions, six. From this usage, however, there may have been occasional deviations. In the beautiful mosaic representation of the circus discovered at Lyons, in 1803, and believed to be a work of the first century, there are eight chariots engaged in the same match; probably, though the description throws no light on it, two from each faction. Some of these are overturned; in some, the horses are restive: one charioteer is wounded, and being carried off by the attendants. The horses are of different colours; some white, some grey, some of a light bay; all are described as beautifully formed, and full of fire; and all with their tails squared and set in the English fashion. It may be, however, that this is a representation of the equestrian games as exhibited in Gaul, rather than those of the Roman circus: for it would appear that, commonly at least, the number entered was not more than four. Near the first *meta*, or starting-post, there were openings under the benches, called *carceres*, in which, places having been assigned by lot, the chariots were drawn up previous to starting. On either side stood a small statue of Mercury, holding the end of a chain, which ran across the *carceres*, and confined the horses. When the prætor gave the signal for starting, by dropping a white napkin, the chain was withdrawn, and the horses urged onwards by the whip, the voice, and sometimes even the brandishing of lighted torches. The charioteers were permitted—nay, it was a part of their duty—to jostle, and, if possible, overturn or disable their adversaries; an effort into which the horses themselves are described as having entered with the utmost spirit: and Pliny tells, in the eighth book of his “*Natural History*,” that at the secular games (held every hundred and tenth year) of Claudius, one Corax, a charioteer of the white faction, having been flung out early in the race, his horses, of their own accord, pursued the course, jostling and upsetting their rivals, till, having completed the

regular number of rounds, they halted, unbidden, at the *meta*, or winning-post, "as if," says Pliny, "to claim the prize."

It may easily be supposed that where, to all the difficulty of driving four horses in full speed round a confined amphitheatre—less serious, to be sure, than that in the crowded field of the Olympic race, but still very considerable—there were added, also, the dangers arising from the jostling and trickery of the rival candidates, accidents must have been frequent, if not unavoidable. These appalling risks, indeed, like the bloody shows of the amphitheatre, constituted the chief excitement of the chariot-race. Few matches passed off without an upset; and each faction was provided with a surgeon to meet the sudden emergencies of their perilous trade. In the mosaic at Lyons, the surgeon is tending the wounded charioteer.

The number of horses in each chariot was usually four, harnessed, like those of the Greeks, abreast; of these, two, called *jugarii*, were harnessed to the pole, by means of a yoke which passed over the neck of each at the point of the shoulder, being attached midway between both, to the extremity of the pole, and secured by straps to the upper part of the collar or breast-band. This was a simple, and it may appear scanty, caparison. It consisted merely, as I have stated, of the collar and the yoke-strap, with, probably, a girth running under the chest. The pole-horses had neither trace nor breeching; the side horses, on the other hand, were not harnessed to the pole, nor had they any yoke upon their neck; they were attached to the chariot, as their name, *appensi*, implies, by a simple trace.

This arrangement, rude as it may appear, was probably the very best which could have been adopted. In the gallop, the draught is not performed, as in the trot, by a uniform and continuous pull: it is a series of leaps and jerks, regular, it is true, but at intervals clearly distinct from each other. Now, a motion such as this instantly meets a corresponding series of checks from the pliant and flexible trace; the impetus communicated by the first bound dying away before the second succeeds to supply a fresh impulse. On the contrary, the inflexible pole, combining all, chariot and team, into one, nor suffering the power to be neutralized by the constant checking of the trace, communicates and supports an equable and uniform motion in the entire. The advantage will be still more clearly perceptible if we remember that the course being circular, must have increased, to a most annoying extent, the inconvenience inseparable, under any circumstances, from the use of a trace in the gallop.

Besides the four-horse-chariot race, which was the principal attraction, they had races also for chariots drawn by two, and sometimes by three horses. Whether the course was shortened in these cases, I am unable to say with certainty; but there is reason to believe that no distinction was made, the number of rounds, seven, being the same for all, except under Claudius, and again under Domitian, when it was reduced to five. Sometimes the number of horses attached to the chariot was greater—six, seven, eight, and even, as in the case of Nero, ten. In all these cases the horses were harnessed abreast. But when the number amounted to six, generally speaking a second pole was attached to the axle, which was then extended almost to the entire breadth occupied by the horses. Nor was this absurd exhibition so

uncommon as might, from its extravagance, be conjectured. The celebrated Diocles is recorded in an ancient inscription as having gained the prize successively with two, three, four, and six horses. A second tablet records that he was the first to gain the hitherto unheard-of prize with seven; and, what is more remarkable, without once using the whip! Indeed, I fancy the reins must have afforded him abundant occupation.

The dress of the charioteers—varied, of course, for the colour of their respective factions—was a loose, flowing robe, leaving the arms free. They wore a sort of cap, which, from the engravings, would appear to have resembled that of our modern jockeys, wanting, however, the peak in front, or, rather slightly turned up all round. Generally speaking, the reins, in these plates, are seen tied, as if for security, round the charioteer's waist; and, in some instances, he is leaning back, as if exerting his utmost power of hands, assisted by the entire weight and resistance of his body. And, indeed, in a breakneck course such as this, where so many were pressing for a single turn, which it was a point of honour to graze in passing; where there was such unbounded licence of jostling and impeding each other; where chariots, overturned and in fragments, horses struggling to be free, wounded charioteers, bustling attendants, and a vociferous mob, added so much to the appalling difficulties of the course, it required no small power to control the eager and affrighted team,—no mean dexterity and delicacy of hand to steer the frail and unsteady machine through its dangerous and giddy career! Assuredly it was a perilous scene! assuredly the prize of the classic circus was the prize of docility in the steed, and nerve in the charioteer, far more than of speed in the one, or, it might almost be said, of dexterity in the other!

THE APPROACHING DONCASTER RACES.

I CANNOT call to mind an occasion in which the prospects of this meeting were so stale and flat, and, to all seeming, so likely to be unprofitable, as that which is now so near at hand. The Leger, so far as it is connected with speculation, is at an end: the betting upon it, on Monday, the 23rd, at Tattersall's, merely had reference to two, Coronation and Van Amburgh, the former being the favourite, at a shade of odds against the field. The state of the betting during the whole of August will, however, prove my position still more decidedly. Coronation's race for the Oxford Cup was, of course, a burlesque; he received *two stone five pounds* from poor old Isaac—and *that* requires no commentary. That the start for the Leger will be a slender one, there is little doubt; but the system of "railing" race-horses, now so universal, makes it somewhat unsafe to count upon the strength or weakness of fields.

The Doncaster Cup is in a most unsatisfactory category. By the conditions for it, advertised in No. 13 of the "Racing Calendar," it is

stated that there must be "six subscribers, or no race:" the subscription closed with only five. By reference to the "Book Calendar," the Cup will be found thus advertised, with the usual conditions: "A Vase, or Piece of Plate, to be given by the stewards;" none, however, being named. Recently, the following advertisement appeared in the official gazette, the "Sheet Calendar:"—"Doncaster, 1841. A Cup, or Piece of Plate, value 100 guineas, the surplus in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, 50 added." The conditions for this race differ *toto cœlo* from those advertised for the other. The upshot of all this is, that a *bonâ fide* Doncaster Cup there will not be at the approaching races: how the plate substituted for it is likely to be dealt with by those having laid on double events,—of which the Doncaster Cup was one,—is by no means easy to foresee. It is melancholy to note the way in which this once palmy meeting is mismanaged by those so deeply interested in its prosperity. Unless a radical change be soon effected in the arrangement of its details, it is not difficult to anticipate what its fate must be.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.
BETTINGS FOR AUGUST.

The quotations for the past month lie in a nutshell: on Thursday, the 19th, Monday, the 23rd, and Thursday, the 26th, there was actually no betting. The latest prices were the following, laid on Monday, the 16th:

Coronation	5 to 4 agst.	Middleham	8 to 1 agst.
Scot's Lot	5 to 2 —	Eringo	25 to 1 —
Van Amburgh	9 to 2 —		

DERBY, August 16.

Lord Jersey's brother to Phoenix	25 to 1 agst.
Mr. Neville's Amadou Colt	45 to 1 —

LUXURY,
ONE OF THE ROYAL STAGHOUNDS.

It is with much pleasure we enrol among the celebrated individuals of their kinds that constitute our sporting gallery, a portrait of this magnificent animal. She has been pronounced, by those best qualified to give such judgment, as perfect a model of her species as this country has ever produced; in fact, that, in all the properties of blood and form, she is faultless. Mr. Davis, the royal huntsman, has obliged us with her subjoined pedigree: "Luxury is now six years old, and was bred by me: she is twenty-three inches high, and I consider her, in every respect, perfect: her sire was the royal hound Lightning; her dam, the Duke of Rutland's Syren. Lightning was descended from the blood of the late Duke of Richmond, which I consider the stoutest of any in England. Syren's Belvoir blood is sufficient guarantee for its excellence."



THE DOGS.



RACING IN BELGIUM, 1841.

As we were on the course at exercise, yesterday, a friend observed, "If racing don't progress, locomotives *do*, in this precious country," and thereupon launched out into extravagant praise of *chemins de fer*, engines, directors, and the whole *rataclan*; a proceeding fully borne out, as I afterwards discovered, by the fact of his having divers shares, which had just risen the eighteenth of a farthing. "What," continued he, "are race-horses to engines?—Donkeys! mere donkeys!" "And yet," I replied, "I shouldn't mind backing the horse for half a mile." "Pooh!" "For a dinner, at the Trois Frères Provencaux, if you like?" "It's robbing you." "Never mind, that's my affair." "But how to prove it?" "Easily! My little horse, which you will admit is as slow as a top, shall wait at the turn, and, as the next *convoi* passes, shall gallop alongside." Now, the reader who has never been on the plain of Mont-plaiser, must be informed that the railroad and the course run parallel, some twenty yards apart. Two minutes afterwards a hissing, sputtering, squealing thing, yclept "Charles Martel," rattled along; and the little horse, taking up the running, fairly beat the monster every yard of the way! "Into you for a dinner, friend," quoth I. "Pooh, pooh, no pace! engine out of order, or something!" But, notwithstanding, I had a very good dinner, to which the loser had the politeness to invite some few of the right sort.

* * * * *

If I did not send you an account of the Ghent Meeting, which took place a fortnight previously, it was purely because any faithful description must have appeared too much like "a burlesque." In one race, were unprecedented men, in trowsers, riding horses apparently from the plough, or the hack-cab, every motion of the proud animals threatening to unseat them. In another race, four high-bred cattle, the crack three-year-old *indigènes* starting for a plate; and, in a quarter of a mile, one jumping the cords, another standing stock still, and a third turning tail, and making the most resolute running to the place from whence he came! leaving the plate to a weed, by Comus, out of the Cambron stable. In a third race, the jock *flogging in* with nothing against him; with divers other enormities!

The Vervier Society, consisting chiefly of the family of Mons. Simonis, wealthy manufacturers, shewed a respectable horse or two; their crack being Cameleon, by Camel, out of Ion's dam.

For the 100 naps., given for horses of all breeds, Wild Hero, belonging to Baron Heckeren, would have cantered over; but the trainer had not entered in time; consequently, Fée, a Belgian mare, won it, beating one or two screws.

A very good match took place between Mr. Spalding's Daredevil, by Sultan (owner), eighty-two killo, and Mr. G. Lousada's Myrtle, by Zinganee (Capt. Cosby), seventy killo. The same match had come off on deep ground, and the horse had won; but as the soil is lighter at Ghent, the mare had it by a head, but with difficulty. Nothing but

Capt. Cosby's very fine riding could have placed her there. Spalding's performances, with his weight, were also very creditable. Another horse of Mr. Lousada's threw his rider, and was not caught till ten o'clock at night, having left the cords, and taken a rural stroll!

A Cup, for horses that had never started in any public race, was won by Mr. Thelusson's Jack Brag, by Brutandorf, beating two others; but strong doubts as to the winner or the second horse never having been entered, or run, were entertained. The third, however, did not claim; and finally, a very stupid evening followed this very stupid meeting.

I regret to say that racing, which was making some progress here a few years since, is now on its last legs. The meetings at Liege and at Aix-la-chapelle are entirely given up since Mr. Cockerell's lamented death. Namur also, with the exception of the capital, and, perhaps, Ghent, I think likely to follow the others. There were two days of it at Mons; but the vexatious regulations, and continual changes in the nature of the conditions, gave much disgust, and spoiled the sport. Cockerell's decease, the retirement of Mons. Spitaels, and the dissensions between Count Duval and the Vervier Society, perhaps, sufficiently account for this result; added to which, English horses are now as carefully excluded as they were formerly sought after: although, certainly, if they *can* breed them it is useless to go elsewhere.

The Cup and 100 guineas are all that remain now to be run for, by the "*toutes races*," at Brussels, on the 22nd inst., the result of which you shall duly have. Wild Hero and Wetday are the only ones mentioned; but there are rumours of a nag to appear at the last moment, who is, as the Yankees say, "to do the trick tidy:" so there is no betting; in fact, there never is any, beyond a few guillaumes. An amazing deal of talk; but, as we used to adage in Italy, *Multo fumo, poco arosto!*

The 22nd was ushered in by most tremendous rains: week after week it has incessantly poured down; and the ground (which, at best, is but a marsh) was absolutely unrideable. Into this "deep mire" waded some hundred pedestrians, and some score carriages. As to the road, it "must have been seen to be believed."

After the remarks I have already made about the decline of racing, it is almost unnecessary to say that the absence of Count Duval's stud was felt as its death blow. As to the worthy Count, that he had "abdicated" the supremacy he so long held; my opinion of the cause is, that the *haras de Cambron*, where his establishment is, is far too damp and low for breeding; and the proof is, that the Vervier Society, *immediately* they began breeding on the fine high ground about Spa, *took the lead*, and have since *kept it*. Indeed, it would take four years to start an opponent. They also went the right way to work, buying such mares as Vespertilio, Ion's dam, &c., and getting Mango for their stallion. Nevertheless, many even of Duval's opponents regretted his retirement, and the loss of his active services, which we trust is only temporary.

At 2 o'clock the bell rung, and there appeared amid the pelting of the pitiless storm, on the *swamp*, or race-course, five high-bred cattle to contend for a dirty half-hundred louis: and dirty enough they were; the colours could hardly be distinguished. Had Mr. Clarke

been there, instead of proclaiming "blue and white by a head," his accuracy would have obliged him to declare, "mud, and all mud, by a length." The entry was 150 francs, second to save his Stake.

Mr. Dickson's Leporello, 7 years old	1
Mr. Spalding's Worthless, 5 years old	2
Mr. H. Lousada's Ochiltree	0
Mr. Fray's Snarley Yow	0
Mr. E. Lousada's Myrtle	0

All got well off, Ochiltree leading through bog, through mire, for the first mile and a half; where, from want of training (his spirited proprietor having bought him of Major Shirley only ten days previously), he resigned to Worthless, who made a good race home with Leporello, who won by a length. Snarley Yow and Myrtle (who beat the winner last September, giving him, as nearly as I recollect, a stone) were evidently amiss. Leporello is a slow but sticking nag, and has won his owner a good deal of money. Snarley pulled up lame. Betting, even on Myrtle. The pace may be judged of by the two miles taking five minutes and a half.

After half an hour's soaking, came the first heat of the *indigènes*, which was won very easily by the Vervier horse. The entry was—two mile heats, 100 naps.

V. S. Actæon, 4 years old	1
Mr. F. Lousada's Bizarre, 5 years old	2
Count Bocarme's Young Paris, 3 years old	dis.
Mr. Dickson's Alida, 3 years old	bolted.

As usual, Alida bolted. Bizarre made a fight of it for a mile, and then resigned. Young Paris distanced. Bizarre was bought as the "crack" of Mons. Spitaël's stud. We can only say that he has *done quite right* to give up breeding; such weeds do not improve *la race de chevaux*.

The next race created considerable interest, from the circumstance of a horse having walked off the steamer to beat the Baron de Heckeren's Wild Hero, and Wetday. The Baron is understood to be merely nominee for the King of Holland. A great stir took place on the appearance of the champion—Bedford, by Shortwaist, dam by Bobadil—purchased for 3,500 fr., by the Hon. F. St. John, of Mr. Goodman. Wild Hero had been objected to, as belonging to the same proprietor as Wetday: it being contrary to the rules to run two horses, the objection was held valid. Count Cornelissen's Iago, by Mameluke, out of Miss Screw, was drawn; consequently it was reduced to a match. The first heat Bedford won, but not easily. He is by no means kind to ride, and his jock and he were strangers. The second and third heat he lost; but, to my idea, nothing but inferior riding could have produced this result: a result much regretted by Mr. St. John's numerous friends.

Then came a canter over for Actæon's second heat; and the deciding race between Bedford and Wetday—Wetday first, easy; after which we splashed and swam home as best we might.

Second Day's Sport, July 24th.—It has rained without ceasing: even the Belgian newspapers say, "Nous n'entreprendons de décrire ne l'hippodrome, ni les routes qui y conduisent; il pleut depuis quarante-

huit heures presque sans interruption, que l'on pourrait bien se rappeler a que nous disons hier, et l'on se fera une idée de ce qui est aujourd'hui!"

The King was not present, but General d'Hane was sent to present the gold vase.

The first was a match, 50 each, between Jack Brag, 65 killo, (Mr. Thelusson), and Mr. Byth's Deer, 55. The Deer got a bad start, owing to the drunkenness of the groom, who would cling to the bridle; but had evidently no chance, Jack Brag winning as he liked. The *indigènes* followed; 2,500 fr. given by the Town; a canter over, by Actæon (Vervier Society).

For the Continental Prizes of 3,000 fr., added to a Sweepstakes of 300 fr. (h. ft.), four were entered:

Young Pigeon (Vervier Society), 3 years	1	1	47	killo
Count Cornelissen's Iago, 3 years old	2	2	47	killo
Count Westphalen's Ritta, 6 years old				drawn
Baron de Heckeren's Marez, 6 years old				drawn

At starting, Iago flung his jock, and dragged him a little way, but, luckily, without any harm. After being caught, with some difficulty, they started again, and ran neck and neck the whole way, Young Pigeon winning by half a length.

The second heat Iago led for a mile and a half, when his opponent went up and defeated him cleverly.

The final race for the Cup was the only one that created any interest: six were inscribed, but only five came to the post; Jack Brag having got an overreach in his first match.

Fée (Vervier Society), 5 years old	2	1	1	
Mr. Spalding's Daredevil, 6 years old	1	2	2	
Mr. Bland's Wetday, 6 years old	3	3		dr.
Hon. F. St. John's Bedford, 5 years old	4			dr.
Mr. H. Lousada's Ochiltree, 7 years old	5			dr.

First heat. Ochiltree made running for a mile, and was then pulled up. The Belgian papers state that he was only started *to induce Fée to run away!* which *absurdity* needs no refutation; all Mr. H. Lousada's friends know he is far too honourable and sportsmanlike a man to run for anything *but to win* if he can. Bedford again disappointed the expectations of his backers, and was nowhere. Fée and Wetday ran a good match home, forgetting Daredevil (who had been going "*like threacle*"), and were much surprised to see him slip by, and win by a length. Betting: 3 to 1 on Spalding's, after the heat.

Second heat. All well together till the turn in, where Wetday gave in; and Fée beat Daredevil by a length.

Third heat. Fée easy by three lengths.

The Vervier Society thus carried off *every prize*; and it must be very gratifying to them to have beat so easily a horse that ran second for the Chester Cup, and was otherwise a very decent nag: the ground, certainly, was in a state fitted only for a mud-lark.

Their victories were transmitted to Vervier by pigeons; the breeding of which is here carried to great perfection. At the dinner, in the evening, a Handicap was made to come off at Spa Races, on the

22nd of August : the terms are two miles, 300 fr. (h. ft.) ; gentlemen riders.

Bedford, 12st. 7lb. ; Myrtle, 11st. 12lb. ; Leporello, 10st. 12lb. ; Jack Brag 11st. 2lb. ; Ochiltree 9st. 9lb.

Ochiltree is very well in, if he can go the distance. Spa promises a very good meeting.

AN AMATEUR.

Brussels, July 28.

TALES OF THE HORSE.

THE DOCTOR'S HORSE, BY SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, BART.

(Concluded from page 133.)

Now Pestle felt the pressure of the heel,
 But gently hinted with the touch of steel :
 His gallant spirit needed but to know
 The pace his gentle master wish'd to go.
 The ways were miry, and the snow fell fast ;
 Oft shaking ground and treacherous moor they pass'd :
 Pestle press'd on, and proved how sure and good
 The untiring spirit of the Whalebone blood.
 Alas ! poor brute ; whilst others of the field,
 Who oft to him in speed and prowess yield,
 Now stall'd and groom'd with regimental care,
 And scarce allow'd to breathe the native air,
 Enjoy their sleep and ease, must he again,
 Aroused, endure the driving snow or rain,
 Wearied or not, must use his wonted speed,
 And bear his master to the house of need.
 The miles fled fast beneath his winged feet,
 The spot was reach'd where misery held her seat :
 It was a sad abode, an ark-like shed ;
 Around were pools of standing water spread ;
 And by the cloud-veil'd moon 'twas faintly shown
 How to approach it, by rude blocks of stone.
 Sometimes by leaps, and then on footing frail,
 They reach'd the remnant of a fence and rail :
 To this was Pestle tied : his master threw
 O'er him his waterproof old cloak, and drew
 From his own neck the wrapper, to secure
 His favourite's ears from cold the poor endure.
 Act ye, great Lords, like this kind Doctor, so ?
 At midnight, seeking out the house of woe,
 He brings relief ; whilst ye, unthinking, sleep ;
 Nor dream, though some may laugh, how many weep.

THE DOCTOR'S HORSE.

The good man enter'd; up the mother springs,
An angel hails, with healing on his wings:
Convulsive effort! in a moment more
She sank exhausted on the clay-cold floor,
And pointed to the bed whereon was laid
The young, the beautiful, disfigured maid.
Painful it is, and bootless, to unfold
What the poor feel from famine and from cold;
When sickness comes, and, added still to these,
The thousand wants that wait upon disease,
The hardest hearts must pity and forgive
The rudest efforts of the poor to live.
Healum was one within whose breast we find
A heart that beats, an honour to his kind;
Had he been summon'd to a palace bed,
Where fever'd greatness hangs its aching head;
Where princes trust that even health is sold,
And rest their hope on unavailing gold,
Not more of tenderness could Healum show,
Than thus bestow'd upon this scene of woe;
And ere he left the cottage for the night,
Left his scant purse by all it held more light:
Doctor at once, and almoner was he,
And self-approval was his only fee!
When from his tether was poor Pestle led,
O'er plashy moors and stony paths to go,
And wade, with labouring step, through drifts of snow.
'Twas now the sabbath, which, by all men blest
With holy laws, is fixed the day of rest;
To all but Pestle—for 'twas his to feel
But change of toil, from saddle to the wheel.
Now, Mrs. Healum was well known to be
Child of true Mother Church—religiously,
Where pastors, taught by Oxford's classic rules,
Assume the safer conduct of the schools—
Not low conventicle, and chapel free,
The vulgar venders of mere heresy.
Six lovely babes to Healum had she borne,
And these, in order due, each sabbath morn
Must church attend; and that, too, must be done
For Healum's credit, in a chaise and one.
That one was Pestle: he, immortal steed,
Employ'd alike for pleasure or in need,
Came forth in harness dight, and to the hand
Of the good dame who drove, in temper bland,
Arch'd his thin neck; and, honour'd by the lo
As in the field, excelling on the road.

THE COACH-HORSE.

A TALE.

BY SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, BART.

WHERE Cleveland hills in vernal charms are seen,
 Clothed with the velvet of unfading green,
 Through the rich pastures of the fertile vale,
 Where winds in mazes wide the inconstant Swale,*
 Where Greta† rolls through rocks and pendent trees
 His amber stream, to meet the bolder Tees,
 The noblest stock of England's far-famed steeds,
 With lavish care, the thriving farmer breeds,
 From sires for fleetness and for courage known,
 By mares for strength, and symmetry, and bone ;
 Half-bred for power, and all unstain'd with white,
 Black-legg'd, and bay, and as the ruby bright.
 In form and action, search ye Europe round,
 For Yorkshire coach-horse is no rival found !
 He's born a gentleman, and doom'd to grace
 The noblest appanage in proudest place ;
 In education, from his earliest birth,
 Grace lends her aid, and Knowledge crowns his worth.
 Now shall the Muse describe his march to fame,
 A noble beast! and Rodney was his name.
 Oft in the break he proudly would disdain
 The unneeded guidance of the tighten'd reign ;
 O'er his broad chest his ample mane was spread,
 And high in air he tossed his light-shaped head ;
 And as in human heroes still we find
 That bravest ever are of gentlest kind,
 So was his temper—as a lion bold ;
 A child might guide him, or a lady hold.
 'Twas spring-time, now ; all things that live and move,
 Melodious tune their melting song to love :
 The birds are pair'd, and Nature cries aloud,
 " Now, beauteous fair one, be no longer proud ;
 " And now press on, fond youth, your amorous suit ;
 " Deem it not vain, though she continue mute."
 So thought Lord Timon : long he sigh'd in vain,
 Till, warm'd by beauty, bolden'd by champagne,

* The Swale is a Yorkshire river, greatly subject to floods, and constantly shifting its sands.

† The Greta winds its course through granite rocks and woods with great uncertainty —its waters having a yellow-brownish hue, from the moor waters, and it joins the Tees at Greta bridge.

(Oh, who with love and wine can be discreet?)
 He threw himself at Lady Laura's feet.
 She was not one so resolutely cold,
 Alike insensible to love and gold :
 She reckon'd up his Lordship's well-paid rent ;
 Then sigh'd her sympathy, and blush'd consent.
 Lovers they were from Fashion's normal schools ;
 One passion stimulates, and one interest rules ;
 The diamond carcanet, from hoarded store,
 Which at Queen Charlotte's court her grandam wore,
 By Storr and Mortimer, in modern taste,
 With matchles rubies, in new form was placed :
 All things that gold could buy, or taste provide,
 Lord Timon brought in honour of his bride ;
 But, chief of all, his study was to find
 A horse to match the noblest of his kind,
 A hunter once, of such rare symmetry,
 Rodney alone could worthy partner be.
 Pass we the tedious labours that await
 The purchased triumphs of the wedded great ;
 The days on downy wings, that fled too soon,
 Of Byron's treacle—*most men's* honey-moon.
 Ours hero is the horse—his destined fate ;
 On him what honours and what changes wait !
 With envious eyes did many a fair one see
 Lord Timon's horses, and his *vis-à-vis*.
 The royal birthday court (though somewhat shorn
 Of splendour that of old did courts adorn)
 Still in two points all other courts exceeds—
 In blooming beauties and in high-bred steeds.
 Not with more care did abigails adorn
 The Lady Laura for the birthday morn,
 Than did the grooms upon their charges wait
 With gorgeous trappings for this day of state ;
 And as on Rodney's mane the wreaths they bound,
 He neighed his triumph, whilst he paw'd the ground
 (Instinct and reason but small bounds divide,
 And both are open to the sense of pride).
 It was a noble beast!—with raptured eye
 His lady view'd him from her balcony :
 " Thee, noble Timon, must I thank for this,"
 She cried, and paid his splendour with a kiss.
 To Lady Laura, gay Lord Timon said :
 " My beauteous bride, well dressed from heel to head,
 " The adorning thee with such unrivall'd art
 " Is like the poisoning of a dangerous dart."
 Cowley thus compliments his Sachariss,
 But Sacarissa gave him no such kiss !

The assembled crowd that throng'd about the door,
 Admired the Lady, but her horses more ;
 The royal grooms with envious looks survey'd
 The blood and power that Rodney's shape displayed.
 All now was holyday—his labours light,
 No tedious waitings through the drizzling night ;
 Less noble beasts were for such uses kept,
 And lash'd through rattling crowds, whilst Rodney slept :
 'Twas his, in sunshine, but to breathe the air,
 France round the Park, or shine in Belgrave-square.
 Unseen, alas ! do ills in ambush lie,
 For those who stand the hazard of the die ;
 What guardian angel will his fate control,
 Whose chariot wheels upon four aces roll ?
 Ah me ! how oft the venerable oak
 Has Crockford destined to the woodman's stroke !
 Lord Timon there play'd deep, and one, by one,
 The feathers moulted from the man undone !
 His Lady's banished, and his stud reduced,
 And Rodney now was in his cab produced,
 First step to his decline : to him seem'd strange,
 His rougher labours, and unwelcome change,
 Night after night at Crockford's door stood he,
 And there the noble beast stood patiently.
 He was not form'd of fit unyielding stuff,
 His flanks look'd ragged, and his coat grew rough ;
 The once famed Rodney now each day look'd worse,
 And like the gambler was the gambler's horse ;
 Ruin came on, and England Timon left,
 Of house and equipage, and all bereft.
 Worn by neglect, and wasted by the cold,
 For a job-coach horse was poor Rodney sold ;
 His mistress was a widow, scant of cash,
 But with a soul of fire, and love of dash ;
 Her coachman, like his Lady, had to think,
 How straiten'd means could purchase wish'd-for drink :
 The heartless vagabond would oft suborn
 The horses modicum of mouldy corn ;
 With reckless hand the rack and manger strip,
 And give, in plenty, nothing but his whip.
 Alas ! poor beasts, all speechless though ye are,
 Condition tells too plainly how ye fare :
 Rodney pined fast, his strength and spirit gone,—
 A splendid reck, a noble skeleton,—
 And his hard master, fearing he would die,
 Sold him to draw a lumbering one-horse fly.
 Here he fared better, for his owner knew
 The horse that's fairly fed repays his due.

But then his toils! the citizen's resort,
 With wife and babes, is oft to Hampton Court;
 Thither must Rodney, down the dusty road,
 Drag sadly on his unenlighten'd load;
 And then, at night, delighted with their ride,
 Return the weary gadders to Cheapside.
 'Twere a sad task, and wearisome to trace,
 His nightly toils, his jaunts from place to place;
 But patience will wear out:—one winter's night,
 When stars through bitter frost shone doubly bright,
 Left by his sullen driver who, within
 A lighted palace, sought the joys of gin,
 A sudden rage awaken'd in his breast:
 Neglected, beaten, wearied and oppress'd,
 Old Rodney started off; the shiver'd fly
 Now flew indeed away right royally;
 The indignant brute now boldly seem'd to feel
 The power resistless of uplifted heel;
 The wretched vehicle to atoms dash'd,
 The shafts were splinter'd, and the harness smash'd;
 And now old Rodney, from all tackling free,
 Tasted again the joys of liberty.
 There is a deeper deep—one sad abyss
 Of misery—an omnibus is this;
 'Tis the last sentence of the tyrant's curse,
 A life of torture, and than death far worse;
 To this was Rodney sold; then courage, power,
 Increase the labours of each galling hour;
 See how he wastes his strength, each bursting vein,
 Speaks the sharp anguish of each eager strain,
 As still he strives to move the cumbrous weight,
 From Hampstead's lofty hill to Cripplegate;
 The meaner beasts, for many a lingering day,
 Plod slowly on their sad and weary way,
 But nobler blood their frantic efforts ply,
 And still, unconquer'd, in their harness die;
 'Twas Rodney's fate, and, at his driver's feet,
 We saw him stretch'd all lifeless in the street.

 THE LAST DAY AT GOODWOOD.

IT is fit to declare, with the earliest drop of ink expended upon this paper, that it is not by the author of *Frankenstein*; neither does it, in any way, appertain to the truculent school of which its title unquestionably savours. The ultimate occasion whereof we have to



H. P. ...

ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE HONESTIAN ORDER.

...

write, was one of which we hope to see many an anniversary ; its last trump (not to speak it profanely), a reveille that liked us none the less because it came from the lungs of a bugler of the East Sussex Militia. The three first days of the late Goodwood Meeting, which were given in the August number of this work, were, of necessity, shorn of all details, save those of actual business. But it was perforce, and unwillingly, we were compelled so to deal with them. The importance of the events decided upon those days, determined us to make an effort that none of our contemporaries ventured to attempt. We think it is a fact the patrons of the *SPORTING REVIEW* will regard, as giving it some claim to their support, that the particulars of the running for the Goodwood Cup, published in that periodical, on Friday the 30th ult., did not appear in the metropolitan papers till Saturday the 31st, and have not appeared in any of the *Sporting Magazines* yet.

"Is there not a too exclusive character about this meeting?" was a question put to me by a friend who was sauntering upon the course during an interval between the racing on the Cup day. I like the spirit that dictated the inquiry ; certainly the occasion justified it. The hundreds of women of condition who occupied the Grand Stand, were fixtures. Once housed within it, there they continued till they again entered their carriages and departed. How much more pleasantly, and with how much more convenience might this course be made available, as a fashionable promenade, than that of Ascot ; and yet here, where all is comparative privacy, no lady honours the sod with the soft pressure of her slipper ; while at Ascot Heath you shall see St. James's and St. Giles's mingled in "most admired disorder." On the terrace, indeed, the social elements are less separated : men of all sorts are there mixed with an abandonment of distinction that would transport the soul of a loco-foco. During the day of which I am now writing, I saw one of the great ministers of state standing elbow to elbow with a villanous Newmarket tout, whose *ensemble* would disgrace a badger-bait. If London retail tradesmen, and such like, are permitted *entré* to make fools of themselves : to scatter the contents of their tills, and get laughed at for their pains—servants and touts should, at all events, be excluded. I am not about to insinuate that the following lines are applicable other than as regards the point which, in the last couplet, is entirely characteristic.

" Lord, what a group the motley scene discloses ;
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses ;
Statesmen with bridles on, and, close beside 'em,
Patriots, in party-coloured suits, who ride 'em."

The sky was gloomy, and "heavily with clouds" dawned the closing day of this brilliant meeting. The course, at noon, was silent to excess, while the sport, both in quantity and quality, was first rate. The Nassau Stakes gave a turn to the fielders, Australia having been backed at 7 to 4, and beaten by a neck : Lord Exeter broke the charm and, for once, finished in front. The Produce Stakes of £100 each (h. ft.), forty-three subscribers, brought out seven, counting among them four of the cracks of their year—Ralph, Eringo, Prince Caradoc, and Marshal Sout. The event proved the spring running true, Ralph winning very cleverly. A field of a dozen shewed for the Chesterfield Cup (a magnificent trophy, conceived and executed in the best taste) ;

and for the third time in three years, Lord Eglinton was the winner, Dr. Caius beating Maroon by half a length. The first class of the March Stakes, Captain Pettat won upon Mr. Isaac Day's filly, by Nimrod, very cleverly, as also did the same gallant officer the second class, upon the Maid, in a similar fashion. The forfeit class and challenge of the same stakes, Captain Gardnor carried off, after a good race, by a neck, with the Maid; and this brings us to the closing event—the last, but not the least in excitement and energetic demonstration—the Orleans Cup. An engraving and account of this very elegant prize were given in our last number, when we little contemplated the shindy likely to arise from the contest for it. Only four subscribers were found to stake 20 sovereigns for such a chance, and but ten to take tickets with the proviso of half forfeit. The betting was 3 to 1 on Hyllus, a price his place for the Goodwood Cup made a bargain; 5 to 1 against Mus; 6 to 1 against Aspatria: Mustapha without friends. The start was effected by Lord George Bentinck, the four going away at the pace common to a similar team of posters, and the speed continuing the same to the straight ground; Mus leading, Aspatria second: then Hyllus and Mustapha, "boots." At the distance Rogers set Mus going a little faster, and finished first by a length; Hyllus passing Aspatria for second place, just before they reached the stand. Now hereupon arose a clamour that rent the sky. Every unfortunate, who had backed the favourite, calling upon the gods to witness that no toast for a tankard was ever done so brown as he was. Hyllus, his party affirm, can stay a distance at strong running, that is to say, if he *will* stay, and not bolt; had he, therefore, been made use of all through, people swore there could have been no question as to the issue; but as the thing was ordered to the jockey, Buckle; *viz.*, that he should wait to the distance, it was declared to be a "do," manifest to the greenest tailor that ever sat upon a table. The policy of absolute directions for race-riding is, under any circumstances, very equivocal. Bartholomew, who rode Aspatria, had also waiting orders. When Mus was watching Hyllus, had he come away with his filly, General Wyndham thinks he would have slipped them both, and made the event safe before they would have been aware of it. But this is matter of opinion, and we have to do with matter of fact. Here was an incident with one voice pronounced a robbery; and Forth, the fortunate trainer, and Buckle, the unfortunate rider, were publicly denounced as rogues and vagabonds prepense. A few days subsequent to the race, however, and after the officials concerned in Hyllus were blown beyond the empyrean, Captain Rous wrote to Robinson, who was to have ridden the horse, and learned from that accomplished jockey, that Buckle rode according to the suggestion of him, Robinson, who himself would have ridden a waiting race on Hyllus, knowing his propensity to bolt.* It is a pity that means had not been adopted to ascertain whether the affair did not admit of explanation before the mischief was done—because *done* it has been. If you break a man's head, do you compensate him by paying a doctor to mend it? If you tell all the world, *vivá voce*, a man is a rogue, how far do you serve him by writing to him to the effect that you had become sensible of

* It does not appear how Robinson acquired his knowledge of this disposition in Hyllus.—ED.

your mistake? This is said in no carping spirit. I think a want of discretion was shewn, which may be construed into a spirit not to mete fair play with even scales to all conditions of men alike; and I would prevent its recurrence, as one of the most dangerous evils that can threaten the prosperity of the turf. But let it not be supposed that I am here putting myself forward in shape of champion for the Messrs. Lichwald, or their trainer. Many unpleasant rumours are still rife, touching the management of Hyllus for the Orleans Cup, in no way connected with the fashion in which he was ridden. These may be brought forward in a more tangible form: if true, I trust they will; if made in malice, I would see the saddle put on the right horse.

CRAVEN.

GLEANINGS FROM MY TRAVELLING JOURNALS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

(Continued from page 129.)

BEAR-HUNTING.—UPPER CANADA, DECEMBER, 1818.

“ Each animal,
By natural instinct taught, spares his own kind:
But man, the tyrant man, revels at large,
Freebooter unrestrained, destroys at will
The whole creation, men and beasts his prey;
These for his pleasure, for his glory those.”

SOMERVILLE.

AT daybreak we took the boat, and went on shore to join a party that, we had been informed, were going bear-hunting. On landing, we found the men and dogs ready; and, having loaded our guns, we advanced into the woods. The people here, as in the back parts of the United States, devote a very great portion of their time to hunting, and they are well skilled in the pursuit of game of every description. They shoot almost universally with rifles, and are as dexterous in the use of them as any men can be. The guns are all imported from England; those in most estimation carry balls of the size of thirty to the pound. In the States the hunters very commonly shoot with balls of a much smaller size, sixty of them not weighing more than one pound; but the Canadians are of opinion that it is better to use the large balls, although more troublesome to carry through the woods, as they inflict much more destructive wounds than the others, and game seldom escapes after being wounded by them. Dogs of a large size are chosen for bear-hunting: those most generally preferred seem to be of a breed between the bloodhound and mastiff: they will follow the scent of the bear, but their chief use is to keep him at bay when wounded, or to follow him if he attempt to make off whilst the hunter is reloading his rifle. The bear is more shy than fierce, and will take to flight at

the sight of a man or a dog, and will only make resistance when they are extremely hungry, or after they are wounded. The young ones, at sight of a dog, generally take to a tree; but the old ones, as if conscious of their power to fight a dog, and at the same time that they cannot fail of becoming the prey of the hunter, never do so, unless, indeed, they see a hunter coming towards them on horseback, a sight which terrifies them greatly. The Indian method of hunting the bear is by forming a circle, and, as they advance, endeavouring to rouse their prey, by setting fire to the pine branches. We proceeded in this manner at Point Abineau, which was a very favourable spot for hunting. An experienced hunter can at once discern the track of a bear in the woods, and can tell, with no small degree of precision, how long a time before it was, that the animal passed that way. On coming to a long valley, between two of the sand-hills on the point, a place through which the bears generally passed in going towards the water, the hunters who accompanied us at once told how many bears had come down from the upper country the preceding night, and also how many of them were cubs. To the eye of a common observer the track of these animals amongst the leaves is wholly imperceptible; indeed, in many instances, even after the hunters had pointed them out to us, we could but barely perceive the prints of their feet, on the closest inspection. We now approached a large hollow tree, and, firing the branches of fir that the bear had drawn together, at the entrance of his habitation, committed an act of arson and murder by driving him from his comfortable winter quarters, and bringing him down with a single barreled Purdy. After killing our bear, and thinking what a prodigious effect the animal would produce in the fashionable emporiums of Messieurs Truefit, Hypolite, Skelton, Dimond, Palmer, or other equally great artists, who, according to Mathews's story, would make a hair trunk of a deal box, we gave our bear, grease and all, "though living *Greece* no more," up to our guides.

The first care of the Indians was to strip him of his skin. The choicest parts of the animal were then selected, and carried home; the paws are held in high estimation, and are smoked in the same manner hams are in our country. The skins of the bears are applied to numberless uses, by the inhabitants, who set no small value upon them. They are commonly cured by being spread, between two trees, before the sun, and, in that position, scraped with a knife, or piece of iron, daily, which brings out the grease or oil. On counting our bag, we found our return to be—bears, six.

The following day we reached Fort Erie. Fort Erie stands at the eastern extremity of Lake Erie! It is a small stoccaded fort; adjoining it are some extensive stores, and about a dozen miserable-looking dwellings. Our habitation was a small loghouse, belonging to an old woman, who, in her younger days, had followed the drum, and now gained her livelihood by accommodating, to the best of her power, such travellers as visited Fort Erie. A sorry habitation it was, containing only one room; the crazy door was ready to drop off its hinges, and the rain beat in upon us through a window which *once* might have boasted of panes of glass, but which now were replaced with mouldy paper, old hats, and rags of every description. We ordered some refreshment, but found that our landlady had not provided for our

“creature comforts.” Fortunately for us, a party of Chippeway Indians, for a small consideration of beads and buttons, agreed to act as our caterers, and procured us an excellent supper. Among the delicacies were the flesh of the bear, buffalo, and beaver.

The following morning our Indian chief, “Chickship”—Anglice, The Duck,—proposed the diversion of hunting squirrels, with dogs, amongst the shrubs and young trees on the borders of the lake, thousands of which animals are to be found in the neighbourhood of the fort. We met soon after daylight; our party consisted of Chickship and five of his tribe. Whilst the Indians are engaged in hunting, to which they have been trained from their earliest youth, they shake off the indolence peculiar to their nature, and become active, persevering, and indefatigable. It is impossible to describe their energy, agility, and perseverance; neither thickets, torrents, pools, or rivers stop them, when in pursuit of their prey. But to return to our hunt. The squirrels, alarmed by the barking of the dogs, leaped from tree to tree with wonderful swiftness. We followed them closely, shaking the trees, and striking against the branches with long poles. Sometimes they led us a chase of a quarter of a mile and more, but sooner or later, terrified by our pursuit, they made a false leap, and came to the ground; the dogs, ever on the watch, seized the opportunity to lay hold of them. In this manner we killed *nisson mittawnaw* (twenty) squirrels before breakfast. In our ramble we fell in with a party of Seneka Indians, from the opposite side of the lake, who were amusing themselves with hunting and shooting these animals: they shot them principally with bows and blow-guns, at the use of which last the Senekas are wonderfully expert. The blow-gun is a narrow tube, commonly about six feet in length, made of a cane reed, or of some pithy wood, through which they drive short slender arrows by the force of their breath. The arrows are not much thicker than the string of a violin; they are headed generally with little triangular bits of tin; and round the opposite ends, for the length of two inches, a quantity of the down of thistles, or something very like it, is bound, so as to leave the arrows at this part of such a thickness that they may but barely pass into the tube. The arrows will fly to the distance of fifty yards. One young Seneka Indian was a crack shot; he killed without missing, at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards, ten or twelve small red squirrels, not half the size of rats: and with such wonderful force did he blow forth his arrow, that he frequently drove it up to the very thistle down, through the heads of the large black squirrels. The effect of these guns appeared at first like magic. The tube is put to the mouth, and in the twinkling of an eye you see the squirrel fall lifeless to the ground: no report, not the smallest noise, is to be heard; nor is it possible to see the arrow, so quickly does it fly, until it appears fastened in the body of the animal.

To some of our modern Corinthians, who delight in practical jokes, these blow-guns would be invaluable: a morning's *funkey-shooting*, at the calves of the high-fed, pampered, well-powdered, *bouqueted* knights of the shoulder-knot, on a birthday, would be a *battue* of the first order. But to return to our proceedings: after bagging some two dozen squirrels, we accompanied our chief to a retired spot in the woods, where a repast was prepared; and in less than two minutes we

found ourselves discussing the merits of a savoury bison's hump, that had been prepared for our palates with the utmost attention to the particular merits of that description of food. The choice morsel had been judiciously separated from the less worthy parts of the beast, and, having undergone the heat of a most primitive antediluvian oven, was now laid before us in all the culinary glories of an Indian *cordon bleu*. So far as richness, delicacy and wildness of flavour, and substantial nourishment were concerned, the viand might well have claimed a decided superiority over the meretricious cookery and laboured compounds of the most renowned restaurateur. Chickship then produced some skins of a most excellent spruce beverage, and we enjoyed the "flow of bowl," as well as the feast of reason. But a description of our host ought not to be omitted.

His closely-shaved head, on which no other hair than the well-known and chivalrous scalping-tuft was preserved, was without ornament of any kind, with the exception of a solitary eagle's plume, that crossed his crown, and depended over the left shoulder. A tomahawk and a scalping knife, of English manufacture, were in his girdle. His shoulders and body, to his waist, were entirely bare, with the exception of a silver medallion, that was suspended from his neck by a thong of buckskin, and rested on his high chest, amidst the scars of many wounds. His shoulders were rather broad and full; but the arms, though straight and graceful, wanted the muscular appearance that labour only can give to a race of men. The medallion, a trophy of the war, was the only ornament he wore; although enormous slits in the rim of either ear were evidently used for the purposes of decoration in other days. In his hand he held small baskets of the ashwood slips, coloured in divers fantastical conceits, with red and black paints mingled with the white of the wood, and which he offered us, with all the importunity of a Burlington-arcade tradesman. Our repast was finished: at this instant a youthful Indian approached us with a noiseless step. "See, father!" he said, adjusting his bow, "there is a pair of the biggest antlers I have seen this season, moving the bushes below the hill." "I leave him to your arrow, son," rejoined the chief; "take him atwixt the eyes." The young Indian now threw himself upon the ground, and approached the animal with wary movements. When within a few yards of the cover, he fitted an arrow to his bow with the utmost care, while the antlers moved, as if their owner snuffed an enemy in the tainted air. In another moment the twang of the bow was heard, and the wounded buck plunged from the cover to the very feet of his hidden foe. Avoiding the horns of the infuriated animal, the young hunter darted to his side, and passed his knife across the throat: bounding to the edge of the river it fell, dying the waters with its blood.

(To be continued.)

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE FROM THE DISPUTED
TERRITORY.

BY M. H. PERLEY, ESQ.

To the Editor of the Sporting Review.

You will, doubtless, be surprised at receiving a letter, from a contributor to the *SPORTING REVIEW*, written in the depths of the wilderness; but so it is. For nearly three weeks past I have been *voyaging* up the river St. John, until I have reached this point, which is 300 miles distant from the sea. I write, in an *auberge*, kept by Mons. Le Bel, on the banks of this most beautiful lake. The morning is excessively hot, and I sit at an open window, from which I can see about eight miles down the lake, and about fifteen up. The whole sheet of water is twenty-seven miles long, and it averages about a mile and a half in width: it discharges itself by the river Madawaska into the St. John; and along that same river Madawaska there is the most magnificent fly-fishing imaginable, which I have been enjoying for several days past.

You may feel some curiosity to know why I have undertaken this long journey, and I will inform you. I believe you know that I am chief of the Milicete tribe of Indians frequenting the river St. John, and also Commissioner for Indian affairs in New Brunswick. In those capacities I have been directed by our head Lieutenant-Governor, Sir William Colebrooke, to visit all the Indian settlements upon the St. John in succession; make an enumeration of the tribe; and report on the state and condition of the Indians, and of the lands reserved for their use. I have two bark canoes, and three Indians accompany me: my official duties closed at the mouth of the Madawaska river, and I have come up here for a little sporting. Above the great falls of the St. John (which are seventy-four feet in height, and second only to Niagara), the settlers are almost exclusively French, descendants of the Acadians, who were expelled from Nova Scotia after the taking of that country by the British. They retain the dress, language, and customs of their ancestors, and are altogether a very primitive people. There is a perfect Babel of languages about me at this moment; consisting of English, French, Milicete, Micmac, and the *patois* which is used by everybody as a sort of general medium. For the last ten days I have scarcely spoken pure English, and I find some difficulty in writing it; so if there are any mistakes in this epistle, you will attribute them to that.

The principal Indian settlement on the St. John is at the "Village des Sauvages," a short distance above Fredericton. There I was met, on the 5th instant, by about 150 of the tribe, who received me with all the honours. Of course I made them a speech: as there were no reporters present, I will give you a sketch of it myself; and from that you will see what is in progress relative to the hitherto neglected Milicetes.

“ My brothers: I have great pleasure in meeting you assembled here to-day, around the council-fire of your tribe, to consult together about your affairs, and consider what it may be best for you to do.

“ My brothers: Many snow-seasons have passed since the children of the pale-faces came to you, in big canoes, from beyond the Salt Lake, and tied their hands with yours by the wampum of friendship.

“ My brothers: Since that time the children of the pale-faces have greatly increased, and, assisted by your friendship, they have spread over the land. They have cut down the lofty trees which shadowed it. They have made roads, cleared farms, and built towns. They cultivate the fertile banks of the great river which rolls past, and they navigate it with numerous fire-boats.

“ My brothers: By these means the moose, the beaver, and the other animals which you formerly chased, have been driven off, and your ancient hunting-grounds have been destroyed. Your kettle-poles no longer bend with the weight of your kettles. You can no more support your squaws and papposes as you used to do.

“ My brothers: It is, therefore, best that you seek some other way of life, that you, your squaws and your papposes, may not want in this beautiful land, where the great God has placed you, and ordained you to live.

“ My brothers: Listen to what I say; hearken to my thoughts.

“ My brothers: Your great mother, the Queen, has lately sent you a new governor, to rule over this province, and commanded him to express her good wishes and intentions towards all her children here, and the great regard she has for them. Your great mother has also commanded him to be a father to you; to watch over and protect you; for she is anxious that her red children may be encouraged and assisted, as well as her white ones; and may have lands secured to them, which they may cultivate, and which shall not be encroached upon or taken away by any.

“ My brothers: The new governor, your father, has told me that he is well disposed towards you. He wishes to obey the commands of your great mother, the Queen, and to fulfil her wishes with respect to you. He sincerely desires to see you happy and comfortable; and he wants you to tell him what he can do for you, and what you would like best.

“ My brothers: I am here to-day to tell you these things, and give you every information about your affairs which I have been able to get. You know me for your friend. If I can help you, tell me your wishes. You may rely on my constant endeavours for your real interests.

“ My brothers: Your father, the governor, has nothing in his power to give without asking the House of Assembly, when they meet in council; but, if your desires are reasonable, he will try to get for you what you ask, and other things that will be for your good.

“ My brothers: It seems to me that you want some good land to call your own, on which you may build comfortable wigwams; where you may grow corn, and roots, and fruits, and perrich for your squaws and papposes all the year round. You cannot otherwise live among the pale-faces, who are fast clearing all the land in your country. To be equal with them, you must learn to read and write,

and do those things which make them able to have so many cattle, and live in such large houses.

"My brothers: I want to ask you, if you would like to have land set apart for you and your children: and if so, would always live upon and cultivate it?"

"Where would you like best to have the land, and how much would you want?"

"If schools were established, would you send your children to learn reading, writing, and other things good for them to know?"

"My brothers: Talk together, around your council-fire, about these things, and conclude what is best to be done. Endeavour to be of one mind. Strive to agree on what will be most for the good of all. Let there be no angry or hasty words among you.

"My brothers: If you wish more information, I will try to explain, for I want you to know all that I know. When you have talked over and considered these matters, teach me your thoughts, that I may know them, and be able to explain them to your father, the governor, who will try to meet your desires, if they are not too great.

"My brothers: This is a great and important occasion for you. Weigh well your thoughts. Think over what you have to say, and remember that your squaws, your *skee-noosis*,* your *peet-squaw-sir*,† and your *metessins*‡ are interested in your decision.

"My brothers: I have done. Let your old men speak."

Similar speeches were made at the various settlements I have visited, and great joy has been diffused among the tribe at hearing of the benevolent intentions of the Government. The Indians have a fine tract of land at the Tobique, about 100 miles below this, containing 16,000 acres, on which I found some persons stealing timber. I seized one parcel, and went on to make another seizure, leaving a few in charge, when the lumbermen rallied and drove my party off. I returned, at the head of nineteen as fine young Indians as ever trod in moccasin, when the assailants retreated without doing battle, and we brought off the timber. With the exception of this little *fracas*, everything has gone off well and pleasantly, and I have had a most delightful tour of duty. To-day I turn my face homeward, and begin to descend the St. John, which will be an easy affair, compared with the ascent, against a very powerful current.

There is a very large kind of fish, of the trout species, in this lake, called the Tuladi, from a river of that name, which flows into it. They vary from seven to twenty pounds in weight. As soon as I have finished this letter I shall cross the lake, about six miles to the mouth of the Tuladi river, and there encamp for the purpose of fishing for these monsters. They do not take the fly, but are caught with trolling tackle, and are a very bold sporting fish, dying hard. After some sport with them, I shall fish and shoot my way down the river, resting a little at the Tobique, for salmon-fishing, which is just coming in. I shot a few snipe there, coming up, and may get some more on my return.

I have just heard that three sportsmen were here last week, on a visit to the Tuladi. They were, Major-General Sir James Mac

* Boys.

† Girls.

‡ Last born; literally, the pet, or spoiled child.

Donald, and Colonels Hay and Lascelles, of the Guards. They have been three weeks at Esquimaux river, a stream falling into the St. Lawrence, on the north side, below the Saguenay, where they caught 229 salmon, averaging ten pounds each! Besides those sent away fresh, and others devoured on the spot, they salted and packed up four tierces, which were sent up to Quebec. What say you to that for a salmon hunt?

Of my adventures on this excursion, past, present, and to come, you will hear in due season for the REVIEW,—when the rod and gun are laid up for the winter, and the “camping out” at an end. Then I shall be able to tell you some curious stories, and you shall have a description of the glorious waters of the St. John, and the sport they afford.

Lake Temiscouata, July 21, 1841.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE DERBY AND OAKS, 1843.

THE DERBY.

Renewal of the Derby Stakes (one hundred and sixty-four subscribers).

- Allen's, Mr., br. f. by Emilius, dam Francesca, by Partisan.
 Ambrose's, Mr., b. c. The Thorn, brother to Disagreeable, by Agreeable.
 Anson's, Colonel, b. c. Armytage, by Velocipede, out of Louisa.
 Batson's, Mr., El Maherry, by Camel, out of Harriet, by Pericles.
 _____ c. by Jerry, out of Revelry.
 Baxter's, Mr. E., b. c. Magna Charta, by Revolution, out of Lady Frances,
 by Figaro.
 Bell's, Mr., ch. c. Windsower, by Velocipede, out of Thirk's dam.
 _____ br. c. by Physician, out of Zebetta, by Langar.
 Bentinck's, Lord G., br. c. Bramble, by Bay Middleton, out of Moss Rose.
 _____ b. c. Captain Cook, by Slane, out of Enterprise.
 _____ b. c. Farintosh, by Bay Middleton.
 _____ b. c. Gaper, by Bay Middleton, out of Flycatcher.
 Bird's, Mr., ch. c. by Redshank, dam by Amadis, grandam by Luck's-all (the
 dam of Pagan, by Proselyte).
 _____ b. c. Tourjou, by Redshank, out of Lava.
 Booth's, Mr., ch. c. by Jereed, out of Liberty, by Langar.
 _____ br. c. by The Mole, out of Teresa, by Langar.
 Bower's, Mr., b. c. Xanthus, by Voltaire, out of Lady Stafford.
 Bowes's, Mr., br. c. Auld Lang Syne, by Bretby, out of Oblivion, by Jerry.
 _____ ch. c. by Bretby, out of Maid of Lune.
 _____ ch. c. the Goblin of Gozeley, by Bretby, out of Streatlam Sprite.
 _____ b. c. by Touchstone, out of Mundig's dam.
 Boyce's, Mr., ch. c. King of Trumps, by Bizarre, out of The Odd Trick.
 Bristow's, Mr., b. or br. c. by The Mummy, out of Languid.
 _____ ch. c. by Uncle Toby, out of Dinah, by Champignon.
 Brown, Mr. John, na. br. c. by Liverpool, out of Fancy, by Osmond.
 Bruce's, Lord, ch. c. by Elis, out of Rosalie, by Whalebone.
 Bulkeley's, Sir R. W., b. c. by Jereed, out of Jemina, by Count Porro.
 _____ b. c. by Jereed, out of Miss Patrick.

- Carter's, Mr., b. c. Governor, by Royal Oak, dam Lydia (foaled in 1834) by Rainbow, out of Leopoldine, sister to Prince Leopold (foaled in 1822).
- Chesterfield's, Lord, Ainsworth, by Jereed, out of Vacuna.
- _____ b. c. Beadsman, by Jereed, out of Charity.
- _____ b. c. Game Cock, by Jereed, out of Game Lass.
- _____ ch. c. by Gladiator, out of Anchorite's dam.
- _____ ch. c. Napier, by Gladiator, out of Marion, by Tramp.
- _____ New Brighton, by Liverpool, out of Arachne.
- _____ b. c. Parthian, by Jereed, out of Cyprian.
- _____ ch. c. Prizefighter, by Gladiator.
- Clark's, Mr., b. c. Abernethy, by Physician, dam by Muley, grandam by Orville, or Walton, out of Mussulman's dam.
- _____ ch. c. Philip, by Jereed, dam by Catton, out of Green Mantle's dam.
- Clark's, Mr. Joseph, b. c. Craven, by Scroggins, out of The Maid of Honour, by Polygar.
- Clifton's, Mr. John, gr. c. by Liverpool, out of Lady Berners.
- Collier's, Sir F., br. c. Saturday Night, by Bizarre, out of Aunt Bliss.
- Colquitt's, Capt., br. c. Pickpocket, by Camel, out of Rebecca.
- Combe's, Mr., b. c. by Freney, out of Tiara, by Waxy Pope.
- Connop's, Mr., b. c. Mandarin, by Physician, out of Underley Lass.
- _____ b. c. Man Friday, by Muley Moloch, out of Henri Quatre's dam.
- _____ b. c. Master Harry, by Glaucus, out of Ticket's dam by Williamson's ditto.
- _____ ch. c. Merryboy, by Rockingham, out of Miss Skim.
- _____ b. c. Multiplication, by Elis, out of Clarissa.
- Cook's, Mr. D., br. c. Trueboy, by Tomboy, out of Muleteer's dam.
- Crawford's, Colonel, b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Mermaid, by Whalebone.
- Daintree's, Captain, b. c. by Mulatto, dam by Middleton, grandam by Smolensko, out of Zoraida, by Don Quixote.
- Day's, Mr. Isaac, ch. c. brother to Marius, by Mazeppa.
- Eddison's, Mr., b. c. Chesterfield, by Langar or Jereed, out of Lyndhurst's dam.
- Edwards, Mr. H., na. br. c. Bacon, by Jerry, out of Corumba, by Filho da Puta.
- Edwards's, Mr. W., b. c. Cowdray, by Hymen, dam by Rubini, out of Spermaceti.
- _____ ch. c. Fox, by Bolero, out of Vulpecula, by Taurus, out of Leeway.
- Eglinton's, Lord, b. c. Aristides, by Bay Middleton, out of Rectitude.
- Exeter's, Lord, ch. c. by Beiram, dam by Emilius, out of Augusta's dam.
- _____ ch. c. by Beiram, out of Marinella.
- _____ br. c. by Jerry, out of Mecca.
- _____ ch. c. by Reveller, out of Velvet.
- _____ b. c. by Rockingham, out of Drum Major's dam.
- _____ b. c. by Sultan or Beiram, out of Lucetta.
- _____ br. c. by Velocipede, out of Galata.
- Ford's, Mr., c. Le Diable Noir, by Plenipotentiary, dam by Rowton, out of Figny.
- _____ c. Humbug, by Plenipotentiary, out of Deception.
- Gardnor's, Mr., ch. c. Turk, by Onus, out of Cinderella.
- Grafton's, Duke of, b. c. by Hornsea, out of Oxygen.
- _____ ch. c. by Hornsea, out of Pastille.
- Gratwicke's, Mr., b. c. Hamlet, by Elis, out of Cestus.
- _____ ch. c. Hopeful, by Elis, out of Frederica, by Little John.
- Greenwood, Mr., jun.'s., br. c. Peter Plimley, by Revolution, out of Lasso's dam.
- Greville's, Mr., b. c. by Mango, out of Pergama.
- _____ bl. c. Portumnus, by Mango, out of Peggy.
- Griffiths's, Mr. E., b. c. Newcourt, by Sir Hercules, out of Sylph, by Spectre.

- Heathcote's, Sir G., b. c. Amorino, own brother to Amato.
 _____ b. c. Aurungzebe, by Velocipede, out of Lady's Slipper.
 _____ ch. c. Khorassan, own brother to Bokhara.
 _____ b. c. Moscow, by Muley Moloch, out of Valentissimo's
 dam.
 _____ br. or b. c. Sirikal, by Sheet Anchor, out of Nannette.
- Herbert's, Mr., ch. c. by Elis, out of Charlotte West.
 _____ b. c. by Elis, out of Clarion's dam.
 _____ ch. c. by Elis, out of Delightful.
 _____ ch. c. by Elis, out of Odessa, by Sultan.
- Hogg's, Mr., b. c. Old May-day, by Liverpool, out of Miss Parkinson.
 Houldsworth's, Mr., Drunkard.
- Kelburne's, Lord, b. c. by Bay Middleton, dam by Actæon, out of Georgiana,
 by Woful.
 _____ ch. c. by a son of Woful and Emilia, dam by Comus,
 grandam, by Actæon, out of Georgiana, by Woful.
- Kelly's, Mr., b. f. by Bran, out of Vignette, by Partisan.
- Kirby's, Mr., br. c. Murton Lordship, by Muley Moloch, dam (foaled in
 1836) by Voltaire, out of Miss Iris.
- Lumley's, Mr., b. c. by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam.
- Lynedoch's, Lord, b. c. by Physician, out of Diversity, by Muley.
 _____ c. by Sir Hercules, out of Octina, by Octavius.
- Mostyn's, Mr., br. c. by Touchstone, out of Queen of Trumps.
 _____ ch. c. by Velocipede, out of Birdlime.
 _____ b. c. by Velocipede, out of Her Highness.
- Nevill's, Mr., ch. c. Caballero, by Mundig, dam by Castrel, out of Stingtail.
- Orford's, Lord, ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Mercy.
 _____ b. c. by St. Patrick, out of Wild Duck.
 _____ ch. c. by Velocipede, out of Miss Julia.
- Orleans's, H. R. H. the Duke of, b. c. by Touchstone, out of Eva, by Sultan.
- Osbaldeston's, Mr., by Muley Moloch, out of Fickle.
 _____ b. f. by The Saddler, dam (foaled in 1834) by Partisan,
 out of Pomona.
- Peel's, Colonel, br. c. Murat, by Slane, out of Hester.
 _____ b. c. by Slane, out of Fille de Joie.
 _____ ch. c. by Slane, out of Vulture.
- Potterton's, Mr. T. B., ch. c. Gedling, by Mundig, out of Gift, by Priam.
- Powlett's, Mr. Orde, br. c. by The Mole, out of The Mystery, by Lottery.
- Price's, Mr. F. R., ch. c. Dart, by Jereed, out of Delusion, by Comus.
 _____ ch. c. Ebenezer, by The Tulip, out of Valve.
- Richmond's, Duke of, ro. or gr. c. The Whaler, by Bay Middleton, out of
 Baleine.
 _____ ro. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Baleine.
- Ridge's, Captain, ro. or gr. c. by Cœlebs, out of Grey Agnes, by President.
- Ridsdale, Mr., na. ch. c. Glendower, by Barney Bodkin, dam by Cannon-ball,
 out of Miss Hap, by Shuttle.
- Rogers's, Mr., b. c. The Syrian, by Ishmael or Achmet, out of Fidalma, by
 Waxy Pope.
- Sadler's, Mr. W., c. by Camel, out of Emiliana.
 _____ b. f. by Defence, out of Europa.
- Scott's, Mr. John, ch. c. by Jereed, out of Progress, sister to Pilgrim.
 _____ Mr. S., gr. c. Grey Hercules, by Sir Hercules, dam by Skim, out of
 Grey Helen, by Teasdale.
- Stanbrough's, Mr., ch. c. by Glaucus, dam (foaled in 1822) by Orville, out of
 Sprightly, by Whiskey.
 _____ b. c. by Slane, out of Rosary.
- Stephenson's, Mr. ch. c. by Jereed, dam (foaled in 1832) by Velocipede,
 grandam by Partisan, out of Jessy, by Totteridge.
- St. Paul's, Mr., b. or br. c. brother to Calypso, by Liverpool.

- Sykes's, Sir Tatton, ch. c. by Hampton (son of Sultan), out of Darling, by Actæon.
 _____ ch. c. by Hampton (son of Sultan), dam (foaled in 1831) by Comus, out of sister to Speaker.
- Theobald's, Mr., br. c. Highlander, by Rockingham, out of Cleopatra.
 _____ b. c. by Rockingham, out of Ann, by Laurel.
- Thompson's, Mr. H. S., b. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Erin Lass, by Hollyhock.
 _____ b. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Lady Fulford, by Walton.
 _____ b. c. by Sheet Anchor, dam Forget-me-not, by Brutandorf, dam by Remembrancer, out of Loom, by Shuttle.
 _____ b. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Lilla, by Blacklock.
 _____ b. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Valencia, by Cervantes.
- Thompson's, Mr., b. c. Tom Slape, by Hindoo, dam by Liverpool—Malek—Viscount—Warter—Sir Peter—Mary Grey, by Ruler.
- Thornhill's, Mr., brother to Egeria, by Emilius.
 _____ Elixir, brother to Mango, by Emilius.
- Tolley's, Mr., b. c. by Doctor Faustus, out of Emmeline, by Waxy.
- Treen's, Mr., br. c. Chotornian, by Camel, out of Apparition, by Comus.
- Verulam's, Lord, c. by Buzzard, out of Brocard, by Whalebone.
- Wagstaff's, Mr., b. c. The Brewer, by Plenipotentiary, out of Careful (own brother to Mount Eagle).
- Walker's, Mr., ch. c. by Emilius, out of Velocipede's dam.
 _____ ch. c. by Velocipede, out of Guerdon, by Tramp.
 _____ F., b. c. Ravensworth, by Curtius, out of sister to Elizabeth, by Waverley.
- Watson, Mr. C., na. bl. c. by Voltaire, out of Saltarella, by Stumps.
 _____ na. b. c. by Gladiator, dam (foaled in 1823) by Capsicum, out of Acklam Lass, by Prime Minister.
- Webber's, Mr., br. c. Eclat, by The Grand Duke, out of Energy.
- Wenlock's, Lord, br. or gr. c. by Passenger, out of Susan, by Walton.
- Westenra's, Colonel, ch. c. Warlike, by Plenipotentiary, out of Vat.
- Westminster's, Lord, brother to Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon.
 _____ b. c. by Touchstone, out of Languish.
- Williamson's, Captain, ch. c. by Elia, out of Albania.
- Wilson's, Mr., b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Silvertail.
 _____ ch. c. by Muley Moloch, out of Red Rover's dam.
- Wood's, Mr. R., ch. c. Ely.
- Wreford, Mr., jun.'s, b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Margellina.
 _____ b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Mouche.
 _____ jun.'s, b. c. by Camel, out of Westeria.
 _____ br. c. by Camel, out of Monimia.
 _____ b. c. by Sultan, jun., out of Victoria.
- Wyndham's, Colonel, c. by Nonsense, out of Madeira.
- Yarburgh's, Major, c. Dumpling, by Muley Moloch, out of Easter, by Brutandorf.
 _____ c. Mahomet, by Muley Moloch or Voltaire, out of Belinda, by Blacklock.
- Yates's, General, ch. c. by Cain, out of Dey of Algiers' dam.
 _____ ch. c. by Cain, out of Ninny.

THE OAKS.

Renewal of the Oaks Stakes (ninety-seven subscribers).

- Albemarle's, Lord, ch. Anxiety, by Hornsea, out of Miss Tree.
- Anson's, Col., ch. Calumny, by Velocipede, out of Scandal.
 _____ ch. Hollandaise, by Gladiator, out of Rotterdam.

- Anson's, Col., b. Marquise, by Bay Middleton, out of Marchesina.
 Ayres's, Mr., b. Inheritress, by The Saddler, out of Executrix, by Liverpool.
 Batsou's, Mr., by Plenipotentiary, out of Acacia.
 Bell's, Mr., br. by The Bard, out of Zebetta's dam.
 Bentinck's, Lord George, br. by Bay Middleton, out of Malvina.
 _____ Reconciliation, by Riddlesworth, out of Conciliation.
 Blacklock's, Mr., b. by Voltaire, out of Black Diamond's dam.
 Booth's, Mr., b. by Liverpool, out of Wild Rose.
 Bristow's, Mr., b. by Elis, out of La Valiere.
 Brooks's, Mr., br. by Muley Moloch, out of Bessy Bedlam.
 Bulkeley's, Sir R. W., b. by Despot, out of Acanthus, by Teniers.
 Carter's, Mr., br. Donna Isabella, by Royal Oak, out of Beguine (Brabant's dam).
 Chesterfield's, Lord, by Colwick, dam by Priam, out of Ishmael's dam.
 _____ by Jereed, out of Malibrán.
 Clark's, Mr., b. Ameine, by Bay Middleton, out of Imogene's dam.
 Colquitt's, Captain, br. Avis, by Camel, out of Rosetta.
 Combe's, Mr., b. by Freney, out of Octave.
 Connop's, Mr., ch. Mad Sall, by Gladiator, out of Vanquish.
 _____ ch. Miss Polly, by Emilius, out of Fortitude.
 Cooke's, Mr., b. Carillon, by Sheet Anchor, out of Katherine.
 Cottrill's, Mr., ch. by Jack Tar, dam Jenny Wren, by Comus.
 Crawford's, Col., ch. by Velocipede, out of Ermine, by Whisker.
 Daly's, Mr. H., ch. Lady Macbeth, by Baron Wem, dam Fanny Kemble.
 Dawson's, Mr., b. by Liverpool, out of The Earl's dam.
 Denham's, Mr. b. by Muley Moloch, out of Compensation's dam.
 Dilly's, Mr. M., b. or br. Temerity, by The King of Clubs, out of Dr. Jephson's dam.
 Edwards's, Mr. W., Crocus, by Jerry, out of Snowdrop's dam.
 Eglinton's, Lord, b. Augury, by Liverpool, out of Spaewife.
 _____ br. Egidia, by Sheet Anchor, out of Zillah.
 Exeter's, Lord, ch. by Beiram or Sultan, out of Fanny Davies.
 _____ br. by Jerry, out of Macremma.
 _____ b. by Touchstone, out of Amima.
 Ferguson's, Mr., ch. sister to Fire-away, by Freney, out of Taglioni.
 Ford's, Mr., Poison, by Plenipotentiary, out of Arsenic.
 Forth's, Mr., ch. by Elis, out of a sister to Marvel (foaled in 1835).
 Foster's, Mr., b. by Defence, out of Combat's dam (half-bred).
 Grafton's, Duke of, ch. by Hornsea, out of Legend.
 _____ b. by Hornsea, out of Turquoise.
 _____ b. by Hornsea, out of Zinc.
 Gratwicke's, Mr., br. Mary, by Elis, out of The Margravine, by Little John.
 Heathcote's, Sir G. ch. La Sûmata, by Velocipede, out of Lady Sarah, by Tramp.
 _____ ch. Kriszna, by Elis, out of Beauty, by Blacklock.
 Herbert's, Mr., ch. by Elis, out of Nanine.
 _____ b. by Physician, out of Young Sweet Pea.
 Kelly's, Mr. P., b. by Bran, out of Vignette, by Partisan.
 King's, Mr. S., b. by Muley Moloch, out of Jubilee.
 Kirby's, Mr., bl. Ebony, by Muley Moloch, out of Miss Iris.
 Lichtwald's, Mr., br. Olive-bud, by St. Nicholas, out of Olive-leaf.
 Lovesy's, Mr. J. W., br. by Touchstone, dam by Emilius, out of Worry, by Woful.
 Lumley's, Mr. W., bl. Peggy, own sister to Pagan.
 _____ b. by Rockingham, out of Constance, by Sir Benjamin.
 Lynedoch's, Lord, b. by Gladiator, out of Elegance (The Quack's dam).
 _____ b. sister to Jeffy, by Jerry.
 Milnes's, Mr. J. L., gr. by Rococo, out of Flirt, by Blacklock, out of Vaultress.
 Orford's, Lord, ch. by Emilius, out of Apollonia.

Orford's, Lord, b. by Emilius, out of Fidelity.
 _____ b. by Emilius, out of Ophelia.
 Orleans's, H. R. H. the Duke of, b. by Royal Oak, out of Weeper.
 Osbaldeston's, Mr., b. by The Saddler, dam (foaled in 1834) by Partisan, out of Pomona.
 Osborne's, Mr. J., b. Maria Day, by Physician, out of Young Lady Ern.
 Peel's, Col., b. by Slane, out of Garcia.
 _____ b. by Slane, out of Mary Ann.
 Powlett's, Mr. Orde, b. by Sheet Anchor, out of Miss Letty, by Priam.
 Powlett's, Lord W., b. by Bran, out of Nell Gywnne, by Master Henry.
 Price's, Mr. F. R., br. Gwenderline, by Glaucus, out of Euterpe, by Gaberlunzie.
 _____ b. The Lily, by The Tulip, dam by Caccia Piatti, out of Fair Jane's dam.
 Rawlinson's, Mr., ch. Chadlington Maid, by Sir Hercules, out of Ruby.
 Rogers's, Mr., br. Clara, by Clearwell, out of Lady-day, by St. Hubert.
 Rous's, Captain, Tyrolienne, by Jerry, out of Esmeralda.
 Rutland's, Duke of, ch. by Bizarre, out of Minx's dam.
 _____ b. sister to Flambeau.
 Sadler's, Mr., b. by Defence, out of Europa.
 _____ ch. by Defence, out of Euryone.
 _____ b. by Venison, out of Mule's dam.
 Sharpe's, General, b. Messalina, by Bay Middleton, out of Myrrha, by Malek.
 Spink's, Mr., bl. Mary of Burgundy, by Muley Moloch, out of Fair Jane, by Jerry.
 Theobald's, Mr., b. by Camel, out of Citron.
 Thompson's, Mr., b. by Hindoo, out of sister to Clare, by Marmion.
 Thompson's, Mr. H. S., b. by Sheet Anchor, out of Medea, by Whisker.
 Thornhill's, Mr., sister to Euclid, by Emilius.
 Way's, Mr., ch. by Glaucus, dam by Comus, out of Laurel-leaf.
 Westens's, Col., b. Mischief, by Freney, out of Vinegar.
 Westminster's, Lord, sister to Satirist, by Pantaloon.
 _____ b. by Touchstone, out of Decoy.
 _____ by Touchstone, out of Laura.
 _____ by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honour.
 Whaley's, Mr., ch. Fair Eliza, by Philip the First, out of Peacemaker's dam, by Dandy.
 Wigram's, Mr., b. Physcoa, sister to Teleta.
 Wood's, Mr., b. by Hindoo, out of Lanercost's dam.
 Wood's, Mr. F., b. Helen, sister to Eliza, by Muley Moloch.
 _____ br. Nizza, by Worlaby Baylock, out of Diderot's dam.
 Wreford, Mr., jun.'s, b. by Camel, out of Wadastra.
 Wyndham's, Col., Glaucé, by Glaucus, out of Mrs. Oakley.
 Wyndham's, General, ch. by Ishmael, out of Hannah, by Rowton.

RACES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Western (Ayr)	1	Doncaster	13	Lincoln	22
Northampton	2	Leicester	15	Liverpool.....	23
Hartlepool	2	Isle of Thanet	15	Abingdon.....	23
Marlborough	3	Shrewsbury	15	Upton-on-Severn	23
Cheadle (Staff.)	6	Swaffham	15	Uttoxeter.....	27
Radcliffe Bridge.....	6	Cheadle (Cheshire)	20	Newmarket.....	28
Warwick	7	Bicester	20	Sandbach.....	28
Rochester, &c.	7	Oswestry.....	21	Wrexham	28
Scarborough	7	Breconshire	21	Chesterfield	29
Norwich	8	Bedford	22	Fife Hunt (Cupar).....	29
Worship	8	Beccles.....	22	Richmond	29
Rowland	10				

CHRONICLES OF THE BRITISH CHASE.

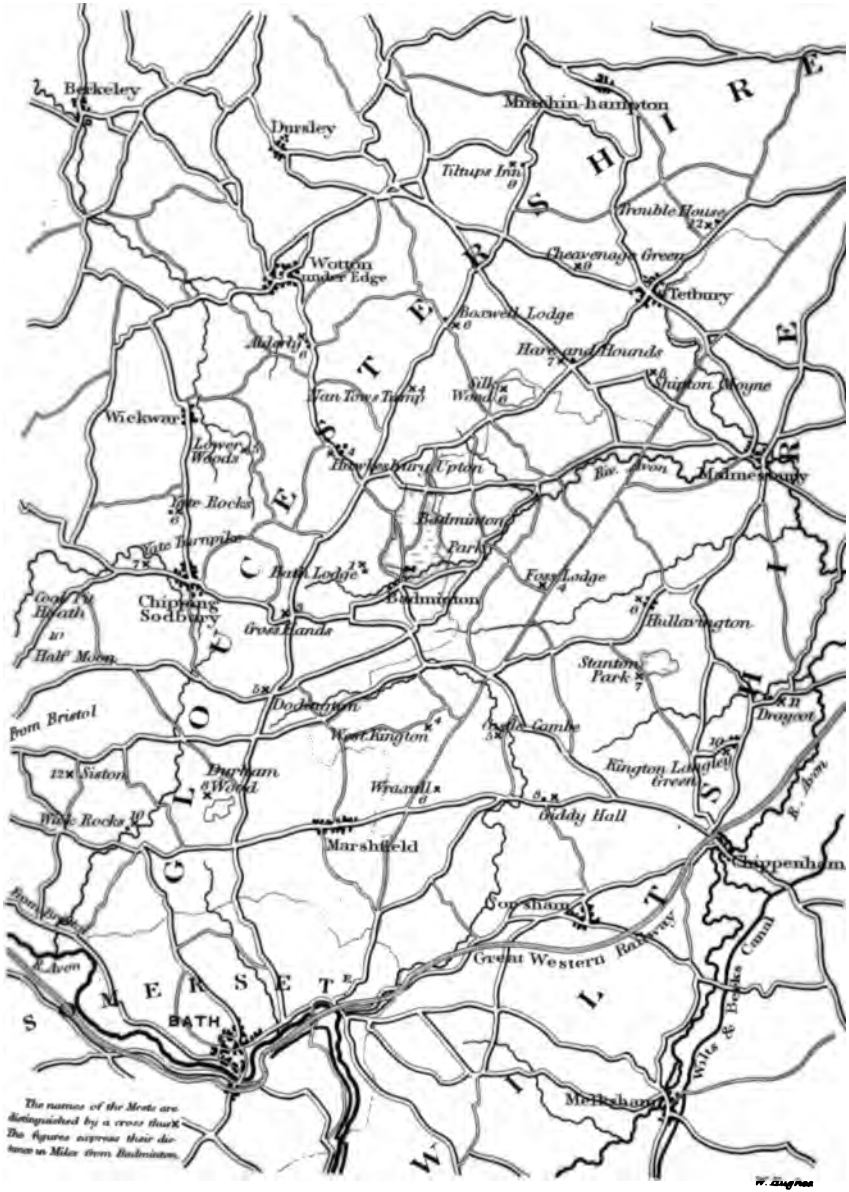
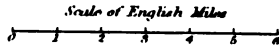
BY "CRAVEN."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH:—THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S FOXHOUNDS; WITH
A MAP OF THEIR COUNTRY.

If antiquity and excellence of descent are to regulate the precedence of foxhounds, then none in the world should rank before this renowned pack. The "Beaufort blood" has long been classed foremost among the aristocracy of the kennel, and the star by which it is marked in His Grace's kennel stud-book, in the eyes of the true fox-hunter is as proud a distinction as any device that ever sparkled on the breast of courtier or warrior. These hounds are peculiarly remarkable for their high form and power; the latter the result of great depth of chest, and vast muscle in all the limbs, and the total absence of weight in those parts which do not contribute to action. They possess, also, an exact uniformity of size; indeed, quite as much as can be required for the purpose of the chase; or to administer to the present taste for that property. It is not, however, on their benches that they appear to the best advantage. Some of their performances in the field have never been excelled, if they have been equalled, in the annals of the chase. It is well known that their country by no means abounds in foxes; and yet, in the season of 1839, they had killed in January no less than thirty brace fairly hunted; and, as a sample of their speed, I will name a run that took place in the same season. The point blank distance was stated to be four miles and a half, and the time it was done in was *fourteen minutes*. Whatever the nature of the scent, it is the peculiarity of the Beaufort blood to be equally distinguished in their work—to fly breast-high over grass, or pick the dying particles with untiring industry from the coldest fallows.

The Badminton kennel, it is hardly necessary to say, abounds in every accommodation for a first-rate hunting establishment; and that which occupies it is, it will be supposed, in every way amply suited to the country hunted. With all its advantages, however, it has not escaped that curse of foxhounds that are not at large—rheumatic affection, or kennel lameness, a disease whose origin and antidote are equally unknown. I believe it has been said that the lodging rooms are too spacious, and that hounds rest better in less spacious apartments; indeed, that this opinion was expressed by the huntsman. His authority in the economy of the chase ranks as high as that of any man in his profession; and yet I cannot agree with him, "that hounds after work in a wet day" require a somewhat contracted space to get comfortable in. If each lodging room were as big as Guildhall, and kept at a proper temperature, their comfort would increase in the ratio of its extent. Of the brilliant fashion in which the Duke of Beaufort takes the field, and the princely style of all his sporting arrangements, it would be irrelevant to speak here. As a master of hounds, he is in the cream of the first flight of those who support that noblest of all manly sports,

MAP OF THE
M E E T S
 OF THE
 DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S
 H O U N D S.



British fox-hunting, as becomes British gentlemen. May his example move many, who can and should follow it, to ensure the popularity that now waits upon the supporter of the chase in this country—a course of policy, like charity, doubly blessed—showering its goods alike upon the giver and the receiver.

The following are the meets of this distinguished pack, with their distances from Badminton House, as furnished to me by Mr. William Long, the huntsman.

	Miles.		Miles.
Cross Hands	3	Hullavington	6
Bath Lodge	1	Stanton Park	7
Foss Lodge	4	Draycot	11
Hawkebury Upton	4	Kington, Langley Green	10
Nan Tows Tump	4	Castle Combe	5
Alderly	6	West Kington	4
Lower Woods	5	Dodington	4½
Yate Rocks	6	Giddy Hall	8½
Yate Turnpike	7	Wraxall	6
Coal-pit Heath, or Half Moon	10	Dyrham Wood	8
Tiltups Inn	9	Tiston	12
Boxwell Lodge	6	Wick Rocks	10
Trouble House	12	Silk Wood	6
Cheavenage Green	9	Hare and Hounds	7
Shipton Moyne	8		

OBSERVATIONS ON GUNPOWDER, SHOT, WADDING, AND PERCUSSION CAPS.

BY WILLIAM GREENER.

Author of "The Gun," and "The Science of Gunnery."

PRECEPTS are more deeply impressed upon the mind if they are inculcated at seasons when practice proves their truth. For the admirers of shooting, the period of their sport has arrived, and ere this meets the eye of the sportsman many will have essayed their skill; counted their numbers bagged, and numbers missed, and guns, powder, shot, and dogs will, no doubt, have their share of blame. Advice to sportsmen stares you in the face on every page of every sporting index: so often, and so well too, has the subject been handled, that it is nearly threadbare; and few now can add to it anything genuinely original. I do not propose attempting anything of the kind; but I will endeavour to lay old subjects before my readers in somewhat new garbs. I would impress upon the sportsman the value of adopting the advances science has made in projectile force, and projectile bodies; so that in his pursuit of pleasure he may enhance his enjoyment by the knowledge he has perfected of the collateral agencies which are to aid him in securing the "gory fluttering pinion." On the great return of the auspicious day (after, to so many, a sleepless night), the tyro too frequently goes forth armed with a tube, or tubes, the production of some clever maker, warranted to destroy, and never

to miss, provided the nerve and eye are true. And though, withal, disappointment thrusts in his officious face, claiming companionship, and, satan-like, suggesting other causes for the defeat of hope than the right ones, as the collateral agents are alone pronounced to blame, I, therefore, will proceed to offer some remarks on powder, felt, shot, and the electric fluid, with a view to place the fiend disappointment on his own saddle, and point out the means of ensuring success, by adopting the necessary concomitants.

Within the last fourteen years gunpowder has undergone so great a change, that we may almost say its nature and principle are entirely revolutionized; chemistry and mechanics combined have made this change: chemistry has purified the nitre, the great explosive agent; and mechanical process has fitted it, by granulation, for all and every purpose to which its tremendous power can be beneficially applied. It is capable of lifting the mountain, and can be controlled as easily as the vapour of water: wonderful are its effects, exceeded by no known agent; and yet science clearly shows it so simple in principle, that she appears to exclaim, "Why do I give you a power that you will not take advantage of, but be content with a certain quantum of aid, when you might get it *ad infinitum*?" The *gun* is, at the present period, the only agent to which success, or the want of it, is ascribed: but science shews the best constructed barrel is that which has a tendency to destroy the least portion of the expelling fluid; and, in destroying less, leaving the greater surplus to expel the projectile bodies. The last and the present generation have studied only the improvement of the gun, and science in that art may be said to have here reached almost its limit, little of the hill remaining to be climbed, save what is encumbered with the stumblingblocks of prejudice, placed injudiciously, and marked, for notoriety, with the name of the placer. Science has shewn us that gun-barrels, to be good, must be hard, dense, and so nearly cylindrical in the tube as to offer no unnecessary resistance, and admit no means of wasting the quota of force generated, by useless friction. Science has taught us that the force, the power, of gunpowder is limited; that one drachm possesses but a definite quantity of force, which we should so arrange as to get the greatest good the means will yield us. Granulation of gunpowder is the road to advantage; and, in treating of it, let us study the many circumstances that affect it.

We have been shewn that gunpowder burns quickly, so quickly, indeed, as to be excelled, in that respect, only by fulminating powder.* Now the established laws of nature clearly tell us that bodies cannot be put in motion but by a graduated scale; and that scale must be influenced by the quantity of force exerted, and the weight of the body resisting. Therefore, the necessity of granulation in gunpowder is, that it may acquire an explosive property by the aid of the interstices, and generate a preponderating force to give the velocity required to the projectile body. No ball can in a short distance acquire a great speed; and hence the necessity for length of tube in a gun-barrel. But again, in the present system, the extremely fine grains of powder, possessing in themselves but the merest quantity of explosive matter, the whole is burnt out while the flame travels but a fifth of the

* See "The Science of Gunnery."

length of the barrel; and thus, in a manner, only kicks the shot before it; and the immense resistance the condensed air in front opposes, after the propelling force has reached its greatest maximum, reduces the force, by neutralizing the effect of the kick. If we are to remain in the present position, I would advise all sportsmen to cut their barrels to half the length they now are, for they would kill as far, and quite as well, as if twice as long. But this is supposing a stand-still in science, which few, I presume, will advocate; therefore we must fit the powder to the gun, and not the gun to the powder, as the present adopted lengths are, at any event, best for the first of September. Experience and experiment have clearly shewn that all the finer powders burn too quickly, and, as before stated, only kick out the shot; and, admitting these premises, it becomes a question how and where can we get it more suitable? Pigou and Wilks, No. 2 grain, for percussion guns, I have found to be vastly superior to the finer; and yet it is too small; not burning more than half the distance in a two-foot-eight-inch barrel; leaving the remainder to reduce the explosive power given. Gunpowder makers are, like the generality of tradesmen, content to remain as they are, so long as grist comes to their mill. Our gunpowder is, from its very purification, much quicker than it could be during the flint-gun era; then, if so, whence arises the fact of killing farther formerly. Velocity is force: then, having velocity, why have we not range? I have shewn it can be had, if we get sufficiently accelerative power. Grains of powder, with a sufficiency of matter to burn during the period the projectiles are being driven along the tubes, to overcome the resistance of the atmospheric fluid, which increases in force the nearer it comes to the muzzle of the gun, will completely effect this, and give us, at the very instant we should have it, the greatest velocity to the shot, and enable us to kill farther, and better, by effecting death with the least possible pain. Quantity, too, will be saved, as no addition to the charge of fine powder can be made beneficial, unless it is so great as to render it both dangerous and unpleasant. Three drachms of larger-grained powder will invariably effect, in a given size of gun, as much as three and a half drachms of extremely fine grained, and with considerably less recoil: how is this? The same weight contains the same quantity of expansive matter; and dissimilarity in result is accounted for solely by the fact, that bounds are set by nature in the action of her elements in offering greater resistance, the greater the violence with which the atmospheric air is attempted to be displaced. Granulation of gunpowder produces a power which overcomes the resistance of the aeriform fluid, by keeping up the pressure until the bodies in motion have obtained the requisite force. I shall pass the present question with an earnest hope that the scientific shooter will try this theory, calmly, ere he condemn it, and by adding his assistance, effect the necessary change required to place gunnery, as it ought to be, in a state of perfection.

Wadding is a mechanical means of separating the explosive fluid from the bodies to be projected by it. I have often thought this might have suggested the piston in the steam-cylinder, for the wadding in a barrel is a species of piston; and, being in use long anterior to the former, could not have been borrowed from it; but the reverse might have

been the case. The felt wadding has kept its character well, being unquestionably the best ever yet produced. We have, certainly, had it so thick, that, instead of being just sufficient for the purpose, the reverse is the case, producing unnecessary friction, and thus lessening the propellant force. F. Joyce was the first to perfect this; and, with no wish to puff that gentleman, I must say his wadding has not yet been exceeded. The application of a greasy substance to the edge cleanses the barrel sufficiently, every shot, to allow the gun to be fired nearly double as often as it could be fired if wadded without grease. The softness and strength combined are highly requisite to make the piston (if the term may be allowed) sufficiently tight in the tube, and yet strong enough to bear the propulsion of the fluid and weight of the shot. All wadding used upon the shot should be as thin *as possible*, having, at the same time, strength enough to offer to the column of condensed air a firm front, protecting the body of small projectiles from its injurious tendency, which is very apparently displayed by using a wadding that separates during the explosion, and permits the air to mix with the shot, thus causing it to diverge immediately it becomes free from the compression of the tube. I prefer a good pressed pasteboard to anything I have yet tried, as it is light and firm. Joyce's thickest wadding should never be used on the top of the charge, as it is unnecessarily heavy, and, as such, disadvantageous. I am aware he manufactures a thinner kind, but *it* is still too thick; and if it were thinner, I fear it would not afford the necessary resistance to the air, or keep the charge in the second barrel firm during the recoil from the discharge of the first.

The quantity of shot which should constitute a charge, is a question on which much difference of opinion exists. If the truth of the foregoing remarks be admitted—and I think it will be difficult to dispute it—I may safely assert that far too heavy charges are generally used, with a loss of force corresponding to the excess, causing an unnecessary recoil, and a waste of shot also. I have tried a round of experiments for this paper; and, in giving them, I must remark, that I have frequently found, with other guns, a greater disparity in the results here given: and this is by no means an extreme case, but rather below the average. The gun used was 2 ft. 8 in. long; 14 bore; a pair of steel barrels, perfectly cylindrical to within three inches of the muzzle, where a *very gradual* widening of the bore commences, and continues to the end: the barrels are polished as fine as a looking-glass; in fact, presenting the least conceivable friction:—

Fine-grained powder, 3 drachms, 1½ ounce, No. 5 shot, put in 130 pellets	} Round target, 24 in. in diameter.
Coarse-grained do. 3 .. 1½ put in 142 do.	
Fine-grained do. 3 .. 1½ put in 122 do.	
Coarse-grained do. 3 .. 1½ put in 134 do.	
Fine-grained do. 3 .. 1 put in 103 do.	
Coarse-grained do. 3 .. 1 put in 128 do.	

The above table of results proves two points; first, the advantage of coarse-grained powder, in throwing the shot closer, and sending, of course, a greater quantity of the charge to the mark; secondly, the saving caused by the reduction which may be made in the charge of shot; for there is a loss in pellets, between those thrown into the target and the quantity put into the gun, of 130 per cent., or, as 327 is to 142

nearly. The next reduction in charge, the loss is 100 per cent., or, as 272 is to 134 ; while the still further reduction is only 90 per cent., or, as 120 is to 218. The much greater force contained in each individual shot is quite equal to the per-centage difference in quantity of pellets ; and thus one shot possesses penetrating powers greater than one and a half of the increased quantity. It would, therefore, thus appear, from actual experiment, that no farther argument is needed to point out the advantage of lessened charges of shot, and increased size in the grain of the powder : it speaks in figures, which are indisputable.

It becomes sufficiently clear, that a proper knowledge of the *principles* of gunpowder is a material point towards ensuring success in the use of it ; for, while unadapted to the guns, it is productive of results the contrary of those which might otherwise be expected ; while the use of properly manufactured explosive matter will very considerably tend to make a bad barrel shoot tolerably well, and a middling good one shoot excellently.

In my work, on "The Science of Gunnery," I have shewn that copper is not at all suitable for the construction of percussion caps, from the fact of its creating, in conjunction with the iron nipple, a certain degree of galvanic action on the powder contained in them, thereby partially reconverting the fulminating mercury into its original state, which will be found to be the case after travelling a few hours in a humid atmosphere, without a change of caps, when it will be observed that, on a gun missing fire, the nipple is filled with a soft, white powder, which is the result of the galvanic action above mentioned. Iron caps would obviate this, and also have the advantage of communicating the effect of the blow of the hammer more perfectly and immediately, and thereby causing a more instantaneous explosion.

YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the agitation of politics augured so ill for the prospects of our present season, the Regatta of the past week was as brilliant as any similar anniversary during the last ten years. All the *élite* of our own club assembled, either ashore or afloat, to give it *éclat*, as well as a large party of the most influential members of the different sailing societies of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The following list of the yachts which formed our fleet will best prove the character of the meeting. Yawls : *Kestrel, Alarm, Breeze, and Falcon*. Schooners : *Brilliant, Ariel, Camilla, Crusader, Flower of Yarrow, Gem, Hawk, Norna, Rostellan, Wanderer, and Xarifa*. Cutters : *Ariel, Nautilus, Sparrowhawk, Lord of the Isles, Hebe, Emerald, Petrel, Reindeer, Wave, Naiad, Forest Fly, Phebe, Aurora, Nymph, Elisabeth, Arrow, Cynthia, Talisman, Witch, Midge, Eudora, Sapphire, Stormfinch, Spider, Flower of Yarrow, Ariadne, Will-o'-the-Wisp, and Fanny*.

The week opened in every way propitiously for the sport to which it was to be devoted here. On Monday, the 16th, there was a fine whole-sail breeze from the westward, which lasted during the match, and afforded every craft, that had the property of speed about her, an opportunity of shewing what she could do in the water. Precisely at eleven A. M. the signal-gun was fired on board the *Kestrel*, the Commodore's vessel, and the following fleet got under way, the starting-point being a boat moored abreast of Cowes Castle.

The R. Y. S. Cup of £100—time-race; cutters allowed forty-five seconds per ton; schooners same time as cutters of two-thirds their tonnage:—

1. Nymph	31	tons	John Bayley, Esq.
2. Midge	36	..	John Petre, Esq.
3. Will-o'-the-Wisp	44	..	Capt. C. H. Williams, R. N.
4. Gem	125	..	Marquis of Ormonde
5. Naiad	70	..	Wm. Delafield, Esq.
6. Talisman	87	..	R. Meikiam, Esq.
7. Brilliant	393	..	G. H. Ackers, Esq.
8. Aurora	40	..	Wm. Beach, Esq.
9. Cynthia	40	..	R. Frankland, Esq.
10. Hebe	68	..	A. W. Corbet, Esq.
11. Phebe	33	..	Capt. A. L. Corry, R. N.

In consequence of the set of the tide and wind, it was ordered that the course should, in the first instance, be to the west; the vessels to round a small craft anchored in Yarmouth roads. As they returned, passing Cowes Castle, steering east, the following was the order and time:—

Talisman	h.	m.	s.	Naiad	h.	m.	s.	Nymph	h.	m.	s.
Cynthia	1	35	6	Phebe	1	41	0	Brilliant	1	48	0
Aurora	1	36	40	Gem	1	44	20	Midge	1	50	45
Hebe	1	37	0								
	1	40	6								

At the commencement of the match, the *Will-o'-the-Wisp* carried away her gaff, and returned to harbour; and the *Midge* resigned the contest on reaching Cowes from the westward; the *Brilliant* also giving up soon after. Nothing could be more splendid than the scene presented by this beautiful body of yachts as they passed the Club-house, and stood away for Norris Castle, and the rounding vessel off the Nab Light, finally making the winning-post at Cowes Castle thus:—

Talisman	h.	m.	s.	Aurora	h.	m.	s.	Gem	h.	m.	s.
Naiad	5	23	25	Cynthia	5	29	0	Nymph	5	46	20
Hebe	5	32	30	Phebe	5	41	25				
	5	37	50		5	43	6				

The course was altogether forty-five miles; and as a second was allowed for every ton in a mile, it will be seen that the *Phebe* was the winner by two minutes forty-five seconds. A reference to the respective tonnage and time of each yacht will shew their various places.

On Tuesday, the 17th, Her Majesty's Cup was sailed for, by the following cutter yachts:—

1. Phebe	33	tons	Capt. A. L. Corry.
2. Aurora	40	..	W. Beach, Esq.
3. Cynthia	40	..	R. Frankland, Esq.

The course was round a vessel off the Nab; back, through the roads, to Yarmouth; ending, as usual, at the winning-post abreast Cowes

Castle. As it was very hazy in the forenoon, the starting did not attract a large company; but as the yachts hove in sight for the finish, the Parade and Club-house were crowded. They rounded the starting-vessel in the following order:—

Aurora	5 h. 18 min. 25 sec.
Cynthia	5 h. 20 min. 25 sec.
Phebe	5 h. 39 min. 30 sec.

A dispute having arisen with reference to a non-compliance with certain conditions for this race, the Cup was awarded to the *Cynthia*.

On Monday evening the annual ball took place, attended by a company of one hundred and seventy-five. Weippert's band was provided; and the whole was conducted upon the most brilliant scale. Upwards of sixty members assembled at the Club-dinner on Wednesday; and with the second race, for the Queen's Cup, on the following day, closed our Regatta for 1841, with every prospect of its successor being as prolific in company and sport.

R. Y. S. House, Cowes, August 17th.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB.

THE Port of Plymouth Regatta, under the immediate direction of the English division of the Royal Western Yacht Club, took place on Wednesday, the 4th ult.: the weather was favourable, and the attendance numerous and fashionable.

The first race was for the Claret Jugs, value £75, for schooners from fifty to a hundred and fifty tons; course, from the Hoe, round the Eddystone Light, and back; time race, half a minute per ton.

	Tons.	Start.	Arrival.
<i>Peri</i> . . Captain Bulkeley . . .	59	12h. 22m. 25s.	3h. 44m. 10s.
<i>Rostellan</i> . — French, Esq. . .	69		3h. 45m. 45s.

This was a very interesting match, and money exchanged hands freely upon it; both vessels were sailed in a very seamanlike manner. The *Peri* was handled by Sir H. Blackwood; the *Rostellan*, by the Hon. Captain Hare. At 12h. 22m. 25s. the signal gun for starting was fired, and they went off with the wind at N. by W.; the *Peri* broke away first, and, to the experienced eye, evidently had the advantage. At 3h. 44m. 10s. the *Peri* rounded the winning-post, followed, at 3h. 45m. 45s., by the *Rostellan*, being a difference, in a run of twenty-nine miles, of 1m. 35s.: they brought back the wind at N. W. by W.; so that they were enabled to carry their square top-sails out and home.

The Silver Punch Bowl, value £75, for cutters, from thirty to eighty tons; course, round the Eddystone Light; time race, half a minute per ton.

	Tons.	Start.	Arrival.
<i>Victoria</i> . . . — Connor, Esq. . .	57	1h. 12m. 5s.	4h. 19m. 30s.
<i>Zadora</i> . . . C. Bromley, Esq. . .	32		4h. 21m. 55s.
<i>Cynthia</i> . . . R. Frankland, Esq. . .	39		4h. 25m. 0s.
<i>Union</i> . . . O. Lloyd, Esq. . .	45		4h. 23m. 25s.
<i>Edith</i> . . . J. C. Ewart, Esq. . .	69		4h. 26m. 0s.
<i>Will-o'-the-Whisp</i> . Capt. H. Williams . . .	44		4h. 31m. 45s.
<i>Elizabeth</i> . . R. Wright, Esq. . .	35		4h. 35m. 30s.

The start was beautiful, and, until past the Breakwater, they were close together, hauling into Cawsand Bay, to get the weather-gauge. Being all equally well handled, however, they found it advisable to steer a course for the Eddystone; weather propitious for the little *Zadora*; smooth water, and not too much wind. They rounded the vessel which constituted the winning-post in quick succession, the *Zadora* carrying off the prize in the times above given.

The spirited proprietor of the *Union*, O. Lloyd, Esq., means to dispose of that vessel, and purchase a schooner, of 130 or 140 tons. The *Union* is well worthy the attention of any gentleman in want of a comfortable fast craft.

A Silver Cup, for all pleasure vessels under eighteen tons; time race, half a minute per ton; course, round the white buoy of the West Knap, thence, round the Cobbler, to the northward of the starting vessel; twice round.

		Tons.	Start.	Arrival.
Grand Turk	T. W. Fox, Esq.	15½	2h. 43m. 30s.	6h. 27m. 55s.
Ida	Messrs. Hocking	9½		6h. 15m. 40s.
Young Queen	J. W. C. Whitbread	12½		6h. 28m. 0s.
Gem	Mr. Driscoll	17½		6h. 16m. 0s.

This race afforded much excitement to the natives, three of the vessels belonging to this Port. At 2h. 45m. 30s. they started, *Ida* taking the lead, followed by the *Young Queen*. They returned in the following order:—*Ida*, *Gem*, *Grand Turk*, and *Young Queen*. The *Gem* entered a protest against the *Ida*, for carrying a water-sail: this was decided by the Committee, the next day, in favour of the *Ida*.

The sailing boats of H. M. Ships in ordinary made an amusing race round the Breakwater, which the *Sea-horse* won.

On Sunday, 8th inst., Rear Commodore Captain Bulkeley left for the westward, on a cruise with the *Union*, *Victoria*, and *Cynthia* returning on Tuesday, and sailed for Cowes on Wednesday, when the *Cynthia* contends for the Queen's Cup, on the 17th.

R. W. Y. Club-house, Plymouth,
15th August, 1841.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

THE last match for the season, by vessels belonging to this celebrated Club, was sailed for on Thursday, the 29th of July, over below-bridge course; viz., from Greenwich to Coal-house Point (short distance below Gravesend), and back to Greenwich Hoe. The event could not well have been fixed for a less convenient sion than the Goodwood Cup day, as regarded ourselves and others. The weather was all that could have been desired, was the sport; all the more patience-trying for those who were *per force*. As usual, one of the first-class river steamers was to accompany the match, and it was freighted with a goodly blage of members and their friends of both genders. As we the good fortune to be present, we are indebted to a contemp the details, from whom we are enabled to draw the material following epitome of the day's doings. We have compared t the accounts furnished from other quarters, and find them cor material points. "On the arrival of the steamer (the *Roy*

at Greenwich, soon after eleven, A. M., the prizes, three in number, were exhibited, and much admired; they consisted of two silver salvers and a vase, or jug, elegantly embossed, and bearing appropriate devices and inscriptions. The terrace in front of the Royal Hospital, and the windows of the taverns, &c., were lined with spectators, and the river was covered with yachts and pleasure-craft. The wind was blowing very fresh from the north-west, and the tide running down very quickly, but, it being nearly five hours to flood, the start did not take place until a quarter before one o'clock, in order that the yachts, in returning, might have as little ebb as possible to contend against, it being calculated that the passage down the river would be a very rapid one; and so it proved. The match was, on Thursday, sailed by boats of three classes, according to their tonnage, for three prizes, the first boats of each class to be the winners, but no two or three winners to belong to the same class. This sailing in classes has met with some objections, from the apparent confusion it begets; but as it would be next to impossible to sail six or nine matches for separate classes in one season, it has been adopted for the general convenience of the owners of yachts.

“The following yachts appeared at the starting-post, abreast the Hospital:—

FIRST AND SECOND CLASSES.

YACHTS.	TONS.	OWNERS' NAMES.	DISTINGUISHING COLOURS.
Gazelle	25 . .	H. Gunston, Esq. . . .	White with Red Arrow
Ada	25 . .	The Hon. H. M. Upton	Black before Red with White X
Lady Louisa. . . .	13 . .	Thomas Smith, Esq. . . .	Blue
Sabrina	21 . .	Lord Alfred Paget	White before Red
Widgeon	21 . .	T. E. Snook, Esq.	Red with White Star
Victorine	18 . .	T. & C. Stokes, Esqs. . . .	Blue with White Cross
Gnome	24 . .	R. & T. Meeson, Esqs. . . .	Blue and White with Star

THIRD CLASS.

Dauntless	8 . .	Thomas Edwards, Esq. . . .	Yellow
Rival	10 . .	William Sawyer, Esq. . . .	Red and White quartered
Little Vixen	10 . .	Robert Wright, Esq. . . .	Blue and Red quartered
Brilliant	9 . .	Henry Fowler, Esq.	Blue and White vertical stripe.

“At twenty minutes before one o'clock the signal to prepare for the start was made, by firing a piece of ordnance aboard the *Royal Sovereign*; and precisely at a quarter to one the signal to start was given, by order of the Commodore, in the same manner. The wind at this moment was blowing north-west by west, and was increasing in strength every moment. The tide was running down very fast. The start was fine, the display of canvass simultaneous, and all were in good places, the lead being taken by the *Little Vixen*, though it was plain her tonnage would not permit her to contend, if the wind continued, with boats of a larger build. The state of the match off the dock-yard at Woolwich proved the superiority of tonnage in such a state of the weather. The match then stood thus:—

The Ada	1
The Gnome	2
The Sabrina	3
The Victorine	4
The Gazelle	5
The Widgeon	6

the remaining boats being somewhat astern. The *Victorine*, off Woolwich, became third boat. There was a change of positions off Erith, when the *Gazelle* became third, and pressed upon the *Ada*, which still maintained the lead. At this point of the river, the *Gnome* was third, the *Widgeon* fourth, the *Victorine* fifth, the *Sabrina* sixth, the *Little Vixen* seventh, the *Lady Louisa* eighth, and the *Rival* ninth; the *Dauntless* and the *Brilliant* acting as whippers-in. In the reach of the river, the *Gazelle* had the ill luck to carry away part of the rigging of her gaff-topsail, that portion of it which is called the 'jaw.' The match was so fast down the river, that the *Royal Sovereign* had no time to slumber on her paddle-wheels; she was obliged to make the best of her way to Coal-house Point, in order to be in time to note the rounding of the flag-buoy. It was done in the following order, the small gun on board the steamer denoting the moment at which each yacht got round, and the crews and company cheering:—

1. The *Ada* 3 o'clock
2. The *Gazelle* 2 minutes past 3
3. The *Gnome* 3 minutes past 3
4. The *Victorine* 4½ minutes past 3
5. The *Widgeon* 5 minutes past 3
6. The *Sabrina* Almost at the same minute
7. The *Little Vixen* 10½ minutes past 3
8. The *Lady Louisa* 17½ minutes past 3
9. The *Brilliant* Almost at the same minute
10. The *Rival* Ditto
11. The *Dauntless* 28 minutes past 3.

"The return up the river was slow in comparison with the rate of sailing down. The wind lulled at intervals, and, as the tide approached flood, there was a visible sinking in its power; nevertheless it was a 'noser,' and operated with the water to slacken the speed. It was about an hour to flood when the last boat rounded the flag-buoy at Coal-house Point. The match upwards, however, if it were less exciting to the spectators, was full of interest to those who had bets on the ultimate events, and adapted to test the skill of the captains and crews of the yachts engaged. It was not long before the *Victorine* took the lead, the *Gnome* being second boat, the *Gazelle* third, the *Ada* fourth, the *Sabrina* fifth. In this manner the match continued till off Woolwich, when the *Ada* became second boat, the *Gnome* third, and the *Sabrina* fourth. From Woolwich to Greenwich there was no variation, and the match, one of the best ever witnessed on the Thames, ended in the following manner, amidst the discharge of the guns on board the steamer, and the cheers of hundreds of spectators.

1. <i>Victorine</i> 28 min. 15 sec. past 7	5. <i>Widgeon</i> 42 min. 55 sec. past 7
2. <i>Ada</i> 30 45 7	6. <i>Gazelle</i> 45 0 7
3. <i>Gnome</i> 32 0 7	7. <i>Vixen</i> 59 0 7
4. <i>Sabrina</i> 36 0 7	8. <i>Lady Louisa</i> 1 0 7

"It will be seen, from this, that the winners, each in its respective class, were—

"The *Victorine* (second class), but first in, and consequently winner of the large silver salver.

"*Ada* (first class), second in, and consequently winner of the smaller silver salver, the second prize.

"*Little Vixen* (third class), and third winner, though last boat of the above-named, and winner of the claret-ewer."

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

ROWING.—THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.—On Saturday the 7ult. the great match between the Leander Club, and the London Cambridge Subscription-room Club, came off over the course generally used for the great river oars' matches; namely, from Westminster Bridge to Putney. These clubs have long been rivals, every season, from 1837 inclusive, having witnessed their trials of skill and strength. In 1837 the Leanders, long the champions of old Father Thames, were challenged by the Cantabs, and beaten. In 1838 they came together again; had a "fouling" set-to, and the affair was decided to be "no match." In June of the present year, they met at the Henley regatta, and then more "fouling" occurred, and certainly no friendly feeling, for the moment, was created. Out of those untoward events arose the match we have now to record, as stout and honest a passage in rowing as ever English cavaliers engaged in withal. When the respective eight-oared cutters appeared at the starting point (5, p. m.) the wind was blowing a "nosser" right down the river; odds in favour of the heavy crew. The Leanders won the toss for naming the arches whence the start should take place, and the Cantabs that for choice of stations. The former took up their position at the pier of the fourth arch from the Surrey side, and the latter at the fifth. The subjoined are the names and weights of the contending crews.

LEANDER.

1. Layton, 10st. 3lb.
 2. Wallace, 11st. 5lb.
 3. Julius, 11st. 5lb.
 4. Ronsyne, 12st.
 5. Jenkins, 11st. 12lb.
 6. Ommanney, 11st. 11lb.
 7. C. Pollock, 10st.
 8. Dalgleish (stroke), 10st. 11lb.
- Shepherd (coxswain), 9st. 11lb.

CAMBRIDGE.

1. Shadwell, St. John's, 10st. 10lb.
 2. Hon. L. Denman, Trinity, 10st. 11lb.
 3. Selwyn, Trinity, 12st. 2lb.
 4. Anson, Jesus, 12st. 5lb.
 5. Cobbold, Magdalen, 12st. 5lb.
 6. Yatman, Caius, 10st. 12lb.
 7. Abercrombie, Caius, 10st. 8lb.
 8. Brett (stroke), Caius, 11st. 10lb.
- Egan (coxswain), Caius, 9st. 2lb.

The Leanders wore red for their emblematic colour, and the Cantabs blue. The moment the signal to "give way" was made (Mr. Edward Searl being deputed starter), the former went off, as a bystander observed "like a shot from a shovel," while the Cambridge men were slow in their first strokes. They had full way on in four sweeps of their oars, at once cleared the Cantabs, and were never caught. Abreast the Horseferry, the heroes of the Cam made desperate play, and got somewhat nearer their adversaries, but could not hold their own. At the Red House the contest was decided, barring casualties. The Leander crew were four good boats' lengths ahead; improved the distance at Battersea; and, finally, won a struggle of extraordinary resolution and severity, by shooting the centre arch of Putney Bridge, ten boats' lengths before their antagonists. The style of rowing, on the part of each crew, was first-rate for amateurs—but that of the Leanders the most professional and uniform. The time occupied in the match was about thirty-two minutes, and marked a performance of great excellence, the character of the weather being had in remembrance.

ANNUAL MATCH FOR THE LONDON SILVER SCULLS.—According to the conditions for this celebrated contest, as there was but one challenger, the trial took place on the 10th ult., the parties opposed being Mr. Chapman, and the holder of the sculls, Mr. T. L. Jenkins, who won them last year. The latter gentleman was again successful, after as fine a display of skill and determination as ever was witnessed on the river.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1845.—Six mares and stallions are named for the Riddlesworth, and eight for the Tuesday's Riddlesworth.

In the early part of the past month, Bernard, the celebrated manufacturer of fishing-tackle in Church-passage, St. Martin's, caught, at Teddington Falls, with Ledger No. 8 hook, and single gut, a barbel weighing nine pounds, three ounces.

CRICKET.—Marylebone Club and Ground v. Sussex.—The Return Match, six gentlemen and five players of Sussex, against six gentlemen of the Marylebone Club, and four of the Ground, with Wenman, commenced on Monday, the 2nd ult., at Harvey's grounds, Brighton. The weather was very unfavourable. The match, which occupied Monday till 5, p.m., was resumed on Wednesday, and terminated in favour of Marylebone by eleven runs, although the odds were, at one time, 12 to 1 on Sussex. The following was the score:—

MARYLEBONE.		1st inn.		2nd do.
Hillyer, bowled by Lillywhite	..	3	.. not out	.. 3
R. Anderson, Esq., hit wicket	..	8	.. bowled by Millyard	.. 0
Bayley, bowled by Lillywhite	..	0	.. bowled by Lillywhite	.. 5
Sewell, bowled by Lillywhite	..	0	.. bowled by Millyard	.. 27
Wenman, bowled by Lillywhite	..	22	.. caught by Barton	.. 5
Hon. F. Ponsonby, caught by Millyard	..	42	.. bowled by Lillywhite	.. 0
R. Kynaston, Esq., bowled by Dean	..	15	.. run out	.. 0
Cobbett run out	..	3	.. bowled by Millyard	.. 1
C. G. Whittaker Esq., ct. by E. Napper	..	0	.. caught by Lillywhite	.. 3
—Thackeray, Esq., not out	..	0	.. caught by Hawkins	.. 1
E. Sayers, Esq., bowled by Dean	..	0	.. bowled by Lillywhite	.. 2
Byes 2, wide balls 2, no ball 1	..	5	.. Byes	.. 2
Total	..	—98	Total	.. —49
SUSSEX.		1st inn.		2nd do.
Box, bowled by Hillyer	..	12	.. caught by Cobbett	.. 8
E. Barnett, bowled by Bayley	..	6	.. bowled by Cobbett	.. 0
E. Napper, Esq., bowled by Hillyer	..	8	.. caught by Cobbett	.. 2
Hawkins, bowled by Hillyer	..	0	.. bowled by Hillyer	.. 1
C. Taylor, Esq., run out	..	2	.. bowled by Bayley	.. 14
Millyard, caught by Cobbett	..	11	.. bowled by Hillyer	.. 1
Mason, caught by Wenman	..	0	.. bowled by Hillyer	.. 0
Barton, bowled by Hillyer	..	5	.. bowled by Hillyer	.. 23
Lillywhite, caught by Bayley	..	11	.. run out	.. 5
A. Smith, Esq., run out	..	15	.. caught by Sewell	.. 1
Dean, not out	..	1	.. not out	.. 5
Byes	..	2	.. Byes	.. 3
Total	..	—73	Total	.. —63

KENT against ENGLAND. The Return Match for this, the crack game of the season, began at the Beverley ground, Canterbury, on Tuesday, the 10th ult., and terminated on Thursday. Nothing could exceed the spirit and *éclat* of the contest—except, perhaps, the feeling at its result. A great deal of money was won and lost on the event, which proved,

re was any need of such, the extreme uncertainty and interest along to the game of cricket. It will be seen that, in their 1st innings, Kent lost all their wickets for thirty-one runs; and the 2nd won by seventy-four, a most unanticipated victory: score—

ENGLAND.		1st inn.		2nd do.
Went, bowled by Hillyer	..	7	..	bowled by Hillyer .. 1
run out	..	34	..	c. Wenman, bow. Hillyer .. 4
bowled by A. Mynn	..	7	..	caught and bowled by A. Mynn 10
bowled by Lefevre, bow. by Hillyer	1	bowled by A. Mynn .. 5
bowled by A. Mynn	..	25	..	run out .. 8
ct. Dorrington, bow. A. Mynn	4	ct. Dorrington, bow. Hillyer .. 4
ct. Adams, c. Adams, b. A. Mynn	27	bowled by A. Mynn .. 5
not out	..	3	..	bowled by A. Mynn .. 6
bowled by A. Mynn	..	8	..	ct. Martingell, bow. A. Mynn .. 0
ct. bowled by A. Mynn	..	0	..	bowled by Hillyer .. 0
Ponsonby, bow. by Martingell	30	not out .. 6
Byes 9, wide balls 8	..	17	..	Byes .. 6
Total	..	-163		Total .. -56

KENT		1st inn.		2nd do.
ct. Cobbett, b. Lillywhite	0	bowled by Lillywhite .. 0
not out	..	2	..	ct. Cobbett, bow. Lillywhite .. 1
ct. Box, bow. Lillywhite	..	43	..	caught by Guy, bow. Lillywhite 0
ct. bowled by Lillywhite	..	3	..	caught by Good, bow. Lillywhite 0
ct. Sewell, b. Lillywhite	7	ct. Ponsonby, bow. Redgate 4
ct. Redgate bow. Good	..	25	..	bowled by Redgate .. 9
ct. Box, ct. Box, bow. Redgate	3	bowled by Redgate .. 0
ct. bowled by Lillywhite	..	1	..	st. Box, bowled by Lillywhite .. 5
ct. bowled by Redgate	..	10	..	bowled by Redgate .. 0
ct. bowled by Redgate	..	3	..	caught by Guy, bow. Lillywhite 0
ct. bowled by Lillywhite	4	not out .. 10
Byes 8, wide balls 5	..	13	..	
Total	..	-114		Total .. -31

Marylebone Club and Ground against Cambridge, with Lillywhite. This match was played on Parker's Piece, Cambridge, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 17th, 18th, and 19th ult., and drew her a very large assemblage. The play was very good; but Cambridge was eventually defeated by fifty-seven runs: score—

MARYLEBONE.		1st inn.		2d do.
ct. Fenner, bowled by Fenner	9	bowled by Fenner .. 1
ct. bowled by Fenner	..	5	..	leg b. w., b. Lillywhite .. 3
ct. Anson, bowled by Fenner	5	bowled by Lillywhite .. 6
ct. Thackeray, c. Thackeray, b. Fenner	0	bowled by Fenner .. 3
ct. bowled by Fenner	..	3	..	bowled by Lillywhite .. 47
ct. Haggis, bow. Ringwood	..	41	..	c. Haggis, b. Lillywhite .. 3
J. Russell, bowled by Lillywhite	6	not out .. 7
ct. run out	..	6	..	bowled by Fenner .. 2
ct. not out	..	5	..	c. Winterton, b. Fenner .. 42
ct. Fenner, Esq., run out	..	3	..	c. Boning, b. Lillywhite .. 2
ct. Fenner, Esq., bowled by Lillywhite	4	c. Boning, b. Fenner .. 3
Byes 2, wide balls 7, no balls 2	..	11	..	Byes 3, wide balls 5, no balls 1 9
Total	..	-98		Total .. -128

CAMBRIDGE.		1st inn.		2d do.
ct. Anson, Esq., c. Bayley, b. Hillyer	2	c. Lord C. Russell, bd. Good .. 13
ct. c. Hawkins, b. Hillyer	..	9	..	bowled by Cobbett .. 15
ct. run out	..	12	..	bowled by Cobbett .. 20
ct. Thackeray, Esq., run out	..	6	..	bowled by Cobbett .. 2
ct. run out	..	13	..	bowled by Cobbett .. 1
ct. not out	..	8	..	bowled by Hillyer .. 0
ct. bowled Cobbett	..	0	..	bowled by Cobbett .. 4
ct. bowled Cobbett	..	0	..	not out .. 3
ct. c. Pickering, b. Cobbett	..	6	..	bowled by Good .. 42
ct. b. Hillyer	..	0	..	c. W. Pickering, b. Hillyer .. 1
ct. leg before wicket, b. Hillyer	0	bowled by Cobbett .. 0
Bye 1, wide ball 1, no ball 0	..	2	..	Byes .. 2
Total	..	-58		Total .. -103

NOVEL RACE.—On Tuesday, the 17th ult., a novel race, for a gold medal, of the value of twenty guineas, given by the National Swimming Society, took place on the Serpentine. The hour fixed upon for the start was half-past six o'clock, but a full hour elapsed before everything was got ready, at which time there were between 2,000 and 3,000 persons present. Twelve men were at length placed, each distinguished by a different-coloured cap; and upon the start, given by Captain Marryat, R.N., the competitors went off. In a short time, the person who wore a light blue cap was ahead, which he maintained until he had nearly reached the opposite side, when he was passed by white (a footman in the service of Lady Craven), who first landed, and then re-entered the water, for the purpose of returning to the starting-post, followed by blue, between whom a severe struggle ensued, followed by the others very closely. Just as they were nearing the starting-post, it was discovered that a Mr. Lewis, who, it was stated, belonged to the navy, was at least ten yards in advance of white, and he was declared to be the winner. The distance was about 500 yards, which was performed in six minutes. Several of the boats of the Royal Humane Society were on the spot, in case of accident, but only one person was taken into a boat, who appeared to be exhausted.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—Should any of the readers of this work, for themselves or their friends, require accommodation, in the best hunting district of Leicestershire, for the approaching season, we have it in our power to assist them. The Editor will, on application, forward an address, where, close to the Melton and Lord Hastings' hounds, excellent apartments can be had, in a mansion four miles from Loughborough, formerly occupied by Lords Scarborough and Stair. The stables, offices, and everything desirable for a hunting establishment, are on a first-rate scale.

THE MOORS.—The sport in the district of Ayr has confirmed the rumours relative to the scarcity of the birds, and the presence of some disease, supposed to be the tape-worm, which rendered them so lean and so weak as not to be worth spending shot upon. In the moors near Sarn, one gentleman bagged seven brace by twelve o'clock; and on an estate in Carrick, nineteen brace of strong, healthy birds were brought down by three crack guns, in the course of the 12th ult. These, however, so far as we have heard, were the only places where anything like sport was obtained.

In a well-known moor in the district of Kyle, never known to fail in producing an abundant supply, although traversed by three excellent sportsmen, only seven brace were killed. On the borders of Dumfriesshire, the proverbial haunt of the grouse, the old birds were seen fluttering along the ground, unable to fly, and in such a miserable condition that the sportsmen considered them unworthy of being carried home.

As a whole, this may be considered one of the worst seasons with recollection. The reports from other parts of Scotland, however, were much more favourable. In Perthshire, the sport was as good as was known, and the supply of game first-rate. It is difficult to account for these remarkable differences in localities.

LITERATURE.

THE SCIENCE OF GUNNERY, AS APPLIED TO THE USE AND CONSTRUCTION OF FIRE-ARMS. By William Greener, A.I.C.E., author of "The Gun." London: Longman and Co., 1841.

THE matter treated of in this excellent practical work comprises the following subjects:—Ancient arms. Gunpowder. Artillery. Iron in use for barrels. Gun-making. The proof of gun barrels. The science of gunnery. The rifle and musket. Shot, caps, and wadding; and whale shooting. It will be seen that the author has taken a tolerably wide range, and it is due to him to say that he has well executed that which he has undertaken. He is evidently conversant with all the detail of the science that the book before us is intended to expound for the information of the uninitiated. To the practical portion of it, as applied and applicable to sporting, we lead the reader; passing, however, in our progress, much curious and interesting discussion which will amply reward a careful perusal of the book whence it is extracted. It has been declared, upon high authority, that "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." We dare to say that nine-tenths of our friends will have been unenlightened, up to the hour they meet the subjoined passages, on the true condition of their physical jeopardy on many a 12th of August and 1st of September. If they retain the complement of eyes and limbs usually regarded as the proper natural equipment of a gentlemen, their "bliss," we opine, will not the less induce them to be grateful for the wrinkles to which Mr. Greener has assisted them.

"I have already sufficiently enlarged upon the inferiority of barrels made from charcoal iron. A great quantity of these guns are made, or got up, for the general factors, who take orders for everything, from 'a needle to an anchor,' yet manufacture nothing, but thus employ their money *at a moderate return*. The hardwareman is the principal seller of this description of guns; he generally pays between ten and twelve pounds each for them, and retails them at from fourteen to fifteen pounds, if he can find flats to believe him they are as good as they can get elsewhere for twenty pounds. Very curious it is so, but I have known a tradesman of this kind sell more in a season than the whole three gun-makers in the same town in the same time. A certain portion of his warranty was correct, that they were as good as could be got elsewhere for twenty pounds. For the articles, as far as barrels and locks are concerned, are identically the same—for so content are the generality of gun-makers to live like the snail, not caring how the world goes, so long as his house is whole above his head, that rather than try either to improve their productions, or to meet the exigencies of the times, they are content to allow the trade to be injured, and a footing given to the inroads of rubbishingly manufactured articles, both to their own loss and the discredit of the profession generally. The enormous prices gentlemen have been charged for provincial-made guns, of the most inferior quality, has driven them to obtain still worse at a less cost; an honourable and tradesman-like method of conducting business will always be appreciated, and if a gun is required at a low figure, an honestly-made article might be furnished at a price to suit the customer, and of equal and mutual benefit to buyer and seller. No, but this will not do—high prices or no orders. This would do very well if nothing but high-

priced articles were manufactured as good in quality as professions would lead you to expect; but few provincial makers have the means to do this; an establishment sufficiently large can only be supported in certain districts. The profession must excuse me, I have both their interest, combined with that of the sporting world, in view, and they will do me justice in supposing I have no other end to serve. I do not include all, only a part of the profession, for I am aware there are many and great exceptions to even this censure.

"The ironmonger receives them, and disposes of them as stub-twist barrels—he knows no other, nor does he care if he did. A flashy outside is very captivating to the novice; but one or two years use will soon shew the quality of the article. The wood has shrunk, the glue and wax have been washed out of the fittings, and an apparently crazy and breaking-up constitution displays itself most clearly: for work put together at a certain price will have only a certain duration. Were I free of the gun-making profession entirely, and asked what was my conscientious advice in the purchasing of a gun, I should decidedly say, buy a gun from no one who has not a character to lose, who is not answerable for the article he sells, and who is not also capable of judging of the quality, and knows the value of good materials. The trade is overrun with swarms of Jew-salesmen, and men, from situations in life, who cannot, nor never will, be able to duly understand and appreciate the responsibility attached to the profession of a gun-maker.

"There was one individual in Birmingham, but now multiplied into a firm, who realized a considerable amount by manufacturing only for two or three sale shops of puffing celebrity, in London, guns of this quality, and so extensive are their orders, that an engraver is kept in full employment by themselves alone, and the excellence of his forged imitations of names, &c., has been the *wonder and admiration of thousands*; so devoid of shame and debased in intellect men become from a perseverance in evil. Joe Manton's guns have become like pictures of celebrated masters; had all of them produced one per hour during their existence, they could not have produced the half that bear their marks. Guns, made of threepenny skelp iron, are plentifully to be met with in sale shops and pawnbroking establishments, generally bearing false colours, *hailing from* fictitious ports, bedecked with painted stocks, and imitation gold tawdry, and fancifully designed silver ornaments; and the whole mechanical arrangement, to use a *Brummagism*, as if they had been pitched together. A decent gun could be made of barrels of this quality, if constructed a little heavier than usual, and would be perfectly safe, and suited for the use of those who could not purchase better, if firm and soundly fitted up, with decent locks, sound stock, &c., for about eight guineas; but you can get them by the hundred, in Birmingham, for £3: 15s. each, and, if you particularly wish it, at £2: 15s., or less, with plated barrels, &c.; single guns about the half.

"We have now reached the utmost limits of civilization, and are about to pass the great desert, or where science is never seen nor heard of, except it be a spurious son of science, an imitation in a small way, an inventor of deceptions, a counterfeit in name and reality. Guns! Call ye wood and iron guns? Pocket volcanos would be a fitter title, for no one can possibly expect anything but the flowing of burning *lava* on his hand, who uses such compounds of wood and iron. I have, for the edification of those who use such, added a list of the prices and cost of manufacture; no one need doubt the statement, for it is literally true, and with the possibility that the items may vary a penny or two, the whole is substantially correct, and, as such, I will answer for it.

"Cost of materials and workmen's prices for making double and single guns of two-penny or wedgebury skelp iron twist barrels.

DOUBLE GUN.

	£.	s.	d.
Double barrels, twist, patent breeched	0	12	0
Pair of locks	0	2	0

	£.	s.	d.
Wood for stock	0	0	6
Set of cast furniture	0	0	5
Stocking	0	2	0
Screwing together	0	3	0
Percussioning	0	2	0
Polishing and engraving	0	1	0
Varnishing (including painting)	0	0	6
Browning	0	0	6
Finishing	0	3	0
Ramrod, tip, and worm,	0	0	6
Small work, nails, escutcheons, wood screws, &c.	0	1	0
	£1	8	5

SINGLE GUN.

	£.	s.	d.
Single barrel, twist, &c.	0	5	9
Lock	0	1	0
Wood for stock	0	0	6
Set of cast furniture	0	0	4
Stocking	0	1	0
Screwing together	0	2	0
Percussioning	0	1	0
Polishing and engraving	0	0	8
Stock varnishing and painting	0	0	4
Barrel browning	0	0	4
Finishing	0	2	0
Ramrod, tip, and worm	0	0	6
Small work, &c.	0	0	8
	£0	16	1

“Common iron barrels, plated with this iron, can be furnished by barrel-makers; double, for eight shillings per pair; single, for four shillings each, which, deducted from each, gives—double, complete, £1 : 4s. 8d.; and single, 14s. 6d. each; and for these I have known the factor charge the iron-monger—double, £3 : 10s. each, and £1 : 15s. single; so it is strictly an imposition on both sides, as he charges £5 for one, and £3 for the other. Now for the next, bad as is the preceding, this is infinitely worse, the former costs twopence per pound, the present varies from one penny to one penny farthing per pound. Sham damn iron is similar in nature to brass, a metal with fibres certainly, but they are like the fibres of willow compared to oak; an iron soft and spongy, capable of being condensed to an immense degree. All slave gun-barrels are made of it. The many thousands of mutilated wretches, who have lived to curse the cupidity of their fellow man, is not a bright side in the view of human nature; how debased, how low, and how contemptible man becomes, who, forgetting honesty, forgets all other laws, both human and divine, and for gain—paltry gain, would sell all, even his immortality. Mungo Park details some of the lamentable atrocities committed by these guns bursting; but were you to bawl in the ears of those employed in the construction, all those and a thousand more such direful effects of their handy-work, you would not affect nor abate one in the number of these infernal man-traps. But it is useless to detain the reader. The proof company is alone, I beg pardon, the legislature is alone to blame, to allow the existence of a monopoly which benefits no one but the shareholders, as I shall hereafter shew.

" Cost of guns made of sham damn iron.

DOUBLE GUNS.		£.	s.	d.
Double barrels, plain iron, with side luts, per pair	.	0	7	0
Locks	.	0	1	6
Wood for stock	.	0	0	6
Stocking	.	0	1	2
Furniture	.	0	0	5
Screwing together	.	0	2	0
Percussing	.	0	1	4
Polishing and engraving	.	0	0	9
Varnishing and painting stock	.	0	0	4
Painting twist barrels	.	0	0	4
Rod, tip, worm	.	0	0	4
Small work	.	0	0	7
Total	.	£0	16	3

SINGLE GUNS.		£.	s.	d.
Single barrel, ribbed and breeched	.	0	3	8
Lock	.	0	0	9
Wood for stock	.	0	0	6
Stocking	.	0	0	8
Furniture	.	0	0	4
Screwing together	.	0	1	4
Percussing	.	0	0	9
Polishing and engraving	.	0	0	6
Varnishing and painting stock	.	0	0	4
Painting twisted barrel	.	0	0	3
Rod, tip, worm	.	0	0	4
Small work	.	0	0	4
Total	.	£0	9	9

"The above are sold by the score to the factor at £20 and £12 relatively. The Jews sometimes get them at that, or a lower price, as money happens to be plentiful or scarce. There is a convenient description of tradesmen in this town of hardware, whose establishment bears the euphonious titles of the *slaughter shop and blood house*; and in these emporiums of the productions of the needy, may be obtained gunnery of all kinds, as well as all other material, the productions of Birmingham. If the article costs little manufacturing, it costs these men still less. A pawnbroker is a gentleman compared with the slaughter-master; if he charges you a good per centage, he will return your goods if you have the needful, but the other is a cormorant, who swallows the food of the weak, and once past his awful jaws he cannot be made disgorge. Here the Jews and itinerant hardwaremen find a ready market, he has always a stock. The wants of the poor are always pressing, and the gun-making portion of the inhabitants of Birmingham are not *over provident*, seldom caring for what to-morrow may bring forth.

"I shall just give the cost of the various items in the fitting-up of an imitation gun for the African, combined with an *imitation* musket for the same market; the former is not so bad nor so deep in the slough of danger as the latter, as the one is barely half an inch in the bore, the other full three-quarters of an inch, and yet their weights are not dissimilar.

"Cost of African guns *versus* Park Paling.

	£.	s.	d.
Common musket barrel, or birding barrel	0	2	0
Lock	0	0	4
Stock	0	0	4
Stocking	0	0	5
Brass furniture	0	0	3½
Screwing together, and finishing	0	0	9
Polishing and hardening, hammer, &c.	0	0	4
Steel rod	0	0	3
Browning and painting barrel and stock	0	0	4
Small items	0	0	3
Total	£0	5	3½

"You can have a ship-load of these for *5s. 6d.* each; it is satisfactory to know they send powder with them of quality similar."

SHOOTING. A POEM. By Alexander Webber. London: Ackermann, Regent Street, 1841.

WE wonder whether it would please the author most were we to pronounce him a good sportsman and a bad poet, or an indifferent sportsman, but a true son of Apollo?

"*Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum scribo.*"

At all events, here is no niggardly sonneteering, no shabby octosyllabic short-cut, scarce tinting the centre of the pages between "deserts idle" of margin, but liberal lines, in heroic measure, to the tune of 3,000, or thereabouts. How any bard could possess a vocabulary rich in rhymes, to such an amount, we cannot imagine. How he contrived matter for his muse is less wonderful, when we look at the contents of his title page:—"Shooting, a Poem; comprising a general Description of Field Sports dependant on the Gun; that important Weapon and its manifold Improvements treated of. Game; their respective Histories, Haunts, and Habits. Dogs; their Varieties, Uses, Diseases, and Cures. Game Laws, so far as they affect the Shooter, briefly considered. Addressed chiefly to youthful Sportsmen, by their Fellow-admirer of the Trigger, Alexander Webber." It is but fair to all parties, writer, reader, and reviewer, that a sample of the article should be produced, but this is not so easy an affair, proper consideration being had to the limit of our notice. The perusal of the essay caused us to turn our contemplation towards the Nine frequently during the past month, and the more we mused the more we became convinced that poetry, like portable soup, should contain only the essence of that to which it has reference. As precept is so much inferior to example, we will give an instance; one, indeed, which mainly led us to our conclusion, and which will, probably, have a similar effect on the reader. Accident lately placed before us the following Hebrew melody; it is not in Lord Byron's collection, and as such may possess the charm of novelty in addition to its other beauties.

"Prepare for the sport! ere the valley resound
With report of the gun or the 'tongue of the hound.'
To the strictest of scrutiny your appointments all yield,
For e'en a pocket misplaced is a bore in the field.

LITERATURE.

If for hunting your coat is green, scarlet, or blue—
If for fowling or fishing they're both various and new—
If for cricket or bowling, for rowing, handling the whip,
At Moses', before the world, can a sportsman equip.

Your huntsman, your helpers, and whipper-in too,
Gamekeepers, preservers, and your yacht's hardy crew ;
All your servants within, and dependants without,
You to Moses should send for a fit and turn out.

Over river and lake you relinquish your sport—
On the first o'er the stubble and your gun to resort—
The partridges plenty, and staunch your dogs be, :
Have your clothes so arranged that each muscle be free.

In the choice of said clothes make selection from Moses,
Famed depôt for everything merit proposes—
Their fabrics, their fitting, for sporting or dress,
In London's unequalled—the charge one-half less.

They solicit a visit to inspect their arrangements,
In warerooms superb—carried on for cash payments,
Where the 'doubt of the sceptic's' immediate removed,
Who in cheapness and style too 'admits their case proved.'

Then, on every class they impress 'don't delay,'
But come for your clothes where you least have to pay ;
If you still have a doubt with your interest to clash,
Should a purchase not please they'll return you the cash !"

Now this is poetry of a high class—imaginative, vigorous, and musical—but (and we grieve that our candour obliges us to point out its faults), like Mr. Webber's, it is too diffuse, and not sufficiently to the point. Not every head can stand 3,000 hexameters on shooting, nor will many, at the end of seven stanzas, remember the burthen of them is breeches and broadcloth. Would the Israelite boil down his thirty-two verses to some such a quatrain as this, it is Solomon's Temple to a mouse-trap that he attracts customers at an increase of 10,000 per cent.

"Would you know where the place of all places for clothes is ?
'Tis the shop in the Minories kept by the Moses.
In the kingdom no toggery cheaper or finer is,
Than that sold by Moses and Son, of the Minories."

Mr. Webber speaks in laud of his gunner, at page 11, thus :

"In justice to the man whose guns the most
For years I've shot with at a moderate cost,
And never found them in the field to fail
In lock or barrel, but the birds to nail
In first-rate style, with pleasure I his name
My readers give, am sure they will not blame
Me hastily, should he be given trial
To weapon them, the guns fear no denial :
Reilly, in Holborn, number three sixteen,
On his true *stingers* may at work be seen."

We contend, a couplet like this would have done the business more effectually.

"The guns, I have reason to eulogize highly,
Are those manufactured in Holborn, by Reilly."

But the reader had better read Mr. W.'s book, and for own opinion upon its merits.

A HISTORY OF BRITISH FOREST TREES. By Prideaux John Selby, F.R.S.E., F.L.S., &c. Illustrated by a Woodcut of each Species, and numerous Vignettes. London: Van Voorst, 1, Paternoster-row, Bookseller to the Zoological Society. 1841.

WE have received the first number of this work, which, it is announced, will be completed in about ten parts, one part to appear each month. From the specimen before us, we are induced to anticipate well of the whole; but we are disposed to be cautious in saying all we think; forasmuch as the system of publishing in parts we cannot regard as a legitimate one. Within the present year several works that had done about half their course in this way, abruptly pulled up, to the manifest injury of their backers. When Mr. Selby shall have run his race, we will, to the best of our ability, state the character of the performance. We are bound to declare that he has made a good start.

THE MOOR AND THE LOCH. By John Colquhuon. Second Edition. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1841.

WHEN the first edition of this work appeared, we spoke of it in terms of unqualified praise, and we have seen our opinion adopted by all those who have since reviewed it. Mr. Colquhuon has done well in publishing this second edition, the novel matter of which would, in the hands of a book-manufacturer, furnish materials for three stout octavo volumes. The bastard family of sporting works is fast falling into disrepute, and a branch of literature, beyond all others national, with its legitimacy, is rapidly acquiring a character and condition to which it is so well entitled. Original matter, applying to certain of our rural sports (deer-stalking, for instance), possessed of practical interest, is only to be acquired by persons whose privileges are derived from their position in society. Publishers may rely upon it, that the day is gone when the public will buy (if *they* will print) treatises on wild animals, written by gentlemen themselves caged in the Bench or the Fleet, and books upon the theory and practice of fox-hunting, composed by sportsmen who take the air (at the elbows of their doublets, and the toes of their shoes) upon the piers of Calais and Boulogne. Let him who doubts (if any be sceptical), read any one chapter of "The Moor and the Loch," and contrast it with the articles of huckstery, in the same line, done for the trade: for example,—let him mark that one of these journeymen relates how "a horse that wins *this* year's Derby is backed to win *next* year's Leger,"* and shape his own conclusions.

In addition to the various Highland sports, treated of in the first edition, that now published contains Deer-stalking, and Burn and River-fishing; the whole forming, in the compass of a single volume, a library of Scottish sporting. Our limits do not permit us to give more than an isolated passage or two from this delightful book; but we may spare ourselves the regret of having mutilated it, for there is little doubt that every sportsman will find room for it on the most honourable shelf of his bookcase. The following is in the chapter on "Deer-stalking:"

"The most propitious day for deer-stalking is a cloudy one, with blinks of sunshine; exactly such as you would choose for fishing. When the sky is

* *Vide* "The Great Metropolis."

cloudless, and the sun very dazzling, the herd are apt to see you at a great distance, and take the alarm. High and changing wind is always very bad, as it keeps them moving about in a wild and uneasy state. In such weather it is better, if possible, to wait till it settles a little, and take advantage of the first calm. If the breeze be light, they will not move much, but a strong, steady wind, lasting for some time, will always make the deer change their ground, by facing it often for miles. Mist is the worst of all, as the deer are pretty sure to see you before you see them. Always advance on deer from above, as they are much less apt to look up than down a hill. If possible, have the sun at your back, and in their face. With this advantage, you may even venture to approach them from below. (Birds, on the contrary, always look up, and it is best to stalk them from lower ground.) If it is a quiet shot, and the sun is at your back, wait for a clear blink before making your near approach. Of course, every one knows that it is out of the question, *under any circumstances*, to attempt advancing on deer unless the wind is favourable, so all other directions are subject to this.

“After deer have been stalked and shot at, they become much wilder; the best sport at the old harts is therefore obtained at the beginning of the season. They generally keep together, and when their stately mien and branching antlers are seen in the distance, it is enough to inspire the most apathetic; but when told to cock his double-barreled rifle for a shot, I could well excuse a novice for being scarcely able to obey. When there are hinds in the herd they often present themselves between you and the unsuspecting harts; but even should they be at a distance, great caution is necessary, as, if one hind gets a glimpse of the crouching enemy, the whole herd, stags and all, are sure to scamper away, amidst the bitter execrations of the forester upon its hornless head.

“From the zigzag manner in which they often come up, it is very difficult to make sure which pass will be the favoured one, and I have been within a few hundred yards of the antlers, when the prolonged shout from below has warned me that I had an almost perpendicular shoulder of the hill to breast, at my utmost speed, before I could hope to obtain the much-desired shot. If the wind is at all high, so determined are the deer to face it, that, unless there are a greater number of drivers, one herd after another may take the wrong direction; but, if the day is favourable, with only a light breeze, a knowing driver or two will generally manage to send them up to the rifle. When the deer have selected their pass, should you be within fair distance, with both barrels cocked, beware of making the slightest motion, *especially of the head*, until you mean to fire. Even when perfectly in view, if you lie flat and don't move, the herd are almost sure to pass. One or two hinds generally take the lead. The fine old harts, if there are any in the herd, often come next, but sometimes, if very fat and lazy, they lag in the rear. When the first few hinds have fairly passed, the rest are sure to follow, until their line is broken, and their motions quickened by a double volley from the rifle.”

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Just ready, Part I., of “THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIDDIN,”

Now for the first time collected and arranged chronologically, with Notes, Historical, Biographical, and Critical, and THE MUSIC of the best and most popular of the Melodies; with new Piano-Forte Accompaniments, written expressly for this Work. This Work will be a more complete edition of the productions of the immortal CHARLES DIDDIN than has ever hitherto been published, either by himself or others. It will comprise the words of about One Thousand Songs, collected with the utmost care from the Operas, Entertainments, &c., for which they were written, and the Music of the most popular, with new Piano-Forte Accompaniments, from the pen of a well-established Arranger. It will also contain an original and authenticated Memoir, with a Portrait, a copious Index, &c.

The work will be completed in Eight Monthly Parts, forming one handsome Volume, medium 8vo., to range with the numerous cheap and elegant Editions of Standard Authors now in course of publication.

TURF REGISTER.

* It is not thought convenient to give the details of the running at the Minor Meetings.

GUILDFORD RACES.—MONDAY, JUNE 14TH.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; three-year olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 9 st. 11 lb.; five, 9 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 2 lb.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Goodman's ch. c. Belgrade, by Belhazzar, three years old (Crouch) ...	1	1
Mr. Connop's ch. c. Odds-bobs, four years old (Webb) ...	2	2
Mr. T. Gibbens's b. c. Colner, by Olympus—Specie, three years old (S. Mann) ...	0	0
Mr. Budd's ch. g. Adrian, aged (Barnard) ...	0	0
Mr. Roe's Stickler, half-bred, aged (a lad) ...	0	0
Col. Wyndham's b. c. Nongifted, four years old (Planner)	fell.

HAMPTON AND MOULSEY RACES.

WEDNESDAY, June 16th.—The Gold Cup (in specie), by subscription of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added by the Proprietors of the Course, for all ages; three year olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; five, 9 st. 3 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for £200 if demanded, &c.; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Booth's Isabella, by Medoro, six years old (Sly) ...	2	0	1	1
Mr. Goodman's Bedford, five years old (Connelly) ...	0	1	2	2
Mr. Scott's Windsor, three years old (Mann) ...	1	3	4	dr.
Hon. J. Sandlands' Moleskin, four years old (Dobson) ...	3	2	3	dr.
Mr. Hornaby's Revoke, five years old (Hornsby) ...	0	0	0	dr.
Lord Chesterfield's La Gitana, three years old (Nat) ...	0	0	0	dr.

The Surrey and Middlesex Stakes (Handicap) of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 if declared, with 50 sovs. added by the Proprietors of the Course; the second to save his stake; the winner to pay £20 towards the expenses of the course, and subscribe to the next year's Handicap; the winner of the Hambury or Ascot Stakes, 7 lb. extra; two miles (sixty-two subscribers, of whom forty-nine declared).

Mr. Payne's Welfare, by Priam, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Nat)	1
Mr. Treen's Fitzroy, four years old, 9 st. (Connelly)	2
Lord Chesterfield's Molineux, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Birbeck)	0
Mr. Coleman's Ch'inist, six years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Coleman)	0
Mr. Goodman's Mungo Parke, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Crouch)	0
Mr. Shackell's Cantle, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Wakefield)	0
Mr. Greville's Perseus, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Mann)	0
Mr. Coleman's Carlos, four years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (Esling)	0
Mr. Stirling's The Pocket Viper, three years old, 5 st. 7 lb. (Howlett)	0

Betting: 11 to 8 agst. Welfare, 5 to 2 agst. Fitzroy, 4 to 1 agst. Perseus, 6 to 1 agst. Cantle, 10 to 1 agst. Mungo Parke (tk.), and 10 to 1 agst. any other.

The Strawberry Hill Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses that have never won a Plate or Stakes of the value of £50; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five and upwards, 9 st. 12 lb.; the winner to be sold for £100; heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. S. Scott's Abel, by Cain, five years old (Butler)	1	1
Mr. Jenkins's Kate Kearney, six years old (Hayes)	0	2
Mr. Goodwin's St. Preux, four years old (Benskin)	3	3
Mr. Wisdom's b. m. Maid of Sussex (late Grimalkin), five years old (Balchin)	0	4
Mr. G. Clifton's ch. c. Playfellow, three years old (Wakefield)	2	dr.
Mr. J. Harman's ch. g. Wonder, aged (Hetherington)	0	dr.
Mr. Coleman's ch. h. Carlos, four years old (W. Coleman)	0	dr.

THURSDAY.—The Albert Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; weights same as for the Strawberry Hill Stakes; the winner to be sold for £120; heats, a mile and a quarter (four subscribers).

Capt. Gardner's Dismal Jemmy, by Clearwell, four years old (Nat)	2	1	1
Mr. Wright's Camille, sister to Pickwick, five years old (Wright)	1	3	2
Mr. Dockery's Lyster, five years old (Butler)	4	2	3
Mr. Bacon's Ascanius, aged (Brick)	3	dr.	

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., free for horses of all ages; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 9 st. 1 lb.; five, 9 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 2 lb.; the winner to be sold for £500, if demanded heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Goodman's Belgrade, by Belshazzar, three years old (Crouch)	3	1	1
Capt. Gardner's Ben Brace, three years old (Nat)	1	3	3
Mr. Shackell's Cantle, four years old (Buckle)	4	2	3
Mr. Sherrad's br. c. The Colonel, bred at Hampton Court, pedigree of the dam unknown (Butler)	2	dr.

The Hurst Cup of £50 (in specie), given by the Proprietors of the Course, for all ages; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 1 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; mares and gelding allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for £200; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Wright's Folly, by Nonsense, four years old (Nat)	1	1
Hon. J. Sandilands' br. g. Easingwold, five years old (Dobson)	0	2
Mr. Balchin's b. m. Slang, aged (Balchin)	2	0
Mr. Hornaby's Revoke, five years old (Hornaby)	0	0
Mr. Stirling's The Comptroller, three years old (Crouch)	0	0
Mr. Shelley's b. g. Munchausen, six years old (Buckle)	0	0

FRIDAY.—The Innkeeper's Plate of £40, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; the weight same as Strawberry Hill Stakes; the winner to be sold for £80; heats, once round and a distance (ten subscribers).

Lord Chesterfield's La Gtana, by Ishmael, three years old (Nat)	0	1	1
Mr. Balchin's Clematis, four years old (Balchin)	1	2	2
Mr. Shelley's Hellespont, four years old (E. Edwards)	2	3	3
Mr. Goodwin's St. Preux, four years old (Benkin)	0	4	dr.
Mr. Bacon's Ascanius, aged (Brick)	3	dr.
Mr. Coleman's Carlos, four years old (Coleman)	0	dr.	

A Free Cup, presented by the Proprietor of the New Toy Hotel, Hampton Court, with 10 sovs. added; three-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner once this year, 5 lb.; twice, 8 lb.; and three times, 10 lb. extra heats, one mile.

Hon. J. Sandilands' b. f. Moleskin, by The Mole, four years old (Wakefield)	1	1	
Mr. Stirling's The Comptroller, three years old (a lad)	3	2	
Mr. Balchin's Clematis, four years old (Balchin)	2	dr.	
Mr. Ramsay's Easingwold, five years old (Dobson)	4	dr.

NEWTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, June 16th.—The Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added; three-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; one mile and a quarter (7 subscribers).

Mr. Critchley's bk. c. Dunstan, by St. Nicholas, four years old (G. Whitehouse)	1
Mr. Graydon's br. h. Roscius, five years old (Calloway)	2
Lord Stanley's ch. f. Rhodanthe, four years old (Jones)	3

Betting: Even and 5 to 4 on Rhodanthe.

A Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 20 added; for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 3 lb. one mile and a quarter (six subscribers).

Mr. Mostyn's br. f. Birthday, by Muley Moloch (Darling)
Mr. Skerrat's b. f. Lydia, by Newton (Marlow)
Mr. Legh's br. f. Lady Mary, by Voltaire (J. Holmes)
M. R. J. Mostyn's b. f. Myrtle, by Stumps (Lye)
Mr. Bell's b. f. Mary O'More, by Muley Moloch (Hesseltine)

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Birthday, 2 to 1 agst. Lydia, 4 to 1 agst. Lady Mary, and 4 to 1 agst. O'More.

A Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 7 st. one mile and a quarter (three subscribers).

Mr. F. R. Price's ch. ro. f. Louise, by Sir Hercules	walked
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The Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., the gift of the Lord of the Manor, added to a Handicap of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared; the winner of a Cup at Chester on 16th, this year, 4 lb. extra; two miles and a distance (thirty-eight subscribers, fourteen paid 5 sovs. each).

Lord Eglington's b. m. Bellona, by Beegle, six years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Lye)
Mr. Richardson's ch. c. Kingston Robin, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (G. Francis)
Mr. Whittle's b. c. Humming Bird, four years old, 7 st. 1 lb. (Ryan)
Mr. Collins's gr. g. Isaac, aged, 8 st. 10 lb. (Darling)

Mr. Milner's br. h. Humphrey, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (G. Marson)	0
Mr. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, aged, 8 st. 2 lb. (Templeman)	0
Mr. Worthington's b. h. Northenden, six years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (J. Holmes)	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. h., brother to Prize Flower, five years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Hesseltine)	0
Mr. Graydon's ch. h. Clinker, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Dodgson)	0
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Cornuto, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (G. Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Thompson's b. f. Fenella, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (M. Jones)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Bellona, 3 to 1 agst. Kingston Robin, 5 to 1 agst. Modesty (tk.), 6 to 1 agst. the half-bred, and 7 to 1 agst. Cornuto.

A Plate of 60 gs. for horses, &c., that never won £50; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five and upwards, 8 st. 10 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Show Lad, by Contest, three years old (Cartwright) ...	0	0	1	1
Mr. Hill's ch. f. Lady Flora, three years old (G. Francis)	0	1	0
Mr. R. J. Mostyn's b. f. Myrtle, three years old (Lye)	1	0	0
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Battledore or Peter Lely, out of Augustina, three years old (Dodgson)	0	0	2
Mr. Legh's b. g. by The Earl, four years old (Clarke)	0	2	0
Mr. A. Bowers's ch. c. Alexander, three years old (Stagg)	0	3	dr.
Mr. Skerratt's b. c. by Newton, dam by Mameluke, three years old (Whitehouse)	0	dr.

THURSDAY.—The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added; the second horse to have his stake returned; one mile and three quarters (three subscribers).

Lord Stanley's b. c. Sybarite, by Voltaire, 8 st. 6 lb. (Jones)	1
Mr. Heywood's gr. c. Mr. Whippy, by The Saddler, 8 st. 6 lb. (Hesseltine)	2
Sir T. Stanley's gr. c. by Stumps, out of Jacob Faithful's dam, 8 st. 6 lb. (Templeman)	3

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Sybarite, 6 to 4 agst. Mr. Whippy, and 2 to 1 agst. Sir Thos. Stanley's.

The Golborne Stakes of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the Golborne Course (eleven subscribers).

Mr. F. R. Price's gr. f. Valentina, by Speculator—Valve (Cartwright)	1
Lord Stanley's bk. f. Lady of the Lune, by Amurath (M. Jones)	2
Mr. J. Talentire's br. f. Sprite, by The Mole (Marson)	0
Mr. Worthington's ch. c. by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam (Holmes)	0
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Borea, by Muley Moloch (Lye)	0
Mr. Buckley's b. c. David, by Physician, out of Rosalie (Whitehouse)	0
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's ch. f. Wide-awake, by Recovery (Darling)	0
Mr. Foster's b. c. Wilton Brown, by Bran (Marlow)	0
Mr. Meiklam's ch. f. Florence, by Velocipede (Templeman)	0
Lord Westminster's b. c. Hookah, by Pantaloon (W. Jones)	0

Betting: 20 to 13 agst. Valentina, and 15 to 6 agst. Lady of the Lune.

The Borough Cup of 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 6 st. 3 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb., and fillies above four years old, 5 lb.; winners of £100 in Cup or Stake, 4 lb. extra; one mile and a half (fifteen subscribers).

Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, three years old (Stagg)	1
Mr. Wormald's ch. g. Millepede, three years old (G. Francis)	2
Mr. Meiklam's b. c. Broadwath, four years old (Templeman)	0
Mr. B. Minor's b. h. Clarion, five years old (Darling)	0

Betting: Even on Portrait, and 6 to 4 agst. Clarion.

A Plate of 60 gs.; for three-year-olds, 6 st. 8 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners of a Plate this year, 3 lb. extra; of two Plates, a Gold Cup, or Her Majesty's Plate, 5 lb. extra; heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Legh's b. f. Lady Mary, by Voltaire, three years old (Francis)	1	1
Mr. Wilson's b. c. Show Lad, three years old (Lye)	4	2
Mr. Meiklam's b. c. Broadwath, four years old (Templeman)	2	3
Mr. Thomson's b. f. Miss Fitz, four years old (Darling)	3	dr.

FRIDAY.—The St. Helen's Purse of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft.; the second saved his stake; two-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; three, 8 st. 10 lb.; fillies allowed 3 lb.; the winner of the Golborne or St. Leger, on Thursday, 4 lb. extra; Golborne Course (six subscribers).

Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, three years old (Jones)	1
Mr. Worthington's br. f. by Muley Moloch—Lillah, two years old (Francis)	2
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Barelegs, three years old (Darling)	3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Portrait, and 5 to 2 agst. the filly.

The Shrigley Cup, value 100 sovs., given by William Turner, Esq., M.P., added to a Handle Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each; 10 ft., and 5 only if declared; the second to receive 25 sovs. for the Stakes; the winner of the Manchester Cup, the Lord of the Manor's Cup, or the Borough Cup this year, 3 lb. extra; one mile and a half (thirty-eight subscribers, of whom sixteen paid 5s each).

Lord Eglinton's b. m. Bellona, by Beagle, six years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Marson) ...	1
Mr. Holker's ch. m. Maid of Monton, aged, 8 st. 3 lb. (Templeman) ...	2
Mr. A. Bower's ch. f. Lady Grove, four years old, 7 st. 1 lb. (Whitehouse) ...	3
Mr. B. Minor's b. h. Clarion, five years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Darling) ...	0
Mr. J. Peace's ch. h. The Lord Mayor, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Peace) ...	0
Mr. Graydon's br. h. Roscius, five years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Stagg) ...	0
Mr. Wormald's gr. h. Bolus, five years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Hesseltine) ...	0
Lord Eglinton's b. f. Interlude, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Lye) ...	0
Mr. Wormald's gr. h. Bolus, five years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Hesseltine) ...	0
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Trustee, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Oates) ...	0
Mr. J. Taylor's br. m. Margaret, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Francis) ...	0
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Prince Albert, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Cartwright) ...	0
Mr. Bell's b. f. La Femme Sage, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Bunby) ...	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Interlude, 5 to 2 agst. Bellona, 3 to 1 agst. Bolus, 5 to 1 agst. La Femme Sage, 5 to 1 agst. Margaret, 7 to 1 agst. Maid of Monton, 7 to 1 agst. Lady Grove, 10 to 1 agst. Clarion.

The Hokee Pokee Handicap Stakes, of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by Mr. Legh's tenants and their friends, for three-year-olds and upwards; the second to receive 10 sovs. from the Stake heats, once round and a distance (seven subscribers).

Mr. Meiklam's b. g. Wee Willie, by Liverpool, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Templeman) ...	0	0	1	1
Mr. Speed's Aimwell, six years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Stagg) ...	1	0	2	2
Mr. Taylor's br. m. Margaret, five years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Oates) ...	0	1	3	3
Mr. Price's br. f. Lady Abbess, five years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Cartwright) ...	0	2	0	4
Mr. Thompson's br. f. by The Mole, three years old, feather (a lad) ...	2	0	0	0
Mr. Ogden's b. g. St. Leonard, six years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Francis) ...	2	0	0	0

A Plate of 60 gs.; for three-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and age 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners of a Plate this year, 3 lb.; of two Plates, a Go Cup of Her Majesty's Hundred, 5 lb. extra; heats, two miles.

Mr. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, aged (Templeman) ...	0	1
Mr. Collins's gr. g. Isaac, aged (Darling) ...	1	0
Mr. Wormald's ch. c. Millepede, three years old (Francis) ...	0	2
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Cornuto, four years old (Mr. Jones) ...	2	4
Mr. Milner's br. h. Humphrey, six years old (Marson) ...	0	0

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE RACES.

Stewards: Col. Thompson, and W. Orde, Esq.

MONDAY, June 21.—The Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added; three-year-olds, 7 st four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner of £100 in plate or stakes, 4 lb., of two or more, 7 lb. extra; the second to save his stake one mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Johnstone's br. h. Charles XII., by Voltaire, five years old (Marson) ...	1
Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, aged (Cartwright) ...	2
Mr. Haworth's b. c. Hull Bank, by Contest, three years old (Francis) ...	3
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Assagal, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Lye) ...	4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Bee's-wing, and 6 to 4 agst. Charles XII.

The Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 4 lb.; fillies, 8 st untried mares or stallions allowed 3 lb.; if four start, the second to save his stake; two mile (seven subscribers).

Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Jack Sheppard, by Voltaire, out of Rebecca's dam (Templeman) walked over.
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The Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 4 lb.; fillies, 8 st untried mares or stallions allowed 3 lb.; if four start, the second to save his stake; T. Y. (seven subscribers).

Mr. Jaques's b. c. Playfellow, by Tomboy—Galena 3 lb. (Holmes) ...	1
Mr. Orde's b. f. Beeswax, by Liverpool—Tomboy's dam (Cartwright) ...	2
Lord Eglinton's br. c. by Velocipede, out of Queen Bathsheba (Lye) ...	3

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Beeswax, 6 to 4 agst. Playfellow, 5 to 2 agst. Lord Eglinton's.

The Hunters' Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Marquis of Waterford, for *see* *ade* hunters, 12 st. each; half-bred horses allowed 7 lb.; certificates of having been regular

anted with any established pack of foxhounds during the season of 1840 and 1841 to be produced, on the respective masters of the hounds, before starting; gentlemen riders; the second to save his stake; two miles (eighteen subscribers).

Capt. Richardson na. br. g. Zohrab, by Lottery, aged (Capt. Pettat) ...	1
Capt. Ramsden's b. h. The Tiger, half-bred, by Lottery, aged (Col. Thompson) ...	2
Mr. H. Hinde na. ch. h. Charley-boy, by Actæon, six years old (Mr. Clarke) ...	3
Mr. John Bell's ch. m. sister to Ferneley, by Gainsborough, six years old (Major Campbell) ...	4

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Zohrab, 2 to 1 agst. Tiger, 7 to 1 agst. sister to Ferneley.

The Maiden Plate of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five and upwards, 10 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Orde's b. f. Queen Bee, by Liverpool, four years old (Cartwright) ...	1	1
Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon, three years old (N. Flatman) ...	2	2
Mr. J. Gray's b. f. by Voltaire, out of Matilda, three years old (T. Benson) ...	3	dr.
Capt. Pott's b. c. Jollyboy, by Tomboy, three years old (Jas. Jaques) ...	4	dr.
Mr. Braithwaite's br. g. St. Andrew, by Priam, six years old (Geo. Noble) ...	5	dr.
Mr. A. Waugh's b. g. St. Monance, by Brutandorf, five years old (W. Noble) ...	6	dr.
Capt. Harcourt's b. c. Arnagill, by Muley Moloch, three years old (T. Lye) ...	7	dr.

THURSDAY.—The Tyro Stakes of 25 sovs. each, p.p., with 25 added by the Town; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; T. Y. C.; three quarters of a mile (seven subscribers).

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Foxberry, by Voltaire—Matilda (T. Lye) ...	1
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Whistle Binkie, by Round Robin (W. Noble) ...	2
Col. Cradock's b. f. Sally, by Sheet Anchor—Fanny (S. Templeman) ...	3

Betting: Even on Foxberry, and 10 to 6 agst. Whistle Binkie.

The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, p.p., with 100 added by the Town, for three-year-olds; carry weights, viz., colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the second to save his stake; St. Leger course (eight subscribers).

Mr. J. Bell's gr. c. The Squire, by The Saddler, out of Surcingale's dam (R. Hesselstine) ...	1
Col. Anson's b. c. The Duke of Wellington, by The Saddler (N. Flatman) ...	2
Sir W. Milner's ch. c. Osberton, by Mundig, out of sister to Currency (Cartwright) ...	3

Betting: Even on The Duke of Wellington, 5 to 2 agst. Osberton, and 5 to 2 agst. The Squire.

The Filly Stakes of 10 sovs. each, p.p.; for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 7 lb.; one mile (six subscribers).

Mr. Chilton's br. Billingham Lass, by Langar, out of Fisher Lass (R. Hesselstine) ...	1
Capt. Wrather's gr. Miss Lydia, by Belshazzar (W. Oates) ...	2
Mr. Kirby's bk. Black Beauty, by Muley Moloch (J. Holmes) ...	3

Betting: Even on Billingham Lass, and 3 to 1 agst. Black Beauty.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 2 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and upwards, 10 st. 5 lb.; three miles.

Duke of Cleveland's b. h. Sampson, by Cetus, five years old (Lye) ...	1
Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. Jack Sheppard, by Voltaire, three years old (Wm. Oates) ...	2
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, by Lottery, aged (Cartwright) ...	3

Betting: 6 to 4 on Jack Sheppard, 2 to 1 agst. Sampson, and 3 to 1 agst. Zohrab.

WEDNESDAY.—The Gateshead or Lottery Stakes of 10 sovs. each, p.p., with 50 added for the winner, and 25 for the second; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 4 lb.; fillies, 8 st.; two miles (twenty-two subscribers).

Col. Cradock's b. c. Pagan, by Muley Moloch, out of Fanny, by Jerry (Templeman) ...	1
Mr. S. King's b. c. Catonlan, by Muley Moloch—Jubilee, by Caton (Holmes) ...	2
Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon—Georgiana (N. Flatman) ...	3
Mr. Caton's b. c. Candidate, by Contest, out of Carnation, by Comus (Marson) ...	4

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Catonlan, 3 to 1 agst. Pagan, and 10 to 1 agst. Lord Kelburne's colt.

The Northumberland Plate of 200 sovs., added to a Handicap Stake of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; the second saved his stake; two miles (fifty-seven subscribers, fourteen whom declared).

Mr. St. Paul's b. f. Calypso, by Liverpool, four years old, 8 st. (Templeman) ...	1
Mr. J. Bell's gr. c. The Squire, by The Saddler, three years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (G. Francis) ...	2
Mr. Ramsay's b. c. Neptune, by Physician, four years old, 7 st. (Geo. Noble) ...	3
Mr. Eddison's ch. c. The Ruler, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (N. Flatman) ...	4

Capt. Potts's b. f. Ada, by Physician, four years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (John Bumby)	0
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. Oxtou, by Muley Moloch, three years old, 6 st. 3 lb. (W. White)	0
Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Caius, by Physician, four years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (T. Lye)	0
Mr. Haworth's b. c. Hull Bank, by Contest, three years old, 6 st. 3 lb. (J. Joy)	0
Sir C. Monck's b. m. Garland, by Langar, six years old, 8 st. (W. Oates)	0
Mr. Crawford's b. m. Cantata, by Muley, aged, 7 st. (T. Benson)	0
Hon. T. O. Powllett's br. g. Hawkesbury, by Liverpool, four years old, 7 st. (Jas. Jaques)	0
Lord Miltown's ch. m. Cruiskeen, by Sir Hercules, aged, 3 st. (Calloway)	0
Mr. G. Dawson na. b. f. Little Bundle, by Voltaire, three years old, a feather (Abdele)	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Neptune, 7 to 2 agst. Calypso, 7 to 2 agst. The Squire, 5 to 1 agst. Rule; 6 to 1 agst. Cruiskeen, and long odds agst. the rest.

The Corporation Plate of 60 gs., given by the Corporation of Newcastle, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, p.p., for horses, &c., that never won £100 at any one time in plate or stakes before the day of naming; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five and upwards, 8 st. 10 lb.; mares and geldings allowed, 3 lb.; the second received 20 sovs. out of the stakes; heats, two miles (sixteen subscribers).

Mr. Orde's b. f. Queen Bee, by Liverpool, four years old (J. Cartwright)	5	1	1
Capt. Wrather's gr. f. Miss Lydia, by Belhazzar, three years old (W. Oates)	1	5	2
Sir C. Monck's b. c. by Master Syntax, dam by Filho, out of Twinkle, three years old (G. Noble)	3	3	2
Mr. G. Dawson na. b. f. Little Bundle, by Voltaire, three years old (G. Francis)	2	2	dr.
Capt. Potts's b. c. Master Edmund, by Memnon, Junior, three years old (J. Bumby)	4	4	dr.

THURSDAY.—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, p.p.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 4 lb.; fillies, 8 st.; the second to save his stake; T. Y. C. (fifteen subscribers).

Hon. T. O. Powllett's b. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Miss Fanny (S. Templeman)	1
Mr. Kitching's br. f. Priscilla Tomboy, by Tomboy—Catalini (W. Noble)	2
Mr. S. King's b. c. Cantonite, by Muley Moloch—Jubilee (J. Marson)	3
Mr. Jaques's b. c. Playfellow, by Tomboy, out of Galena (J. Holmes)	4
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Retainer, dam by St. Patrick (Nat)	5
Mr. Dawson's br. f. Temptation, by Satan (Lye)	6

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Playfellow, 2 to 1 agst. Mr. Powllett's filly, and 3 to 1 agst. Cantonite.

The Gold Cup, or Piece of Plate, value £100, by subscription of 10 sovs. each; the second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the Stakes; the surplus to be paid to the winner in specie; Ascot weights; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; two miles (eighteen subscribers).

Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, aged (J. Cartwright)	1
Mr. St. Paul's b. f. Calypso, by Liverpool, four years old (T. Lye)	2
Mr. Kirby's br. h. Lanercost, by Liverpool, six years old (W. Noble)	3

Betting: 5 to 4 on Lanercost, 5 to 2 agst. Calypso, and 4 to 1 agst. Bee's-wing.

The Members' Plate of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, by Lottery, aged (J. Cartwright)	1	1
Lord Eglinton's ch. g. Zoroaster, by Priam, five years old (T. Lye)	2	dr.
Mr. Hogg's b. f. Clementina, by Liverpool, three years old	dis.	

The Royal Victoria Whip Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 15 added by the Guards and Coachmen of the Mail and Turf Hotel Coach Offices, and their friends; the second saves his stake; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner during the week, 3 lb. extra; horses having started twice during the week, and not won, allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded; one-mile heats.

Mr. J. Bell's ch. m. sister to Ferneley, six years old (R. Hesselstine)	1	0	1
Mr. J. Gray's b. f. by Voltaire, out of Matilda, three years old (J. Benson)	3	1	4
Mr. Fairlie's ch. h. The Hydra, by Sir Hercules, six years old (J. Cartwright)	0	2	3
Mr. Crawford's br. m. Cantata, by Muley, aged (J. Holmes)	4	0	3
Mr. Orde's ch. h. Charley-boy, by Actson, six years old (Jacob Watson)	2	0	dr.

STAFFORD RACES.

TUESDAY, June 22nd.—The Staffordshire Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 50 added; twice round and a distance.

Mr. Critchley's bk. c. Dunstan, by St. Nicholas, four years old, 8 st. ... 1
 Mr. J. Painter na. b. f. Lady Abbess, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb. ... 2

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for three-year-olds; once round and a distance.

Mr. Skerratt's c. Hudibras, by Newton, 8 st. 5 lb. ... 1
 Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Rancour, by Revenge, 8 st. 5 lb. ... 2
 Mr. Fowler's ch. f. Sunflower, by Muley Moloch, 8 st. ... 3

WEDNESDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 20 added, for two-year-olds; T.Y.C. (see subscribers).

Mr. Fowler's ch. c. The Pacha, by Bran—Minikin, 8 st. 3 lb. ... walked over.

A Free Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; heats, once round and a distance (five subs.)

Mr. Skerratt's c. Hudibras, by Newton, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Dodgson) 1 1
 Mr. Collins's b. f. by Sir Hercules—Euphrosyne, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. 3 2
 Mr. Moss's b. m. Frailty, aged ... 2 3

BATH AND BRISTOL RACES.

Stewards: Fulwar Craven, and W. H. Gregory, Esqrs.

WEDNESDAY, June 23rd.—A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares bred in 1837; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3 lb.; both, 1; one mile.

Capt. Gardnor's br. c. by Camel, out of Cecilia (Wakefield) ... 1
 Mr. Sadler's Protection (Rogers) ... 2

Betting: 13 to 1 on Protection.

The Somersetshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 50 added by Committee; the second horse to save his stake, and the winner to pay 20 sovs. to the Judge; 3 miles and a distance.

Duke of Richmond's The Currier, by the Saddler, five years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Rogers) 1
 Lord Palmerston's Ilona, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Howlett) ... 2
 Capt. Gardnor's fo, five years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Wakefield) ... 3
 Sir E. Scott na. Master Tommy, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Bartholomew) ... 4
 Mr. I. Day's f. by Nimrod, out of Busk, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Chapple) ... 5
 Mr. I. Day's b. m. Science, five years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Percy) ... 6

Betting: 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on The Currier, 4 to 1 agst. Master Tommy, and 6 or 7 to 1 agst. any sr.

A Plate of 50 sovs., given by Lord Viscount Powerscourt, and W. H. Ludlow Bruges, Esq., the members for the City of Bath, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for three and four-year-olds; two-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; heats, one mile.

Mr. I. Day's Executrix, by Saracen, three years old (Chapple) ... 1 1
 Mr. Gregory's Una, three years old (Bartholomew) ... 4 2
 Mr. Dixon's Lady Georgiana, four years old (Dixon) ... 2 dr.
 Mr. De Mosher's Miss Nowel, three years old (a lad) ... 3 dr.
 Duke of Beaufort's ch. g. by Percy—Miss Craven's dam, three years old (Cotton) bolted.

THURSDAY.—The Original Five Sov. Stakes, with 50 sovs. added by the Committee, for horses that never won £100 at any time before the day of nomination; three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; a winner of £100 at any time previous to the day of starting, 5 lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; two miles and a distance (eight subscribers).

Mr. Treen's Una, by Glancus, three years old (Bartholomew) ... 1 1
 Mr. I. Day's f. by Nimrod, out of Busk, four years old (Chapple) ... 3 2
 Duke of Beaufort's ch. g. by Percy, dam by Merlin, three years old (Cotton) ... 3
 Mr. Dixon's Lady Georgiana, half-bred, four years old (Dixon) ... 4

No betting.

A Plate of 50 sovs. given by Col. Gore Langton, and William Miles, Esq., the late Members for Eastern Division of the County; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner once this year (matches and handicaps excepted), 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; thrice or oftener, 7 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for £250 if demanded, &c.; heats, a mile and a half, and a distance.

Mr. I. Day's Executrix, three years old (Chapple) ... 1 1
 Mr. Harris's Lauretta, six years old (a boy) ... 3 2
 Mr. Dixon's Lady Georgiana, four years old, entered at the post (Dixon) ... 2 3

The Dyrham Park Stakes (Handicap) of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 20 added; mile heats (five subscribers).

Capt. Gardner's ch. m. Io, by Taurus, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Wakefield)	4	1	1
Mr. Foster's b. m. Variety, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Bartholomew)	...	1	2
Mr. I. Day's b. m. Science, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Chapple)	...	3	3
Mr. Reynard's b. m. Forty-two, by Dr. Faustus, six years old, 5 st. 11 lb. (a lad)	2
	dr.

BIBURY CLUB MEETING.

Steward: The Earl of March.

TUESDAY, June 29th.—Produce Sweepstakes, of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; those by stallions, or out of mares that never bred a winner, allowed 3 lb.; last mile (five subscribers).

Mr. King's c. Hambleton, by Ishmael, out of Babel (3 lb.) ... walked over.

The Bibury Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared on or before the 7th of June, with 50 added by the Club; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake; two miles (twenty-four subscribers, sixteen of whom declared, &c.)

Mr. Sadler's Master Tommy, by Jack Tar, four years old, 9 st. 11 lb. (Mr. Bayley)	1
Mr. Scobell's Cracksman, five years old, 10 st. 12 lb. (Gen. Gilbert)	2
Mr. Herbert's Arctic, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (Mr. P. Williams)	3
Duke of Richmond's The Currier, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (Mr. A. Villiers)	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's gr. c. Currycomb, by The Saddler, out of Fickle, four years old, 10 st. 8 lb. (owner)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 on The Currier, 5 to 2 agst. Arctic, and 4 to 1 agst. Master Tommy.

Free Plate of 50 sovs., for all ages, three-year-olds, 9 st. 10 lb.; four, 10 st. 8 lb.; five, 11 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 11 st. 7 lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs., if demanded, &c.; three quarters of a mile.

Capt. Pettat's ch. g. Victor, by Defence, three years old (owner)	1
Mr. W. Etwall's b. m. Mermaid, by Merman, aged, half-bred (Mr. Bayley)	2
Mr. Fox's ch. c. Hampton, three years old (Mr. Batson)	3

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Mermaid, 2 to 1 agst. Hampton, and 2 to 1 agst. Victor.

Handicap Plate of £50; entrance 2 sovs. each, to go to the owner of the second horse; the winner of the Bibury Stakes to carry 5 lb. extra; one mile.

Mr. Osbaldeston's gr. c. Currycomb, by The Saddler, four years old, 11 st. (owner)	1
Gen. Gilbert's Stork, five years old, 10 st. 12 lb. (owner)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's Pluto, five years old, 9 st. 4 lb. (Mr. Batson)	3
Mr. Etwall's ch. g. Auburn, five years old, 10 st. 8 lb. (Mr. Bayley)	4

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Currycomb, 2 to 1 agst. Stork, 3 to 1 agst. Pluto, and 5 to 1 agst. Auburn.

WEDNESDAY, 30th.—The Cup Stakes, of 25 sovs. each, 5 ft., if declared, &c., with 100 added by the Club, if three horses start; last mile and half (twelve subscribers, seven of whom pay 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Etwall's c. by Mulatto—Melody, four years old, 10 st. 5 lb. (Mr. J. Bayley)	1
Gen. Gilbert's Stork, five years old, 10 st. (Capt. Pettat)	2
Mr. Herbert's Arctic, aged, 12 st. (Mr. P. Williams)	3
Mr. Scobell's Cracksman, five years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (owner)	0
Capt. Gardner's Io, five years old, 10 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Batson)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Melody, and 3 to 1 agst. Io.

The Andover Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Club; last mile (fourteen subscribers).

Mr. Osbaldeston's The Mountain Sylph, by Belshazzar, four years old, 11 st. 3 lb. (owner)	1
Gen. Gilbert's Stork, five years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's Gobemouche, three years old, 9 st. 3 lb., carried 9 st. 6 lb. (Mr. J. Bayley)	3
Mr. W. Etwall's Mermaid, aged, 9 st. 3 lb. (Mr. Batson)	4

Betting: 3 to 1 on Mountain Sylph.

STOCKBRIDGE RACES.

Steward: Lord George Bentinck.

WEDNESDAY, June 30th.—A Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 10 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3 lb.; one mile and a half (twenty-eight subscribers).

Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. by The Colonel, out of Galatea (Connelly)	1
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Mehemet Ali, by Ishmael, out of Arcot Lass, 3 lb. (Nat)	2
Capt. Gardner's c. by Camel, out of Cecilia, 3 lb. (Wakefield)	3
Duke of Richmond's f. Harpoon, by Glaucus, out of Baleine, 3 lb. (Rogers)	4

Betting: 5 to 4 on Mehemet Ali, 3 to 1 agst. Galatea, 3 to 1 agst. Cecilia, and 4 to 1 agst. Harpoon.

A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 9 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 6 lb.; one quarter of a mile (four subscribers).

Mr. Etwall's Palladium, by Defence, out of Mantilla	walked over.
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THURSDAY.—Match, 50 sovs.; new mile.

Mr. Osbaldeston's Currycomb, by The Saddler, four years old, 12 st. 7 lb. (owner)	1
Mr. Goodman na. Pluto, five years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (Becher)	2

Betting: 3 to 1 on Currycomb.

A Plate of 80 sovs., given by Lord G. Bentinck; one sov. entrance, to go to the second horse; one mile and three quarters.

Lord Palmerston's Illona, by Priam, four years old, 8 st. (W. Day)	1	0	1
Mr. Foster's Variety, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb.	2	1	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's Currycomb, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb.	0	0	2
Lord G. Bentinck's Gobemouche, three years old, 6 st.	0	2	0
Mr. Etwall's ch. g. Auburn, five years old, 6 st. 10 lb.	0	0	0
Mr. Hearn's bk. g. half-bred, by Merlin, five years old, 6 st.	0	0	0

CAMBRIDGE CORONATION RACES.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30TH.

The Coronation Plate of £30, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each; open to all horses; three-year-olds, 7 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 12 lb.; five, 9 st. 4 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 10 lb.; heats, once round; mares not thorough-bred allowed 10 lb.; the second saves his stake.

Mr. Rogers's ch. f. Jessica, three years old (Bartholomew)	0	1	1
Mr. Higgin's ch. g. Roulette, four years old, half-bred (Sly)	1	3	0
Capt. Daintree's ch. h. Tormentor, by Record, six years old (Butler)	0	2	2
Mr. J. Smith's b. g. Daniel, aged (Welham)	3	0	3
Mr. M. Titchmarsh's b. g. Lincoln, aged (Bishop)	2	0	0
Mr. J. Jennings's b. g. Toby, six years old, half-bred (Mizen)	0	0	dr.
Mr. Jordan's b. g. Vanish, five years old, half-bred (Nunn)	0	0	dr.

The Galloway Stakes of 2 sovs. each, with 10 added, from the Racing Fund; for galloways not exceeding fourteen hands two inches high; to carry 9 st. 7 lb.; and all under fourteen hands two inches to be allowed 7 lb. per inch; thorough-bred to carry 7 lb. extra; heats, once round the race; the second horse to save his stake.

Mr. Chaplin's ch. m. Slack, 9 st., carried 9 st. 7 lb. (Bishop)	1	1
Mr. Folbig's b. g. Vandyke, 9 st. 7 lb. (Fryor)	3	2
Mr. Parkhouse's ch. m. Victoria, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nunn)	2	3
Mr. Haggis's br. m. The Village Maid, 9 st. (Haggis)	0	0

The Hack Stakes, of 1 sov. each, with 10 added, for hacks the property of Inhabitants of the town; 10 st. 7 lb. each; thorough-bred 7 lb. extra; gentlemen riders; the second to save his stake; one mile.

Mr. J. Goldsmith's b. g. Cavallo, half-bred (Barker)	3	1	1
Mr. Game's b. g. Sluggard (W. Hodgson)	1	4	2
Mr. Sparrow's ch. m. Excitement, late Gulnaire, half-bred (Markham)	2	2	3
Mr. C. Davis's br. h. Bravo, thorough-bred (Prime)	4	5	4
Mr. Jordan's b. g. Vanish, half-bred (Nunn)	5	3	5

LUDLOW RACES.

Steward : Captain Hallifax.

WEDNESDAY, June 30th.—The Ludford Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, with 30 added by Lieut. Col. Salwey; once round and a distance (seven subscribers, three of whom declared).

Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, aged, 8 st. (Marlow)	1
Mr. Flintoff's br. m. Prudence, six years old, 7 st. 9 lb.	2
Mr. T. Walter's ch. g. Sir Mark, five years old, 7 st. 6 lb.	3

The Maiden Plate, of 50 sovs., given by Beriah Bottfield, Esq., for horses that have never won more than £50 before the day of entrance; heats; Ludford Stakes Course.

Mr. Walter's b. f. Miss Winney, by Sir Hercules, out of Euphrosyne, three-years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Stagg)	0	1	1
Mr. Peel's br. c. Meerut, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Smythie's b. c. by Safeguard, out of Schoolmaster's dam, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb.	0	3	dr.
Mr. Gough's br. f. Fausta, by Dr. Faustus, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb.	2	dr.	
Mr. George's b. g. Tippe, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb.	3	dr.	
Mr. Bradley's b. h. Sceptic, by Voltaire, out of Wagtail, six years old, 9 st. 5 lb.	0	dr.	
Mr. Saunder's ch. f. Chat, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb.	0	dr.	

The Oakley Park Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Hon. R. H. Clive; for half-bred hunters; heats; Ludford Stakes Course.

Mr. B. Botfield na. b. g. Henley, by The Tutor, out of Acco, four years old, 10 st. 5 lb. (John Jones)	1	1
Mr. Robinson's br. m. Finality, aged, 11 st. 13 lb.	3	2
Mr. Cowley's b. g. Spangle, six years old, 11 st. 9 lb.	2	3

THURSDAY.—The Gold Cup, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund; twice round, starting at the chair (five subscribers).

Mr. Denham's ch. f. by Pantaloon—Souvenir, three years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (Stagg)	1	
Mr. Fowler's br. m. Prudence, six years old, 9 st.	2	
Mr. Walter's ch. g. Sir Mark, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	3	

A Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund; for two-year-old colts; T.Y.C. being about half a mile and 200 yards (four subscribers).

Mr. Owsley's b. c. Happy-go-lucky, by Young Emilius, out of Catherina, 8 st. 4 lb. (Bradley)	1
Mr. Fowler's ch. c. The Pacha, 8 st. 4 lb.	2
Mr. T. Walter's b. c. Guz Beg, 8 st. 4 lb.	3

The Borough Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 10 added from the Fund; heats, once round and distance; the winner to be sold for £200 if demanded (seven subscribers).

Mr. Denham's ch. f. by Pantaloon—Souvenir, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Dodson)	0	1	1
Mr. Walter's b. f. Miss Winney, by Sir Hercules, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb.	1	4	3
Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Rancour, three years old, 7 st. 6 lb.	2	5	2
Mr. B. Botfield na. ch. c. Sportsman, by Jupiter, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	3	2	4
Mr. Gough's b. g. Greenfinch, half-bred, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	0	3	dr.
Sir C. Cuyler na. b. f. by Saracen, dam by Wamba, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb.	4	dr.	

The South Shropshire Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Members for that Division of the County; for horses of all denominations; heats; Ludford Stakes Course (two subscribers).

Mr. Botfield na. b. g. Henley, by The Tutor, four years old, 10 st. 5 lb. (J. Jones)	1	1
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, aged, 12 st.	2	dr.

CARLISLE MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, June 30th.—The Corby Castle Stakes of 20 sovs. each, p.p., with 25 added by P. H. Howard, Esq., M.P. for the City; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; T.Y.C.; about three quarters of a mile (four subscribers).

Mr. W. R. Ramsay's br. c. Whistle Binkie, by Round Robin, out of Lady Esby (W. Noble)	walked over.
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The Gold Cup, or specie, at the option of the winner, by subscription of 10 gu. each; for horses of all ages; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mare

and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to subscribe to the Cup for the succeeding year; two miles and a quarter (five subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's b. c. Neptune, four years old (W. Noble) ... walked over.

The Maiden Plate of 50 sovs., given from the Racing Fund, for horses, &c., of all ages, that never won, at any one time, Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, of the value of 50 sovs., before the time of starting; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 6 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; heats, twice round.

Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actmon, out of Georgiana,
three years old (W. Oates)
Mr. Clegg's ch. f. Lady Flora, by Hampton, three years old (T. Lye)
Mr. C. Lambert's br. g. Bambo Sutton, aged (W. Livesey)
Mr. Haworth's br. c. Hull Bank, by Contest, three years old (G. Francis)

THURSDAY, July 1st.—The St. Leger Stakes did not fill.

The All-age Stakes of 10 sovs. each, p.p., with 30 added from the Racing Fund, for horses, &c., of all ages; two-year-olds, 6 st.; three, 8 st. 4 lb.; four, 9 st. 4 lb.; five, 9 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 10 st.; mares and geldings allowed 2 lb.; heats, one mile and a quarter (two subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's b. c. Neptune, by Physician, four years old
Mr. Orde's b. f. Queen Bee, by Liverpool, four years old

There was no race for the Cumberland Plate.

The Tally-ho Stakes, of 5 sovs. each, p.p., with 10 added from the Racing Fund; free for any horse, mare, or gelding; five leaps over four-foot hurdles; 12 st.; thorough-bred horses, or the winner of any steeple-chase or hurdle-race, 7 lb. extra; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Hope Johnstone's h. The Returned
Mr. James's b. c. Lansquenet, by Langar, aged
Mr. P. Hay's b. m. Lightning, by Liverpool, five years old

GOODWOOD RACES.

TUESDAY, July 27th.—The Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; one mile and a quarter (nine subscribers).

Mr. Etwall's b. c. by Mulatto, out of Melody, four years old (J. Day, Jun.)
Mr. Goodman's ch. c. Belgrade, three years old (Crouch)
Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, three years old (Chapple)
Lord G. Bentinck's b. g. Naworth, four years old (J. Day)
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Reveller, out of Green Mantle, three years old (Mann)
Duke of Richmond's ch. h. Bulwark, five years old (S. Rogers)

Betting: 10 to 6 agst. the Melody colt, 5 to 2 agst. Portrait (tk.), and 4 to 1 agst. Belgrade. An indifferent race, won with ease by a length; the field was badly tailed off.

The Lavant Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; the winner of the July or Chesterfield Stakes, or either of the Two-year-old Stakes at Ascot, 5 lb. extra; half a mile (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Passion, by Ellis, out of Pet, 5 lb. extra (Connelly)
Duke of Richmond's c. Eaglesfield, by Hindoo, out of Otis (Rogers)
Lord G. Bentinck's c. Misdeal, by Camel, out of Odd Trick (J. Day)

Betting: 7 to 4 on Misdeal, 2 to 1 agst. Passion, and 5 to 1 agst. Eaglesfield. A fine neck-and-neck contest for half the distance, where Passion got a lead, kept it, and won cleverly by a neck. Misdeal was beaten two or three lengths.

The Drawing-room Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with a Bonus by an independent subscription of 10 sovs. each; the second to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes; the winner to pay 25 sovs. to the Judge; three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the winner of the Derby or Oaks, 8 lb. extra, the second for either, 4 lb. extra; once round D. S. C. (twenty-seven subscribers to the Sweepstakes, and sixteen to the Bonus).

Lord Albemarle's ch. c. Ralph, by Dr. Syntax (Robinson)
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Cesarewitch, by Rockingham (Darling)
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. Mustapha (J. Day)
Mr. Sadler's br. f. Defy (Connelly)

Betting: 2 to 1 on Ralph, 4 to 1 agst. Mustapha, and 8 to 1 agst. Cesarewitch. The favourite waited till within the distance, where he came away from his horses, and won in a canter by a length; there was great tailing with the two last.

Match, 50 sovs., h. ft.; one mile.

Capt. Gardner's Dismal Jemmy, by Clearwell, 8 st. (Nat)
Mr. Goodman's Mungo Parke, 8 st. 7 lb. (Rogers)

Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 on Dismal Jemmy, who took the lead, and won by a length.

A Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., for four-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; Queen's Plate Course, about three miles and a quarter (nineteen subscribers).

Col. Anson's Black Bess, by Camel (Nat)	1
Mr. Bowes's Black Beck (Scott)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's Capote (J. Day)	3
Lord Westminster's Launcelot, broke down (Holmes)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Black Bess, 2 to 1 agst. Black Beck, 2 to 1 agst. Capote, and 10 to 1 agst. Launcelot. The first of the running was made at good speed by Capote, who led to the rise of the hill, when Black Beck went to the front. At the distance the favourite challenged, took the lead, and won cleverly by a length. Launcelot broke down in the first mile.

The Ham Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts, 8 st. 10 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 7 lb.; the produce of mares covered in 1838; untried stallions or mares allowed 3 lb., both 6 lb.; T.Y.C. (forty-one subscribers).

Mr. Wreford's ch. c. Wiseacre, by Taurus—Wisdom's dam (J. Day, jun.)	1
Col. Peel's ch. c. by The Colonel, out of Hester, 3 lb. (Nat)	2
Duke of Richmond's b. f. by Elis, out of Baleine, 5 lb. (Rogers)	3
Mr. Treen's c. Barrier, by Defence, out of Bulwark's dam (Connelly)	4
Mr. Gratwicke's b. c. The Westphalian, by Elis, out of Cestus, 5 lb. (Buckle)	0
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. f. Firebrand, by Lamplighter, out of Camarine's dam (J. Day)	0
Lord Lichfield's c. by Bay Middleton, out of Zillah, 3 lb. (Wakefield)	0
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Albion, by Belram, out of Advance, 3 lb. (Darling)	0
Col. Anson's ch. f. Elopement, by Velocipede—Scandal (Robinson)	0

Betting: 5 to 4 on the Hester colt, 3 to 1 agst. Baleine, 6 to 1 agst. Barrier, and 6 to 1 agst. Elopement. The lot ran well together to the distance, where the front rank consisted of the Baleine filly, Col. Peel's colt, Barrier, and Wiseacre. The three last passed the stand upon good terms, the latter, just on the post, rushing to the front, and winning a splendid race by a head.

The Goodwood Club Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards; Craven Stakes Course; to be ridden by Members of the Goodwood Club (eleven subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's b. g. Naworth, four years old, 11 st. 12 lb. (Lord Maidstone)	1
Capt. Gardnor's Dismal Jemmy, four years old, 10 st. 10 lb. (owner)	2
Mr. Osbaldeston's Currycomb, four years old, 11 st. 5 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	3
Lord Albemarle's ch. c. Buffalo, by Taurus, out of Perfume, three years old, 10 st. 5 lb. (Count Bathyan)	4

Betting: 5 to 4 on Currycomb. The winner waited to the distance, where he closed his horses, made a rush close to the chair, and landed first by a head.

Sweepstakes of 500 sovs. each, 200 ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 10 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 7 lb.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3 lb.; only one allowance; T.Y.C. (nine subscribers).

Lord Chesterfield's c. Johnny Faa, by Bay Middleton, out of Charity, 3 lb. (Nat)	1
Duke of Beaufort's c. by Camel—Miss Craven's dam, 3 lb. (Robinson)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Flytrap, 3 lb. (J. Day)	3

Betting: 6 to 4 on the Camel colt, and 2 to 1 agst. Johnny Faa. The two favourites contested every inch of ground severely, Johnny Faa winning on the post by a head.

The Welter Stakes of 20 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 10 st. 12 lb.; four, 12 st. 4 lb.; five, 12 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 13 st.; gentlemen riders according to the Anglesey Stakes' article; Craven Stakes Course (five subscribers).

Mr. Osbaldeston's Mountain Sylph, four years old (owner)	1
Lord G. Bentinck's Naworth, four years old (Lord Maidstone)	2

Betting: 4 to 1 on the mare, who won cleverly by half a length.

The Innkeepers' Plate of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 10 lb.; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats; T.Y.C.

Mr. Dawson's b. g. The Drone, six years old (Lye)	0	1	1
Mr. Sadler's Variety, four years old (Connelly)	1	0	2
Capt. Pettat's Victor, three years old (Chapple)	0	2	3
Mr. Verrall's Maid of the Mill, six years old (Butler)	2	0	dr.
Mr. Wright's Wanton, four years old (Nat)	3	0	dr.
Lord Miltown's c. f. Semiramide, three years old (Stagg)	0	0	dr.
Mr. Hook's Miss Nowell, three years old (Mann)	0	0	dr.
Lord G. Bentinck's Gobemouche, three years old (Howlett)	0	0	dr.

WEDNESDAY.—The Members' Plate of 50 sovs., 50 added by the Ladies; £10 from the Fund to the second horse; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; the winner to be sold for 350 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, once round.

Mr. Shelley's Huon, by Plenipotentiary, three years old (Chapple)	...	1	1
Mr. Smith's b. f. The Maid, four years old (Barker)	...	0	2
Mr. Greville's Perseus, four years old (Nat)	...	2	dr.
Mr. Wright's ch. f. Folly, four years old (Connelly)	...	dis.	

The Goodwood Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; the second to give 50 sovs. out of the Stakes; the winner of any class of the Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, Tradesmen's Cup, at Liverpool July Meeting, 5 lb., of any two of those Stakes, 7 lb. extra; p Course (151 subscribers, of whom 102 declared).

Mr. Goodman's Orelia, by St. Nicholas, five years old, 8 st. 3 lb., carried 8 st. 3 lb. (Connelly)	...	1	
Lord Lichfield's The Corsair, five years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Wakefield)	...	2	
Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, six years old, 10 st. 6 lb. (Robinson)	...	0	
Mr. B. Herbert's Arctic, aged, 9 st. 2 lb. (Rogers)	...	0	
Mr. Payne's Welfare, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	...	0	
Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Cainus, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Lye)	...	0	
Sir C. Cockerell's Lady Liverpool, four years old, 8 st. (Darling)	...	0	
Mr. Sigworth's The Jovial Bachelor, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Hesseltine)	...	0	
Lord Exeter's Bosphorus, five years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (S. Mann)	...	0	
Col. Peel's I-am-not-aware, six years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Chapple)	...	0	
Mr. Sigworth's Muleteer, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Pettit)	...	0	
Mr. Goodman's Isabella, six years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Crouch)	...	0	
Mr. Gardnor's Monops, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Cotton)	...	0	
Lord Albemarle's Exit, four years old, 6 st. 11 lb., carried 7 st. (Whitehouse)	...	0	
Lord Miltown's Wirrestrew, five years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Stagg)	...	0	
Mr. Bayly's Master Tommy, half-bred, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Percy)	...	0	
Lord Chesterfield's Henri Quatre, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Francis)	...	0	
Mr. Gratwicke's Carlotta, four years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Bell)	...	0	
Col. Wyndham's Monsieur le Sage, three years old, 5 st. 7 lb. (Howlett)	...	0	

Betting: 11 to 4 agst. Caius, 7 to 1 agst. Welfare, 10 to 1 agst. Monops, 10 to 1 agst. Carlotta, to 1 agst. Henri Quatre, 12 to 1 agst. Exit, 13 to 1 agst. Orelia, 100 to 7 agst. Tommy, 100 to 6 st. Corsair, 100 to 6 agst. Isabella, 20 to 1 agst. I-am-not-aware, 25 to 1 agst. Bosphorus, 30 to 1 st. Lady Liverpool, and 200 to 3 agst. St. Francis. The start was a capital one, and consequently a field got off in a body, the first to shew prominently being Master Tommy. On the rise Carlotta took the lead, and tailing began to be manifest. At the distance Isabella was first; but she the Corsair passed her, and consequently Orelia, who was waiting near, was brought up, ran th him to the stand, then went away and won a good race by two lengths.

The Cowdray Stakes of 25 sovs. each; for two-year-olds, 7 st.; and three, 9 st. 2 lb.; fillies allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs., &c.; T.Y.C. (three subscribers).

Mr. Treen's Benedetta, by Defence, three years old (Connelly)	...	1	
Mr. King's Tommy, two years old (Mann)	...	2	
Lord G. Bentinck's Straw-hat, two years old (Howlett)	...	3	

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Benedetta, who won cleverly by half a length.

The Stewards' Cup, value 300 sovs. added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; T.Y.C. (forty-four subscribers).

Mr. Byng's ch. c. Garryowen, by St. Patrick, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Nat)	...	1	
Mr. Osbaldeston's Currycomb, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Wakefield)	...	2	
Lord Eglinton's Potentate, aged, 9 st. (Lye)	...	3	
Mr. Goodman's Remnant, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Rogers)	...	0	
Lord Miltown's b. g. Wirrestrew, five years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Stagg)	...	0	
Mr. Balchin's b. c. Dromedary, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Cotton)	...	0	
Mr. Treen's Una, three years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Connelly)	...	0	
Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Francis)	...	0	
Lord Eglinton's ch. f. Annulet, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Pettit)	...	0	
Duke of Richmond's Harpoun, three years old, 7 st. (Percy)	...	0	
Mr. Goodman's Mungo Farke, four years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Crouch)	...	0	
Mr. Gratwicke's Clementina, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Bell)	...	0	
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. g. Halfcaste, four years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Howlett)	...	0	
Mr. Treen's Benedetta, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Bartholomew)	...	0	
Col. Anson's Witch of Whorley Hill, three years old, 6 st. (Foster)	...	0	

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Halfcaste, 2 to 1 agst. Garryowen, 6 to 1 agst. Potentate, 6 to 1 agst. Remnant, 8 to 1 agst. Currycomb, and 8 to 1 agst. Una. A fine race, in which Garryowen led from end to end, and won by two lengths.

The Queen's Plate of 100 guineas; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 9 st. 2 lb.; five, 9 st. 13 lb.; x and aged, 10 st. 4 lb.; about three miles and five furlongs.

Duke of Richmond's The Currier, by The Saddler, five years old (Rogers)	...	1	
Mr. Goodman's Belgrade, three years old (Crouch)	...	2	
Sir C. Cockerell's b. f. Lady Liverpool, four years old (Darling)	...	3	

Betting: 6 to 5 agst. Belgrade, 5 to 4 agst. The Currier (taken freely), and 5 to 1 agst. Lady Liverpool. The Currier made all the running, and won by a dozen lengths.

The City Plate of 100 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the second to receive 10 sovs. out of the Stakes; one mile heats (thirteen subscribers).

Mr. Mostyn's Trustee, by Sir Grey or Birdcatcher, four years old (Darling)	3	1	1
Mr. Etwall's c. by Mulatto, out of Melody, four years old (W. Day)	...	1	2
Lord Eglinton's Annulet, four years old (Lye)	...	4	3
Mr. Osbaldeston's Mountain Sylph, four years old (Connelly)	...	2	dr.

THURSDAY.—The Racing Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the winner of the July, Clearwell, Criterion, or Prendergast Stakes, 3 lb. extra; of either Riddlesworth, Column, Newmarket, 2000 gs., 1000 gs., or Drawing-room Stakes, and the winner of St. James's Palace Stakes, and 100 sovs. Produce Stakes at Ascot, 6 lb. extra; of the Derby or Oaks, 9 lb. extra; a winner of both Derby and Drawing-room, 12 lb. extra; the new mile (sixteen subscribers).

Lord Albemarle's c. Buffalo, by Taurus, out of Perfume, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson)	...	1
Lord G. Bentinck's Mustapha, by Sultan, 8 st. 7 lb. (J. Day)	...	2
Col. Wyndham's Yorkshireman, by Hampton, 8 st. 7 lb. (Wakefield)	...	3

Betting: 4 to 1, 3 to 1, 5 to 2, and, at starting, 2 to 1 on Mustapha. They came together to the distance, where the two first had a decided lead, and run a neck-and-neck race home, which was won by fine riding by a head.

The Sussex Stakes of 25 sovs. each; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; untried horses or mares allowed 3 lb.; only one allowance; a winner before starting, 5 lb. extra; the winner of the Lavant or Molecomb Stakes, 7 lb., of both, 10 lb. extra; no horse more than 10 lb. extra; T.Y.C. (twelve subscribers).

Mr. Treen's Barrier, by Defence, brother to Bulwark (Connelly)	1
Mr. Etwall's c. Palladium, by Defence, 5 lb. extra (J. Day, jun.)	2
Mr. Fox's ch. c. Darling, by Plenipotentiary, allowed 3 lb. (Rogers)	3
Lord Exeter's c. Albion, by Beiram, allowed 3 lb. (Darling)	4
Duke of Bedford's ch. c. Envoy, by Plenipo., allowed 3 lb. (E. Edwards)	5
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Crusade, by Ascot, allowed 3 lb. (W. Day)	6

Betting: even on Palladium, 2 to 1 agst. Barrier, and 3 to 1 agst. Envoy. The winner made all the play, and won very cleverly by half a length.

A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each; two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; untried horses or mares allowed 3 lb.; both, 5 lb.; T.Y.C. (thirteen subscribers).

Col. Peel's ch. c. by The Colonel, out of Hester, 3 lb. (Nat)	1
Mr. Dixon's ch. f. Lucy Banks, by Ellis, out of Walfruna (Connelly)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's c. Straw-hat, by Bay Middleton, out of Chapeau de Paille, allowed 3 lb. (W. Day)	3
Mr. Herbert's c. Nessus, by Sir Hercules, out of Nanine (Rogers)	boiled.

Betting: 7 to 4 on Hester colt, 5 to 2 agst. Nessus, and 4 to 1 agst. Lucy Banks. The Hester colt made all the running, and won in a canter, by ten lengths, the second beating the third the same distance.

The Molecomb Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; a winner before starting (matches and handicaps excepted) 5 lb. extra; the winner of the Lavant Stakes, 7 lb.; no horse more than 7 lb. extra; T.Y.C. (thirteen subscribers).

Mr. Treen's Barrier, by Defence, 5 lb. extra (Connelly)	1
Duke of Richmond's Eaglesfield, by Hindoo (Rogers)	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Barrier, who made all the running, and won by half a length.

The Goodwood Cup, value 300 sovs., the rest in specie, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Racing Fund; the second to receive £100 out of the Stakes; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 9 st. 1 lb.; five, 9 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 12 lb.; mares allowed 4 lb., geldings 7 lb.; Cup Course (fifty-one subscribers).

Mr. Johnstone's br. h. Charles XII., by Voltaire, five years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (Marson)	1
Mr. Litchwald's Hyllus, five years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (Buckle)	...
Mr. Edison's The Recorder, five years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Nat)	...
Lord Eglinton's b. g. The Potentate, aged, 8 st. 9 lb. (Lye)	...
Duke of Richmond's Bulwark, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Rogers)	...
Lord Westminster's Maroon, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Templeman)	...
Lord Chesterfield's Colwick, aged, 8 st. 3 lb. (Holmes)	...
Mr. Greatrex's b. f. Pocahontas, by Glencoe, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Connelly)	...
Lord H. Seymour's br. h. Oakstick, by Royal Oak, out of Teneriffe, by Blacklock, six years old (French bred), 6 st. 12 lb. (Chapple)	...
Duke of Orleans's br. h. Nautilus, brother to Romulus, by Cadland, out of Vittoria, by Milton, six years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Whitehouse)	...

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. Hyllus (tk. freely), 11 to 2 agst. Charles XII. (tk. freely), 6 to 1 agst. Maroon (tk.), 8 to 1 agst. Nautilus (tk.), 8 to 1 agst. The Recorder, 15 to 1 agst. Oakstick, 20 to 1 agst.

Pocahontas (tk.), 25 to 1 agst. Bulwark (tk.), and 25 to 1 agst. Colwick (tk.) At the fall of the flag, Nautilus took a decided lead—all the others well up—and led, with scarce a change, to the straight ground, coming home, where he gave way to Hylus, The Recorder, and Charles. These three, clear of the field, made the struggle for the finish, every yard neck and neck from the distance, Charles winning the finest race ever witnessed on the post by a head. Nothing had a chance with the three placed; some, including Bulwark, Colwick, and Oakstick, were beaten quite off.

The Duke of Richmond's Plate (Handicap), of 100 sovs.; last mile.

Mr. Goodman's ch. f. Remnant, by Cain, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Wakefield) ...	1
Mr. Ridsdale's Muleteer, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Pettit) ...	2
Mr. Etwall's c. by Mulatto, out of Melody, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Howlett) ...	3
Mr. Herbert's Arctic, aged, 8 st. 11 lb. (Rogers) ...	0
Lord Chesterfield's All Fours, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Nat) ...	0
Mr. Wright's ch. f. Folly, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Mann) ...	0
Mr. Verrall's Maid of the Mill, six years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Stagg) ...	0
Mr. Booth's Benjamin, four years old, 7 st. (Chapple) ...	0
Mr. Smith's The Maid, four years old, 7 st. (Lye) ...	0
Mr. I Day's br. f. by Nimrod, out of Busk, four years old 6 st. 7 lb. (Percy) ...	0
Duke of Richmond's Sherbet, four years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (Bartholomew) ...	0
Mr. Forth's br. c. by Augustus, out of Courtesan, three years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (Bell) ...	0
Col. Wyndham's Monsieur le Sage, three years old, 5 st. 9 lb. (Levy) ...	0
Mr. Treen's Benedetta, three years old, 5 st. 7 lb. (Foster) ...	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. All Fours (tk.), 5 to 1 agst. the Melody colt (tk.), 5 to 1 agst. Remnant (tk.), 7 to 1 agst. Folly, 7 to 1 agst. Benjamin, and 8 to 1 agst. The Maid. This was another fine race: the winner waited with great patience to the Stand, when he rushed for the lead, and won by a length. All Fours looked the best half-way up the distance.

The Anglesey Stakes, of 15 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, and upwards; to be ridden by Officers of the Army or Navy, or by Members or Sons of Members of White's, Brookes's, Boodle's, the Jockey Club, Goodwood, Heaton Park, Eglinton Park, or Bibury Clubs; the new mile (eleven subscribers).

-Mr. Osbaldeston's Currycomb, by The Saddler, four years old, 11 st. 4 lb. (owner) ...	1
Capt. Gardner's Dismal Jemmy, four years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (owner) ...	2
Lord Eglinton's Annulet, four years old, 10 st. 9 lb. (Capt. Pettat) ...	3
Lord G. Bentinck's b. g. Naworth, four years old, 12 st. (Lord Maidstone) ...	4
Mr. Smith's The Maid, four years old, 10 st. 9 lb. (Mr. W. Smith) ...	5
Capt. Pettat's Victor, three years old, 9 st. 12 lb. (Mr. J. Bayley) ...	6

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Currycomb (tk.), 3 to 1 agst. Dismal Jemmy, and 7 to 2 agst. Victor. Won with all ease, apparently no effort being made to contest it.

FRIDAY.—The Nassau Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 7 lb.; the winner of the July, Clearwell, Criterion, or Prendergast, 3 lb. extra; of either Riddlesworth, Column, Newmarket, Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, One Thousand Guinea, or Drawing-room, and the winner of the St. James's Palace and One Hundred Guinea Produce of Ascot, 6 lb. extra; of Derby or Oaks, 9 lb. extra; of both Derby and Drawing-room Stakes, 12 lb. extra; new mile (ten subscribers).

Lord Exeter's f. by Reveller, out of Green Mantle, 8 st. 7 lb. (Darling) ...	1
Mr. Payne's ch. f. Australia, by Langar, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat) ...	2
Colonel Wyndham's f. by Nonsense, dam (1828) by Whalebone, out of Harpalice, 8 st. 7 lb. (Wakefield) ...	3
Colonel Anson's The Witch of Whorley Hill, 8 st. 7 lb. (Holmes) ...	4
Mr. Fox's Delusive, 8 st. 7 lb. (Rogers) ...	5

Betting: 7 to 4 on Australia, 3 to 1 agst. Delusive, and 5 to 1 agst. the Green Mantle filly. The winner led from the start to the finish, and had the best of the race by half a length; Delusive was beaten off.

The Produce Stakes, of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; last mile and a half of the Queen's Plate Course (forty-three subscribers).

Lord Albemarle's Ralph, by Dr. Syntax (Robinson) ...	1
Mr. Thornhill's Eringo (Connelly) ...	2
Mr. Mostyn's Prince Caradoc (Darling) ...	3
Lord Exeter's Abydos (Mann) ...	0
Lord Albemarle's Buffalo (Cotton) ...	0
Lord Westminster's Marshal Sout (Holmes) ...	0
Mr. Rush's c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Perkins's dam (Nat) ...	0

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Ralph (tk.), 7 to 4 agst. Prince Caradoc, 4 to 1 agst. Marshal Sout, 10 to 1 agst. Eringo (20 to 1 laid once), and 20 to 1 agst. any other. Buffalo, at good speed, made the first running; the favourite waiting with the rear rank to the rails, when he crept forward. At the distance, Prince Caradoc was leading, Eringo and Abydos well with him, and Ralph ready for his rush. At the Stand the four set to, a few strides from the chair Robinson getting his horse in front, and winning by a head.

The Chesterfield Cup, by subscription of 15 sovs. each; Craven Course (twenty-nine subscribers).

Lord Eglington's Dr. Catus, by Physician, four years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (Lye)	1
Lord Westminster's Maroon, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Templeman)	2
Duke of Richmond's Mus, aged, 8 st. 12 lb. (Rogers)	3
Mr. Thornhill's St. Francis, six years old, 9 st. 8 lb. (Robinson)	0
Lord Eglington's The Potentate, aged, 9 st.	0
Lord Lichfield's The Corsair, five years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Wakefield)	0
Mr. Byng's Garryowen, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Nat)	0
Mr. Boves's Black Beck, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Chapple)	0
Lord Chesterfield's Henri Quatre, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Francis)	0
Mr. Greville's Perseus, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Bartholomew)	0
Mr. Dixon's Knightsbridge, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Bell)	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Halfcaste, four years old, 6 st. 2 lb. (Howlett)	0

Betting: 7 to 2 agst. The Corsair, 4 to 1 each agst. St. Francis, Garryowen, and Mus, 6 to 1 each agst. Henri Quatre and Halfcaste, 10 to 1 agst. the winner, and 10 to 1 agst. Maroon. A splendid race, won in the last few strides by half a head.

The March Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., &c; to be ridden by Members of the Goodwood Club; if twelve acceptances, to be divided into two classes, and the winners to run for the 5 sovs. forfeits, staking 10 sovs. each, and carrying 6 lb. extra; and any horse that has started to be allowed to challenge for the forfeits, carrying the original weight (thirty subscribers, of whom eighteen paid 5 sovs. each); last three quarters of a mile of the D.S.C.

FIRST CLASS.

Mr. Isaac Day's f. by Nimrod—Busk, four years old, 10 st. 3 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	1
Lord G. Bentinck's Capote, four years old, 11 st. 4 lb. (Hon. A. Villiers)	2
Lord Eglington's Annulet, four years old, 10 st. 10 lb. (Mr. W. Smith)	0
Duke of Richmond's Sherbet, four years old, 10 st. 3 lb. (Lord Maidstone)	0
Mr. Holmes's Vulcan, four years old, 11 st. (Capt. Gardner)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 each agst. Capote and Busk filly, who waited till she was close at home, when she made her rush, and won by half a length.

SECOND CLASS.

Mr. Smith's The Maid, by Mulatto, four years old, 10 st. 3 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	1
Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, three years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (Mr. W. Smith)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's Naworth, four years old, 11 st. 7 lb. (Lord Maidstone)	3

Betting: Even on the Maid, 6 to 5 agst. Buffalo, and 7 to 4 agst. Naworth. The favourite had it all to herself, and won by three lengths.

CHALLENGE.

Mr. Smith's The Maid, 10 st. 9 lb. (Capt. Gardner)	1
Mr. Isaac Day's f. by Nimrod, out of Busk, 10 st. 9 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's Capote, 11 st. 4 lb. (Hon. A. Villiers)	3
Duke of Richmond's Sherbet, 10 st. 3 lb. (Lord Maidstone)	4

Betting: 7 to 4 on Busk, 3 to 1 agst. Capote, and 3 to 1 agst. The Maid, who waited to the distance, when she challenged, and won by a neck.

The Orleans Cup, given by H.R.H. the Duke of Orleans, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; the second receives £50 out of the Stakes; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 9 st.; five, 9 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 10 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 4 lb.; maiden three-year olds, 4 lb. four, 7 lb.; five, 10 lb.; six and upwards, 14 lb.; the winner of the Cup or Cups at Goodwood, Chester, Newton, Liverpool, and Ascot, 5 lb. extra; the winner of the Derby or St. Leger, 7 lb. extra; the winner of the Oaks, 4 lb. extra; Goodwood Cup Course (ten subscribers).

Duke of Richmond's Mus, by Bizarre, aged, 9 st. 10 lb. (Rogers)	1
Mr. Lichtwald's Hyllus, five years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (Buckle)	2
Gen. Wyndham's Aspatia, three years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (Bartholomew)	3
Lord G. Bentinck's Mustagha, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Howlett)	4

Betting: 3 to 1 on Hyllus, 5 to 1 agst. Mus, 6 to 1 agst. Aspatia, and 10 to 1 agst. Mustagha. Aspatia led to the first turn, where Mus headed her, and, going on his own pace, won by a length. Hyllus appeared to be set going at the Stand, but he was slow in getting on his legs, and had no room to catch the leader.

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1841.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

“ROYAL PHEASANT SHOOTING IN SWINLEY PARK,” BY WARREN, AFTER
E. B. DAVIS;

“ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EQUESTRIAN ORDER.” NO. II.—A PATRICIAN;
ETCHED BY LANDELLS, FROM A PAINTING BY DAVIS.

AND

A MAP OF THE FIXTURES OF THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE note from Paris, "Rue Neuve St. Augustin," shall be attended to.

Mr. Greener's communication arrived too late for the present number.

The Editor will take an early opportunity of replying to the letter on the subject of the Liverpool Race-course.

"A Subscriber from the Beginning, Windsor." To the first question, next month, in all probability; to the second, we presume the *Monday's* Riddlesworth is meant by our correspondent. For the Riddlesworth, 1845, the produce of the following mares and stallions is named:—

Mr. Thornhill's Maria	Emilius.
———— Mustard	Emilius.
Mr. Wreford's (jun.) Monimia	Camel.
———— Wapiti (mare untried)	Liverpool.
Lord George Bentinck's Camarine's dam	Bay Middleton.
Lord Kelburne's ch. m. by Comus, out of Georgiana, by Woful (mare untried)	Bay Middleton.

We will write to our correspondent in the Pytchley country in a few days; in the meantime we beg he will accept our best acknowledgments for his prompt and considerate attention.

Mr. Dinneford's Horse-hair Glove-brush is one of the most useful articles that late years have added to the items of our stable economy. It is fifty times more handy and more workmanlike than the common horse-brush, and ought to supersede it in every well-regulated establishment.

We have now given Maps of six of the leading hunting countries of England, from materials supplied to us exclusively by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the respective Hunts; and it is our purpose to continue the series in regular monthly succession till all are completed. The whole will form the first "General Atlas of the Chase" published in this country.

Several works have been received, which shall be noticed in our next number.

Vol. V., bound in cloth boards, lettered, is now ready, and may be had of all Booksellers.

HYDE MARSTON ;
OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN'S LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER THE NINTH:—THE *SERIO* AND *BUFFO* OF METAPHYSICS.

“When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Now wears a garland, an Egyptian god ;
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His action's, passion's, being's use and end.”

ESSAY ON MAN, Epist. i.

As these gleanings of memory do not pretend to the dignity of a regular composition, I might, perhaps, have permitted the introduction of an actor, in no way connected with the development of my story, to have passed without observation. But as many so situated will

———“fret their hour upon the stage,
And then be seen no more,”

It may be convenient to explain the purpose I would serve by bringing them upon the scene. The prevailing design, with the majority of modern writers of fiction, appears to be the inculcation of the doctrine that metaphysics are as capable of demonstration as any mathematical proposition. The intention is, no doubt, a well-meaning one ; but the theory is as false as mischievous. The eternal laws by which the economy of life is governed, are in mercy hidden from us. Blind as we are, the excellence of such a Providence must be evident. Endurance of the condition of mortality would be wholly inconsistent with the property of omniscience : who could tolerate existence were he future written on the page that records the past? It was Infinite Grace that sent us into the world with understandings limited and finite : ungratefully do they acknowledge the blessing who seek to analyze the eternal system by means of that reason whose views extend not beyond the experience of the hour that engages them. It is not a question the providence, or the love of the Eternal, that, in the course of this narrative, instances will be adduced whose issues shall seem opposed to moral justice. My aim is to reconcile to their dispensations those who suffer, by showing that such consequences are common to the disposition of human life, however philosophy may fail to discover or account for their design.

As Hervey and I made our way homewards from the scene of the combat related in the last chapter, his manner lost all the gay and playful spirit that distinguished it in the previous part of the day. Our route led by the High-street, gorgeous and teeming with its stores of priceless architecture. As Scott has sung of Melrose, he who would see Oxford as best it may be seen, should "visit it by the pale moonlight." In this guise it was then exhibited to us. Upon Hervey the effect was evidently a painful one. He was naturally of a sanguine temperament ; full of gentle and loving sympathies, and scrupulous of honour as a knight of the olden chivalry. The solemn grandeur into which we had passed from a vile and pestilent crowd, was a contrast too powerful for his keen sensibility. As we slowly wended forward, he was wrapped in deep thought, and it was not till some time after we were seated at the supper already spoken of, that conversation and good cheer worked their common effects upon him. Even then the bias of his mind broke out, apparently forced into words, rather than spoken with deliberate will. "Marston (I give the substance of several observations made during the time he remained with me), is not the doctrine of free agency a palpable fallacy, seeing that the instruments wherewith to execute our purposes are so frequently withheld from us ? I cannot but feel deeply for that unhappy young man, whose sad humiliation we have just witnessed. Sent into this life, morally or physically 'but half made up,' is it just—is it consistent that we suffer for the want of such properties as it seemed good to the Eternal to deny us ? God forgive me if I sin in arguing thus, and forefend that any accident should lead me into a strait too perplexing for the strength of soul or body wherewith it has pleased *Him* to endow me !"

If, in this latter passage, that prophetic sympathy, wherewith I believe all natures to be endowed in the proportion to their sensibilities, gave utterance to its mystic influences, never were coming events more fitly heralded by the shadows that foretold them. Some three years after we had left Oxford, Hervey accompanied me to a race-meeting in the north of England. The favourite for the great event belonged to an old and intimate friend of his, one of the most noted men of the day for reckless eccentricities. His wife was as much distinguished for her beauty and meekness ; and, while the preliminaries of the race were being adjusted, Hervey stood at her side in the Stand. The favourite lost ; and shortly afterwards the disappointed owner appeared. "Put on your shawl ; the carriage is in waiting ; I'm going home instantly," said he to his gentle partner, who instinctively shrank from the fiercely sullen expression of her husband's look. The tone in which this was spoken drew my attention (although I occupied

remote corner of the building); turning to learn the cause, I saw Hervey approach them. I felt that there was mischief at hand, and forced my way forward as quickly as the crowd permitted. "Come, come, old fellow," he expostulated, "because you've lost your own anticipated pleasure, don't deprive Mrs. — of hers: let the carriage wait till the racing is over; your people are pretty well practised to such things." At this instant, he whom he addressed seized his wife violently with his left hand, and, as he led her away, struck the speaker with the other a blow that all but brought him to the ground. So monstrous an aggression paralysed the by-standers, and, before surprise and indignation found words, I removed Hervey from the spot.

We entered our hotel, and ascended to his chamber without exchanging a word. He bolted the door as we entered, and then threw himself upon the bed; but still he did not speak, and I knew not how to break so ominous a silence. At length he asked—

"Has he left the print of his hand upon my face?"

"You are unmarked," said I; "but that in no way affects this most unhappy chance; it would be absurd to pretend ignorance of the only alternative that remains to you, or of that which I am so well aware you will adopt. Upon me rely in all things; you have but to name your wish, and it is done."

"Long and well as I have known him," he continued, rather soliloquizing than addressing me; "treacherous, infirm, as I have proved his temper, I never believed that baseness or cowardice belonged to it. But to use me like a hound, to buffet me in a presence which he knew was a shield to him, cheap as he might hold my personal prowess, was not horrible, unnatural, unmanly? I have need of counsel. I will ask it of my own heart." After a short pause he continued, "My friend, leave me for a while; dine, and come to me at seven. Fortunately my pistols are here; adieu! Whatever may be the resolution upon which I act, it will be the best that my powers of mind enable me to arrive at: if weak or erring, *surely we shall not suffer for want of such properties as Eternal Justice has seen fit to deny us.*" I went to him, pressed his hand, and promised as he requested. His manner was calm, full of courteous benevolence, and without token of excitement, the only trace of which was the more than usual brilliance of eye with which he watched my departure.

The time that intervened I passed alone, as much from unfitness for society, as to avoid the questions with which I should have been assailed. The first stroke of seven brought me to his door; an undefinable anticipation of evil was on me as I opened it. Too true was he foreboding! There, where so lately I had parted from him in the golden noon of life and promise, lay he, whom I sought, stark and

stiff; the instrument of death still clutched in the hand wherewith the mortal had put on immortality. . . . A noble spirit was his of whom the overtrue tale is told. Surely, if ever human frailty moved the recording angel, we may hope that, as he wrote it down, he "dropp'd a tear, and blotted it out for ever."

Among those, with whom I have been on terms of intimacy, whose lives were cast in the most eccentric orbits, singularly marked by the grave and *grotesque*, was the early career of a young Lancastrian. As he still lives, I refrain from naming him; indeed, I give this sketch of his history chiefly upon the principle that troops are marched from the funeral of a comrade to the air of a jig or strathpsey. Robert, or as he was better known, Bob —, was the son of a person who, being stationed at one of our West Indian islands, in a mercantile capacity, married a native woman, by whom he acquired a considerable fortune. On returning to England, he settled in a flourishing commercial town of the north, where he presently died, leaving a "dismal" widow behind him, and some dozen pledges of affection, coloured alternately like the keys of a piano. The eldest, a son, a frank, *natural*, kind-spirited fellow, was of christian dye: Bob, in his boy-hood, *flat*, and, in his maturity, *sharp*, had a countenance "in a concatenation accordingly." His feet were large and flat, and so was his nose; his fingers were gnarled and lank, like the talons of a bird of prey; while the complexion and good-humoured expression of his visage reminded you of an orang affecting the amiable. Beneath that ill-favoured cuticle dwelt a spirit burning with ambition; nature had given him a head to think, and a hand (or a claw) to execute. He was not without taste and talent, his manners were good, his conversation amusing, and his bearing gentlemanly. Yet, with all these sterling properties, the paths to honourable estate and distinction were as hermetically closed against him, as if he had escaped piping hot from Hades, with the fresh fumes of its brimstone as pungent upon him as *sal volatile*. And wherefore? Because, as Byron sings of Beppo—

"He had a face the colour of mahogany."

I forget by what accident I first made his acquaintance, but the social ostracism under which I found him suffering, produced a feeling that he soon contrived to turn into intimacy. For two or three years he hung about me like my shadow; paid visits unasked, when I was at home; and never failed being in town when he learnt that there was a chance of my being there. The more obvious it became that people fought shy of him, the more the sense of justice—a predominant feeling of my nature—was roused in his behalf. In spite of many a scurvy joke, he had always a seat in my tilbury, and at my table, or an arm in Bond-street, to all of which he attached himself with unflinching con-

tancy. I even got him into a house or two where they were not over particular, and, to do him justice, wherever he could insert any fraction of his frame, the remainder was safe of a lodgement. "Use lessens marvel," says Scott; there never was a more unimpeachable truism. As the day degrees the dark became less and less sombre; the dingy assumed the clear; and, anon, I could sit *vis-à-vis* a young gentleman who might have passed muster for a Hottentot, look in his face, and yet forget it all." Philosophy, science, and art, are indebted to chance for many of their most remarkable discoveries, and thus did a trifle first bring vividly before me the fact that I had a friend not as other men were. During the first year of our acquaintance he accompanied me to B— for a few days' hunting. I mounted him; and, at the instance of Maher (who, probably, did it in the spirit of his country's devilment), furnished him with all else that became a modern disciple of Diana. It was on a bright spring morning that he was to make his first essay; my father was sitting with me at breakfast; time wore on, and we were wondering at the lengthened toilette of our guest, when the door opened, and he appeared. A more extraordinary apparition was never seen out of a stage-play. How shall I attempt to describe it? As he stalked across the room, the total revolution in his costume added, so all seeming, another furlong to his stature; while his long black lead, springing from the collar of a scarlet frock, was like nothing in nature but the petal of a gigantic fuchsia. The old gentleman looked ghast: between the extremity of his politeness and his amazement, he ran every risk of apoplexy, when nature triumphed, and, *malgre* the apkin thrust into his mouth, he threw himself back in his chair, and wildly shouted in a convulsion of delight. I confess I couldn't wholly reserve my own gravity, but the author of our pleasantry was by no means moved. I don't think he had any idea that we were laughing at him; whether he had, or not, it did not put him out of countenance, or he straightway proceeded to embowel a pigeon-pie with great earnestness.

This was my first hint: another followed fast on its kibes. About his time my Lancashire friend took the scarlet fever in consequence of being exposed to a field-day of the — Dragoon Guards, whose headquarters were then at Manchester. He forwarded an early account of the attack to me, with such suggestions, touching a remedy, as my regard for him did not allow me to slight. I lost no time in writing to one of the most popular men in the regiment, Captain —, now Colonel C—, to inquire what chance there was of a vacancy, and how such might best be made available, at the same time stating the name of the candidate whom he had seen with me. I give his answer in his own words: "My dear Marston,—I am rejoiced to hear

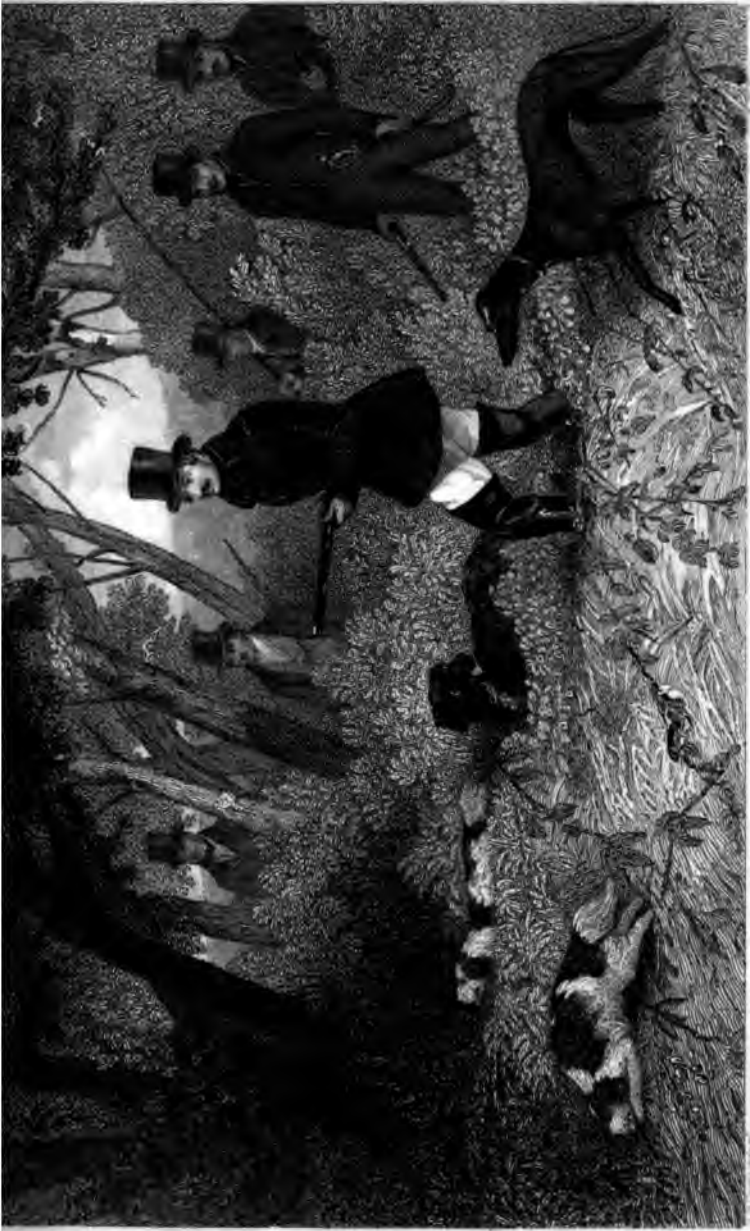
that Mr. Robert — has selected the — Dragoon Guards as the medium of his introduction to the army. Of course, on your account he commands my best offices. I am aware of his musical talents, and shall speak favourably of them to the master of our band; but let me know, in confidence, whether his inclination leans towards the kettle-drums, or the cymbals. I strongly recommend the latter, as I think a turban would decidedly become him."

Circumstances brought to a somewhat abrupt termination our three years' intimacy, but still I had occasional intimations of his career. He took a degree at Cambridge, where a certain set patronised him when he gave a dinner, and, in the spirit of an honourable ambition, began to look about for some profession or office that should give him social position. On this generous pursuit he entered with enthusiasm, an unblemished character, the aid of friends, and ample resources. A distinguished lawyer was consulted as to the propriety of his entering the Temple. He was a wag, and spake thus:—"It is my opinion there exists no precedent for such a step: I never saw a gentleman of colour called to the bar, except at the Old Bailey; a black face under a white wig would look like a mourning-coach in a snow-storm." His hopes in theology fared no better. People were not so straight-laced a dozen years ago as they are now, but, since the Reformation, could a congregation have been found to stand a parson with a face like a piece of his cassock, immersing, in the snowy folds of a cambric kerchief, a snout the colour of an undertaker's truncheon? In diplomacy it was the same. Your *attaché*, it is true, has little to do, but he is expected to take out her excellency's poodles to air, and that was forbidden to one who might have said with Lear, "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, bark at me." . . . Need I point to the moral of my chapter, or pause to assign a reason for turning aside from the highway of my narrative to record episodes such as these? In the sorrows of mortality we have our best assurances of another and a better life:—

"Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His action's, passion's, being's use and end!"

ROYAL PHEASANT SHOOTING IN SWINLEY PARK.

THE Plate to which this notice refers, represents His Royal Highness Prince Albert engaged in the sport of pheasant shooting, in Swinley Park. We have reason to believe that it has been correctly treated, as Mr. Davis made himself acquainted with the Prince's habit of taking the field, previous to painting for this work the picture from which the engraving was made. The armed figures represent two German keepers—"jagers,"—attendants on these occasions; and the greyhound (another unusual party in such a scene), being a present from Her Majesty, is so especial a favourite that it is rarely absent from His Royal Highness's side. The other details call for no explanation, as they are those common to the pursuit of a well-known English field sport.



ROYAL PHEASANT SHOOTING IN SWITZERLAND

THE SPORTS AND RECREATIONS OF THE PEOPLE,
AND THEIR MORAL EFFECTS.*

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY, M.P.

THIS is a topic on which there has been more false reasoning foisted on the world by the spiritual quacks of the day, as well as by the temporal and amateur cleansers of the spirit, than on any other. Tracts, essays, and preachings, have been poured out upon the unoffending populace to such an extent, that the gratings of literary drainage have been clogged up, to the detention of more useful matter. Feverish ministers, thirsty for a fault, have denounced many of the most ancient sports of the people as derogatory to the human understanding, and demoralizing in the last degree. Ladies and gentlemen, who have dubbed themselves village demagogues, and become cunning in the whipping of young peasants, till every wall and shed are stained with words their labours have brought to light, have been loud against different recreations, till, at last, the muscular and active villager has found himself left, in his idle hour, without any amusement at all. He must not attend the fight of the game cock, or dog; he must not play for a broken head, wrestle a fall, or indulge in the honest buffet of a boxing match; for, if he does, the charitable world will pronounce him cruel, or a brawler, and deem him all unworthy of those boons which his betters may, at certain times and seasons, have it in their power to bestow. The harmless recreation of bat and ball is now denied on Sunday, as if innocent enjoyment, after divine service, were a sin in the face of Heaven, when, between the hours of worship, the peasant is absolutely driven to the ale bench, to while away that time which, but for the sickly misgivings of an ascetic soul, might be so much more healthfully employed.

There cannot be a doubt, indeed many of our best judges on the bench have leaned to the opinion, that since the boxing-match has been discountenanced and put down; since the fair, upstanding, and manly fight has been thrown into disrepute, precisely in the same degree has the un-English stab with the knife come into play.

For myself, I have never hesitated to declare my attachment to all sports wherein the courage of man, or of beast, or bird, is fully developed; the combat, with a fair field, and no favour, I delight to see, a surrender being at all times at the option of either party.

The boxing-match, the backsword, the foil, the single stick, and wrestle for the fall, have all their charms in my eyes; the baiting of animals alone is a recreation in which there should be no pleasure, and which I regard as cruel, for the reason that the creature tied to a stake has no option of surrender, and no desire to maintain the fight. In my opinion, the display of gallantry, whether of man or beast, has a tendency to gain respect for courage in the eyes of the bystanders, and that it has no demoralizing effect whatever. There is scarce any amusement, in which the nature of animals is necessary to the pleasure

* The reader will receive the opinions contained in this paper as those of a valued correspondent, but not as sentiments to which the Editor wholly subscribes.—Ed.

of man, that may not, *on its surface*, bear a charge of cruelty; but when men sit down to review these things, and their general effects, their minds should cling to no isolated fact, but they should embrace the whole subject, as one would look upon a steam-vessel, in whose graceful progress through the water, and external symmetry, all the contortions and crooked throes of the machinery within were forgotten.

In conversing with a learned judge on these matters, when boxing and stabbing with the knife were under consideration, I remember being told that his Lordship did not object to the settlement of a quarrel by the fist, but he highly condemned the prize-fight. Now, I have no hesitation in maintaining that the one is the parent of the other; and that, in the absence of the prize-fight, and the rules inculcated by it, the boxing out of a quarrel would dwindle into a mere brutal struggle.

In the prize-ring, the fairest and most manly rules are scrupulously observed, and upon these the settlement of a village quarrel is based and founded. The prize-fight is in open day, and may be looked upon by all the world. Emulation, more or less grafted in the breast of every one, leads the bystander to imitate the science and gallantry displayed before him, to take no unfair advantage, to feel no deadly hatred to his noble foe, but to regard his opponent as one with whom, the moment the contest is over, he may again be on the most honourable and friendly terms. The countryman or townsman sees two undaunted men, in the face of hundreds of people, step boldly into the ring, with the weapons nature gave them, bearing no malice, and determined to take no unfair advantage; they shake hands previous to the fight, and throw themselves on their guard with a smile of defiance. Behind them stand their seconds, to see fair play, and to resign *for* the vanquished, if his stubborn spirit would prompt him to continue the contest, when all chance of success had left him. The fact of who is the better man, being settled, the combatants shake hands and are better friends than ever.

Now to prove that the prize-fight has power, to a great extent, over the casual boxing-match, and that the rules and regulations of the one, come, at last, to be the governing principle of the other, we have only to observe the usual way in which country quarrels of this description are brought to a termination. If two countrymen fall out, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they, of themselves, turn their disagreement into a combat for money, and, having quarrelled, one of them instantly puts down whatever sum he can command, and dares the other to cover it. A ring is formed, they choose their seconds, the bystanders will not permit a foul blow; and *the whole affair is conducted precisely according to the rules which the prize-ring has laid before them.*

In these contests, and in the prize-ring, men are sometimes killed; but so did they use to be in tournaments of old, when, to discountenance all idea of personal hostility, those meetings were styled, the "gentle passages of arms."

Looking at a mere prize-fight got up by the backers or friends of each party, it seems, in its abstract position, to be a useless brutality for two men, having no cause of quarrel, to bruise each other for the possession of gold; but, regarding it in another light, as the necessary display of a fair standard, by the rights and regulations of which,

throughout the country, all quarrels determined by combat are to be settled, then, in this latter case, it assumes a character of safe and wholesome example, which its most strenuous opposers cannot with any justice deny. In my mind, the prize-fight, and fair boxing-match, are the means of teaching the people to become advocates for honest and gallant decision in all cases of quarrel, and that the encouragement of the use of the fist is the greatest antidote that can be offered to the revengeful and dastardly resort of the assassin's knife.

Three parts of the courage of mankind are inculcated into the human breast by education and example: take a regiment, in the way of illustration, collectively, one individual is as brave as another; but separate them, and put man to man in a common *personal* quarrel, not one in ten would fight a good battle.

What is the reason of the fact, that soldiers now, of whatever nation, are braver than they used to be; and that, indeed, all nations, except the Chinese, can bring into the field an army steady under fire? Why it is obvious that they are brave because *they are taught* that it is disgraceful to fly, and because many, less constitutionally courageous than the English, hear of, and witness, the gallant actions of the soldiers of other nations.

Is the great commander—the great captain of the age, either demoralized, or rendered less benevolent, by having witnessed the carnage of a hundred fights, and the red streams of Waterloo? Do the tears of an old soldier flow less fast over the grave of his child, in the churchyard of his native village, because he has witnessed many a hard-fought field, and dyed his right hand in the blood of an antagonist? No, no, no; I say no a hundred times to it; and maintain that the string within the breast attuned to martial deeds, and, in stricken battle, to a recklessness of blood, has no more to do with the softer lines of peaceful pity and benevolence than the base string of a double violoncello has to do with the upper notes of a fiddle.

In freedom from war, in the retirement and blessings of the country, there are no gallant deeds to keep alive the emulation and courage of the English peasant; then I hold that *any amusement* which tends to the display of animal gallantry, is calculated to be beneficial to the human mind than otherwise.* In spite of all the outcry raised by self-dubbed humane societies, and the abuse to which they often stretch the power vested in them for better purposes; in spite of the sickly preachings of diseased and over sensitive minds, there is no set of people more angry with the fact of two armies being in presence of each other without fighting, than those whose health or inclinations confine them to the tea-table and fireside, and who would faint at the merest sight of their own blood.

It is the man who cannot leave home, that cries out for war; it is the man who has no chance of bleeding, that calls for blood. A paper on the breakfast-table, which brings a return of thousands slain, is, to the appetite of those sickly sophists, of whom I am now speaking, an

* In support of this assertion, see the historical fact in "James's Naval History," and in the pamphlet written by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, in review of the prize essay of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty, and published by Ridgway, in Piccadilly, relative to the game-cock on board the Marlborough, commanded by Captain Berkeley, on the glorious 1st of June.

agreeable relish ; while, at the same time, the greedy devourers of the sanguinary news would deny a shilling at Christmas to a poor man, or village labourer, who had fought a game-cock, or a dog, for his amusement. "Humanity" makes a capital banner for a cavilist, ignorant of the matter of the subject he condemns, to march under ; and "no cruelty" is a cry like the "no popery" cry, which gathers together hosts of unthinking people ready to arraign and pull down they know not what.

The shriveled penman, whether clerk or layman, whose thews and sinews have wasted, through inactivity, away, sits at his desk, and condemns recreations, pastimes, and pleasures, the value of which he has never known, and the loss of which, in consequence, is immaterial to him ; while hosts of others, conscious of their own more secret mental deformities, are zealous to hang charges of immorality on any superficially available corner of the characters of their neighbours, for the sole purpose of sustaining one reputation on the ruins of another.

Having prefaced thus much, we will proceed to view by how much one sport may be more cruel than another.

(To be continued.)

LONDON DEALERS' STABLES.

No. 2.—ANDERSON'S, PICCADILLY.

MUCH as the press has done towards assisting us to a knowledge of the social economy of our great metropolis, were ten times the amount of information at present available, afforded, it would fall far short of the materials which the subject offers with such prodigality. How palpable becomes our conviction of this, if we apply the test to such portions of it as are most familiar to us ! Take, for instance, Piccadilly—and where is the man in London, in England, in the world, who could supply an outline sketch of the statistics of that district, even from Hyde Park Corner to Regent Circus ? It may be urged that the especial difficulty, with which they have to contend who undertake statistical works, is the change that every succeeding day is effecting in the *morale* as well as in the *physique* of life. The excuse shall serve those gentlemen who teach us in stout quartos, or three volumes royal octavo ; but your magazine purveyor is in no condition to plead such an apology. The legitimate office of periodical literature is to help us to each variety of the hour ; a magazine should be, to all intents and purpose, "an abstract and brief chronicle of the time." If this view be a correct one, then will these papers be seasonable contributions to the pages of the SPORTING REVIEW, in the least as regards their chronological fitness ; if they are not without other merit, the public will be, by so much the more, gainers.

The reader, in some of his saunterings along Piccadilly, will not, probably, have wholly overlooked a certain layer of extremely fine red gravel, which, most artistically arranged, crossed (and crosses, and still may it continue to cross) the left *trottoir* leading eastward, just



J. S. GARDNER, DEL.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EQUESTRIAN ORDER
—BY F. A. SAMPSON—

J. S. GARDNER, DEL.



before the ascent of the hill commences. If the object attracted him, his eye, peradventure, followed it along its source, an avenue of spotless purity, at the extremity of which he would discover (that is to say, if it were three or four of the clock P.M., an hour when Christian people may venture across their thresholds) the various accompaniments of equestrianism. Children in snow-white stable-jackets; youths in boots, whose lustre might call back the departed *Day*, were there, and, it is more than likely, "a gentleman in search of a horse." If, led by a taste for which he has our golden opinions, he entered the *sanctum*, then did his foot press a spot whereon have bounded nobler steeds than whilom devoured the courses of the *Circus Maximus*, or found immortality in the muse of *Pindar*: he was in the premises, and the odds are, in the presence of Mr. Joseph Anderson; and, having effected thus much, he will permit us to help him to such further particulars of this celebrated establishment, and its no less popular proprietor, as it is our fortune to possess.

As it is quite as much as reasonable quill-drivers can expect to be invited to honest men's tables in the singular number (proverbially careless as they are of number one), this paper proceeds to state that, having received a most hospitable bidding from Mr. Anderson, as aforesaid, I mounted my hackney on the very last Friday that ever was, and, long before the day was aired enough for the colony of May Fair to venture out of their blankets, was clearing Hyde Park at the rate of twenty miles an hour, including stoppages. The time named for breakfast was nine, and the place, that gentleman's suburban residence, Old Oak Farm. About the four-mile stone, on the Uxbridge road, just beyond the common at Shepherd's Bush, there is a finger-post, pointing to the right, bearing the above truly national address, and some quarter of a mile down a green lane brings you to the place indicated. I am, by no means, an admirer of the style of writing which may be called the epigastrical-historical, and therefore the items of the feast must remain untold. Those who have had experience of the *ménage* common to the cottage *ornée* of a wealthy London merchant, will need no enlightenment; such as have not, should pray that the experience may be speedily vouchsafed them. The room wherein we partook of our meal, was the *ideal* of Arcadian comfort (a combination, by the way, not less delightful than rare); without, bloomed flowers of beauty and fragrance, and within were all those appliances of ease and enjoyment

"That every man should buy with cash and sense."

The ornaments were few, but of excellent taste; a small cabinet picture, by Mr. Francis Grant, a real gem. It is the portrait of a very beautiful woman, to the fair original of which I owe an acknowledgment, alone withheld because the expression of it, that such a channel as this permits, would neither do justice to the receiver nor to the giver.

As soon as breakfast was over, and cigars were duly kindled, we proceeded to the stables; that is to say, the host, Mr. Alfred Dyson (a gentleman so well known for his excellence as a stag-hunter), and myself. The stables are connected with the house by a covered way, and bear a most characteristic proportion to the establishment, being, at least, six times as extensive as the dwelling-house. Prepared as I

was to find everything in them perfect, the reality exceeded all I had anticipated. The Roman who built a marble palace for his courser, did not lodge him more luxuriously than does Mr. Anderson his stud at Oak Farm, nor care for him half so well. The ventilation of his stables, both in the country and in London, is of a nature that I never before had experience of. Not only is the temperature perfectly regulated, but there is such an utter absence of smell, that, had I been brought into them blindfolded, my nose would never have told me where I was. In the first stable were five in stalls, and two in boxes (one at either end). In the left-hand box was *Tobacconist*, purchased at the late sale of Sir Edward Mostyn's stud at Talacre. In calling my attention to this horse, occurred the first touch professional of the day. "Every horse *has two sides*," said Anderson; "observe how much handsomer he is on the off, than on the near side." *Tobacconist* was bought at two hundred and fifty guineas, a round price to expect profit out of, as hunters sell in these degenerate days. In the opposite box there was a white stallion (an Irish horse by Napoleon), with a great deal of character about him. They told me he could get over any country that a bird could cross; that it was all alike to him whether he crept in at the pantry window, or jumped over the house; if so, they should never part with him as long as they hunt venison, for that's the style of horse for staghounds.* The occupants of the stalls were "likely cattle;" one, an old customer with a plain tail, the master's prime favourite, that has carried him to his hounds I don't know how many seasons.

Stable number two held four, its principal feature being the celebrated steeple-chaser, *Cigar*. To amateurs of that fashion of racing I beg leave to submit the following fact: the amount of stakes won by *Cigar*, during the season 1840-41, was £1,380, and Mr. Anderson assured me he was out of pocket by him on the year. *Vespasian* was also in this stable, another nag bought at what Mr. Fulwar Craven calls a "stiff figure," £400 I believe. Number three stable is a continuation of number two, and the first of its tenants was *Croxby*, backed for £200 against Mr. Elmore's *Gaylad*, four miles over the country, the race to come off on the second of December. *Croxby's forte* is "dirt," so that, should the winter set in as severely as the summer went out, the odds will be all in his favour. In the box at the end of this stable, was *St. Paul*, bought with *Tobacconist* at Sir E. Mostyn's sale, and a splendid animal he is. Anderson asked me, did I trace any resemblance between him and a modern racer of repute? I at once named *Coronation*; and, as the likeness had also struck him, *St. Paul* was thereupon dubbed "*Coronation*," in *secula sæculorum*.

But the reader, perchance, grows weary, and would like a change to the open. The rain is over, and, if he will spend half-an-hour more at Old Oak Farm, he shall see the pampered minions of a London Dealer's Stables take the air. "Bring out *St. Paul*, *Croxby*, and *Tobacconist*," said Anderson; "saddle the brown horse (one bought at *Horncastle Fair*) for me, and the chesnut I bought of *Baron de Tessier* yesterday, for Mr. ——" Half-a-dozen perfect stablemen soon made the cavalry ready. Oh! that some East-end repository

* It may be as well to state that Mr. Joseph Anderson keeps a pack of staghounds.
• Ed.

rogue had been present to witness the result. The servants forthwith proceeded with the first-named lot on a three-mile gallop; and the gentlemen (I forget what Mr. Dyson rode) upon a lark of such length, and breadth, and altitude, as might best suit each his particular kidney. "That's a pretty fence," said the dealer to me; "put your nag over it; it will do him good." And upon this principle we all began to consult our animals' comfort and convenience. Wherever there was a bit of timber, we tried *that*: did a comely bullfinch suggest itself, it would have been ungrateful to refuse it; and those delicious hurdles! were we infidels to turn our backs upon *them*? Thus, so long as the fancy lasted, having knocked a thousand pounds' worth of horseflesh about, we made ready for a start to the village. Before I left, we paid a flying visit to the kennel. Mr. Anderson is not strong in hounds, but the few couples he has are first-rate. His stock of hunting deer amounts only to a couple and a half at present; but there are more where those came from. When we remember the open war declared by the occupiers of land in the Harrow country, against the Royal Hunt, how any private individual ever accomplished a second run over it, seems like a miracle. He, however, has long held his own there, and I hope may long continue to do so. He talked to me of the heavy expense attendant upon his establishment: "It requires twelve horses for every day I hunt," he said, "and costs me, at the least, five pounds for various accidental charges:" still my counsel was, "Do not part with the bow-wows."

I accepted the near side of Mr. Anderson's buggy to return to town, and we did the distance, rather more than four miles, behind a singularly clever mare, under nineteen minutes. Although so close upon the heels of Horncastle Fair (one of the great metropolitan sources of supply), I found the stables in Piccadilly far from full. The character they have so long enjoyed, thins them as fast as they are recruited. It may be necessary, as a matter of general information, to state, that Mr. Joseph Anderson confines himself solely to the sale of hunters, chargers, and a few first-rate cab or buggy horses. His father, Mr. John Anderson, of Green-street, Grosvenor-square, is the most celebrated dealer in carriage-horses in London. The yearly average of hunters disposed of at the establishment of the former, is seven hundred, a vast number, when the character of the horses that constitutes its staple is taken into account. There is not, probably, a day in the year in which might not be found there from thirty to fifty that would be shown against an equal number selected from all the best studs in England. Am I not borne out in my theory of London statistics by this example? A man shall see a small green door in Piccadilly, having a neat patch of red gravel in front of it, and be told that it is the depôt of one who sells horses; but he must' be permitted to look behind the scenes before he can fairly understand the nature of the performance. Not only should he see Joe Anderson writing his checks for hundreds at a fair, but observe him using the animals, so lavishly procured, as the instruments of his amusement. He must note the tradesman backing his favourites for thousands at a steeple-chase, or mounting himself and his guests upon his three and four hundred guinea coursers, and larking with them over his pleasure-grounds, before he can form any true idea of a first-rate London Dealer's Stables.

THE PYTCHLEY HUNT.

WE understand these hounds are much improved in their appearance and style of working, and have already killed some old foxes, as well as cubs. Mr. Smith has adopted, with success, the plan suggested in his "Extracts from the Diary of a Huntsman," that of hunting in the afternoon, at four o'clock, instead of four in the morning. Recently, when his Grace the Duke of Dorset, with a large party, were out with them, they killed a fox after eight o'clock at night, and, though running four hours, were, comparatively, but little distressed. Many sportsmen, we understand, intend to take up their quarters at Market Harborough this season, the situation enabling them to reach the best fixtures of three celebrated packs, the Pytchley, Quorn, and Atherstone. To many it will be gratifying to learn that Mr. Smith has been fortunate in procuring an excellent man in the field; and, report says, also some useful nags.

THE PYTCHLEY HUNT FIXTURES.

With their distances from Northampton and the Kennel at Brixworth.

	Northampton.	Kennel.		Northampton.	Kennel.
Kennel, Brixworth	6	6	Althorpe Park	5	6
Maldwell	10	4	Brock Hall	7	8
Kelmarsh	12	6	Stow Wood	10	15
Oxendon	15	9	Wilton	12	10
Brampton Wood	17	9	Holdenby	6	4
Thorpe Malsford	14	8	Crick	13	10
Cransley	12	6	Winwick Warren	13	8
Fox Hall	12	4	Yelvertoft	15	10
Pytchley	11	7	Guilsborough	10	5
Orlingbury	10	7	Stanford Hall	16	11
Harrowden	9	7	Welford	17	8
Sywell Wood	6	5	Sulby	18	9
Eaton	5	7	Kelworth	20	13
Buttocks Booth	3	6	Weekly Hall Wood	16	11
Wootton	2	8	Naseby	13	6
No Bottle Wood	6	6	Thornby	11	6
Harleston	4	6	Everdon Wood	11	15

. The kennel at Brixworth is six miles from Northampton. Fansley, twelve miles from Northampton, is a fixture, but out of the scale of the Map. The fixture, Stow Wood, is also omitted, as it would come over the note in the left-hand corner.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

DERBY BETTINGS FOR SEPTEMBER.

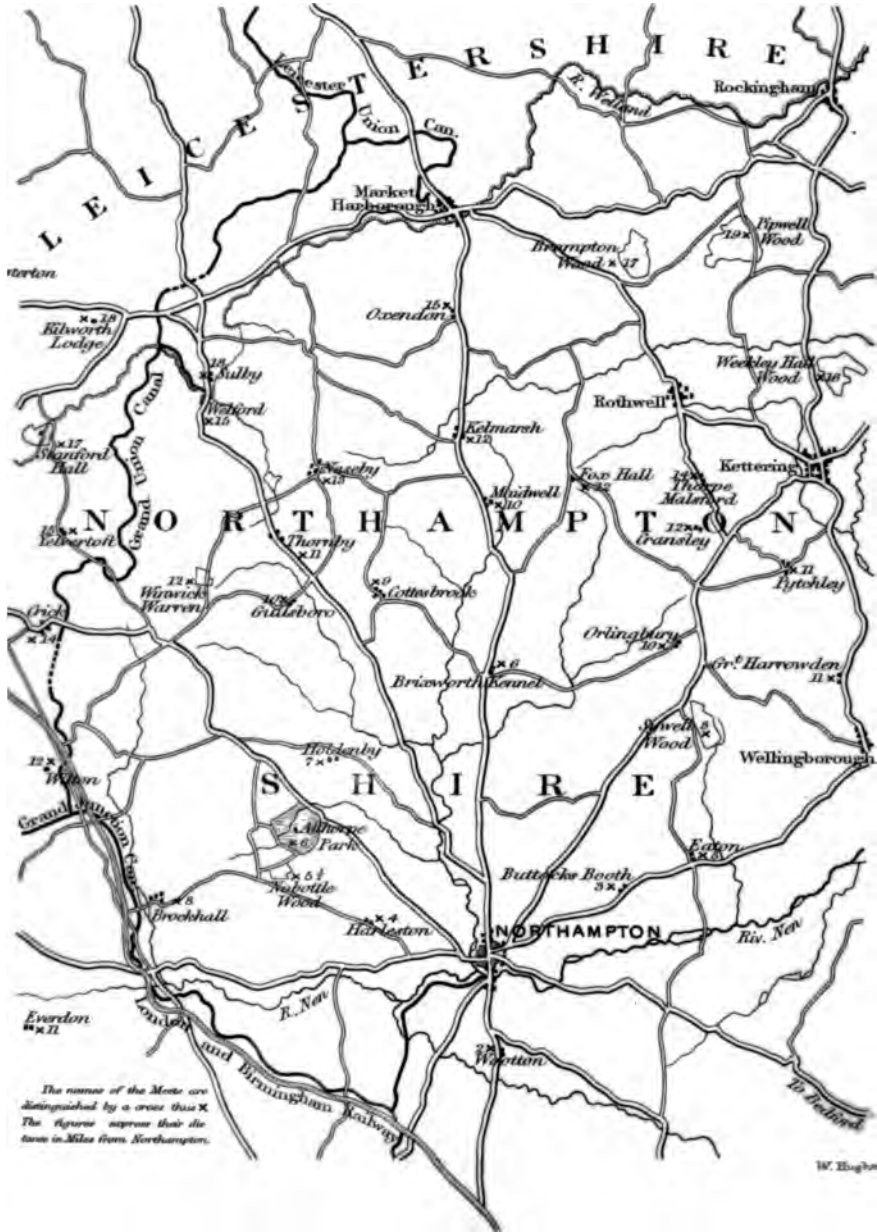
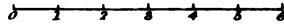
It would be of little service, at the opening of the season, to quote all the fluctuations of the last month. Four-and-twenty nominations were backed for the Derby of 1842, at odds varying from 18 to 1 to 4,000 to 60.

Monday, 20.		Thursday, 23.	
Attila, by Colwick—Progress	18 to 1 agst. —	Attila, by Colwick—Progress	18 to 1 agst. (tk.)
Wiseacre, by Taurus—Victoria	1000 to 45 — (tk.)	Brother to Phoenix, by Buzzard, out of Cobweb	25 to 1 — —
Robert de Gorham, by Sir Hercules, out of Duvernay	25 to 1 — (tk.)	The Lord of Holderness, brother to Hornsea, by Velocipede	25 to 1 — —

The above were the latest odds: there was no betting on this race on Monday, the 27th ult.

**MAP OF THE
MEETS
OF THE
PYTCHLEY
HOUNDS.**

Scale of English Miles



W. Houghton

CURIOSITIES OF SPORTING LITERATURE.

“Indicia monstrare recentibus abdita rerum.”

HOR. DE ARTE POETICA.

To delve through nooks and sinuosities,
For “literary curiosities.”

(Continued from page 175.)

It was not unusual along with each chariot to start a mounted attendant of the same faction, whose duty it was to ride before, behind, and alongside, the chariot of his party, exciting and urging on the horses by the example of his own, by the use of whip and voice, and by many other expedients of terror. Of these the most remarkable is that to which I have already alluded—the lighted torch; by many supposed to have furnished to the ancient painters the idea of Lucifer preceding the chariot of the sun. Some of the engravings in Panvinus, representing this very peculiar race, are striking and spirited in the highest degree. The figures are bold, and the attitudes admirably conceived. There is no sparing of the lash among the combatants—not the long, graceful whip of the modern charioteer, with its slender handle and almost invisible lash—but a tremendous instrument, furnished with a number of scourges made of leather or knotted cord, and loaded at the ends with pieces of lead, or even iron. It was well called—for it was indeed a murderous weapon—by the expressive name, *scorpio*.

Contrasted with these engrossing spectacles, the single-horse race, exciting as it is to the modern eye, possessed but little interest for the noisy crowd of the Roman circus. Involving but little of personal danger, calling comparatively few of the physical energies into action, and demanding, at least as it was then practised, far less of dexterity and presence of mind—we need scarcely wonder, that a martial people, with whom war was the object even in their sports, should have comparatively neglected it, giving their principal attention to the more difficult, and, therefore, more useful, exercise of the chariot race. So much, indeed, was this the case, that many antiquarians have doubted whether the horse race, properly so called, formed any part of the entertainments of the circus; and have understood the apparent allusions to it in the classics, as referring to the horsemen, who, as already explained, sometimes accompanied the chariots to excite and urge on the horses in the race. This, however, is not the fact. We find frequent and distinct allusions to this portion of the games; though there can be no question that, for the alleged or similar reasons, it was considered of secondary importance. It would even appear that certain days were devoted to these races exclusively. We read, for instance,

“Die vacandum tertia circensibus,

Ubi singulator singulatorem premet.”

It is to this race also that Silius Italicus refers in the animated description contained in the sixteenth book of the “Punic Wars,” than

which it would be difficult, in the whole range of Latin poetry, to find anything more graphic and truthful. It is too long, however, for transcription here.

With regard to the lengths of the courses in the single-horse race, I am quite unable to offer any specific opinion, even after a long and patient search through the cumbrous folio of Panvinus, "*De Ludis Circensibus*." In the absence of positive information, we may infer that they were the same with those of the chariots. We may presume, also, that they retained the distinction of the *olympiscodæ*, between the *calpe*, for which mares alone were entered, and the *celes*, open indiscriminately to horses as well as mares. Panvinus gives a long inscription, copied from an ancient tablet, which I perused with some curiosity: it is a portion of what may be called the "Turf Register" of its day, and contains the names of upwards of a hundred winners, obviously in the horse race, properly so called, or we should have the names of the entire team rather than that of a single steed. In addition to the name of the horse, is registered his colour, the name of his rider, and the number of his prizes. From this inscription it is clear that the lists were open to horses and mares indiscriminately, though in a very unequal proportion. As far as the names will decide, there are but nine mares in the entire number. I was amused, in looking the horses' names over, to find that they are much of the same character as our own, with an occasional dash of caprice or *bizarrierie*, such as we sometimes find in the selection made by modern owners. It appears to have been less usual to call them by the names of men, than it is with us.

But there are many, and these most important points, on which we are completely in the dark. There is no trace of any classification for age; indeed, no allusion to the subject at all—no scale regulating the weights to be carried—no variation of the length of the course proportioned to the age of the horses. Among the Greeks, the two former would appear to have been unknown or disregarded. With them the course appointed for the colts was shorter, by one-third, than that for the horses of perfect age. We may, perhaps, presume that this was the case in the Roman circus also; but there is no explicit evidence of such an arrangement. Claudius, it is true, reduced the length of the course from seven to five circuits: but the change was made without any reference to age; and when Domitian followed his example, it was merely for the purpose of being enabled, by shortening the time of each match, to bring on a hundred races every day. I cannot find whether, as the number of chariots, so also that of the horses permitted to start, was limited, and what the limit may have been. On this point the ancient engravings throw no satisfactory light.

Under this head I may mention the race of the *desultores*, similar to that of the *anabatæ* among the Greeks, who were provided with two horses, and sometimes a greater number. One of these they rode during the race, vaulting at stated times from the back of one to the other. To this Propertius refers—

"Est etiam aurigæ species Vertumnus, et ejus
Trajicit alterno qui leve pondus equo."

This feat they performed with great skill, and almost with the rapidity

of thought. It would appear to have been a favourite exhibition. Suetonius tells us that the noblest youths thought it not beneath them to exhibit as *desultores* in the circus.

I need scarcely add, that, to the excitement of these exhibitions, as well as of the chariot race, and all the other shows of the circus, was added the interest created among the spectators by bets upon the result, often, as the well-known profusion of the Romans may satisfy us, to an enormous amount. In this department, the modern frequenter of Tattersall's would, if the change were possible, have found himself completely at home. It would not be necessary to change a single particular. They "gave and took the odds" as now. They backed one horse, or team, "against the field," and *vice versa*; and when the horses had started, and were approaching the *meta*, or winning-post, the cries of those who offered and took bets, mingled with the shouts of the favourers of either party, became, as the interest deepened, absolutely deafening. The custom of shaking hands as a token of acceptance, was then in vogue, though commonly they deposited a pledge—a ring, or some other trinket. This, however, could only have held for parties who were strangers to each other, or of inferior note. With the patrician speculator, a nod was sufficient; and then, as now, the professed bettor kept his "book" to register his multiplied engagements—often complicated enough, for there can be little doubt that, in the mysterious science of "hedging," they were scarcely inferior to ourselves. The several modes of accepting a bet are enumerated in Ovid's couplet—

"Tangitque manum," "poscit que libellum,"
Et querit, "*posito pignore," vincat uter.*

Such was the circus in the days of imperial Rome! It is difficult to fancy a more gorgeous spectacle than it must have presented on those occasions at which the emperor presided in person. Suppose but the ordinary number of matches, twenty-five to come off each day—what an enormous stud must have been necessary for the exhibition! But where, as in the time of Domitian, the number of daily races was a hundred, how far does this fall short of the mark! For the chariot races alone, exclusively of the horse race, and that of the *desultores*, the field must have consisted of at least six hundred horses!

And yet it is curious and, perhaps, instructive, to consider that, with all the wealth and all the resources of the Turf at Rome, we can find no trace of what all must feel to be the first principles of its science—the regulation of weights, and the classification of distances, according to the age and breeding of the racer. In these simple, but essential arrangements, the meanest hack race of an English village, is centuries in advance of the classic contests of Olympus, or the gorgeous and costly exhibitions of imperial Rome.

THE COB.

A TALE.

BY SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, BART.

IN worldly matters much we leave to chance,
 And men are made or marr'd by circumstance.
 A favouring turn may wildest wishes crown—
 Oft fortune's tide floats fools into renown.
 Whilst sweeter flowers, that blossom in the shade,
 Wasting their fragrance, in the desert fade.
 So like his master's is the horse's fate ;
He owes to some capricious turn *his* state,—
 In two-wheeled cart and shaggy coat to go,
 Or shine a favourite in Rotten-row.
 'Erst have we shown the decadence in course,
 From high to low how sinks the toil-worn horse ;
 Now of his RISING fortunes let us hear,
 From Sandy Saunders to the gouty Peer.
 Land of the misty mountain, and the moor,
 Whose sons are crafty, prodigal, and poor ;
 Who, class'd for ever on the wintering side,
 Waste fruits of prudence in pursuits of pride ;*
 Old Caledonia, 'tis of thee we sing,
 And from thy heath-clad hills our hero bring.
 All his life long would Sandy Saunders rove,
 From highland wilds, behind a cattle drove ;
 A goodly beast still bore him on his back,
 Nor horse nor pony,—galloway nor hack,
 But something of them all, compact and strong,
 For him no weight too much, no day too long :
 With loins of iron, and a lightsome head,
 Rough, as the mountain range where he was bred,
 His shaggy coat, and such few cockneys knew
 Till genius painted, and till Landseer drew.
 Master and horse congenial spirits were,
 And Tib and Sandy had an equal share
 Of craft and strength ; right wilful was the nag,
 And solemn Sandy was, at heart, a wag :
 Tib was the Shely's name, but why 'twas so,
 Our Scottish annals give us not to know.

* Whoever has visited Scotland of late years, will have remarked there is no country in which are to be found so many grand and unfinished houses, the possessors of which have commenced building on a scale they have been unable to support, and which now stand the monuments of their folly and their pride ; and who that has marked the over-building of the modern Athens, but will have his doubts if the character for prudent wisdom has not been unduly awarded to the Scot.

It chanced, one day, as through thy pass, Glencoe,
 The lowing herd, with measured pace and slow,
 Came winding down, with Sandy in their rear,—
 An English traveller to Tib drew near,
 Well pleased he saw the brawny Scot bestride
 The sure-foot beast, and all in safety ride;
 'Twas but a simple youth, nor fancied he
 How much a plaid might hide of subtlety;
 Sandy his bonnet doff'd, and said, "I ken
 " A goodly beast attracts ye Englishmen;
 " You like the Shelty! 'tis a canny brute,
 " That sportsman such as you would nicely suit."
 " Sportsman, indeed! a pony such as he
 " Would in our stud a sorry hunter be."
 " Nay, but you shoot," says Sandy, "and though strange
 " It seem, as o'er the moor or fields you range,
 " He'll find your game, and point: you will require
 " No dog; and safely from his back may fire."
 " Indeed!" the traveller said, and in his eyes
 Friend Sandy read suspicion and surprise:
 Meantime, a mile or more from where they stood,
 The cunning Scot had mark'd a callow brood
 Of moor-fowl fall, for then his practised eye
 Saw them just skim the hill, and settle nigh.
 Onwards they trudged, and many a tale was told
 Of Tib's endurance in the heat and cold;
 How once those watchful tyrants of Excise
 Had plann'd, at nightfall, capture and surprise;
 The STILL itself, and kegs of mountain dew,
 Half a ton weight, upon poor Tib they threw,
 And loaded thus, o'er shaking moor and fell
 He bore them safely,—*where*, I may not tell.
 " I like the nag," John said, "but for that same
 " Good quality, I doubt you're MAKING game."
 " Ah! you're a wag," says Sandy; "can a Scot
 " Impose on such as ye?—I fancy not:
 " Halt we the beasts, and let them feed; we'll try
 " If on these hills some moor-fowl may be nigh."
 He whistled to his dog, who knew right well,
 Instinctively, his charge of sentinel,
 Not to permit a single beast to stray
 Of all the herd, whilst Sandy was away.
 " Now," said the Scot, "right cautious let us try,
 " Make a large circuit, for the birds are shy,
 " Around yon cairn,* for so we gain the wind,
 " And give the pony his fair chance to find."

* Cairn is a frequent landmark—a sort of rude pillar of stones heaped together on the moors to guide the shepherds, and sometimes to commemorate some tragic event,—a murder, or a traveller that perished in a storm.

With cautious tread and stealthy pace they went,—
 Tib pricked his ears! "Ah, now he takes the scent!
 "See how he draws upon his game; and now
 "He halts! The birds are running! On the brow
 "Of the green hill he stops!" cries Sandy; "there,
 "As sure as fate, the crouching chippers* are!"
 Tib stood immovable: before his nose,
 When Sandy sneezed, the fluttering brood arose.
 "Seeing's believing," so the Proverbs say,
 And so the Sasanach was taught that day;
 But he *must* have the Shelly, and to buy
 A pointer-pony, is economy.
 Pass we the haggling Scotsman's shrewd device
 To puff his animal and swell his price,—
 "Come, let us change—let ten gold pieces shine
 "On this good hand, for yours, my nag be thine."
 It was agreed; and now our Tib behold
 Entering new life—to gentler master sold.
 As on they passed, descending from the hill,
 To a broad stream had swelled a tiny rill;
 Ford it they must, and now Tib thought it wider
 Than suited him, or this his English rider.
 Full in the midst he stood, nor in nor out
 Would move, when Sandy gave a sudden shout,—
 "Guid Sir," he cried, "'tis salmon or a trout,
 "For he points both, and, sure as I'm a sinner,
 "Not game alone he finds, but fish for dinner."
 Our drama must proceed—change we the scene
 From heath-clad hills, and rocks, and valleys green.
 Oft, gentle reader, hast thou seen, I wist,
 In country fair, the clumsy clown enlist,
 Receive the jolly sergeant's gay cockade,
 While tears fell fast from the deserted maid;
 You've marked his shoulders high, his awkward gait,
 As round the drum the gaping bumpkins wait:
 Can that dull swain—that rude, untutor'd lout,
 In the gay ranks a smart dragoon turn out?
 Pass but two months! and, station'd in the Park,
 Straight as a dart behold a whisker'd spark
 Shoulder his arms, and, clad in glittering sheen,
 With martial air salute our youthful Queen.
 Can this be Hodge—this be thé clumsy clown!
 Such change works Horse Guards' discipline in town!
 Thus altered see the hardy Tib, to whom
 Were strangers, hitherto, the brush and comb;

* Chippers are the young or half-grown moor-fowl, that are less wary than the old birds, and fall an easier conquest to the sportsman.

His hide uncurried, braved the winter's cold;
 His tail uncut, his mane in many a fold
 Sweeping the ground; at first he would resent
 The groom's attentions, doubting his intent,—
 Wish'd for the wilds, where sleet and snows fast fall,
 Disdain'd the narrow confines of his stall,
 Fear'd not the weather, longing to be free,
 And taste once more of highland liberty;
 But ease and luxury win man and beast,
 For beast his provender, for man his feast,
 And both succumb,—delight in what they have,
 And, free no more, become the fatted slave.
 Tib now was tended on—four feeds a day,
 And all, *ad libitum*, the sweetest hay.
 At morn, and eve, right passive would he stand,
 Endure the currycomb, and bear the hand
 That trimm'd his locks: he now no longer fear'd
 The kindled flame that singed his shaggy beard;
 And as the snake, which casts his slough, did he,
 Shorn of his coat, display his symmetry.
 All things will change in this Augustan age,
 Low horses please, and ponies are the rage.
 Tib's fame rose fast, a Lord, both wise and weighty,
 Offer'd to buy him at the price of eighty;
 But dealer Anderson, more sharp and bold,
 Bade a cool hundred, and the nag was sold.
 The praise of Tib now form'd the common talk,—
 To view him, dandies in their morning walk
 At Anderson's were found, who, in a trice,
 Put on another fifty to his price.
 For two things now they'd beg or borrow, rob,
 The one was Grial, and the next—the Cob;
 But rich Lord Lumbercourt his groom had sent,
 And to his Lordship's stud the wonder went.—
 Winter had pass'd, the sky look'd bright and fair,
 And lilacs budded fresh round Grosvenor-square,
 When the stud groom was ordered round at three,
 To bring the Cob for Lumbercourt to see.
 Then was all ordered as stud-grooms think fit;
 In either hand one held the pony's bit,
 And near, a mounted groom; whilst, from the door,
 With powder'd head, came liveried servants four:
 One brought the steps, one held his Lordship's whip,
 Two stood behind in case my Lord should slip.
 What all this meant, so order'd and so grand,
 Untutor'd Tib found hard to understand;
 But when his back the ponderous Lord bestrode,
 Albeit 'twas an honourable load,

The pony felt as when on him they threw
 The whiskey-still, and kegs of mountain dew.
 On to the Park, with sure-foot pace and slow,
 Was grave Lord Lumbercourt well pleased to go :
 Tib arched his neck, put on unwonted grace,
 My Lord his action praised, and liked his pace,
 And Tib was introduced (the base bred steed)
 To high-born horses, some of Arab breed,—
 Some Spanish jennets,—such as in their pride
 The Lords of London so delight to ride ;
 But 'mongst the judges 'twas the general call,
 The sturdy British Cob surpass'd them all !

GLEANINGS FROM MY TRAVELLING JOURNALS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

(Continued from page 192.)

STAG-HUNTING AT FONTAINBLEAU, IN 1814.

“ Come, shall we go and kill us venison ? ”

“ The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :
 Uncouple here
 And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the court may echo with the noise.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE winter of 1814 was one of great gaiety in Paris. Louis XVIII. had been restored to the throne of his ancestors ; and, according to Berthier, who, in the name of the marshals, congratulated the exiled Bourbon on his return,—“ *La France, gémissant depuis vingt-cinq ans sous le poids des malheurs dont elle était accablée, attendait le jour fortuné qu'elle voyait luire.*” Whether the day proved as cloudless as was anticipated, we will not pause to inquire. From the 2d of May, until the following spring, when the “conqueror and captive of the earth” returned to the land of his glory, every species of amusement was being carried on, and, among others, *la chasse* was not forgotten. Fontainebleau is the favourite *meet* with the royal family, and there might be seen, in all the pride and pomp of inglorious chase, Monsieur le Comte d'Artois, the Duc d'Angoulême, and the Duc de Berri.

Of the palace we shall briefly remark, that it is mentioned in history ever since the thirteenth century, but is indebted for its chief extension and improvement to Francis I. ; further additions were made to it by Henry IV., Louis XIV., and Louis XV. It forms a vast, but irregular pile of building ; of its numerous galleries, that of Francis I.

is the most remarkable. It was in one of these galleries, that of the stags, that Christina of Sweden, the daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, signalized herself, by ordering her favourite attendant, Monaldeschi, to be tortured and put to death. The fault which drew upon him the sanguinary wrath of his depraved mistress, has never been very clearly ascertained; but it would appear, that some treacherous indiscretion on his part, regarding her intrigues either with himself, or with Sentinelli, brother of her captain of the guard, ultimately produced his death; if so, he deserved his fate. The chamber may still be seen, where the ex-queen remained during this atrocious murder, laughing and ridiculing her attendant's cowardice, as the executioner performed his bloody office upon her former paramour.

Fontainebleau has given name to several treaties; among others, one between France and Spain, October 25th, 1743, when great reparations were made for carrying on the war with vigour both by sea and land, and when 20,000 French soldiers, under the Prince of Conti, were ordered to join Don Philip in Savoy; and the French and Spanish squadrons, at Toulon, were commanded to act in concert, and attempt to recover the sovereignty of the Mediterranean. If successful, they were to join the Brest fleet, and assist in a projected invasion of England. Fontainebleau was also the scene of Napoleon's first resignation of the imperial dignity. The forest consists of 30,000 or 40,000 acres, and contains some very fine specimens of the red deer. They are as wild as hawks, and fly as instantly from the approach of man. This palace is in the centre of this immense forest, and affords a very singular view, being entirely surrounded by the wood as far as the eye can reach. The forest is rendered explorable by a multiplicity of avenues, with their different names painted upon sign-posts; but, as they do not intimate where they lead to, they are of little service to the uninitiated. A particular district, then, being appointed as the *rendezvous*, the stag is driven into it by the keepers, at an early hour; and this is a decided improvement upon the English style, where the deer, instead of being in a state of nature, is kept like a calf in a farm-yard, fed out of a sieve, and turned out of a covered cart, half stupified, into a large field, where he is immediately mobbed by the whole of the foot people, and, perhaps, by half of the horsemen, or, rather, men on horses, for I will not desecrate the former title.

At the period I write of, I had the good fortune to be attached to the Duke of Wellington's suite, then ambassador at Paris; and it was with no little pride that I found myself, one morning, seated by the side of my *chef*, in his curricle, driving him, with relays, to the cover side. To a stripling of fourteen, so dignified a post of honour, with the prospect of riding one of his Grace's best hunters, was a delight that never can be obliterated from my breast; it is engraven there with many other kindnesses showered upon me by this great and good man. Never shall I forget the joy with which I dismissed my French master, after asking him to translate "Tally-ho!" into his own vernacular tongue; nor can I depict the surprise of the worthy Gaul when, instead of greeting him with the speech from Cinna,

"Au seul nom de César, d'Auguste, et d'Empereur,"

I spouted forth two impromptu lines—

“Je n'ai rien à vous dire : mon cher Monsieur Gallez,
Que je vais à la chasse, et vous pouvez en aller.”

The curricule was at the door, and in I stepped, as proud as a peacock, decked out in a neat new pink, well-cleaned leathers, and a pair of top-boots, shining in all the brilliancy of *Day* and *Martin*, such a pair as the poet-laureate of Messrs. Warren, Hunt, &c. &c., would describe as the identical one that the man shaved himself by. Certainly, any one looking at me might with justice have quoted “The Comic Latin Grammar :” “*Cerevisiam haud tenuem de sese existimat.*” *Anglicè*, “He don't think small beer of himself.”

When within a mile of Fontainbleau, up galloped an advanced guard of cuirassiers, sword in hand, desiring us to draw up, as the king and the royal family were approaching. We had scarcely complied with the order before a body-guard of lancers came past us, at a tremendous pace, clattering over the stones, and making a prodigious noise. Immediately after them followed a splendid coach, the whole body gilded with the white *fleur-de-lis*, and the arms of France emblazoned upon the panels, with four footmen in state liveries stuck up behind. It was drawn by eight short-tailed brown English horses, six-in-hand, and a postilion on the leader, in a huge cocked hat, blue and silver-laced coat, and awful jack-boots, with a sort of trunk at the top of them, in which a man might have carried a day's provision. In the carriage was his Majesty, the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, and the Comte d'Artois, and by the doors rode the equerries in waiting. Then came another carriage-and-eight, in the same style, containing the Duke de Berri, and his *aide-de-camp*. Two empty carriages followed, in case of accidents; a strong body of cuirassiers bringing up the rear.

No sooner was it made known to his Majesty, that the warrior Duke was present, than the whole *cortège* stopped, and a message despatched to *mon cousin* (as Louis XVIII. designated his Grace, from his Spanish honours), to request his presence at a *déjeuner à la fourchette* previous to the hunt. Nothing could exceed the splendour of this repast; and, having done ample justice to it, we mounted our hunters, and proceeded to the rendezvous.

The Comte d'Artois was well mounted, as were the Dukes d'Angoulême and Berri, all upon thorough-bred English horses; and but for the velvet trappings, housings, and nets of the animals, and the green and gold coats, *couteaux de chasse*, cocked hats, and jack-boots of the riders, the royal sportsmen would have passed muster at Kirby Gate. The king, accompanied by the Duchess d'Angoulême, and a brilliant *cortège*, appeared at the cover, attended by the ranger and deputy-ranger of the forest in uniform, *gardes-chasses*, and a party of *gendarmérie*. The hounds (though the huntsman declared they were not) were evidently of the English foxhound breed, with a cross of the bull-dog. There were plenty of attendants upon them, both mounted and on foot, all dressed in the royal livery. The mighty Nimrod, the *piqueur*, was splendidly equipped in a gold-laced cocked hat, a powdered *peruke*, long blue coat, trimmed with lace, and gilt buttons, bearing impressions of all the different animals of

the chase. His accoutrements for the field were huge jack-boots, long chain spurs, French horn, and *couteau de chasse*. His thick, stumpy horse was as fat as a prize ox, caparisoned with red velvet housings, holsters at the saddle-bow, and gold embossed bridle and crupper. The *valets des chiens* wore laced cocked hats, scarlet jackets, "shorts," white stockings and pumps; and a few cumbering *gens-d'armes*, on long-tailed black horses, were there to protect royalty from the pressure of the mobility. The field was numerous, and consisted of some right gallant sportsmen, French and English; the Duke de Guiche; his *beau frère*, the "observed of all observers," Count d'Orsay; with others, many of whom are now, alas! no more.

The royal party being mounted, the keepers went straight to the lair of a buck with branching antlers, and laid the hounds on. We all stood breathlessly in the avenue, straining our ears to catch the *à droits* and *à gauches* which were holloaed out to intimate which way the stag was running. At last the Duke de Berri, seeing some of my countrymen preparing for a start, vociferated, "Hold hard!—give them time!" interspersing his injunctions with some very intelligible English in the shape of "dammes;" and, spurring his own steed, set off, accompanied by his royal relatives, the *gens-d'armes* scrambling after as fast as the "black jobs" could carry them, keeping the field at a respectful distance. Thus we went tearing up one avenue and down another, for an hour and a half, the stag every now and then crossing the roads with the hounds in full cry. Just as we (a chosen few) were denouncing stag-hunting as the tamest of all possible sports, and grumbling that our attempts to be in the first flight should be so frustrated by the *gendarmérie*, we saw, to our great delight, the stag taking to an extremity of the forest, where the underwood had been cleared away. In a second we left the *McAdam* party, and dashed into the cover, making noise enough to frighten a forest of stags away. "Hold hard!" cried the Duke de Berri;—"Arrêtez! arrêtez!" shouted the *piqueur*;—"Mais, messieurs—" ejaculated another: despite, however, of all these injunctions, and the volleys of *sacrés*, *mille tonnerres*, and *morbleus*, we succeeded in getting the quarry to break, and away he went, with the pack in full cry, over a most splendid open country, taking *French leave* of the royal sportsmen. One of the huntsmen, who had been despatched after a second horse, just nicked in, as the stag broke cover. He went the first field, but at the end of it there was a grip (for ditch it could not be called), this caused the mighty Nimrod to "crane;" and when we shouted that there was nothing to stop him, he politely took off his hat, and said, "Au revoir, messieurs; je ne saute pas les grands fossés."

At first taking away, the deer seemed inclined to pay Paris a visit, for he bent directly towards the road; but, turning short to the left, gained an open plain, then ran down the rabbit mount, a short but deep descent, full of holes, and covered with brushwood, up the hollow to a tolerably long hill of deep ground; then down a hill, on which there were several stumps of felled trees, and across a small brook, with deep and steep banks closely studded with willows; beyond the brook, through some swampy meadows, he led us to a small village, the name of which I forget. Here we came to a check.—"There he goes down the bottom back to the wood, fresh as ever!" cried a younker, half mad

with excitement. He was right; the line had been hit upon, and to work we went again, with our horses refreshed by the puff or two that had been afforded them. Everything looked well for a run over a capital country, and so it proved to be; but it is needless to describe it minutely to readers unacquainted with the *locale*. After a run of five and thirty minutes, the voice of our self-elected huntsman, a sporting *aide-de-camp*, and first-rate rider, was heard shouting, "Tally-ho! he's dead beat!" and even so it was, for the words were scarcely out of his mouth ere the deer was seen evidently distressed, the hounds almost within sight of him. From scent to view was beautiful; "Tally-ho!" was echoed around. The stag now gained a lake, and flung himself into it. Anxious to save so noble an animal, some of us whipped off the hounds, whilst others were off their horses in a moment, and up to their middles in water, trying, with a lasso formed of stirrup-leathers, to secure the "poor sequestered stag."

At this moment a Babel-like confusion of voices and shouts were heard, and the Duke de Berri, accompanied by his brother and an *aide-de-camp*, galloped up. We shrunk back, anticipating a severe rebuke, when, to our great surprise and delight, we saw their Royal Highnesses' countenances beaming with satisfaction. "Something like an English run this!" exclaimed the good-humoured Duke de Berri. The *aide-de-camp* then complimented his noble master on the splendid manner in which he had charged some fences (four feet high!) and cleared the brook. The *piqueurs*, *gardes-chasses*, *gens-d'armes*, and the rest of the field, now came tailing up, all declaring they had never seen such a superb *chasse*. "It was *magnifique!*" To account for their arrival, the reader must bear in mind that, after the check, the deer had been headed back, and that, like Mrs. Hardcastle in the comedy, owing also to some Tony Lumpkin, he had returned to within half a league of the spot where he had broken cover. During these boastings, a rifle had been presented to the Duke d'Angoulême, who, as he imagined, and the courtiers declared, gave the *coup de grâce* to the "sobbing deer," though quicker eyes and less courtly tongues attributed that deed to the head keeper, who, in common shooting parlance, had the honour of wiping his Royal Highness's nose.

And where during the run was the "hero of a hundred fights?" Where he ever will be, foremost in the field, whether in war, or in following its "dim image." "The Duke" (for so he is *par excellence*) got a good start, and kept it. His Grace was (and I am happy to hear is still) a most zealous sportsman and intrepid rider, as those well know, who, like myself, had the honour of hunting with his foxhounds from the château near Cambray, in 1816. But I must reserve these reminiscences for another chapter. In conclusion, our day at Fontainebleau was wound up most agreeably by an invitation to dine with the king and royal family, where—

"The glasses jingled, and the palates tingled."

• • • • • • •

"But what Muse since Homer's able
(His feasts are not the worst part of his works)
To draw up in array a single day bill
Of modern dinners?"

(To be continued.)

DONCASTER RACES.

BY THE EDITOR.

“As far as goose could judge, he argued right:
But, as to man, mistook the matter quite.”
POPE.

THE soundest and most wholesome theory of the schools is that which teaches us to cultivate a spirit of general conciliation, and seek golden opinions from all men. A conviction of the amiability of the system (and, perhaps, some slight impression of its policy) suggested the account to which I purpose turning this introductory notice. Thus, then, abandoning, for a space, all allusion to material pleasures (regarded as the sole fruits of such a scene as that to which my theme relates), I proceed, upon the principle that extracts sermons from stones, to distil a moral from “the short grass.” How like the career of “a spendthrift and a prodigal” has been that of the once palmy meeting of Doncaster! Fortune smiled upon its birth; troops of friends hailed and fostered its progress; glorious and complete was its prosperity. Then first came indifference of those by whom that success had been promoted; fast followed covert backslidings, small swindlings, gigantic robberies, and—the day of reckoning arrived! Well and emphatically has that course worked out the moral lesson of life. The cup of prosperity was drained to the dregs; they who quaffed grew giddy with fortune—reeled—fell—great was their prostration. Surely in this rise and fall—albeit, the subject of it may be lightly esteemed—the deduction is as full of instructive argument as if it related to the highest office of social economy. Life is a machine, whose operation depends upon the due working of all its parts. This is the golden rule of moral and natural philosophy. Such as adopt it as their governing principle, secure present ease, and ultimate success; those who despise or neglect it—destruction, as certain and capable of proof as the simplest rule of mathematics.

The jeopardy in which the once celebrated Doncaster Races were placed, by mismanagement, and the beggarly spirit of those most interested in their welfare, will be seen on reference to the remarkable “Conference” (given in another part of this number) which took place during the late meeting. The resolutions adopted on that occasion seem fair remedies for a most diseased economy; at all events I am not going to prescribe for it. Enough of the profession have already offered their services; to say nothing of the quacks, some of whose prescriptions are the oddest things in the world. One of them, for instance, alludes to the convenience that would result from a certain enclosure at the Judge’s Stand, “so as to bring in the *horses* after a race, without being, as now, subject to the annoyance of mobs *and, perchance, pickpockets.*” Passing from the positive ills that beset the great northern race meeting, to those of a less palpable character, I cannot but think the trite consequence attributed to too

many cooks, had a similar effect on its flavour. "The mob of gentlemen who write at ease," have latterly turned their talents to a style of composition that may be termed "equestrian second-sight." The modern Olympian Games are the especial subjects of their Delphics, and, during the last few years, every Derby and Leger has been disposed of at least seven days before sight. The last of those events, indeed, was declared by them all, with one voice, a foregone conclusion months before the time appointed for its issue. The inhuman doggerel, in shape of racing "prophecies," out-Heroding the wildest fustian of the Seven Dials, that, for the last four or five seasons, outraged common sense in the columns of the sporting papers, was a positive reproach to journalism. I was glad to see the recent Leger spared a portion of that barbarous vaticination which, puerile and preposterous as it was, did undoubted injury to the turf. Hundreds, I am satisfied, were kept away from Doncaster this year by the incessant raven-song that "the Leger was decided the same hour that the Derby was won," and hundreds more, who reckoned on the prophets (fits?), found the balance on the debtor side of their *Ledger*.

The immediate peril of Doncaster Races, however, has been put aside by the high pressure applied to the Corporation. Restraining as the body corporate was, the eloquence of Lord George Bentinck operated upon it as a summary cathartic. Not a stiver under four figures would he listen to for an instant. "Unless you put one thousand pounds annually at the disposal of the racing-committee, you may pull down your Grand Stand, and dispose of the materials, for we will annihilate your races." Nobody feels for "York" in his dilemma: it served him right; more of the same grief to him! But the precedent—was it quite a safe one to establish? Suppose, for the sake of argument, that about six P.M., on the Sunday preceding the next Derby, Mr. Briscoe were to appear in Tattersall's yard (he would as soon walk bodily into Satan's own hall of audience), and touching his hat to Lord George, as aforesaid, should say, "My lord, I understand you have a thirty-thousand-pound book on the approaching event; now, unless you place at my disposal the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, before to-morrow's noon, I will turn Tattenham Corner into a fish-pond, and annihilate your folio." Suppose, I say, the lord of the manor of Epsom were thus to resolve, would he be without a precedent? Has not the rule been established, that parties who speculate on the advantages to be derived from racing, may be called upon to pay for the privilege in proportion to the probabilities of their gain?

The passage from London to Doncaster was in precisely the same condition this year that it was in 1840. The rail brought you with speed and comfort to Swinton, some six miles from your destination, and there every delay and discomfort awaited you. Your journey at length completed, merciless extortion met you, as usual, in every conceivable shape. Had the town been colonized by father Abraham, you would have had more chances in your favour: even the children of Israel spare an occasional goose for sake of the eggs, whereof "Hope tells a flattering tale." Very few people had reached Doncaster on Sunday evening, and Monday did little better for it. Every second house had in its window one of those ominous pieces of pasteboard, which (although they do not *state* such facts in the North) too truly

indicate those places where "gentlemen are taken in and done for." The appearance of things at the Subscription Rooms was enough to draw a yawn from the lightest heart that ever leaped to the sound of pipe and tabor: there was the *corps rusé*, but every member of it seemed as if he were in the hands of M. de la Fontaine. Lords and legs were torpid and apathetic "beyond a betting gentleman's belief." The few who did find language, spake only of Coronation. He had not arrived; but on the morrow he would come; and the *Veni, vidi, vici*, of the Roman, would also convey to future ages the history of his visit. Here and there might be gathered, from the ghost of a whisper, that there had been a trial between Van Amburgh and Satirist, in which the last was first, and that, in the present instance, Lord Westminster had declared to win with the best. Tearaway, who had arrived on the previous Saturday, it was pretty generally known, had been exported merely to hedge to a bet of £200 each, on the double events, that he started for and won the St. Leger. Subsequently, the affair was managed by compromise, and the Irish horse took French leave of the Tykes.

A month or two before the meeting, a fair stake of money—*bond fide*—was laid out upon him in London, and the provincial betting marts; the layers, however, had not a shy for the loss of their sticks. During the week there were winners, after a similar fashion, and all were "honourable men." "How is this?" it may be asked; "is integrity no longer the regulating principle of horse-racing?" It is; but not in the reading that our grandsires attached to it. Honour was, and is, the constituent principle of the laws of the turf; but in the olden time it was honour in spirit—now, it is honour in the letter. When certain plates and stakes were made, for instance, with the conditions that a portion, or the whole, of the amount should be contingent on their being won by a race, did it enter into the heads of the framers of such articles, that a man should become entitled by paying another for cantering after him over the course appointed for the contest? In the days "when George the Third was king," would it have been held fair, under any circumstances, to start a horse to lose? or for the proprietor of a favourite, heavily backed, to demand a sum of money for permitting his horse to start at all? Much has been done to make horse-racing a sport fitted for gentlemen; but much, very much, remains to be accomplished before that end shall be attained. The system of betting by commission must be got rid of. Is it not a monstrous thing, that notorious cheats, scoundrels, sprung from the very ordure of infamy, should be employed as agents in negotiations, whose whole and sole existence is in the honour of those who engage in them? Let the character of our national sports be as liberal as you will, but guard it from licentiousness. It may be, that I do not think where the higher and lower orders of society mingle together, either are benefited by the confusion. Perhaps I am of opinion, that gentlemen might as well play at cricket with their fellows, as call in the aid of those whose habits and manners are rarely likely to give *éclat* to the *morale* of the association. In this, however, I may be mistaken; but I cannot err in calling upon the gentle and honourable to exile from their presence a *clique*, whose flagrant baseness is a disgrace to the age that tolerates it.

There could not have been a more lovely day than Monday, the 13th ult. The course was in the finest condition: an improvement had been made by enclosing the ground, in front of the Stand, as a betting terrace, and everything looked promisingly but the company and the sport. The attendance was wretched; the racing must speak for itself. As usual, the first event on the cards was the Fitzwilliam Stakes, for which there was no race. For the 100 sovs. Produce Stakes, for four-year-olds, with five nominations, only one dilapidated screw was found with life enough left in her to canter over: this was Mr. Orde's Queen Bee, a quadrupedal symbol of "to be or not to be." The Champagne, as became it, was a fine sparkling affair. The betting and the details of the running will be found, with those of all the other events of the meeting, in the Turf Register at the end of the number. The field was rich in winners, and the result brought out a prominent favourite for the Derby. Notwithstanding the decision of the Judge, the victory was a clever one, and Attila, as a book-horse, is not to be thought small beer of. It was the *ideal* of a two-year-old race—"short, sharp, and decisive." The 10 sovs. Handicap that followed, was a sort of comparative Leger trial. It was done at good speed, but the weights were low: three-year-olds that cannot show some pace in the month of September, under 7 st. 2 lb. (the winner's weight), and 6 st. 4 lb., that carried by the second, must be "poor indeed." E. O. won, and the stable were up in the stirrups about Eringo for the morrow, but the event showed the folly of deductions from false premises. A match for 200 sovs. a side, was run between Gallipot, at 5 to 2 on him, and Pathfinder (too great a cripple to make any use of a path when he *did* find it), at equal weights. It was won, of course, by a distance, or thereabouts. As a wind-up of the day's amusements, the Duke of Cleveland's great strapping horse, Sampson, walked over for the Queen's Plate, and people wended their ways home,

"And bitterly thought of the morrow."

Like "the vase in which roses have once been distilled," there is a charm about the Leger day that would long hold at defiance the worst that fate and time could essay against it. Despite the mischief wrought by all manner of bumps of destructiveness, Tuesday, olive-crowned for three quarters of a century, arose in a spirit that claimed for it almost a full share of its accustomed honours. The town was populous, if the assemblage was below the average in quality, and there was an air of movement and life about it most welcome to the stagnant spirit. Here groups were weighing the probable issue of the conference sought by the corporation. Others were canvassing the management of Coronation, who had that morning reached Doncaster, in his carriage, from his *otium cum dignitate* at Thirberg, the hospitable seat of T. Fullerton, Esq., where it was known that, from the day of his arrival on the 9th, he had had "plenty to eat and drink, and nothing to do." In secluded corners, small parties, in suppressed tones, as if they were talking treason, and with looks as sharp as the best Sheffield cutlery, were debating the chances of "the stable." Scott, according to some, was to be first and second as in the antecedent year; the less sanguine decided that he must "pull through;" none, born north of the Mersey, doubted he would win "somehow or

other." There is always a bit of a "shindy" to give a zest to the grand day, and this anniversary was not an exception to the rule. First came a note purporting to be the production of a professional gentleman who "chiselled" on the last Derby, offering £5 to the Judge in consideration of that functionary's placing but two for the Leger, whereby Mr. Lockwood would have the satisfaction of pocketing a little flimsey, and making the writer an honest man. Then ominous hints were heard that "the crack" was eager for the fray, but that there was a chance of his starting some eight stone odd, short of weight, inasmuch as there was nothing prepared to ride him but a five pound saddle. Chapple's back was understood to be up in a case *læsæ majestatis*, having reference to some affair at Oxford; while Mr. Thornhill, in a most friendly spirit, offered, it was asserted, to forego his right to Connelly, but the Irishman declared for *Eringo*-bragh! Every one that opened his mouth had some scheme of bedevilment to unfold, that made one blush for one's species. The look of each individual that accosted you, seemed to say—

"Excellent sir, amidst this motley crew
Of lords, legs, touts, levanters, and what not,
All ragamuffins, give them but their due,
With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,
The only gentlemen are I and you."—

It was a real relief to find one's self clear of the town, and away for the sheen and verdure of the day's trysting.

The racing commenced with a Four-year-old Stake, with seven subscribers, reduced to a match between Gallipot and Broadwath, the latter the favourite at 5 to 4. He could never live the pace that his antagonist made it when it pleased him to challenge, and was beaten cleverly by a length. The winner was as "lame as a tree." The Handicap of 10 sovs. each, with £70 added, over the Leger Course, was a brisk betting race, and seemed to put life into the business party—to prepare them for the great event. Eight came to the post, the choice for favourite lying between Shadow and All Fours, backed at 5 to 2 against each. Notwithstanding the great difference in weight (the latter receiving twenty pounds), the odds surprised me; Heseltine's mare, in such a race, being, in my opinion, the most dangerous customer in the north country. All the others were backed at prices varying from 5 to 6, 8 and 9 to 1. It was a very resolute affair, but the slapping daughter of The Saddler soon came away, and the event was proclaimed from the distance by the Shadow, cast before.

The horses had not time to be pulled up ere a general rush ensued for the paddocks, where the Leger favourites were walking. Coronation, Satirist, Van Amburgh, and The Squire, were together, and, of course, excited the greatest attention. They all looked, to the eye at least, as perfect in condition as the art of man could make them. Whatever mismanagement Coronation might have been subjected to (and I am satisfied that ten times as much has been said about it as there was ground for), if old Jem Edwards had been there in the flesh, or in the spirit, there was not a visible point that he could have found fault with. If the horse were really "treated like a spoiled child," an expression attributed to his jockey, John Day, how does the assertion apply to Mr. Rawlinson:—that *he* knows no more of a race-horse

than to treat him as a lady might her lap-dog? With Mr. Rawlinson's long experience of racing, with his extensive practical knowledge of the turf, and the system of bringing British race-horses to the post; if, I say, with his matured judgment, he sent a first favourite, backed at 2 to 1 on him, to run for the Leger, that, sound as steel of limb, and in full vigour of constitution, had not had a gallop for very nearly a week before, what is the deduction that any man in his senses must come to? Coronation was beaten by one, or a combination of those chances, for which no human foresight or care can provide; or because there was actually a better than himself in the race; or because his defeat was preconcerted, and the means made available. If Mr. Rawlinson be in possession of any facts connected with Coronation and the Leger, he should at once come forward and make them public. Should there be none such of which he has knowledge, the majority will look with suspicion at the result; very few indeed will believe that it proceeded from ignorance, or gross want of attention, in those whom it so intimately concerned. It was stated, at Tattersall's, on the Monday after the meeting, that Lord Westminster had removed all his race-horses from Scott's stables, and had placed them under the care of Osborne, to be trained on Dulamere Forest, a rumour which has since been confirmed.

The bell now rings for the Leger's start, and calls us to the immediate business of the scene. Little or none was there of the traffic which, at such a moment, in by-gone years, was wont to rend the welkin. Coronation was backed (when a solitary customer was to be had) at 2 to 1 on him; 6 to 1 was taken languidly agst. Satirist; and these were the only nominations upon which even the pretence of speculation was current. Coronation's general appearance and style of going, as Day gave him his preparatory canter, were all over racing; Satirist looked as fine as a star; Van Amburgh (who led gallop for him) greatly improved on his Derby form; Eringo was a good sample of Newmarket handicraft; The Squire was less admired; Galaor was as safe as if he were hung upon skewers, and the others were too obscure to command any notice. . . . There was one false attempt, in which The Squire, Van Amburgh, and Cattonian, ran a short way, and then the true start was achieved, Cattonian, who was very restive, again getting off in front, with Coronation, Van Amburgh, Satirist, and The Squire, clustered around him, and all well up, save Galaor, who was beaten from the first stride. As they crossed the road, Coronation took up the running, and forced the pace over the hill, with Van Amburgh second, the field waiting on him in the order in which they started.

The first decided change was in Satirist's place, which Scott had made the second, as they came in view from the fall, and The Squire's, who was in the rear, with Galaor, in consequence of an awkward stumble in descending the hill. From the one-mile post to the Red House, the favourite was leading at steady speed, Satirist going stride for stride with him, about a length behind, and, as they made the turn, The Squire again taking a forward position. From this point these three may be considered as alone in the race, all the others being either beaten or stopped by their jockeys. As they crossed the last road, Coronation's chance first appeared in jeopardy. Satirist was almost head and head with him, and he did not seem to possess the power of

shaking him off. As they closed the distance, according to Day's statement, finding his horse in difficulty, he gave him a pull. Be that as it may, there Satirist passed him, kept his head in front, spite of all Coronation could do, to the chair, and beat him cleverly by a neck. The Squire was about three-quarters of a length from Coronation, and nothing else up, Pagan being a very indifferent fourth. The nature of the pace may be gathered from the time the race occupied, which was three minutes and twenty-one seconds. Neither the Derby nor the Leger were distinguished for more than ordinary speed. Does this throw any light upon the mystery of Coronation's defeat?

The Two-year-old Produce Stakes, of 100 sovs. each, Red House in, seven subscribers, was won by Lord Westminster's Derby nag, Auckland, with 5 to 1 on him, beating a filly by The Saddler in a canter. The winner is a fine colt, a son of Touchstone.

The Cleveland Stakes brought three to the one-mile post; Dr. Caius being backed at 3 to 1 on him, and beaten, after a good race, by Broadwath.

Wednesday's list was a very slender one, but there was a good deal of traffic in horseflesh nevertheless. A very large lot of blood-stock was brought to the hammer by Mr. Tattersall; and as four yearlings, the property of Mr. John Scott, realized £1,250, we won't say there is not a demand for race-horses. One of them, Parthian, a bay yearling colt, by Jerred, out of Cyprian (in the Derby and Hippodrome Great Stakes, 1843), brought a net £500 sterling.

For the Doncaster Stakes, Bee's-wing walked over, as did Van Amburgh for the Foal Stakes; and then we had two actual races—the first of which was The Selling Stakes, which brought out a field of seven, the Recorder winning, in a very business-like style, by half a length. He was claimed, according to the articles, for £200, by the Duke of Cleveland, and is no bad investment at the price. Shadow won the Corporation Sixty in two heats, as she pleased, and so the day's amusements closed.

The observations that appeared in the last number of this work, upon the Doncaster Cup, foretold the failure that it would prove. Even so it was. The weather was all that could be wished, the attendance its antipodes. Betting was at a stand-still, with the exception of a little nibbling about Attila for the Derby, and the Two-year-old Stakes, to come off in the course of the day. It was known that *the race!* for the Cup was only to be a make-believe, to secure the Corporation's £150, and, of course, nothing was done about *that*.

The sport opened with Van Amburgh's winning the Gascoigne Stakes easily; 2 to 1 on him against Thirsk and Middleham; and then came the Two-year-old Stakes, 100 sovs. each, 30 ft., St. Ieger Course, seven subscribers. The field consisted of ten, and Attila was backed to win at even, and, in some quarters, with a point of odds on him. He did win (making ducks and drakes of his horses in the start), with William Scott on him, who wound up his week's work by landing first in five out of the six races for which he started, the St. Ieger included. The Three-year-old Stakes, 200 sovs. each, h. ft., St. Ieger Course, seven subscribers, Eringo won at last with 5 to 4 on him, and thus brought a handsome £800 to book.

The Cup, a match between Bee's-wing and Shadow, was, in fact, a

farce played to "a miserable account of empty benches," though it was judiciously made to assume the appearance of a race. Some people thought that the old mare had enough to do at the finish; but some people are, occasionally, mistaken. The distance, two miles five furlongs, was done in six minutes, five seconds, so that the pace was not very destructive.

The sombre aspect of the social world, on the last day of the meeting, acted as a melancholy contrast to that of the physical. Never did Nature attire herself more gaily, or in more glorious pomp: never, since Olympics became familiar to her vicinity, did Doncaster wear such a hang-dog appearance. However, though there were few to see, certain events were, perforce, to be decided, and of these I proceed to dispose. The Scarborough Stakes were won by the Squire in something very like a canter. They backed him at 2 and 3 to 1, and anything they could get, and thereby showed their judgment. The Parkhill Stakes—the Northern Oaks—brought out a short field of four. The winner, Mr. Powlett's filly, by Muley Moloch, out of Mystery, was backed at odds, and, after a slashing race with Lampoon, just contrived to finish with her head in front of her antagonist. Ermengardis (who was to have done such things in the South) was finished off at the distance. A Five Sovereigns Handicap, with £30 added, Garland won, rather cleverly, from an indifferent party of four; and Bee's-wing carried off the Hornby Castle Stakes from Sampson, with 10 to 1 on her. The Town Plate, Shadow made her own in two heats, and with this, the "last scene of all," the curtain fell on the worst season ever known at Doncaster.

WILD SPORTS OF THE HIMALAYAS.

BY A JUNGLE-RANGER.

THE Himalayas! How many pleasing associations are blended with that name;—how many a day of wild and dangerous sport does it recal to my recollection;—how many an hour of daring, dreadnought youth, faded into the "sere and yellow leaf," does it again bring before me, as a bright gleam of sunshine athwart the darkened horizon of life's decline! The sports of these mountains are no child's play. The lion must be bearded in his den; the elephant faced and slain in his forest home; the chamois pursued over precipices that men dare not look upon in their cooler moments! The Himalayas! Those glorious elevations of Nature; that wild, undisputed domain of the fierce animals of chase, whereon man never yet made a clearing, or constructed an abode, of whose majestic scenery and softer beauties few know anything more than is transmitted to them by the *Annals* (those apocryphal records) in plates six inches by four, depicting several extinguishers for mountains, three niggers in white turbans, a palm-tree, and a very demoniacal-looking specimen of the feline genus, skulking in the rear, voraciously intent on the live stock

of the picture. An unconfined range of mountain peaks extend from Cabul along the north of Hindostan, forming the whole boundary of Thibet, from Cabul to China. In unbroken succession they rear their pine-clad summits under the cloudless vault of heaven, and reward the daring sportsman for wearisome ascents, and perilous encounters, with beauties undescribed and indescribable, not easily effaced from his recollection, either by time or distance. Amid roaring cataracts and stupendous chasms, he will hear the howl of the lion, followed by the yell of the jackal, the screech of the elephant, and the tiger's growl; while the incessant *whirr* of the Argus pheasant gives cheerful life to a world otherwise swarming with fierce and lawless denizens alone.

A long sojourn beneath the burning sun of India had done but little to benefit the constitution of a party of four of her Majesty's officers, of whom my proper self was one. A doctor's certificate and the hills were the only remedies for such a condition. It is no easy thing to persuade a commanding-officer that tiger-shooting agrees better with health than five o'clock parades, and that sitting at the mess table till two in the morning, is more salubrious than turning in betimes (thereby saving soda water and headache), particularly a lieut.-colonel who knows as much about the pleasure and excitement of sport as a bull-dog does of a thermometer. Then the doctor is to be gulled into the belief that one never exceeds two bottles of beer, and a *very* weak glass of brandy and water, daily, so that it is perfectly impossible hard living can have been the cause of one's ailments. All this, and much more, is to be done before a soldier in India can hope to penetrate the plains of the Himalayas; but, when he has so far succeeded, he may at once set to work and lay in his tents, stores, and ammunition, with a well-founded expectation of spending, at least, one happy month beneath a tropical sky. It is much the fashion for residents in India to decry the place to the uttermost; why it should be so, I know not. It is certainly not a country in which a man possessing fortune, would choose to fix his residence, but it opens to the young sportsman a field that he can never find at home. On a small allowance he may indulge in more luxuries than with ten times as large an expenditure in England. Horses are within the reach of the worst paid of John Company's servants; game of all kinds is at a discount; and, above all, the Himalayas are open to him. The contrast these hills present to the low, sandy plains of Hindostan, gives them a charm they could not otherwise possess; whilst the climate again reminds him of the more genial one of his own western land. There is no hinderance from the sun to prevent you from following game from five o'clock in the morning till nightfall, or at night, after a few bumpers of mulled port, from turning in between three or four blankets to sleep without the assistance of an infernal punkah. Musquitoes, moreover, are at a premium.

Many days were spent, before our start from cantonments, in arranging and gathering together the necessaries for our expedition, which seemed more befitting a second siege of Troy, than a month's warfare against the denizens of the forest. Camels, tents, pickled beef, beer, guns, cheroots, shooting apparatus, and niggers, were blended together in Babel confusion; while many an envious glance at our stores betrayed the wish of some less fortunate comrade to

join our expedition. There is almost as much pleasure in making preparations for a two thousand miles' march (particularly from Calcutta) as in the enjoyment of the excursion itself. Anticipation often pictures brighter scenes than the fulness of enjoyment realizes; and, before the first day of leave is granted, the eager hunter has in fancy flooded his troops of lions, his tigers by the score, and bears "too numerous to insert." But, though distance may "lend enchantment to the view," it is high time we should shorten the journey from cantonments to the mountains, even for your sake, courteous reader! whom we fear we have already tired by our lengthened digression. Two hours before the sun made his unwelcome appearance above the horizon, while yet the air, refreshed by the dewy coolness of night, permitted a half-grilled European to feel that he was still in possession of lungs and liver, we were *en route* to the scene of action. Two camels, loaded with tents, and six dozen chests of beer, led the van; an elephant, with awfully miscellaneous *impedimenta*, from gunpowder to gridirons, followed; a bullock-cart, with four-and-twenty nigger "insides" (servants), took the third place in the procession; whilst two portly gentlemen in palankeens, and two, more symmetrical, on tattoo ponies, brought up the rear. There is something in an Indian morning, between the hours of four and six, indescribably fragrant and refreshing. This is the time "we English" take advantage of to enjoy our sports in field and jungle; and, terrible as it is to turn out of bed at five o'clock in England, even on the first of September, these scruples must be overcome in the East, if one has not a desire to be relieved from all worldly cares and troubles at once. Six days' travelling (not the fastest in the world by-the-bye) brought us to the spot on which we first pitched our tents, and glad enough were we to reach it. It was in a beautiful green oasis by the side of a mountain, with a fine stream for the fisher running by it, that we called a halt and a council of war, which ended in our deciding to bivouac there for a day or two, to break the monotony of the march, and see what game was to be found in the neighbourhood. However beautiful the scenery, we only found time that day to provide for the inner man; and no sooner had the camels been lightened of their load, than our portly companion, whom we shall term "the Major," was busily hunting out various unique looking bottles, bearing the autograph of a certain Eliz. Lazenby, and up to his middle in pickled beef, soups, and stewing pans. This was his forte, and, to do him justice, he would have been a formidable rival to Ude himself, had he practised his skill in more civilized places than the heights of the Himalayas. Our *chefs de cuisine* had sinecures. If the unsophisticated nigger-cook dared to add a grain of salt without the Major's instructions and superintendence, he measured his length upon his native sand. Indeed, it would be difficult to say whether our worthy friend found more real satisfaction in concocting the different dishes, or in washing them down with a bottle of iced Lafitte. Such was the Major, whom we obeyed as General-in-chief, both under canvass and in the field.

The next of the party to be introduced to the reader, is the Adjutant of the — regt. N. I., a tall, rawboned Scotchman, one of the best-hearted fellows in the world, when pipe-clay was out of his head, which, however, was rarely the case. He was a capital "*compagnon*

de voyage," nevertheless, as he never smoked his share of cheroots, or finished his allowance of wine, his delight being to clean his own and his comrades' guns, after the approved fashion of "Hints to Private Soldiers on the use of Fire-arms." Moreover, he possessed the knack of being always awake some hours before the rest of the party, which a long and strict attendance on the regimental parade-ground had rendered habitual.

The third of the party was one of the most celebrated sportsmen of India, a captain in the regiment I belonged to, the — Queen's, an Irishman, and as fine a fellow as ever breathed, in fact, rather too full of his country's good-nature for the benefit of his exchequer. Should this ever meet his eye, he will be at no loss to ascertain who has ventured on this sketch of him. Singularly enough, not two of us were countrymen. The Major was English; the Adjutant, Scotch; the Captain, Irish; and the humble chronicler of their adventures, from the blue hills of Cambria, making the fourth of the party; what else shall I say for myself? I could smoke cheroots, drink beer, sing a tolerable song, and had gained a slight celebrity in Ceylon, by killing half-a-dozen elephants, single-handed, before breakfast.

Our repast finished, and our guns in readiness for the morning's work, we adjourned outside the tent, to enjoy our brandy-pawnee and Manilla cheroots by the moonlight. Never do I remember anything in nature so exquisitely beautiful as that scene at that hour. The moonbeams falling on the infinite perspective of mountain, and giving the clear river the appearance of liquid silver; the distant screech of the startled peafowl; the shrill cry of the jackal, seeking its food; the absence of every human presence or dwelling-place; the soft, cool night-breeze that played upon our faces, and our wild bivouac by the mountain's side, made me forget that the busy world was in existence, and feel—

"How beautiful is all this visible world;
How glorious in its action and itself."

All things have an end, so, unfortunately, have cheroots; and, with light hearts and happy anticipations, we betook ourselves to our rude, but welcome couches, to dream of the events the next sun might bring with it.

Four o'clock the following morning, by the assistance of the Adjutant's *early* propensities, found us swallowing our coffee, previous to a start. We took with us four servants, carrying spare guns, loaded with ball, in case of our meeting any more dangerous customer than a pheasant or snipe. In the usual method of Indian beating, namely, in line, about sixty yards apart from each other, with a nigger in the intervening spaces, so that no game can avoid being put up, we commenced ascending the first hill, on which we had not proceeded far, before many a flushed partridge and startled hare gave us hopes of not returning to our tents with empty bags. The partridges we invariably found singly, and the farther we ascended, the more did the hares swarm. They were scarcely bigger than an English rabbit, and, having already supplied our bag with eight, we allowed them, in future, the privilege of escaping the general carnage. The partridges were not fated to so limited an acquaintance with the Major's cooking propensities; but if anything could have appeased their manes, it would

have been the knowledge of the skilful hands into which they were destined to fall. In the first hour we had bagged ten brace of birds, which, together with the hares, promised well for the commissariat for that day at least. A *roué* jackal, that had been out "larking" all night, was the only other animal we met with; and the game, at every step, becoming more plentiful, we separated, having agreed to meet at the summit of the hill. The ascent also grew more difficult over the broken fragments of rock that lay in our way, whilst a most suspicious looking chasm here and there gave intimation that less peaceable animals than hares or jackals had fixed their abode thereon. Captain —, who was nearest to me in the march, and whose eye was like a hawk's, having made a signal to me to lie down, I fancied a lion, at least, was going to start on us from one of the chasms; and, on creeping up to his side, was not a little surprised at his calling my attention to a speck in the heavens, almost invisible. The speck was a magnificent eagle, and, as his experienced eye predicted, soaring towards us. To bring down "the bird of Jove" would, indeed, have been an epoch in my life, and silently did we lie, as it gradually approached us, and its bright colours became more and more perceptible. However, the fates doomed otherwise; the eagle either had got an inkling that we meant not to meet him on friendly terms, or preferred a higher flight than would suit the philosophy of our Mantons, so we were obliged to content ourselves with the reflection that we could not have eaten, even had we bagged him. All this time we had lost sight of our friends, the Major and the Adjutant, until the almost simultaneous report of two barrels, and a shout, awoke every echo in the mountains. We knew not of their whereabouts. Bang! bang! went the second double-barrel, with a yell that would have astonished all the jackals in Hindostan. With a foreboding that more than game was afoot, we rushed in the direction of the firing, when, lo! the Major hove in sight, without his gun, or hat, or senses, running and tumbling, with a bear within six inches of his "terminus," hobbling as fast as its wounded condition would permit. Nothing short of a twelve feet brick and mortar wall could have stopped the headlong career of our portly friend. "Shoot the villain! bad luck to him!" was all we heard escape the Major, for the next instant he performed a somersault that placed him effectually *hors de combat*. Meanwhile, Master Bruin coming up, with evidently no friendly intentions, as his white teeth indicated, received the contents of my right barrel through his head; Captain — having given me the first fire.

Ursa Major being disposed of, we turned our attention to our fallen friend, who was just recovering his wind, and from whom we learned that, having put his foot among the bear's household gods, the indignant occupant lost no time in putting his head out of the door, and meeting his visitor face to face. The Major having delivered his first fire "in the air," adopted the better part of valour, and fled, until a shot from the Scot damaged the pursuer's hind-legs, and prevented more serious consequences.

A pull at a brandy-and-water-flask soon set him to rights again; and, with a hearty laugh at himself, and an execration on the unhappy animal, gone to that bourne from which no bear returns, he shook his bruised limbs, and proceeded onwards less adventurously.

Bruin being duly quartered and sent to camp, we again proceeded onwards. The sun had now begun to gild the tops of the hills; and the keen mountain air, added to our long and difficult walk, had given us no small degree of appetite. Advancing, we found the upper part of the hill covered with trees, and no sooner had we reached it than the whole place seemed to burst into life. Three pheasants fell dead ere we had time to draw breath, and the air was darkened by the myriads of every hue that went away. Silver pheasants, Argus pheasants, with white spots like eyes upon their plumage; golden pheasants, and common hill pheasants; bustards; in fact every variety of the pheasant tribe were swarming here: no domain in the world ever boasted such a preserve. We had at last hit on the right place, so onwards we went, at every ten yards getting a shot at some unknown specimen of feathered songsters. We had already bagged sixteen brace of different kinds of birds, of which nine brace were pheasants, and the quantity and quality of the sport had tempted us to exceed the hour appointed for the morning meal, when that never-failing test of mortality, *hunger*, made us think of turning our steps homewards. A short walk brought us to the tents, where our companions had already arrived, and, as an excellent breakfast recruited us after the fatigues of the morning, we flavoured the noon-day *siesta* with dreams of "fresh fields and pastures new."

HUNTERS, HUNTING, AND GROOMS.

It is an oft-repeated regret, that no means exist of placing old heads upon young shoulders. As regards sporting matters in the present day, however, the tyro lounging in his arm-chair may, from a variety of sources, obtain so much theoretical knowledge, as to insure his buttoning his pockets, and starting on a career neither particularly absurd nor extravagant. Still, it must be admitted, that every year exhibits many young men entering life with such a surfeit of school and college (from whence they have just been emancipated), as to loathe the idea of reading a line beyond the ephemeral publications of the day. To such I would offer a few observations which, I think, would have made me a richer man by thousands, had they been addressed to me some twenty years ago.

Suppose a young man, with a moderate income, desires to commence with a couple of hunters, what plan should he adopt, and what price should he give?

My advice would be,—let him go to Tattersall's, and give certainly not more than £50 for each. There are so many studs constantly selling off, so many establishments perpetually breaking up, that a man must be very fastidious indeed, if he cannot pick up a brace of decent nags, at the close of the hunting season, for the price I have quoted; a tolerable judge would buy a score very soon, and the risk is not very terrible. Are they sound? A veterinary surgeon

will tell you that, and something more, for half-a-sovereign. Can they jump? Take them over the hurdles and fences in Jackson's grounds; or, if you prefer it, his rough-rider will settle that question for the consideration of five shillings. If any fault is detected, or an animal does not suit, you can only send him again to Tattersall's, and the odds are that you lose little or nothing. There is always risk of temper and constitution, but we cannot have everything. If you do not wish to keep horses all the summer (although the *certainty* of condition will amply repay the extra expense), or would decline the risk of lameness in winter, then go to Tilbury, where you have a resource against strains, bangs, bruises, sickness, and all other calamities to which a hunter is subject; or, even if the animal dies, the loss is not on your shoulders, as Elmore said to me once, when I asked the question, "*You kill him, MINE, sir.*" But this hiring is expensive work, particularly if you intend hunting any distance from London. Tilbury's charge is twelve guineas a month for each horse, and, if you are pretty early in the season, you may go down to his farm, and take your choice out of 100 or 150; but suppose you hunt five months, at the end of that time there will be a dead loss against you of 120 guineas for hire alone! The power of changing your horse whenever you choose, is certainly a consolatory reflection, and gives a man the power of taking liberties with his cattle, which he could not otherwise attempt; but yet, it must be remembered, a lame horse cannot always *travel*, and that if you are unable to choose a substitute for yourself, some patched-up cripple may be sent, which will soon give you the same annoyance again. It is not likely that any dealer would send his best cattle to any customer who had already lamed one or two; and so you will go down the scale at every change, not to mention the risk of some runaway, rushing brute being handed over, to finish his education in your hands.

A friend of mine hired a horse from Tilbury some two years ago, a fine slapping animal, but a severe puller, and outrageously wild at his fences. He was so badly *screwed* on the second day he was taken out, that he not only could not be sent to town (a distance of 120 miles), but was placed under the care of a veterinary surgeon for *six weeks*. When he came round, two days more hunting were taken out of him, and he was dismissed; and thus, taking into consideration the vet's bill, the keep of the horse, the groom's expenses to and from London, with other little items, nearly £45 was paid for four days' hunting!!! Tilbury will, in most cases, fix a price upon any horse which may be hired, and, if you can sell him for more, the difference is yours. An Indian friend of mine, coming home on leave, went on this principle; one of his horses was valued at £60, the other at £80; by handing them across country in proper style, he sold the first for £120, and the other for £90, thereby paying his expenses.

This was a stroke of luck which will not occur to every man, however good a workman he may be, for friend Tilbury generally puts a sufficient value on his cattle, and customers are not always to be found. If a man have time to look about him, and can lay hold of some hunting friend in the country, he may now and then pick up a young horse, from the farmers, at a moderate figure; but condition is generally wanting during the first season, and it is not every one who

fancies the danger and annoyance of riding a half-broken horse with hounds, and making him steady. As regards the expense of keeping hunters at livery, speaking in a general way, I should say that from twenty-one to twenty-five shillings per week was about the amount of outlay for each, exclusive of shoeing. During last summer I paid twelve shillings per week for each of mine; they were kept in loose boxes, had vetches occasionally, with two feeds of corn daily, and had the great advantage of being under the eye of a clever veterinarian.

A good, steady, active, trustworthy groom is, indeed, a *rara avis*, and happy is the master who possesses such a treasure. In addition to idleness and roguery, the generality of grooms and helpers are obstinately self-sufficient, and not unfrequently addicted to drunkenness. At any large hunting quarter, where the stable servants congregate together by hundreds, the steadiest man is almost sure to be corrupted; they teach each other all kinds of tricks; and no sooner are the stables closed for the night, than these lazy scamps meet together in the various taps and taverns, and, what with gaming and drink, kick up a precious shine. It is almost unnecessary to add, that the master's pocket suffers, that these gentry may have their fun; the expenditure of hay and corn is wonderful, and the stable bills afford ample evidence of the ingenuity of the scoundrels:—

“Robbers all at Parga.”

They are infamous riders in general, pulling at a horse's mouth as if they were hauling away at the weather braces; and, moreover, when at exercise, think nothing of rattling their horses over the country in their clothes, or “larking” large fences against each other for a pot of beer. Then they seldom deign to ask your opinion on the subject of physic, or alteratives, or, if there is a standing prohibition against the exhibition of medicine, all kinds of doses are often given *by stealth*. Everything is to be done by what they call *duretics*. If a horse be off his feed, “Oh, I shall give him a *duretic*,” if he have a cold, “I shall give him a *duretic*,” if there be a scratched heel, a sore back, or a bruised leg, “nothing like a *duretic*!” Sometimes it is half a *duretic*, and half a “*corgil*” (cordial). I went into a friend's stable the other day, and detected a case of swelled legs. “What is this?” said I to the groom. “Legs full of humour,” replied the man; “I am going to give him a ball.” Luckily the intention was stopped till the veterinary surgeon arrived, and he said, immediately, that nothing would have been more ruinous; some musty oats had produced diabetes, and the swelling was the effect of weakness. Last year I had two men for three horses, and the groom, of course, left all the hard work to the strapper, and was himself almost as active as Jonathan's dog, who leaned against a tree to bark. Profiting by experience, I keep only one groom now, and, two of my horses being clipped, he is quite able to look after them properly, besides having time to clean my leathers, top-boots, and brush clothes. His wages are twenty shillings per week, with two sets of stable clothing in the year; this arrangement includes everything, whether in town or country, and I am not plagued with petty details of board and lodging. Fifteen or sixteen shillings are the weekly wages of the helpers, whilst a head groom may get £100 per annum, or more, according to the strength of his stables, and the *depth* of his master's pocket.

Mr. Dickens, in his description of the footman's "*swarry*" at Bath, has so admirably illustrated the free and easy manners of the liveried gentry in speaking of their masters and mistresses, that he has left little for those who would pursue the subject; yet I cannot forbear quoting part of a conversation between two of these worthies, who were once my companions, on the outside of a two-horse coach, in the highlands of Scotland. They were evidently London servants, who had accompanied their masters into these remote regions, and bitterly did they bewail the hardships they had endured. At last, by way of conclusion, I heard one of them declare most solemnly that he never would come down again to such a place; "for," said he, "it isn't fit to live in; there's no society; you can't find any society at all; it's—a *regular Hafrica!*"

Formerly, the pluck of a rider used to be tested by the number of gates he topped in a run; but now that criterion is exploded, for not one man in a hundred will charge high timber, if the fence on either side be practicable; and where one gate is jumped, five-hundred are opened, let the pace be ever so good. I have been amongst the hardest riders in England: I saw, during the last season, the best men of two or three rival hunts racing against each other, with bitter jealousy, while hounds were running; yet I declare, positively, that, in the course of the run, I don't think I saw twenty gates taken; and yet, though hounds are faster than in the olden time, the men of the present day ride nearer to them than did their predecessors, without flying over the scores of gates we read of in newspapers.

No man who has any pretension to the name of a good rider to hounds, will make for a gate, if the fence in his line be practicable—I mean, to *open* it; but, at the same time, if such a thing lie in his way, you will see him pull up, and whirl it back with the handle of his whip. In attempting this, if there should be any delay, the men who are coming up, instead of shouting out to him to "make way," that they may charge the timber, quietly steer off to some likely place in the neighbouring fence. No man who has any regard for his horse, would put him to the exertion of flying a gate, unless when hounds are running fast and straight, and no time can be spared to open it. But I must admit that a man, on a good timber jumper, will always have a great chance in favour of a start, and it is most comfortable to know that you are on the back of an animal who can set at defiance padlocks and tenpenny nails.

I have not had the luck, of late, to come across any such yawners as the Whissendine, but I have seen a brook of fourteen or fifteen feet, create a terrible disturbance amongst men reported to be good! The ox-fences of Leicestershire, and other grazing counties, are rasping jumps certainly, and not often taken by many men abreast; rails are sure to be broken here and there by some of the leaders, and quickly taken advantage of by the rest.

Thick, strong bullfinches are queer customers for man or horse, and precious sharp work for the eyes; but they seldom occasion a fall, if sufficient impetus be given. The cramped and "devilish nasty" places, where a man has to go fast at a fence, where there is barely room to shave a tree or post, or where he is obliged to stoop and dodge under branches whilst in the act of jumping, are my

special aversion. They are ugly enough on a steady horse, but when he has to put the head of a rushing, fretting devil at them, the sensation is not pleasant; a smashed knee-pan, or a cracked skull, being the certain consequence of a swerve. If I may judge from my own experience, these are the jumps where young riders are most likely to be injured. The double ditch, with a bank in the middle, may generally be taken in a fly, but most seasoned hunters will hop off and on, if the finger be correct; but where there is any doubt as to readiness, send him at it, "my son," best pace, and, in case of a mistake, you will land clear of your horse at any rate.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE CESAREWITCH STAKES,

to be run for on the Tuesday in the NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1841.

TUESDAY, Oct. 12th.—The Cesarewitch Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 300 added by the Grand Duke Cesarewitch; Cesarewitch course, about two miles and a quarter; the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes; the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, or Cup, to carry 10 lb. extra; the winner of any handicap race between the day of publishing the weights and the day of running, both days inclusive, to carry 5 lb., of any two such races, 10 lb. extra. No horse to carry more than 10 lb. extra.

	Age	st.	lb.
Mr. Pettit's St. Francis	6	9	10
Mr. W. S. Stanley's Flambeau	5	9	7
Mr. Goodman's Orelia	5	8	11
Mr. Wreford's Wardan	4	8	9
Lord Miltown's Cruiskeen	aged	8	7
Mr. Graydon's Roscius	5	8	7
Duke of Richmond's The Currier	5	8	5
Lord Eglinton's St. Martin	6	8	4
Mr. Greville's Rory O'More	5	8	4
Mr. Clarke's The Corsair	5	8	3
Lord Howth's St. Lawrence	4	8	3
Major Hay's Retriever	5	8	2
Mr. Payne's Welfare	4	8	0
Lord Chesterfield's Prizeflower	aged	8	0
Mr. Goodman's Remnant	4	8	0
Mr. Payne's Johnny	4	7	12
Mr. Theobald's Pocahontas	4	7	12
Mr. Meiklam's Wee Willie	6	7	12
Mr. Beresford's Bob Peel	4	7	12
Mr. Painter's Ernest the First	5	7	11
Mr. Sadler's Bellissima	6	7	9
Duke of Rutland's The Genius	4	7	9
Mr. Meiklam's Broadwath	4	7	5
Mr. Crockford's c. by Bentley, out of Emma	3	7	0
Mr. Forth's Miss Stilton	3	7	0
Mr. Bell's The Squire	3	7	0

	Age	st.	lb.
Lord Miltown's Zelmyra	4	6	13
Lord Palmerston's Iliona	4	6	11
Lord Exeter's Bosphorus	5	6	11
Col. Peel's I-am-not-aware	6	6	11
Mr. J. Clark's Diana	4	6	11
Duke of Bedford's Oakley	3	6	11
Mr. Batson's Barbara	3	6	11
Mr. Thornhill's E. O.	3	6	9
Lord Orford's Young Quo Minus	3	6	9
Lord March's Bracelet	6	6	9
Mr. Goodman's Belgrade	3	6	7
Mr. Eddison's The Ruler	4	6	7
Col. Anson's Duke of Wellington	3	6	7
Lord Exeter's Stamboul	4	6	7
Mr. Bell's Thirsk	3	6	7
Lord Eglinton's The Young-un	4	6	7
Duke of Bedford's Taurida	3	6	7
Lord Miltown's Wirrestrew	5	6	5
Col. Craufurd's Ermengardis	3	6	4
Lord Exeter's Silistria	4	6	4
Duke of Portland's c. by Mundig, out of Thebes	3	6	2
Lord G. Bentinck's Half-caste	4	5	13
Mr. Shelley's Huon	3	5	9
Duke of Rutland's f. by Emilius, out of Miss Mary Ann	3	5	9

NOMINATIONS AND DECLARATIONS FOR THE
CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES,

To be run for on the Monday in the NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING
1841.

THE Cambridgeshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 ft. if declared to Messrs. Weatherby, at Newmarket, or Oxenden-street, London, on or before Tuesday, the 21st of September, with 100 added by the inhabitants of Newmarket and the neighbourhood; last mile and a distance of B.C.; the winner of the Cesarewitch Stakes, 1841, to carry 7lb. extra.

	Age	st.	lb.
Mr. Ramsay's The Doctor	aged	9	2
Colonel Peel's The Dey of Algiers	5	8	11
Colonel Peel's Gibraltar	4	8	11
Mr. Goodman's Orelia	5	8	9
Mr. St. Paul's b. f. Calypso	4	8	9
Mr. Graydon's Roscius	5	8	7
Mr. Wreford's, jun., Wardan	4	8	7
Mr. Byng's Garryowen	4	8	6
Mr. Greville's Rory O'More	5	8	4
Duke of Richmond's The Currier	5	8	3
Lord Miltown's Cruiskeen	aged	8	3
Mr. Goodman's Remnant	4	8	2
Mr. Clark's The Corsair	5	8	2
Mr. Etwall's c. by Mulatto, out of Melody	4	8	2

	Age	st.	lb.
Major Hay's Retriever	5	8	2
Mr. Payne's Welfare	4	8	0
Mr. Theobald's Pocahontas	4	7	12
Mr. Payne's Johnny	4	7	12
Mr. Graydon's Miss Heathcote	4	7	11
Mr. Clark's Recorder	5	7	10
Mr. Denham's b. g. Compensation	6	7	9
Mr. Meiklam's b. c. Broadwath	4	7	6
Mr. Holmes's Vulcan	4	7	4
Mr. Forth's Miss Stilton	3	7	3
Mr. J. Clark's Diana	4	7	2
Lord Miltown's Zelmyra	4	7	2
Mr. Townley na. Teleta	4	7	2
Mr. S. Stanley's Sir Hans	3	6	13
Lord Chesterfield's Knight-of-the-Whistle	3	6	13
Mr. Goodman's Belgrade	3	6	13
Lord Palmerston's Iliona	4	6	13
Colonel Peel's I-am-not-aware	6	6	11
Mr. Crockford's c. by Bentley, out of Emma	3	6	11
Lord Exeter's Stamboul	4	6	11
Lord March's Bracelet	6	6	11
Lord Exeter's Siliustria	4	6	9
Mr. Eddison's The Ruler	4	6	9
Duke of Bedford's Taurida	3	6	9
Lord Eglinton's The Young-un	4	6	9
Mr. Garrard's Dromedary	4	6	8
Mr. Pettit's Langolee	3	6	7
Lord Miltown's Wirrestrew	5	6	7
Colonel Craufurd's Ermengardis	3	6	6
Mr. Thornhill's St. Colomb	3	6	4
Lord G. Bentinck's Half-caste	4	6	4
Lord Exeter's f. Scarf, by Reveller, out of Green Mantle	3	6	2
Lord G. Bentinck's Mustapha	3	6	2
Lord Chesterfield's Henri Quatre	3	6	2
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Diversion	3	6	1
Mr. Negus's Portsoken	3	5	11
Duke of Rutland's b. f. by Emilius, out of Miss Mary Ann	3	5	11
Mr. Gratwicke's Clementina	3	5	11

The following having declared forfeit, pay 5 sovs. each :—

Mr. Kirby's Lanercost	6	9	12
Mr. Lichtwald's Hyllus	5	9	6
Mr. Forth's Camelino	5	9	6
Mr. A. Johnstone's br h. Charles XII.	5	9	6
Mr. Bowes's Hetman Platoff	5	9	6
Mr. Smith na. Caravan	aged	9	2
Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Caius	4	9	0
Duke of Richmond's Mus	aged	8	12
Lord Eglinton's b. m. Bellona	6	8	7
Mr. E. Hicks na. Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak	4	8	1
Mr. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty	aged	8	0
Mr. Kirby's Kingston Robin	4	7	12
Lord Eglinton's b. g. Galen	4	7	11
Mr. Thornhill's Eringo	3	7	5
Mr. Combe's The Nob	3	7	2
Mr. Bowes's Black Beck	4	7	2
Mr. W. H. Burgess's br. c. Champagne	4	7	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Naworth	4	7	0

	Age	st.	h.
Mr. Goodman's Isabella	6	6	13
Lord Exeter's Bosphorus	5	6	11
Lord Albemarle's Exit	4	6	11
Captain Rous's Nicholas	4	6	11
Mr. Goodman's sister to Glencoe	3	6	11
Mr. Batson's Potentia	3	6	9
Lord Jersey na. Joachim	3	6	9
Lord Orford's Young Quo Minus	3	6	9
Mr. Goodman's Mungo Parke	4	6	7
Lord Exeter's Cesarewitch	3	6	6
Mr. Forth's bl. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Dryad	3	6	5
Mr. Shelley's Huon	3	5	11

PROSPECTS OF THE CRACK COUNTRY IN THE APPROACHING SEASON.

Leicestershire, Sept. 24th.

SPORTSMEN are beginning to augur well of the Quorn under its new administration. Mr. Greene has energetically devoted himself to remove all lets and hinderances to the prosperity and pleasures of fox-hunting in this crack country, and the days of Meynell had never a greater prospect of being lived over again. His cub-hunting, which from his having a large lot of young hounds, necessarily began early, has been very promising: it has even afforded good sport. A considerable accession of strength has been made to the packs; the *manège* much increased and improved, and much done to remove the adverse feeling of a few obstructive landed proprietors. The committee of management have been most zealously active in co-operating with Mr. Greene, and, when it is remembered that such sportsmen as Colonel Cheney and Captain Hunter are members of it, there is no fear of their zeal flagging. Every man has acted as if the coming season was to be decisive of the fate of fox-hunting. Lodgings and stables in Melton, and the country round, seem as likely as ever to be well-filled. Lord Rosslyn's appointment to the mastership of the buckhounds, deprives us of a strong supporter, but the change will probably restore us Lord Kinnaird, whose return will be hailed with great delight.

Lord Hastings will be in more than wonted force and spirits, and that is saying much. His cub-hunting has been successful. Stanford Hall loses its owner for five years, to the great regret of all fox-hunters. It is not, however, expected that there will be either less hospitality, or fewer fixes there: in both hunts there appears every chance of plenty of foxes, though there are districts in which there is a *hiatus valde deflendus*.

RACES FOR OCTOBER.

Caledonian H. (Stirling) ... 5	Nottingham 6	Welshpool 14
Stamford 5	Co. of Dorset (Blandford) 7	Northampton 14
Ashby-de-la-Zouch 5	Hastings, &c. 7	Leek (Staff.) 15
Monmouth 5	York 8	Southern Meeting 19
Woolwich Garrison 5	Newmarket 11	Newmarket 25
Yorkshire Union H. 6	Florence 11	Keslo 25
Knutsford 6	Holywell Hunt 12	

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

MR. JOHN CLARK, the Judge of the races at Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and the principal meetings in England, has been appointed to that office at Doncaster, in the room of Mr. Lockwood.

COLONEL PEEL'S celebrated mare, Vulture, died early last month at the Hampton Court Paddocks, in consequence of a kick from Hester, another of his capital brood mares.

The celebrated sire, Physician, was lately purchased by the French government for £2,500, and has gone to France.

EPIRUS.—MR. T. B. POTTERTON, of Clipston, near Market Harbough, has purchased this horse of Mr. Bowes for £800, and he will stand in that neighbourhood next season; and, from his breed and blood-like appearance, he will, no doubt, become fashionable.

IMPORTANT CONFERENCE between a DEPUTATION from the CORPORATION OF DONCASTER, and the NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN, supporters of DONCASTER RACES, held at the CLUB HOUSE during the late Meeting.—(Abridged from the report published in "Bell's Life in London" of the 19th ult.)

On the first day of the late meeting at Doncaster, the following note was addressed to the patrons and supporters of the races:

"Noblemen and gentlemen, supporters of Doncaster Races, are requested to meet a deputation of the corporation on Tuesday, the 14th of September, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at the Club House. By order of the stewards,

"J. LOCKWOOD, Clerk of the Course.

"In compliance with this notice, a numerous assemblage of the most distinguished patrons of the turf assembled at the Racing Club House. Lord Maidstone took the chair. Sir Isaac Morley, the mayor, Mr. Alderman Walker, Counsellors Armstrong and Morley, and Mr. Mason, the town clerk, were then introduced, and, on the chairman requesting to be informed of the nature of the communication which the deputation had to make,

"Mr. Mason said the corporation were anxious to leave the management of the races to the noblemen and gentlemen who were the supporters of the turf, but they had drawn up a few suggestions for their consideration. They proposed to reduce the number of days from five to four; to create a new stake, 'The Great Yorkshire Handicap,' with a view to which they submitted that the stewards of the ensuing year should be nominated on the Wednesday, so that those gentlemen might, as at Goodwood and elsewhere, solicit entries; and this was the more desirable, as they considered 'The Cup Race' would be rendered more popular by its also assuming the character of a

handicap ; with regard to the balls, of which there were now two in the race week, the corporation were of opinion that it would be more profitable to have but one. This was the outline, but he desired to state that the corporation were anxious to do all in their power to keep up the celebrity of the meeting. Mr. Mason was then about to offer some remarks on a change of terms in the conditions and weights for some of the stakes, when—

“ Lord George Bentinck observed that this had better be left entirely to a ‘racing committee,’ to be hereafter chosen ; the great point now to be ascertained was, to what extent the corporation were prepared to enhance the value of the stakes.

“ Mr. Mason said the corporation were willing to contribute the sum given at the present meeting, and to leave it at the disposal of the committee referred to. In former years, £400 were granted, but this year the sum of £500 had been given, which it was proposed to continue.

“ Lord George Bentinck remarked his impression was the corporation meant to meet the owners of race-horses with a distinct proposition ; namely, that, provided they would not withdraw their support, they would henceforth give a more liberal gift of money.

“ Mr. Mason said that the Municipal Corporation Act provided the manner in which they were to apply their finances, and, if they departed from that manner, they were liable to be called before the Court of Queen’s Bench.

“ Lord George Bentinck said it was clear the corporation were entitled to apply their funds for the benefit of the town, and, if they did this judiciously, there was no fear of their being taken before the Queen’s Bench.

“ The Marquis of Normanby observed that they were no more liable to be called before the Queen’s Bench for a larger grant than a smaller one.

“ Lord George Bentinck said the real fact was, that the revenue, derived from the race-course by the corporation of Doncaster, was greater than that derived by any other corporation in the kingdom, while the contribution to the race fund was less. For a great number of years the corporation had derived very large revenues from the race meeting, and during the last twenty years their receipts amounted to an average of £2,000 annually, while they did not subscribe more than £300 a year to the racing fund. At Liverpool, from the hands of a private individual (Mr. Lynn), no less a sum than £1,640 annually, were placed at the disposal of the racing committee ; and this, after the proprietor of the race-course had expended £20,000 in building a stand, and effecting other improvements, as well as incurring all the other necessary expenses of police, &c. ; at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, with only four days racing, £698 were given ; at Chester, with a five days’ racing, £940 ; at Ascot Heath, £950, with the prospect of the whole proceeds of the Grand Stand being devoted to racing purposes hereafter ; at the Pottery, with two days’ races, £440 ; at Wolverhampton, with three days’ races, £500 ; and at the Hippodrome, solely the experiment of a private individual, at two meetings, £1,700, with the prospect, in 1843, of £1,000 additional to the Magnum Bonum Stakes, and, in 1844, a Produce Stakes additional of £2,000, and yet here was the richest corporation in the racing community proposing

but £500 annually! The meeting did expect that a much larger sum would have been offered than that now proposed, and, unless a considerable advance were made, it was in vain to suppose that the celebrity of the races could be maintained.

“In reference to the proposed enclosure in front of the Grand Stand, upon which an experiment had been made, he considered that this enclosure ought also to include the stand of the Jockey Club, and, indeed, of the weighing place, so that gentlemen could have the means of communicating with their jockeys, and seeing their horses, without being subject to the encroachments of pickpockets and other disorderly characters.

“Sir Isaac Morley assured the meeting that the corporation were most anxious to accomplish all within their power. He felt that the Municipal Reform Bill empowered them to do all they could for the benefit of the borough, and with this view he would go all practicable lengths. With regard to the enclosure, they were desirous of preserving the rights of the public, as well as those of individuals, who could afford to pay for exclusive accommodation.

“The Marquis of Normanby said he was as sensitive as the corporation in securing the rights of the public, and would approve of no unfair encroachment; but, at the same time, he thought the enclosure referred to, while it would be no detriment to the public, would tend to enhance the revenues from whence more exciting amusements were to be secured.

“It was then agreed by the deputation, that the meeting should be adjourned till the next morning, and that, in the interim, the corporation should be called together and consulted.

“On Wednesday morning the negotiating parties again assembled, when Sir Isaac Morley stated that the corporation had come to a deliberate resolution, which their town clerk would read. The town clerk then read the resolution, calling to the attention of the meeting that, in former years, the corporation granted but £400 per annum; they now proposed to make the annual contribution £500 per annum, with 200gs. additional for the Cup, thus relieving the stewards from that expense; and this sum, with the Town Plate and the Innkeepers' Plate, would amount to £810, independent of the expenses to which the corporation would be put for police from London, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, and elsewhere, and the necessary repairs and alterations in the Stand.

“Lord George Bentinck said he expressed the feeling of the gentlemen present when he said, that the proposition now made was by no means adequate to the object they had in view, that of maintaining the reputation of Doncaster Races. They considered that the revenues which the corporation derived through the races, would enable them to make a contribution infinitely larger, and with this impression it was their unanimous opinion that the corporation of Doncaster should place at the disposal of the race committee at least £1,000 a-year. They had come to this determination from a review of the emoluments derived by the corporation in former years, and a comparison of the sums of money received on other race-courses, which bore no comparison in rank and wealth with the corporation of Doncaster. The noble lord then again referred to Liverpool and other places, where

the determination seemed to be to give as much as they could ; while at Doncaster the converse of that proposition seemed to be maintained. It was clear, with certain collateral advantages, that the corporation were gaining more than £1,000 per annum.

“ Mr. Mason said they were entitled to some remuneration for £25,000 expended in the erection of the Stand.

“ Lord George Bentinck said that, as in the last twenty years they had gained £37,303, it might fairly be said the expenses of the Stand had been fully reimbursed ; but if they did not now choose to show a sensible and prudent spirit of liberality, they might as well pull down the Stand, and sell the old materials. *The gentlemen who patronised the races had the power of annihilating the meeting altogether, and they would do so unless met in a spirit of liberal contribution.* An offer of less than £1,000 would not be listened to.

“ Sir Isaac Morley asked if the gentlemen thought the races would be improved in proportion as the subscriptions were increased ?

“ The Marquis of Normanby said that it was with that view they wished such an increase. He could assure them that they came not there with any hostile intention. He had known Doncaster in its best days, nearly twenty years ago, and had been a very regular attendant. Doncaster was then in its zenith. They might not, perhaps, restore it to its palmy state ; and could not be expected to pledge themselves to bring the races back to their former condition ; but, at the same time, if the corporation would join them, as was proposed, they would pledge themselves to do all they could to support the races. If they wished to restore the races to anything like what they had been, now was the time to make an effort. If they would make that effort, the gentlemen present were disposed to second them in it.

“ After a short consultation with his coadjutors, Sir Isaac Morley said they would again call the corporation together that evening, and communicate the result to the meeting in writing next day, so as to save the necessity of another conference.

“ On the same evening the town council met in committee at the Mansion House ; nearly all the members were present.

“ Sir Isaac Morley stated the substance of the interview which the select committee of the council had had with the noblemen and gentlemen of the Doncaster Racing Club, and others interested in Doncaster Races.

“ Mr. Fisher moved, and Mr. Morey seconded : the select committee having reported their meeting with the members of the Racing Club this morning, the council in committee do recommend that the £1,000 required to be guaranteed, immediately be recorded, inclusive of the subscriptions of the town.

“ On Thursday, the noblemen and gentlemen of the Turf Club again met at the Club House ; the Duke of Cleveland being present ; and, on the resolution of the town council being read, the club expressed their high satisfaction, and intimated a cordial intention of doing all they could to restore the celebrity of Doncaster Races hereafter. The Duke of Cleveland and the Earl of Chesterfield were then appointed stewards for the ensuing year, and were requested to join the present stewards in drawing up stakes and making arrange-

nts for 1842. Nothing else was done: but The Municipal Stakes 500 sovs. each, 200 ft., for two-year-olds, to run next meeting, was proved, and received three subscribers;* and we understood two v races were spoken of, one to be called 'The Great Yorkshire Indicap,' of 25 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added, and another with 50 sovs. added; the first to be not less than the St. Leger distance, and the other a mile.

"Mr. W. Lockwood sent in his resignation as Judge, and Mr. Ark, of Newmarket, was appointed in his stead.

"The Great Yorkshire Handicap, suggested to be run on the St. Leger course, was confirmed, the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; to close and name the last day of the July meeting, and the weights declared the second Monday following.

"The Cup is to be of the value of 300 gs., with 50 sovs. for the second horse, and the weights to be as follows: three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and fillings allowed 3 lb.; winner of the St. Leger, 5 lb., and the second, 3 lb. extra.

"The races of next year to commence on Monday, in consequence of the stakes being already made for that day, and to last five days.

"For the St. Leger of 1843, the second horse to receive 200 sovs. out of the stakes, and the third to save his stake."

The following are the present subscribers to the Northumberland Stakes, to be run for at Newcastle-upon-Tyne next year. It is a handicap of 20 sovereigns each, 10 ft., and 5 if declared, with 200 sovs. added:—

The Duke of Cleveland	Mr. Fairlie
The Marquis of Normanby	Mr. W. Williamson
The Marquis of Waterford	Mr. Hodgson Hinde
The Earl of Eglinton	Mr. J. K. Oldfield
The Earl of Miltown (twice)	Mr. P. Cloves
Viscount Kelburne	Mr. Wreford, jun.
The Earl of Chesterfield	Mr. J. Thompson
Lord Maidstone	Mr. Robinson
Sir D. Baird	Mr. Petitean
Sir H. Williamson	Mr. Bates
Col. Thompson	Mr. Kemp
Mr. Orde	Mr. John Scott
Mr. Ramsay	Mr. George Clarke
Captain Ramsden	Mr. Eddison
Captain White	Captain Taylor
Captain Burke	Mr. George Payne
Captain Pott	Mr. Speed
Mr. R. Silver Gascoigne	Mr. Fitzroy Surtees
Mr. Campbell Renton	Mr. A. Johnstone
Colonel Cradock	Hon. Captain Howard
Colonel Craufurd	Mr. T. Whitfield
Major St. Paul	Dr. Robertson
Mr. John Bell	Mr. Gully
Mr. Robert Wilkie	Mr. Goodman
Mr. R. Chitton	Mr. Vansittart
Mr. G. Burdon	Mr. Osbaldeston

* The subscriptions amounted to seven before the end of September.

Mr. Bowes
 Mr. Alderman Copeland
 Mr. Ralph Craufurd
 Mr. W. Allen

Mr. Geo. Baillie, jun.
 Mr. Thomas Kirby
 Mr. Scott.

The subscription continues open till the 1st of March.

Up to Monday, the 13th ult., Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds had been out *nine times* cub-hunting, and killed *thirteen foxes*.

Sir Richard Sutton's hounds have commenced their season by already killing several foxes; his country is plentifully supplied. This must prove to be one of the very best fox-hunting districts, there being no railways to mar the sport. Sir R. intends to hunt one part of his country himself six days; and Shirley, his huntsman, the other part, two days a week.

SOUTH WOLD HUNT, LINCOLNSHIRE.—Mr. Musters, the new master of this splendid country, has commenced cub-hunting, with every prospect of success; the hounds are in first-rate condition. The accounts relative to the quantity of foxes are very satisfactory, so that there is every prospect of a brilliant season.

COURSING.—Caledonian Gold Cup.—The meeting for the Caledonian Gold Cup, takes place at Ardrrossan on the last week of the present month. Lord Eglinton will act as chief steward on the field, and will preside at the public dinner. This meeting is expected to be particularly well attended, there now being such easy access to Ardrrossan by railway on the one hand, and on the other by steam-boat from Fleetwood and Belfast, direct, and from Liverpool and Dublin to Greenock, and thence by railway. Nominations will be obtained by applying to A. Graham, Esq., hon. sec., Limekills, near Glasgow.

SWIMMING.—There was a large concourse of persons, during several mornings in the middle of the last month, at the Serpentine in Hyde Park, to witness the contest of some of our best swimmers for the prizes offered by the British Swimming Society. On every morning some excellent swimming was displayed, and the competitors prepared themselves for the grand heat, which came off on Friday, the 17th ult., in the presence of above a thousand spectators. The candidates, twelve in number, were made up of the three best swimmers of each of the four previous mornings, and were distinguished by caps of various colours. The signal for plunging was given soon after seven o'clock. The three best men went across in four minutes, and returned in three. Their names were—Lewis (pink and white), Kenworthy (pink and green), and Jones (white), to each of whom a silver medal was awarded. It is needless to add, that the swimming was of the finest description, both as to grace and speed, the distance (400 feet) being done in seven minutes. The match was got up by the British Swimming Society, an institution very zealous in promoting a most useful art.

CRICKET.—The fourth and last match of the season, between the Kent and eleven players of all England, was decided at the Hart Ground, Bromley, Kent, on Monday and Tuesday, the 13th and 14th ult. England had her chance greatly lessened, in consequence of the bowlers, Lywhite, Box, Hawkins, and Millyard, being engaged at other matches; by some extraordinary oversight, notice of the match never occurred; it was only communicated to them. The result was as follows:—

ENGLAND.		1st inn.	2nd do.
ct. Dorrington, bow. by Hillyer	17	.. bowled by Mynn	.. 2
.. bowled by A. Mynn	3	.. bowled by Mynn	.. 1
.. ct. Onalow	3	.. ct. Martingell, bowled by Hillyer	0
.. bowled by A. Mynn	1	.. ct. Pilch, bowled by A. Mynn	.. 6
.. ct. Martingell, bow. by Hillyer	4	.. run out	.. 0
.. bowled by A. Mynn	5	.. bowled by Hillyer	.. 0
.. ct. Adams, bow. by A. Mynn	0	.. bowled by Mynn	.. 1
.. bowled by Hillyer	5	.. bowled by Hillyer	.. 3
.. ct. Adams, bow. by A. Mynn	16	.. not out	.. 11
.. bowled by A. Mynn	1	.. stumped by Hollis	.. 0
.. not out	2	.. ct. Parker, bowled by A. Mynn	0
Byes 6, wide ball 1	7	Byes	.. 6
Total	.. 64	Total	.. 30

KENT.

.. ct. by Russell, bow. by Bayley	16	Adams, ct. Redgate, bowled by Bailey	10
.. ct. Bayley, bow. Redgate	6	A. Mynn, Esq., ct. Cobbett, bow. Fenner	8
.. ct. Caldecourt, bow. by Fenner	16	Onslow, not out	.. 4
.. bowled by Fenner	20	Hollis, bowled by Bayley	.. 0
.. er, Esq., bowled by Cobbett	0	Wide balls 3, no balls 3, byes 13	19
.. ton, bowled by Fenner	0	Total	.. 104
.. man, ct. Good, bow. by Fenner	5		

The following extracts are from a pamphlet recently sent to us by the author, Sir Frederick Trench. The interest that gentleman hasevinced upon the matter to which it relates, is very generally known. His unabated zeal in the cause cannot be more appropriately than by the note which accompanied it.

To the Editor of the SPORTING REVIEW.

“ 7, Bolton Street, Aug. 16, 1841.

Sir,

“ I have the honour to forward for your perusal (and, I hope, for approval and support,) a letter upon a subject of public interest, to which I am desirous of attracting public attention, with the object of obtaining your opinion.

I hope and believe that the views I have taken are neither visionary nor exaggerated. I court fair consideration and fair criticism, and am most anxious to obtain the opinions of those who are interested in the subject upon public or private grounds.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Your obed. humble Servant,

“ F. W. TRENCH.”

The pamphlet is in the form of a letter to Viscount Duncannon, Commissioner of Woods and Forests.

“ Bolton Street, July, 1841.

MY LORD,—Fifteen years have elapsed since I proposed the construction of a Quay along the North Bank of the River Thames, and I have stated ‘that it would improve the Navigation of the River, and be highly beneficial to Commerce;’ that ‘it would unite the two ex-

tremities of the Metropolis, and relieve the Strand, and Fleet Street, and Cheapside, from some portion of that crowd which often renders that important thoroughfare dangerous—sometimes impassable.’ That it would afford accommodation and recreation to all classes of the community, but especially to those operatives who reside in close and unwholesome quarters of this crowded city, while its beauty and magnificence would eminently contribute to the embellishment of the metropolis.

“The Emperor of Russia lamented that the finest river in Europe should be condemned to be a *Cloaca Maxima*, and complained that, after a fortnight’s residence in London, he had not obtained a sight of the Thames, of which he had heard so much. The plan I now propose will bring its grandeur and beauty into daily and hourly observation; and no one will deny that a railroad running from London Bridge to Hungerford Market (which may be passed over in four minutes), will be a great accommodation to the public; and I think it will be admitted that such a colonnade as I now propose to you, affording a walk of one mile and three quarters in length, and sheltered from sun and rain, will be a feature of utility and magnificence not to be equalled in any capital in Europe. Your Lordship has already expressed your conviction of the great importance of the plan I submitted to your consideration, when it first occurred to me; and if I can prove that it will not only pay its own expenses, but the expense of erecting the whole of the embankment suggested by Mr. Walker, as well as the railroad, and promenade, and carriage road which I now propose, and leave a very large surplus for its embellishment and for other objects of improvement, I am confident that such a plan will receive all the assistance and protection which your official situation enables you to give it.

“I have taken great pains to ascertain the accuracy of the data which I am now about to submit to your consideration; I consulted Mr. Walker as you suggested; I also consulted my old friend, Sir Frederick Smith (who deservedly enjoys your confidence), and they both agreed in opinion that the plan I propose is not only practicable, but, if carried to London Bridge, must be very profitable. Mr. Walker declined entering into details of ways and means, but his evidence before the Thames Embankment Committee affords most important data; and Sir Frederick Smith’s opinion was verified by notes made of the work actually executed and paid for at the Blackwall Railway.

“Supported by such authorities, I hope to convince you and the public, that a railroad from London Bridge to Hungerford Market will not only pay for its own formation, and the embankment proposed by Mr. Walker, but will produce an immense surplus, which I should like to see employed,—first, in completing an embankment on the south side of the river, and giving every possible accommodation to the occupants of its banks;—and next, in opening to the river that beautiful portico and front of St. Paul’s, opposite to Paul’s Chain, and forming a street from thence to the river, terminated by a fountain and jet d’eau, with a double flight of steps to the water.”

LITERATURE.

THE FARMER'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA, AND DICTIONARY OF RURAL AFFAIRS.
By Cuthbert W. Johnson, Esq. London: Longman and Co.,
September, 1841.

THE series of Encyclopædias which is in process of publication by this eminent house, will form the most remarkable literary feature of the present century. The desire for information had become too general, and too covetous, to suffer men to be content with garbled abridgments of knowledge. The day had passed when the limits of any work could be extended so as to contain the instruction sought for upon the principles of Art, Science, Philosophy, History, Political Economy, and all the great results of refined civilization. It was worthy the first literary firm of such a country as this, to supply so generous a want in so noble a manner. When finished, this series of Encyclopædias will form the most luminous mass of useful information that letters have yet given existence to. It became our duty, last year, to review their "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports," and it was with honest satisfaction that we felt justified in awarding it our sincere praise. It was not perfect; but what human production ever was, or will be? No work that went before it had a hundredth part of its merit, and we are convinced it is destined to a long, as well as to a profitable, career.

The "Dictionary of Rural Affairs" that now appeals to our notice, is remarkable for perspicuity of style, and lucid treatment of the minutest points with which it deals. Mr. Johnson consulted the best authorities in the first instance, and then gave to each subject on which he engaged, the careful examination of a powerful and practical mind. It is somewhat difficult to make choice of a passage where all that is written is so replete with excellence. The following are taken as we chanced to open the volume: from the forthcoming numbers we purpose making more ample and more varied extracts. The gentlemen of the "Won't go home till morning" school, may get a wrinkle from this analysis of ALCOHOL:—

"Alcohol is the name first given by the alchemists (it came originally from Arabia) to the liquid obtained by the distillation of wine, beer, and other fermented spirits. These seem to have been known in the earliest ages: Noah, who planted a vineyard, drank wine; and the heathen writers deemed the invention worthy of being ascribed to their greatest kings and heroes. Beer, there is little doubt, was invented by the Egyptians. They certainly used it in the days of Herodotus. The Germans drank it extensively when Tacitus wrote. These were probably the purest varieties of alcohol then generally made; although they were *known* in the dark ages, and it is probable have been employed in the North of Europe from a very remote period. The process, however, of separating the impure alcohol from these is very easy: upon subjecting the wine, or *wash*, to a moderate heat, the spirit arises, and is easily collected in a worm surrounded by cool water. It is in this way that gin is procured from the distillation of fermented barley or other grain; rum from molasses; brandy from wine. It must not be supposed, however, that the product of these distillations is pure alcohol, for even the strongest brandy

contains between forty and fifty per cent. of water. The first who procured alcohol in a state of tolerable purity is supposed to have been Arnold, of Villa Nova, a celebrated alchemist of the fourteenth century. When impure alcohol is concentrated by repeated distillations, and by mixing it with some salt, like the salt of tartar, that has a strong attraction for water, it gradually parts with a considerable portion of its water, and becomes reduced in specific gravity to about 0·820; that of commerce, however, is rarely of less specific gravity than 0·8371. At the greatest strength, however, at which it has been observed, such as that of 0·792, which M. Lowitz obtained by repeatedly distilling rectified spirits from potash, it possesses the following properties:—it is transparent, colourless, of a strong agreeable penetrating taste, and produces when swallowed intoxication. It does not freeze, even by exposure to the most intense cold; it is very volatile, boiling at 176° of Fahrenheit, and in a vacuum at 56°. It unites with water in all proportions, and is entirely combustible, burning without leaving any residuum. Alcohol, according to the analysis of M. Saussure, is composed of

Hydrogen	.	.	.	13·70
Carbon	.	.	.	51·98
Oxygen	.	.	.	34·32

(*Thomson's Chem.* vol. ii. p. 39.)

100·00

“The following table will show the ordinary proportion of alcohol per cent. by measure in various fluids, according to the experiments of Professor Brande.

Port	.	.	21·40	Frontignac	.	.	12·79
Ditto	.	.	25·83	Coti-Roli	.	.	12·32
Madeira	.	.	19·34	Roussillon	.	.	17·26
Ditto	.	.	24·42	Cape Madeira	.	.	18·11
Sherry	.	.	18·25	Cape Muschat	.	.	18·25
Ditto	.	.	19·83	Constantia	.	.	19·75
Claret	.	.	12·91	Tent	.	.	13·30
Calcavella	.	.	18·10	Sheraz	.	.	15·52
Lisbon	.	.	18·94	Syracuse	.	.	15·28
Malaga	.	.	17·26	Nice	.	.	14·63
Bucellas	.	.	18·49	Tokay	.	.	9·88
Red Madeira	.	.	18·40	Raisin	.	.	25·77
Malsay Madeira	.	.	16·40	Grape	.	.	18·11
Marsala	.	.	25·87	Currant	.	.	20·55
Ditto	.	.	17·26	Gooseberry	.	.	11·84
Red Champagne	.	.	11·30	Elder	.	.	9·87
White Champagne	.	.	12·80	Cyder	.	.	9·87
Burgundy	.	.	14·53	Perry	.	.	9·87
Ditto	.	.	11·95	Brown Stout	.	.	6·80
White Hermitage	.	.	17·43	Ale	.	.	8·88
Red Hermitage	.	.	12·32	Brandy	.	.	53·39
Hock	.	.	14·37	Rum	.	.	53·68
Ditto	.	.	8·88	Hollands	.	.	51·60
Vin de Grave	.	.	12·80				

“The spirits distilled from different fermented liquors, says Davy, differ in their flavour, for peculiar odorous matters or oils rise in most cases with the alcohol. The spirit from malt usually has an empyreumatic taste, like that of oil formed by the distillation of vegetable substances. The best brandies seem to owe their flavour to a peculiar oily matter, formed probably by the action of tartaric acid upon alcohol; and rum derives its characteristic taste from a principle in the sugar cane. The cogniac brandies contain prussic acid. (*Davy, Chem. Phil.* 135.)”

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BREEDS OF THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS. By David Low, Esq., F.R.S.E. Parts VIII. IX. and X. London: Longman and Co.

EACH succeeding part of this publication confirms the anticipation we expressed on the appearance of the first, namely, that, when completed, it would form the most admirable work on the domestic zoology of this country heretofore attempted. This conviction enhances the regret we feel at our inability to do the justice to it that it so eminently deserves. Allowing Professor Low every praise for the careful talent with which he has handled his various subjects, it must be admitted that the claims of his volumes are by no means limited to their literary excellence. The pictorial illustrations, with which they abound, constitute an invaluable gallery of British Natural History. In the quotations we made from some of the early parts, we confined ourselves chiefly to such notices of the horse as they contained. We now make further extracts of the same nature, together with some relating to black cattle, as samples of the author's method of treating those important considerations for all interested in the domestic economy of these islands.

"Within the last sixty or seventy years, a surprising revolution has taken place in the means of communication throughout the British islands, by the extension and improved construction of roads. The increase of highways, now extending to upwards of 170,000 miles of carriage road, has accompanied the general improvement of the country; and during the latter part of the period in question, the application of a few simple principles has rendered the roads better fitted for all kinds of wheel-carriages. From these two causes, the means of internal intercourse have been prodigiously increased, and the modes and rate of travelling greatly changed. The method of conveying letters by public coaches, begun in 1784, was immediately followed by a more expeditious rate of travelling, and by an increase in the number of public carriages throughout the country. The rate of travelling, from being four or five miles in the hour, increased to six, seven, and eight, and now, at length, to ten, and even twelve.* The effect of this change in the rate of travelling has produced a corresponding one in the kinds of horses employed. The coarse and heavy horses of former times were little fitted for this increased exertion, and hence the substitution became necessary of a lighter class with superior breeding. The demand, too, for horses thus employed is large and constant, not only from the numbers employed, but from the waste of the animals. Although a class of horses better suited for the service than the old has been employed, and the stages have been greatly shortened, the burdens could not be reduced in proportion to the increase of speed; and hence the exaction on the muscular powers

* "From twenty to thirty miles a-day, at the rate of four miles an hour, was the usual work of the few public coaches in England so late as the accession of George III. At that period, there was but one public coach from London to Edinburgh, which started once a-month, and occupied nearly three weeks in the journey. The other heavy coaches which set off from London performed in like manner slow journeys, in the manner of waggons, to distant parts of the kingdom. Now, more than 1000 well-equipped carriages, with relays of horses at short stages, start from the same great city every day, besides several hundreds which proceed to the towns, villages, and populous places around."

of the animals has been greatly augmented. We may please ourselves with the speed and facility with which our journeys are performed, but assuredly our convenience is served at the expense of an unheard-of degree of animal suffering. In no country does so great waste of the lives of horses take place as in England; and in no country, it is humiliating to own, is there so much cruelty exercised towards these faithful servants. The mortality of horses in the British Isles is at least as three to one, as compared with that which exists in any other country in Europe. Not only does the general demand for horses of all kinds cause them to be employed at an earlier period of life than in other countries, but the cruel service of these public carriages being one in which our finest saddle-horses are often doomed to end their lives, a great increase in the general mortality is produced. When the powers of our saddle-horses begin to fail from age, or when they have met with accidents, or have suffered from the effects of diseases, they are transferred, in the course of trade, to this their new and last employment. How many fine hunters and saddle-horses of all kinds, after having rendered their best services to successive masters, are forced into this terrible service, from which they are never released until they have sunk under their tasks! How many beautiful creatures do we see, spavined, greased, foundered, and otherwise lame, whipped along in our heavily loaded vehicles, and forced to fulfil tasks under which they must shortly perish! Such are the spectacles that meet our eyes on every highway; such is the price paid for our convenience in the sufferings of our helpless servants! But in the marvellous progress of invention, an agent has been called into action which is probably destined to lighten this mass of suffering. This is the power of steam applied to land carriages, and producing the substitution of mechanical for animal power in the performance of the longest journeys. Up to the present time seventy-one railways, unequalled as monuments of public industry and opulence, have been formed, or are in progress, in Great Britain and Ireland. Of these vast roads, fifty-three are opened, and continually employed in the conveyance of innumerable travellers; eighteen are partially so, and ten are incomplete. They are computed to extend to more than 2000 miles, and, passing through the great lines of communication in the country, they must tend, in an extraordinary degree, to diminish all other methods of travelling.

“The old English coach-horse may be said to have disappeared, or, rather, to be used only for the heavier labours of draught. He was a large animal of the cart-horse form, usually black, denoting his affinity with the horses of Flanders, which long supplied England and other countries with this kind of horse. He was round-shouldered and heavy in his paces; but, being generally trained in the manner of the manège, he had a high and prancing action. His pace was the slow trot, and rarely exceeded four or five miles in the hour. Some of these horses are still to be seen in the carriages of the nobility and older gentry of England; but for the most part they have given place to animals of far superior breeding and action. The modern coach-horse is a very different animal from the old. He is a large horse, having the degree of breeding conducive to spirit and action, with the strength and bone required for draught. He is greatly used in private

carriages, as chariots, gigs, and the innumerable other light and elegant vehicles which are every where to be seen. But not only is the modern coach-horse largely used, but likewise others taken from the various kind of saddle-horses with which the country abounds, from the high-bred hunter down through every degree of strength suited to the weight of the equipage; and universally the tendency is to use horses of lighter form than were thought suited to the heavier carriages and less improved roads of former times.

"The term hackney, in common use, is employed to denote a kind of horse fitted for general services; and is, therefore, understood to exclude the horses of the highest breeding, as the thorough-bred horse and hunter; and there is further associated with the idea of a hackney, an animal of moderate size, not exceeding fifteen hands, and possessing action, strength, and temper. The hackneys of the present day are of lighter form than those formerly sought for, and there is greater difficulty in obtaining them to suit the services required, from our present mixed varieties of half-bred horses, than when horsemen were contented with the older class of hackneys of stouter form but inferior breeding.

"Although the change so widely produced in the horses of this country, by aiming at a lighter standard, has doubtless given us animals more spirited, active, and graceful, it has, at the same time, had the effect of causing great numbers to be reared defective in form, deficient in strength and bone, and which have lost the hardy qualities of the older races, without having arrived at the properties which superior breeding should communicate. The deterioration is generally admitted, and the causes are deserving of consideration, as indicating the remedies.

"A full account has been already given of the system of the modern Course, and the effects have been pointed out of the prevalent practice of running short races with colts not yet arrived at sufficient maturity of bone and muscle to fit them for the full exercise of their powers. The consequence of the system is, that exclusive attention has been directed to the properties of speed, and that the important requisites of strength and power of endurance have come to be regarded as secondary in the cultivation of the animals. Their form, suiting itself, by insensible degrees, to the conditions required, a race of surpassing swiftness, but inferior in strength and bone to the older horses of the turf, has been called into existence. Now, as this is the race employed to communicate its peculiar properties to the others, it is manifest that a deterioration of its properties, from whatever cause, is calculated to exercise an injurious influence on all the individuals with which it is mingled in blood. But yet more injurious than the rearing of a race of swift but feeble horses, is the constitutional injury inflicted upon the individuals of the race by that system of early forcing, with respect to food and discipline, to which they must be subjected at the earliest possible period of life. Hence the mortality amongst these animals, the strains, the founders, the hernia, and other accidents consequent on over-tension of the parts, and all the functional maladies in the respiratory and other organs which a premature and unnatural exertion generates in the system, and which, not confined to the individuals, descend to the offspring. The evil resulting from

these causes to the other breeds of the country, is in proportion to the just estimation in which this noble race of horses has been hitherto held, and the increasing desire to communicate its properties to the inferior races. The remedy might be found in a determination, rigidly carried into effect, by the influential supporters of the turf, to root out the more flagrant corruptions which fashion and cupidity have introduced, especially with respect to the age at which horses shall be permitted to run; or should the influence of individuals be insufficient to effect the necessary reformation, then legislative measures should be called for to correct abuses which are no way essential to the legitimate purposes of the turf, and which deprive the country of the benefit which it is entitled to derive from a race of horses brought to a high degree of perfection, not by the modern gamblers of the turf, but by the care of many generations.

“Another cause of the deterioration of the horses of the country is to be ascribed to errors in breeding, arising chiefly from injudicious and extreme mixtures of blood, and inattention to the soundness and qualities of the female parents. It is shown, by experience, that the nearer the characters of the parents approach, the more likely are we to succeed in communicating their common properties to the progeny. By extreme crosses good animals may, without doubt, be produced, but this will be by a kind of chance, and the greater probability is, that the offspring will be defective in some point or other. Nothing may seem so easy to the inexperienced breeder as to produce a splendid coach-horse, or charger, or hunter, by crossing a large cart-mare with a thorough-bred horse; yet how rare are the cases in which the offspring of such extreme mixtures is good! Either the body is too large for the limbs, the head too large for the neck, or some other want of harmony of parts presents itself, which renders the animal comparatively worthless. This effect is constantly observed in the numerous attempts which are made to procure horses of breeding from coarse ungainly mares through the means of extreme crosses. Repeated failures are too often required to convince the breeder that this is not the mode by which well-proportioned animals are to be obtained. We may readily produce a fine ox from animals the most dissimilar; but where everything depends, as in the horse, upon a nice adjustment of parts, it is rare that the dissimilar characters of the parents will be so harmonized in the offspring as to produce a well-formed individual. The other error, still more common, is to disregard the soundness and other properties of the mare in breeding. A mare, which is good for nothing else, is by too many thought sufficiently good for bearing a foal, and hence numbers of worthless animals are destined to a purpose for which they are in a peculiar degree unsuited. Even in such a case, chance may do something for the ignorant and careless breeder; but the far greater presumption is, that the offspring will inherit the defects of the dam, and prove of little value.

“The remedy for such mistakes is increased intelligence on the part both of those who rear horses, and those who acquire them. The breeder, by possessing adequate knowledge of the principles and practice of breeding, will avoid the error of injudicious mixtures of blood, and of employing females for breeding which are unsuited for the purpose; and the consumer will refuse to purchase animals which

are wanting in that harmony of conformation and constitutional soundness, without which no horse can be depended upon for performing the services required of him. The more palpable defects of a large proportion of our mixed class of half-bred horses are the want of depth of the chest, the flatness of the sides, and the too great apparent length of the limbs. Such horses are technically termed weedy, and they form, perhaps, the worst class of saddle-horses in any country in Europe. They have, for the most part, spirit enough, but they are deficient in strength and bottom; and although they may be easy in their paces, they are usually feeble in their limbs, and unsafe. Great numbers of these very worthless creatures are every year reared and brought to market, which the result shows not to be worth half the food they have consumed.

“The number of horses reared and maintained in the British islands is large, and their value forms no inconsiderable amount of national capital; and it is for the public interest that they should be cultivated with care. By the returns made under the Acts for assessed taxes, it appears that the total number of horses in England, Wales, and Scotland, exclusive of foals, of cavalry-horses, and of the many which it cannot be doubted evade the returns, is 844,505; in Ireland, which pays no assessed taxes, the number may be fairly estimated at 400,000. The prices of the superior horses are very high; but, rating the mass of all ages at from £5 to £35 each, the average is £20, and the total value £24,890,100.”

THE OX.—THE DEVON BREED.

“On the southern side of the British channel extends the country of the ancient Damnonii, comprehending the present counties of Devon and Cornwall. Much of this tract resembles Wales in its aspect and geological characters; and, like Wales, it afforded, in a former age, a refuge amongst its mountains, rocks, and fastnesses, for the Celtic Britons. In this country we find the remains of the same older breeds of cattle which yet exist in the Welsh mountains, modified by the effects of a lower altitude and more temperate climate. In the county of Cornwall to the westward, the old breeds of cattle resembled those yet existing in the mountains of Wales, although they have been long so mixed with other races and with one another, that it is difficult to assign to them any distinctive characters. But farther to the eastward, and occupying the high lands of Devonshire on the Bristol channel, is a peculiar variety of cattle, distinguished by such a common resemblance of properties and form as to render it one of the best-defined breeds of the British islands. It is usually termed the Devon breed, and sometimes the North Devon, from its being found in the greatest purity in the northern division of the county. These cattle have been extended very widely, but their peculiar district is the northern slope of Devonshire, extending from Barnstaple eastward beyond the river Exe.

“The Devon cattle are gentle, agile, and above all our races adapted to active labour. Their shoulders have that obliquity which enables them to lift freely their fore extremities; and their quarters behind are relatively long, which is a character connected in the ox as in the

horse with the power of active motion. Their bodies, too, are light, and their limbs long, muscular to the hock and knee, and below these joints sinewy. These cattle, then, although wanting in the power of heavy draught which the larger oxen can exert, have the faculty of muscular exertion in a higher degree. They trot well in harness, and will keep pace with a horse in the ordinary labours of the farm. They are largely employed throughout the county of Devon for the purposes of labour, usually four together, and mostly attached by the yoke and not by the collar. The team of the labouring oxen in this beautiful county is one of the charms of the rural landscape. A boy accompanies the ploughman and his team to drive the oxen. He chants continually a simple melody in low notes rising to the higher. From morn to night this simple song is heard, the ploughman putting in from time to time his lower notes in happy keeping. The beasts seemed cheered by the music, and from hour to hour the team may be observed in motion without a harsh word being uttered by the ploughman or his youthful companion.*

“Although the Devon ox presents a symmetry of parts which pleases the eye, yet his form is not precisely that which the breeder seeks for in an animal destined to fatten quickly, and arrive at great weight. His neck is too long, his chest is too narrow, his sides are too flat, his limbs are too long in proportion to his body, or, in other words, his body is too small in proportion to his height. The Devon ox is a kindly enough feeder, but he requires good pastures and a somewhat favourable climate, and could barely subsist on food which would suffice to fatten some of the hardier mountain breeds of nearly his own size.

“The Devonshire breeders adhere scrupulously to the deep red colour of the hair, and reject individuals having a tendency to produce white on the face and the body. This is a merely conventional test of purity and goodness, for certainly white is still more than red the pristine colour of the race, and its appearance ought not to be regarded as a sign of degeneracy. But although the strict adherence to a given colour may limit, in some cases, the selection of males and females for breeding, it tends, in an eminent degree, to ensure the general purity of the breed. The deep blood-red colour of the pure North Devons is so peculiar, that there is no other race in this country in which an admixture of foreign blood is so easily traced, or which accordingly has remained so free from foreign intermixture. Inasmuch, then, as this limitation of colour ensures uniformity in the typical characters of the race, it is beneficial; and it is not therefore expedient that the agriculturists of North Devon should depart from the standard of the purity of their beautiful breed which has been so long established.”

. We purpose giving selections from the articles on The Sheep, The Goat, and The Hog, in a future number.

• “M. Youatt, Library of Useful Knowledge.”

TURF REGISTER.

•• It is not thought convenient to give the details of the running at the Minor Meetings.

HEDNESFORD RACES.—TUESDAY, JULY 6.

Steward: G. Hawkes, Esq.

The Anglosey Stakes (Handicap) of 5 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added, for all ages but two-year-olds; one mile and a quarter (five subscribers.)

Mr. Saunders's Miss Kitty Cackle, by Cadland, aged, 8 st. 7 lb. (Frost)	...	1
Major Hay's ch. g. Sir Ralph, six years old, 8 st. 11 lb.	2
Mr. Molineux's b. g. Frank, five years old, 8 st. 5 lb.	3
Mrs. Massey's ch. g. Crafty, six years old, 8 st. 2 lb.	4

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages; Birch-tree Course; one mile and a half (two subscribers).

Mr. Key's b. f. Marialva, four years old, 8 st. 1 lb. walked over.

Maiden Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added; one mile heats (six subscribers).

Mr. Arthur's b. g. The Star, by Sir Hercules, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Stagg)	1	1
Mr. Key's b. c. Fitzgambol, dam (foaled in 1834), by Beagle, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb.	...	2
Mr. Hawkes na. b. f. Agnes, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb.	...	3 dr.
Mr. J. Walter's b. m. The Countess, by Anticipation (half-bred), six years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	...	4 dr.

WORCESTER RACES.

Stewards: Benjamin Collett and William Dent, Esqrs.

WEDNESDAY, July 7th.—The Severn Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 13 lb.; six, 9 st. 3 lb.; and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; one mile and a quarter (seven subscribers).

Mr. B. Collett's br. c. The Dean, by Voltaire, five years old (Whitehouse)	...	1
Mr. E. Peel's br. c. Meerut, four years old (Marlow)	2
Mr. J. Day's b. f. by Nimrod, out of Busk, four years old (Percy)	3
Mr. Cooke's b. f. Squidilla, three years old (Stagg)	0

Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 on The Dean, 4 to 1 agst. Squidilla, 3 to 1 agst. Meerut, and 4 to 1 agst. the Busk filly.

A Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, with 25 added; two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; T.Y.C.; to start on the five-furlong course; half a mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Bristow's Harroldstone, by Dr. Faustus, out of Mary (Hardy)	...	1
Mr. Griffith's b. f. Miss Eaton, by Necromancer, out of Sylph (Lye)	0
Mr. Buckley's b. f. Bessy, by Physician, out of Young Rantipole (Whitehouse)	...	0
Mr. Davies's br. c. Anapolis, by Cain, dam Miss Newton, by Longwaist (Calloway)	...	0
Mr. W. Foster's b. c. Welton Brown (Marlow)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 on the field.

The Worcestershire Stakes of 20 sovs. each, half forfeit, and only 5 if declared on or before the 1st of June, with 50 added; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake; three to remain in, or no race; the winner to pay 20 sovs. towards the expenses of the Judge and course; two miles (thirty-four subscribers, twenty-one of whom declared, &c.)

Mr. Painter's b. h. Ernest the First, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Whitehouse)	...	1
Mr. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Lye)	2
Lord Warwick's b. h. Melodrama, six years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Stagg)	3
Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, by Inflexible, aged, 8 st. (Dodgson)	0
Mr. Isaac Day's br. c. Mulciber, four years old, 7 st. (Percy)	0
Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Marlow)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 on Retriever, 3 to 1 agst. Ernest, 4 to 1 agst. Modesty, 4 to 1 agst. Fat Jack, and 5 to 1 each agst. Melodrama and Mulciber.

The City Members' Plate of £50; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six, 9 st. 2 lb., and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner of £50 in the present year, 3 lb.; of two fifths, 5 lb. extra (two mile heats).

Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, by Inflexible, aged, 9st. 6lb. (Marlow)	...	1	1
Mr. Edgar's b. h. Wings, five years old, 8st. 9lb. (Calloway)	...	2	2
Mr. Williams's Bedalion, 5st. 2lb. (G. Whitehouse)	...	3	3

THURSDAY.—The Sidbury Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; two-year-olds, 6st. 8lb.; three, 8st. 10lb.; fillies allowed 3lb.; a winner of the value of £100 at any one time previous to starting, 4lb. extra; five-furlong course (five subscribers).

Mr. Buckley na. f. by Pantaloon, out of Souvenir, three years old (Whitehouse)	...	1
Mr. Cooke's b. f. Sequidilla, three years old (Holmes)	...	2

Betting: 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Sequidilla.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Stewards. No race.

The Tradesmen's Cup, of 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10ft.; the owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake; a winner of a Cup or Stake of the value of £300 at any one time after the weights are declared, 5lb. extra; the winner to pay 20 sovs. towards the expenses of the Judge and course; three miles (sixteen subscribers).

Mr. B. Collett's The Dean, by Voltaire, five years old, 8st. 11lb. (Whitehouse)	...	1
Mr. Worthington's b. h. Northenden, six years old, 8st. (Holmes)	...	2
Mr. Denham na. b. g. Compensation, six years old, 8st. 4lb. (Marlow)	...	3

Betting: 7 to 4 on Compensation, 3 to 1 agst. The Dean.

A Purse of 50 sovs. given by the Members for the Western Division of the County, for horses that never won before the first of May last; three-year-olds, 7st. 12lb.; four, 9st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 10st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; half-bred horses allowed 7lb.; and horses bred in the county of Worcester, and *bona fide* the property of an elector of the said county, allowed 7lb.; two mile heats.

Mr. Dawson's br. g. St. Valentine, four years old, half-bred (Bradley)	...	3	1	1
Lord Warwick's ch. m. Syria, three years old (Stagg)	...	1	2	2
Mr. Cooke's b. f. Sequidilla, three years old (a boy)	...	0	0	0
Mr. William's b. m. Safety, by Safeguard, four years old (Whitehouse)	...	2	3	dr.

IPSWICH RACES.

THURSDAY, July 15th.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 9st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Crockford's c. by Bentley—Emma, three years old (Bartholomew)	...	4	1	1
Lord Orford's Young Quo Minus, three years old	...	1	3	3
Mr. Thornhill's E. O. three years old	...	2	2	2
Mr. Beresford's br. c. Bob Peel, four years old	...	3	4	dr.

The County Members' Plate of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb., and any mixed-bred horse allowed 7lb. if approved of by the Stewards; winners once this year, 3lb. extra; twice, 5lb.; three times, 7lb.; matches and handicaps excepted; the winner of a Queen's Plate, 10lb. extra; the winner to be sold for £300 if demanded, &c.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Rogers's ch. f. Jessica, by Nicholas, three years old (Bartholomew)	...	1	1
Mr. Smith's Daniel, aged	...	2	2
Mr. Clover's Culrassier, three years old	...	3	dr.
Mr. Mills's b. g. Essingwold, five years old	...	4	dr.

FRIDAY.—The Town Members' Plate of 50 sovs.; weight, &c., as for the County Members' Plate.

Mr. Rogers's ch. f. Jessica, by Nicholas, three years old (Bartholomew)	...	1	1
Mr. Bradford's b. f. Vigilance, three years old (entered at the post)	...	2	2

The Town Purse of 50 sovs.; conditions as above.

Mr. Rogers's ch. f. Jessica, by Nicholas, three years old (Bartholomew)	...	4	1	1
Mr. Smith's Daniel, aged	...	3	2	2
Hon. J. Sandlands's b. m. Moleskin, four years old (Dobson)	...	1	dr.	
Mr. Jolly's Peterel, aged	...	2	dr.	
Mr. Bradford's b. f. Vigilance, three years old	...	dis.		
Mr. Clover's Culrassier, three years	...	dis.		

The Hunters' Stakes (Handicap) of 2 sovs. each, and 10 added; mile heats.

Captain Codrington's ch. m. Negative, 10st. 4lb.	...	1	1
Mr. Scott's Black Bess, 9st.	...	2	2
Mr. Lamb's ch. g. Conservative, 8st. 7lb.	...	3	3

BRIDGNORTH RACES.

Steward: Lord Leveson.

THURSDAY, July 15th.—The Maiden Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by T. G. Whitmore, Esq., M.P., for horses, &c., that never won £50; heats, two miles (six subscribers).

Mr. J. Walters's ch. m. Victoria (half-bred), aged, 8 st. 9 lb. (Harris)	...	4	1	1
Mr. Collins's rn. f. by Sir Hercules, out of Concordia's dam, three years old
6 st. 9 lb.	...	1	3	2
Mr. Saunders's b. g. Frank, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	...	3	2	3
Mr. Flintoff's b. f. Constance, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	...	5	4	dr.
Mr. E. F. Acton's b. f. Country Lass, by Muley Moloch, three years old,
6 st. 9 lb.	...	2	dr.	dr.
Mr. Key's br. f. Image, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb.	dr.

The Patchull Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; two or six subscribers).

Mr. Copeland's br. c. Mustapha Muley walked over.

The Members' Plate of 30 sovs., with a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each added, for all ages; heats, one round and a distance (five subscribers).

Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catharina, by Whisker, aged, 9 st. 5 lb. (Hopwood)	...	0	1	1
Mr. Key's br. f. Marialva, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	...	1	2	2
Mr. Copeland's br. h. King Cole, aged, 9 st. 2 lb.	...	0	3	dr.
Mr. Flintoff's b. h. Wings, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb.	...	2	dr.	dr.

FRIDAY.—The Gold Cup in Specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each; twice round and a distance (eight subscribers).

Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catharina, by Whisker, aged, 8 st. 11 lb. (Hopwood)	...	1
Mr. Key's br. f. Marialva, four years old, 8 st.	2
Mr. Walker's b. h. Chantilly, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	3
Lord Darlington na. ch. c. Hautboy, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	0
Mr. Saunders's b. m. Kitty Cockle, aged, 8 st. 11 lb.	0

The South Shropshire Hurdle Race Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Town, for mares half-bred; over three hurdles, four feet high; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Minton's b. m. Kitty, 12 st. (owner)	2	1	1
Mr. Lowe's br. h. Aston, 12 st.	1	2	3
Mr. Jehu's b. m. Shall I be time-enough, 12 st.	3	3	2

A Plate of £50, the gift of Sir R. Pigot, Bart., M.P., for horses that never won more than £10 at any one time; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Samwell's b. g. The Knight, by Sir Gray, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb.
(H. Darling)	...	2	1	1
Mr. Molyneux's b. g. Frank, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	...	1	3	2
Mr. T. Walters's b. f. Miss Winey, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.	...	3	2	dr.

The Hunters' Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 10 added from the Fund; heats, twice round and a distance (seven subscribers).

Mr. Cowley's b. g. Spangle, six years old, 10 st. 3 lb. (Calloway)	...	1	1
Mr. Hughes's b. m. Woodbine, six years old, 10 st. 3 lb.	...	2	2

DUDLEY AND TIPTON RACES.

Stewards: W. T. Copeland, Esq., M.P., and W. Foster, Esq.

TUESDAY, July 20th.—The Borough and County Members' Plate of 50 sovs. for horses that have never won £50 at any one time; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings, and horses having started three times in the present year without winning, allowed 3 lb.; heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Key's Fitzgambol, by Gambol, three years old (Denman)	...	1	1
Mr. O. Williams's ch. c. Anvil, three years old	...	0	2
Mr. Parker's b. m. Dauntless, aged	...	3	3
Mr. Copeland's bk. h. St. Botolph, three years old	...	2	0
Mr. Moss's bk. g. Tom, four years old	...	0	dr.

The Horseley Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Club, the second to receive £10 out of the Stakes; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; and four, 8 st. 10 lb.; mares and geldings, and four-year-olds being maiden at the time of nomination, allowed 3 lb.; a mile and three-quarters (eighteen subscribers).

Mr. Smith's b. m. The Maid, four years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Barker)	1
Mr. Arthur's b. g. The Star, three years old	2
Mr. Skerratt's c. by Newton, dam by Mr. Lowe, three years old	3

The Tipton Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred; three-year-olds, 8 st. 7 lb.; four, 9 st. 8 lb.; five, 10 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 6 lb.; winners of £50 before starting, 5 lb.; twice, 8 lb.; thrice, 10 lb. extra; a winner of a Cup or Stake of £100 at any one time previous to starting, 8 lb. extra in addition; and a winner of a Cup, &c. of the value of £150, 1 lb. extra in addition to the above weights; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; heats, one mile and a half (four subscribers).

Mr. Jones na. b. g. Henley, four years old (Jones)	1	1
Mr. Barker's Sam Weller, aged	0	2
Mr. Weyman's br. g. Milo, five years old	2	0
Mr. Robinson's br. m. Finality, aged	0	fell.

The Yeomanry Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with a Silver Cup added; the second to receive £5 out of the Stakes, for grey horses, the property of Members of the Dudley Troop of the Queen's Own Regiment of the Worcestershire Yeomanry, which have received the premium for grey horses given by the officers at the preceding permanent duty, never started for any race except a Yeomanry Stake, and have not been in regular training stables before the day of entry for this Stake; to be ridden by Members of the Troop; the winner to be sold for £70 if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Thomas's gr. m. Deceiver (owner)	2	1	1
Mr. Palmer's gr. m. Gipsy Girl	1	2	2
Mr. Woodall's gr. m. Peggy	3	3	3

WEDNESDAY.—The Dudley Castle Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added by the Right Hon. Lord Ward; the second to receive 10 sovs. out of the Stakes; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners once before starting in 1841, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; thrice, 7 lb. extra; heats, mile and a half (five subscribers).

Mr. W. T. Copeland's ch. g. Sir Mark, by Cetus, five years old (Marlow)	1	1
Mr. Robinson's b. m. Frailty, six years old	3	2
Mr. Denham's ch. f. by Pantaloon, out of Souvenir, three years old	2	3

A Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 150 added by the Innkeepers of Dudley; the second saves his Stake; two miles; and 150 subscribers, of whom ten declared.

Mr. Smith's b. f. The Maid, by Mulatto, four years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Barker)	1
Mr. J. Taylor's br. m. Margaret, five years old, 7 st. 9 lb.	2
Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, aged, 8 st. 4 lb.	3
Mr. Critchley's bk. c. Dunstan, four years old, 7 st. 13 lb.	4

A Forced Handicap of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added; the second to receive 10 sovs. out of the Stakes; once round and a distance (seven subscribers).

Mr. Key's b. m. Marialva, by Gambol, four years old (Frost)	1
Mr. Arthur's The Star, three years old	2
Mr. Buckley's ch. c. by Laurel, out of Shoehorn, three years old	3
Mr. Williams's ch. c. Anvil, three years old	4

The Himley Park Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses that have run and not won a Stake at this meeting; three-year-olds, 7 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 11 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; heats, one mile.

Mr. Frost's br. f. Image, sister to Imogene, three years old (Frost)	1	1
Mr. Hughes's b. m. Woodbine, six years old	2	2

THE COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER RACES.

(Over the Cleave Hill Course, Cheltenham).

TUESDAY, July 20th.—The Greenway Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added from the Fund; for two-year-olds, 7 st., and three, 9 st.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; about three-quarters of a mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. Executrix, by Saracen, three years old (Connelly)	1
Mr. Griffiths's ch. c. Hereford, three years old (Chapple)	2

Betting: 3 to 1 on Executrix.

The Southam Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for any horse that never won £100 at any one time before the day of nomination; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 5 lb.; six, 9 st. 12 lb.; and aged, 10 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners of £100 at any time previous to the day of starting, 5 lb. extra; two miles (eight subscribers).

Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. Nimrod, out of Busk, four years old (Connelly)	1
Mr. Griffiths's Tupsley, four years old (Whitehouse)	2
Mr. Bristow's Sterne, three years old (Chapple)	3
Sir C. R. Cockerill's Beelzebub, four years old (Darling)	4

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Sterne, 3 to 1 agst. Tupsley, and 4 to 1 agst. the Busk filly.

The Gloucestershire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared; the second saves his Stake; the winner to pay 20 sovs. to the Judge; about two miles (fifty-three subscribers, of whom thirty-four declared).

Duke of Richmond's br. h. The Currier, by The Saddler, five years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (S. Rogers)	1	1
Mr. Meiklam's Broadwath, four years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Cartwright)	2	2
Mr. W. Collins's Isaac, aged, 8 st. 5 lb. (S. Darling)	0	0
Mr. B. Collett's The Dean, five years old, 8 st. (G. Whitehouse)	0	0
Mr. Isaac Day's Tamburini, five years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (P. Connelly)	0	0
Mr. Knot's George, six years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Copeland)	0	0
Mr. Goodman's Mungo Parke, four years old, 6 st. 2 lb. (Percy)	0	0
Mr. W. Sadler's Specimen, five years old, 6 st. (J. Howlett)	0	0

Betting: 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 agst. The Currier, 7 to 2 agst. Broadwath, 4 to 1 agst. Isaac, 4 to 1 agst. The Dean, 7 to 1 agst. Tamburini, and 10 to 1 agst. George.

WEDNESDAY.—The Sherborne Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages; one mile (nineteen subscribers).

Duke of Richmond's The Currier, by The Saddler, five years old, 9 st. 11 lb. (Rogers) ...	1
Mr. Griffiths's Tupley, four years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Chapple) ...	2
Mr. Goodman's Mungo Parke, four years old, 7 st. (Howlett) ...	0
Mr. Isaac Day's f. by Nimrod, out of Busk, four years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Percy) ...	0
Mr. E. Peel's Bugle, three years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (S. Darling, jun.) ...	0

THURSDAY.—The Tradesmen and Innkeepers' Cup of 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 each, h. ft.; Goodwood Cup weights, and conditions relating to weights, with the exceptions of the allowance of weights for horses having run at York Spring and Liverpool Spring, Chester, Manchester, or Newton Races of 1831, or in Scotland or Ireland; heats, about two miles and a half (nine subscribers).

Mr. Isaac Day's Caravan, by Camel, aged, 9 st. 7 lb. (Connelly) ...	1
Mr. Griffiths's Tupley, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Chapple) ...	2
Lord Palmerston's Iliona, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (W. Day) ...	3

Betting: 7 to 4 on Caravan, 2 to 1 against Iliona, and 6 to 1 against Tupley.

A Free Handicap of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added; gentlemen riders; heats, about a mile and a quarter, starting at the winning post.

Mr. W. Sadler's Specimen, by Rowton, five years old, 9 st. (owner) ...	1
Captain Pettat's Caliph, aged, 10 st. 2 lb. (owner) ...	2
Mr. Powell's Sir Felix, aged, 9 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Oliver) ...	3
Mr. Knox's George, six years old, 11 st. (Mr. M'Donogh) ...	bolted.

A Free Handicap of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added from the Fund; the winner of the Gloucestershire Stakes to carry 5 lb. extra; the second horse to save his Stake; Cup Course.

Mr. Isaac Day's Tamburini, by Rubini, five years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Connelly) ...	1
Duke of Richmond's The Currier, five years old, 9 st. 1 lb. (Rogers) ...	2
Mr. Isaac Day's Science, five years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Percy) ...	3

Betting: 6 to 4 on Tamburini.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by C. W. Codrington, Esq., and the Hon. F. Charteris, the Members for the Eastern Division of the county; the second receives 10 sovs. out of the Stakes; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; winners once, 3 lb.; twice, 6 lb. extra; mares, geldings, and horses having started three times this year and not won, allowed 3 lb.; the winner, with all his engagements, to be sold for 200 sovs.; heats, about a mile and a quarter, to start at the winning post.

Mr. Jones's Tubalcain, by Cain, five years old (W. Jones) ...	1
Mr. Samwell's The Knight, five years old (Darling) ...	2
Mr. Isaac Day's Mulciber, four years old (Connelly) ...	3

YARMOUTH RACES.

Stewards: The Mayor, S. Palmer, Esq.; Henry Stacey, Esq.; and A. Shafto Adair, Esq.

TUESDAY, July 20th.—A Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., the winner to be sold for £300 if demanded in the usual way, the owner of the second horse being first entitled; heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Pettit's ch. f. Langolee, by Langar, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Pettit) ...	1
Mr. Abel's b. c. Æolian, three years old, 7 st. ...	2
Captain Ives's ch. or bk. f. Camille, sister to Pickwick, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. 2 dr. ...	3
Mr. Cubitt's br. f. Rascatcher's Daughter, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. ...	4
Mr. Woodcock's b. g. Luther, aged, 8 st. 13 lb. ...	5

A Plate of 50 sovs., given by the Members of the Town; the winner to be sold for £200 if demanded; heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Rogers's ch. f. Jessica, by St. Nicholas, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Bartholomew) ...	1
Mr. Horner's br. f. Blanche, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. ...	2
Captain Ives's ch. or bk. f. Camille, five years old, 8 st. 8 lb. ...	3
Mr. Palmer's b. f. Emotion, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. ...	4

The Vauxhall Coronation Cup Stakes, value 30 sovs., presented by the Proprietor of the Gardens, Mr. Symonds, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; heats, two miles and a distance; the second horse to save his stake (four subscribers).

Mr. Turner's b. g. Camille, aged, 12 st. ...	1
Mr. Munro's ch. g. Clifton, aged, 12 st. ...	2
Mr. Abel's b. g. Martinette, aged, 12 st. ...	dis.
Mr. Land's b. g. Daniel, aged, 12 st. ...	dis.

WEDNESDAY.—The Town and Country Gentleman's Plate of 50 sovs.; the winner to be sold for £150 if demanded in the usual way; heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Horner's br. f. <i>Blanche</i> , by <i>The Tulip</i> , three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Pettit)	1	1
Mr. J. Abel's b. g. <i>Martinette</i> , aged, 8 st. 13 lb.	...	2
Mr. Bradford's b. f. <i>Vigilance</i> , three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.	...	3
Mr. Palmer's b. f. <i>Emotion</i> , three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.	...	4

A Handicap Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Tradesmen of the Town; the second horse to receive 5 sovs. out of the Stakes (six subscribers).

Mr. Bradford's b. f. <i>Vigilance</i> , by <i>Glaucus</i> , three years old, 6 st. 10 lb.	...	4	1	1
Mr. Horner's b. f. <i>Blanche</i> , three years old, 6 st. 13 lb.
Mr. J. Abel's b. c. <i>Rolian</i> , three years old, 7 st. 10 lb.	...	2	2	2
Mr. Cubitt's br. f. <i>Ratcatcher's Daughter</i> , three years old, 6 st. 10 lb.	...	3

LANCASTER JULY MEETING.

Stewards: J. Thompson, J. Meiklam, A. Bower, and D. Hornby, Esqrs.

WEDNESDAY, July 21st.—The Maiden Plate of £50, the gift of His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 5 lb.; heats, two miles.

Mr. W. Patten's b. g. <i>Marquis</i> , by the Earl, out of <i>Sister to Clare</i> , four years old (Francis)	3	1	1
Mr. Harrison's b. f. by <i>Voltaire</i> , out of <i>Matilda</i> , three years old (Benson)	1	2	3
Mr. Hunter's br. f. <i>Darvigild</i> , four years old (Lye)	4	3	2
Mr. Duckworth's ch. f. <i>Margaret Miller</i> , six years old (Duckworth)	2

The Ashton Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 20 added; two-year-olds, 5 st. 7 lb.; three, 7 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 6 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 1 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 2 lb.; winners once, 3 lb.; twice, 6 lb.; thrice, or more, 8 lb. extra; one mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Meiklam's ch. f. <i>Florence</i> , by <i>Velocipede</i> , out of <i>Margaretta</i> , two years old (Hutchinson)	1
Mr. J. Thompson's ch. f. <i>The Biddy</i> , by <i>Bran</i> , two years old (Witton)	2

The Cup Stakes, in specie of 10 sovs. each, p.p., with 30 added; three-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 1 lb.; five, 8 st. 8 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 13 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; maidens (that have run), three-year-olds, allowed 3 lb.; all maidens, four, 5 lb.; five, 8 lb.; and maidens, six and aged, 12 lb., in addition to the allowance of mares and geldings; a winner once in 1841, 3 lb. extra; twice, 5 lb.; three times, or more, 7 lb.; two miles and a distance (eight subs.).

Mr. Meiklam's b. m. <i>Modesty</i> , by <i>Malek</i> , aged (Templeman)	1
Lord Stanley's ch. c. <i>Cornuto</i> , four years old (Francis)	2

The Whip Stakes of 1 sov. each, p.p., with a Purse of sovs. given by the Guards and Coachmen, for horses that have been regularly used as hackneys (thorough-bred horses excepted), 11 st. each; the second horse to save his Stake; heats, one mile and a distance; were won in two heats by Mr. Duckworth's ch. g. *Sweet Pie*, beating Mr. Hudson's br. b. *Doctor*, and Mr. Sheldon's ch. m. *Engineer Lass*, easily.

THURSDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 20 added from the Fund; for two-year-old colts, 6 st. 12 lb.; fillies, 6 st. 8 lb.; and three-year-old colts, 9 st.; fillies, 8 st. 10 lb.; winners once in 1841, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb., and three, or more, before starting, 7 lb. extra; three quarters of a mile (three subscribers).

Mr. Meiklam's ch. f. <i>Florence</i> , by <i>Velocipede</i> , two years old (Witton)	1
Mr. Worthington's b. c. by <i>Physician</i> , out of <i>Young Johanna Southcote</i> , two years old (Lye)	2
Mr. W. J. Patten's b. f. by <i>Voltaire</i> , out of <i>Matilda</i> , three years old (Francis)	3

Seventy Pounds, the gift of the Members for the Borough; for horses of all ages; heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Meiklam's b. m. <i>Modesty</i> , by <i>Malek</i> , aged, 9 st. 4 lb. (Templeman)	...	3	1	1
Lord Stanley's ch. c. <i>Cornuto</i> , four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Lye)	...	1	3	2
Mr. Wilson Patten's br. f. <i>Lady Mary</i> , three years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Francis)	...	2	2	...

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; heats, two miles.

Duke of Cleveland's b. h. <i>Samson</i> , by <i>Cetus</i> , five years old, 9 st. 11 lb. (Lye)	2	1	1
Mr. Meiklam's b. g. <i>Wee Willie</i> , six years old, 10 st. 2 lb. (Templeman)	...	1	2

WENLOCK RACES.—FRIDAY, JULY 23RD.

Steward: Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added; about two miles (five subscribers).

Mr. Saunders's b. m. <i>Kitty Cockle</i> , by <i>Cadland</i> , aged, 9 st. 1 lb. (Marlow)	1
Mr. Barrow's b. m. <i>Catharina</i> , aged, 9 st. 4 lb. (Hopwood)	2
Mr. Skerratt's b. f. <i>Lydia</i> , three years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Stagg)	3

A Plate of £50, the gift of the Right Hon. Lord Forester; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Harris's ch. m. Victoria, aged, 8 st. 10 lb. (J. Harris)	0	1	1
Mr. Hughes's ch. h. Sportsman, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (C. Marlow) ...	1	0	2
Mr. Lowe's b. m. Isabella, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (J. Bradley)	0	0	3
Mr. George's b. g. Tippoo, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (J. Jones)	2		dr.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 35 added, 20 by the Members for the Southern Division the County, and 15 by the Lord of the Manor; heats, twice round and a distance (seven subs.)

Mr. Davies's b. g. Milo, five years old, 10 st. 12 lb. (T. Davies)	1	1
Mr. James's br. g. St. Valentine, four years old, 10 st. 8 lb.	2	2
Mr. Moseley na. b. g. by Cain, out of Coquette, half-bred, three years old, 9 st. 2 lb.	3	3
Major Polhill's ch. m. Agnes, aged, 11 st. 1 lb.	5	4
Mr. J. Walter's gr. g. Jerry, six years old, 11 st. 1 lb.	4	5

DOWNHAM RACES.

WEDNESDAY, July 28th.—The Downham Plate of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of £4 each; heats, twice round and a distance; the winner to be sold for £200 if demanded; and the second save his stake.

Mr. Horner's br. m. Blanche, three years old	1	1
Mr. Rogers's ch. m. Jessica, three years old	0	2
Mr. Bignold's br. m. Camille, five years old	0	0
Mr. Abel's b. h. Æolian, three years old	2	fell.

The Park Plate of 20 sovs., with a Sweepstakes of £2 each added; twice round and a distance; 7 st. 7 lb. each; the winner to be sold for £100 if demanded in the usual way; the second saves his Stake (three subscribers).

Mr. Smith's b. g. Daniel, aged	1	1
Mr. Hardy's b. g. Martinette, aged	2	2

The Maiden Plate of £25, with a Sweepstakes of £2 each; the second saves his Stake: open to horses that have never won £25 at one time; heats, once round and a distance; two-year-olds, feather; three, 7 st. 10 lb.; four, 9 st.; five, 9 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 7 lb.; the winner to be sold for £50 if demanded (six subscribers).

Mr. Land's br. m. Romp, four years old	2	1	1
Mr. Cubitt's b. m. Ratcheter's Daughter, three years old	1	3	2
Mr. James's ch. m. Blemish, four years old	0	2	3
Mr. C. Woodyear's b. m. Florentia, three years old	0	fell.	
Mr. Bignold's gr. g. Angelo, four years old	0	dr.	
Mr. Sparrow's ch. m. Excitement, aged	0	dr.	

THURSDAY.—A Handicap Sweepstakes of 3 sovs., with 20 added; open to all horses; heats.

Mr. Abel's Æolian, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb.	1	1
Mr. Horner's Blanche, three years old, 8 st.	2	2
Mr. Bignold's Camille, five years old, 8 st.	3	dr.
Lord H. Seymour's Scroggins, aged, 11 st.	4	dr.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each, with 20 added; open to all horses; the winner to be sold for £100, &c.

Mr. Smith's Daniel, aged, 10 st. 7 lb.	1	1
Mr. Cubitt's Ratcheter's Daughter, three years old	3	2
Mr. Turner's Cavallo, aged, 10 st.	0	0
Mr. Bradford's Vigilance, three years old, 7 st. 10 lb.	2	dr.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each, for horses not winners at these races, with 20 added; to be entered on the course after the two first races.

Mr. Hardy's b. g. Martinette, aged	1	1
Mr. Turner's Cavallo	0	2
Mr. Horner's Ratcheter's Daughter	2	3
Mr. Sparrow's ch. m. Excitement, aged	4	dr.

The course was well attended, and the racing very superior.

HAVERFORDWEST RACES.

Stewards: J. Jones, Esq., M.P., and A. Stokes, Esq.

TUESDAY, August 3rd.—The Pembrokeshire Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; two miles (twenty subscribers, thirteen of whom declared).

Captain Davis's br. m. Merry Lass, by Dr. Faustus, aged, 9 st. 2 lb. (Harris) ...	1
Mr. Colby's b. g. Milo, five years old, 8 st. (a lad)	2
Mr. Parr's b. g. Bulbridge, aged, 8 st. 8 lb. (owner)	dis.
Mr. Gough's b. g. Greenfinch, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Snapper)	dis.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 25 added by Sir R. B. P. Phillipps, Bart., M.P.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Parr's ch. g. Aimwell, by Actæon, six years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (owner)	...	1	1
Mr. Henderson's ch. g. Greedy Sam, six years old, 7 st. 13 lb. (Cheswase)	...	5	2
Mr. Gough's b. f. Fausta, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Snapper)	...	2	dr.
Mr. White's br. m. Jenny Jones, six years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Powell)	...	3	dr.
Mr. Lock's b. f. Rowena, three years old, 7 st. 1 lb. (a lad)	...	4	dr.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 25 added; mile heats.

Mr. Gough's b. h. Bay Hampton, by Zingancee, six years old, 9 st. 2 lb. (Snapper)	...	2	1	1
Mr. Patsell's b. g. Topsall, five years old, 9 st. (Harris)	...	1	2	2
Mr. Parr's ch. g. Aimwell, six years old, 9 st. 2 lb. (owner)	...	3	dr.	

A Match for 100 sovs.; 10 st. each.

Mr. Sumner's King William (Owens)	...	2	1	1
Mr. Child's br. g. (Powell)	...	1	2	2

WEDNESDAY.—The Town Plate of 50 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 1 sov. each; two mile heats (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Gough's b. h. Bay Hampton, by Zingancee, six years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (Ennis)	...	5	1	1
Mr. Weyman's b. g. Milo, five years old, 9 st. 4 lb. (a lad)	...	1	2	2
Mr. Henderson's ch. g. Greedy Sam, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Cheswase)	...	8	4	3
Mr. Sumner's b. m. Spider, five years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Pidgeon)	...	6	3	dr.
Mr. Lock's b. f. Rowena, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (a lad)	...	2	dr.	
Mr. White's br. m. Jenny Jones, six years old, 9 st. (Powell)	...	3	dr.	
Mr. Pugh's b. g. Ferdinand, aged, 8 st. (Linett)	...	4	dr.	
Mr. Sumner's gr. h. King William, five years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (a lad)	...	7	dr.	

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; heats, one mile and a half (three subscribers).

Mr. Parr's ch. g. Aimwell, by Actæon, dam by Jerry, six years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (owner)	...	3	1	1
Capt. B. Davis's b. m. Merry Lass, aged, 9 st. 7 lb. (Harris)	...	1	3	dr.
Mr. Gough's br. m. Fausta, three years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Ennis)	...	2	2	dr.

The Ladies' Purse of 20 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; heats (six subscribers).

Mr. Sumner's b. m. Spider, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Pidgeon)	...	1	1
Mr. Gough's b. g. Greenfinch, four years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (Ennis)	...	2	2
Mr. Patsell's b. g. Topsall, five years old, 10 st. 12 lb. (Harris)	...	3	dr.
Mr. Sumner's gr. h. King William, five years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (a lad)	...	4	dr.
Mr. Woolcock's b. g. Washington, 8 st. 10 lb. (Cheswase)	...	0	dr.
Mr. Parr's b. g. Bulbridge, 12 st.	...	0	dr.

POTTERY MEETING.

Stewards: The Earl of Miltown, and F. E. Price, Esq.

TUESDAY, August 3rd.—The Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, &c., did not fill.

The Champagne Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, for two-year-old colts and fillies, the winner to give two dozen of Champagne to the Committee; T. Y. C.; about three quarters of a mile (ten subscribers).

Colonel Anson's b. c. Attila, by Colwick, out of Progress, 8 st. 5 lb. (Holmes)	...	1
Mr. Osborne's b. f. Gipsy Queen, by Dr. Syntax, 8 st. 2 lb. (G. Francis)	...	2
Mr. Price's b. f. Marion, by the Mole, 8 st. 2 lb. (Stagg)	...	3
Mr. F. R. Price's gr. f. Valentina, by Speculator, 8 st. 2 lb. (Cartwright)	...	0
Lord Dorchester's b. c. by Rockingham, out of Purity, 8 st. 5 lb. (Whitehouse)	...	0
Mr. Copeland's b. c. Combermere, by Bran, 8 st. 5 lb. (Marlow)	...	0

Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 agst. Attila, 7 to 4 agst. Marion, 3 to 1 agst. Valentina, and 4 to 1 agst. Gipsy Queen.

The Borough Cup of 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and 5 only if declared; the second saves his Stake; the winner of the Chester, Newton, Manchester, Liverpool, Ascot, or Goodwood Cups, Northumberland Plate, or Goodwood Stakes, 4 lb. of two, 7 lb. extra; about one mile and a half (thirty subscribers, fifteen of whom pay 5 sovs. each).

Mr. J. Alcock na. ch. f. Lady Grove, by Langar, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Francis)	...	1
Mr. Price's ch. h. Tuly, by The Tulip, four years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Cartwright)	...	2
Lord Eglinton's b. m. Bellona, by Beagle, six years old, 8 st. (T. Lye)	...	0
Lord Eglinton's b. g. Potentate, by Langar, aged, 8 st. 12 lb. (Marson)	...	0
Mr. W. T. Copeland's ch. g. Sir Mark, by Cetus, five years old, 7 st. (Dodgson)	...	0

Betting: Even on Bellona, 5 to 2 agst. Tuly, 5 to 2 agst. Potentate, and 3 to 1 agst. Lady Grove.

The Members' Plate of 50 sovs., the gift of the Members of the Borough, added to a subscription of 2 sovs. each; the second horse to receive 5 sovs. out of the Stakes; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 3 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner of any of the preceding races, 5 lb. extra; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, by Infexible, aged (Marlow)	0	1	1
Mr. H. Mann's Miss Le Gros, four years old (Holmes)	1	3	2
Mr. Clarke's b. g. by The Earl, out of sister to Clare, four years old (Whitehouse)	0	2	dr.
Mr. Thompson's b. f. by The Mole, out of Fenella, three years old (a lad)	2

WEDNESDAY.—The Copeland Handicap of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, with 100 vs. added by William Taylor Copeland, Esq., M.P., for all ages; the second saves his stake; the winners of the Chester, Newton, Manchester, Liverpool, Ascot, or Goodwood Cups, or Northumberland Plate, or Goodwood Stakes, 4 lb.; or any two of them, or the Borough Cup, 7 lb. extra; race round and a distance (forty-four subscribers, nineteen of whom paid 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Loy's b. h. Ararat, by Liverpool, five years old, 7 st. (Stagg)	1
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Tuly, by Tulip, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Cartwright)	2
Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Caius, by Physician, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (T. Lye)	0
Mr. Flintoff's br. m. Prudence, by Emancipation, six years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Dodgson)	0
Mr. Eddison's ch. c. The Ruler, by Belshazzar, four years old, 7 st. (G. Francis)	0
Mr. Heseltine's br. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, five years old, 8 st. (Heseltine)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Ararat, 5 to 2 agst. Dr. Caius, 4 to 1 agst. The Shadow, 5 to 1 agst. Tuly, to 1 agst. The Ruler, and 10 to 1 was offered agst. Prudence.

A Handicap, for all ages (two-year-olds excepted), of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 30 sovs. added; to start at the T.Y.C., and go once round (five subscribers).

Mr. Smith's b. f. The Maid, by Mulatto, four years old, 7 st. (Lye)	1
Mr. Heseltine's br. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, five years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Heseltine)	2
Mr. F. R. Price's Lady Abbess, by St. Nicholas, six years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Cartwright)	3

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. The Maid.

The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 50 added; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; about a mile and a half (seven subscribers).

Mr. Skerratt's b. f. Lydia, by Newton, 8 st. 4 lb. (Whitehouse)	1
Mr. Copeland's br. c. Mustapha Muley, by Muley, 8 st. 7 lb. (Marlow)	2

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. Lydia.

The Maiden Plate of 60 sovs., added to a subscription of 3 sovs. each for the second; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 8 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner of any of the preceding races, 5 lb. extra; heats, twice round and a distance (ix subscribers).

Mr. Buckley's ch. c. by Laurel, out of Shoehorn, three years old, 7 st. (Whitehouse)	1	1
Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Myrtle, three years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Lye)	0	2
Mr. Lillie's b. g. Frederick, by Bay Malton, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (a lad)	0	0
Mr. Flintoff's b. m. Constance, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Dodgson)	2	dr.
Mr. Thompson's b. f. Fenella, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Cartwright)	3	dr.

REDDITCH RACES.

Stewards: T. H. Cookes, Esq., and Edward Dixon, jun., Esq.

TUESDAY, August 3rd.—The Cavalry Cup of 20 sovs. in specie, with a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. added; the second to receive 5 sovs. out of the stakes; 12 st. each; heats, twice round and a distance (three subscribers).

Mr. Ford's b. g. Deception, aged (owner)	1	1
Mr. Perks's b. g. Shuffler, aged	2	2
Mr. Emery's b. f. Welfare, four years old	3	dr.

The Hewell Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; heats, twice round and a distance (five subscribers).

Mr. Key's b. m. Marialva, by Gambol, four years old, 8 st. (Frost)	1	3	1
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catharina, aged, 9 st.	3	1	2
Mr. Sirdfield's b. g. Tubalcain, five years old	2	2	3

The Hack Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 15 added; winner to be sold for £40 if demanded; heats, twice round and a distance (seven subscribers).

Mr. Bennett's b. m. Woodbine, by Astbury, six years old, 11 st. 10 lb. (Cliff)	0	1	1
Mr. Powell's ch. g. Sir Felix, aged	1	2	2
Mr. Bradley's br. g. Postboy, aged, 11 st. 10 lb.	2	3	dr.
Mr. Hall's b. h. Villager, aged, 11 st. 10 lb.	3	dr.	
Mr. Hawker's b. f. Agnes, three years old, 9 st. 7 lb.	4	dr.	

WEDNESDAY.—The Tradesmen's Plate of 20 sovs., with a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each added; heats, twice round and a distance; winner to be sold for £75 if demanded (five subscribers).

Mr. Moss's b. m. Frailty, by Filho da Puta, six years old, 9 st. (Bemetzreider)	1	1
Mr. Key's br. f. Image, three years old, 7 st.	2	dr.
Mr. Hall's b. h. Villager, aged, 9 st.	3	dr.

The Ladies' Purse of 15 sovs., with a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each added; second saves his stake; 11 st. each; heats, twice round (three subscribers).

Mr. Perks's b. g. Shuffler (Oliver)	1	1
Mr. Smith's b. g. Hit-or-Miss	3	2
Mr. Willie's b. g. Frank	2	3

The Studley Stakes of 15 sovs., with a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each added; the winner to be sold for £60 if demanded; heats, once round and a distance over five leaps (four subscribers).

Mr. Bennett's b. m. Woodbine, by Astbury, six years old, 11 st. 10 lb. (Oliver)	2	0	1	1
Mr. Ford's b. g. Deception, aged, 11 st. 10 lb.	1	0	2	2
Mr. Lowe's b. m. Isabella, five years old, 11 st. 4 lb.	4	3	dr.	
Mr. Powell's ch. g. Sir Felix, aged, 11 st. 10 lb.	3	dr.		

A Forced Handicap of 5 sovs. each, for winners of the Hewell, Hack, Tradesmen's and Studley Stakes, and open to any other horse; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catharina, by Whisker, aged (Hopwood)	1	1
Mr. Bennett's b. m. Woodbine, six years old	2	2

A Match for £25; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Warrin's g. m. Fanny, 8 st. 7 lb. (Bradley)	1	1
Mr. Emm's br. m. Rattler, 8 st.	2	2

BRIGHTON RACES.

WEDNESDAY, August 4th.—The Brighton Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared on or before Monday, the 19th of July, with 100 added by the Town of Brighton if three horses start; if ten accepted, the second horse to save his stake; new course (twenty-two subscribers, ten of whom paid 5 sovs. each.)

Mr. Gardnor's Io, by Taurus, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	1	
Mr. Gratwicke's Carlotta, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Bell)	2	
Mr. Booth's Benjamin, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Sly)	0	
Lord Almarle's Exit, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (E. Edwards)	0	
Mr. Goodman's Mungo Parke, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Crouch)	0	
General Wyndham's b. f. Aspatia, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Mann)	0	
Colonel Wyndham's Monsieur Le Sage, three years old, 7 st. (Wakefield)	0	
Mr. Shelley's Huon, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb., carried 7 st. (Chapple)	0	
Mr. Rush's ch. c. Plenipotentiary, out of Obellak's dam, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Bartholomew)	0	

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Carlotta, 3 to 1 agst. Exit, 7 to 2 agst. Benjamin, 4 to 1 agst. Io, and 6 to 1 agst. Huon.

A Railway Plate of 50 sovs., added to a subscription of 5 each, given by the Gentlemen and Officers connected with the London and Brighton Railway Company; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; new course; heats (three subscribers).

Mr. Goodman's Orelia, by St. Nicholas, five years old (Nat)	1	1
Sir G. Heathcote's f. by Defence, out of Nanette, three years old, carried 7 st. (Chapple)	2	dr.
Mr. Booth's Benjamin, four years old (Sly)	3	dr.

The Town Plate of 50 sovs., added to a subscription of 5 each; three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 1 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the second horse to receive £10; the winner to be sold for £250; heats, one mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Balchin's Dromedary, by Camel, four years old (Buckle)	2	0	1	1
Mr. Wright's Folly, four years old (Nat)	1	4	4	2
Lord Eglington's ch. f. Annulet, four years old (Ostes)	0	0	2	dr.
Sir G. Heathcote's f. by Emilius, out of Jane, four years old (Chapple)	0	3	3	dr.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses the property of the Officers of the Royal Scots Greys, 11 st. 7 lb. each; to be ridden by officers of the regiment; mile and a half (three subscribers).

Mr. Barnett's br. g. Battledore (Capt. Trafford)	1	
Lord W. Hill's b. g. Light Bob, late Magic (owner)	2	

THURSDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; those by stallions, or out of mares which have never produced a winner, allowed 3 lb.; a winner of a Sweepstakes 5 lb., of two or more, 10 lb. extra; T.Y.C. (ten subscribers).

Mr. Shelley's b. f. Iole, by Sir Hercules, out of sister to Green Mantle, 8 st. 1 lb. (Nat)	1	
Mr. T. Coleman's b. f. Guselle, by Jerry, out of Brocard, 8 st. 9 lb. (Mann)	2	
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Pannakeen, by Muley Moloch, dam by Partisan, 8 st. 7 lb. (Chapple)	3	

Betting: Even on Guselle, 6 to 4 agst. Iole, and 5 to 1 agst. Pannakeen.

Her Majesty's Purse of 100 gu.; weight and all other conditions the same as for Her Majesty's Gold Vase at Ascot; the old course; heats.

Mr. Goodman's Orella, by St. Nicholas, five years old, 9 st. 2 lb. (Nat)	...	1	1
Sir G. Heathcote's Argos, by Camel, out of Bay Hampton's dam, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Chapple)	...	3	2
Mr. Booth's Benjamin, four years old, 9 st. (Sly)	...	2	dr.

The Tradesmen's Plate of 50 sovs. added to a subscription of 3 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for £150; the second horse to receive back his stake; new course; heats (six subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's ch. f. Annulet, by Velocipede, four years old (Oates)	...	1	4	1
Mr. Goodman's Mungo Parke, four years old (Crouch)	...	2	1	2
Captain Gardnor's bk. g. Dismal Jemmy, four years old (Nat)	...	5	2	3
Mr. Balchin's Clematis, four years old (Cotton)	...	3	3	dr.
Mr. Clifton's ch. c. Playfellow, three years old (Wakefield)	...	4	dr.	

FRIDAY.—A Handicap of 3 sovs. each, with 60 added; old course (four subscribers).

Mr. Shelley's Huon, by Plenipotentiary, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Chapple)	...	1
Mr. Goodman's Remnant, four years old, 9 st. (Nat)	...	2
Gen. Wyndham's Aspatria, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Bartholomew)	...	3
Lord Albemarle's Exit, four years old, 8 st. (E. Edwards)	...	4

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Huon (tk.), 5 to 2 agst. Exit, and 5 to 2 agst. Remnant.

A Handicap of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added; heats, one mile (eight subscribers).

Mr. Balchin's Dromedary, by Camel, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Buckle)	...	6	1	1
Col. Wyndham's Yorkshireman, three years old, 7 st. (Cotton)	...	2	5	2
Mr. Garrard's Clematis, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Ealing)	...	1	2	dr.
Mr. Clifton's Playfellow, three years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (Bartholomew)	...	5	3	dr.
Mr. Goodman's Remnant, four years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	...	7	4	dr.
Mr. Shelley's Hellespont, four years old, 8 st. (E. Edwards)	...	3	dr.	
Mr. Smith's Myrtle, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb., carried 6 st. 10 lb. (a lad)	...	4	dr.	

A Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses *bona fide* the property of gentlemen of the county of Sussex, or Officers of the Royal Scots Greys; 11 st. 7 lb. each; thorough-bred horses, 3 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for £150, &c.; gentlemen riders; heats, the new course (five subscribers).

Captain Barnett's br. g. Battledore, aged, 8 lb. extra (Mr. Johnstone)	...	1	1
Mr. C. Ewart's ch. m. Cerito, late Bustle, by Tarrare, six years old (Mr. Bethune)	...	2	dr.
Mr. Grant's gr. m. Maid of the Mist, five years old (owner)	...	dis.	

SALISBURY RACES.

Steward: Viscount Folkestone.

WEDNESDAY, August 4th.—A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1837; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3 lb., if both, 5 lb.; the winner of the Derby or Oaks, 10 lb. extra; the winner once of a Produce or Foal Stakes, 5 lb.; twice, 8 lb. extra; a mile and a half (seven subscribers).

Mr. S. Herbert's ch. c. Nicias, by Emilius, out of Nanine	...	walked over.
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The Wiltshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, with 50 added; the second saves his stake; two miles (twenty-two subscribers, fourteen of whom pay 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Bayley's Bellissima, by Bizarre, six years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (C. Percy)	...	1
Duke of Richmond's The Currier, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (S. Rogers)	...	2
Mr. Herbert's Arctic, aged, 9 st. (Connelly)	...	3
Lord G. Bentinck's br. g. Naworth, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (W. Day)	...	4

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; free for any horse, mare, or gelding; three-year-olds, 8 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 6 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and aged, 10 st. 3 lb.; three miles.

Duke of Richmond's b. h. Mus, by Bizarre	...	walked over.
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A Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with the City Bowl and 20 sovs. added, for all ages; heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Bayley's Bellissima, by Bizarre, six years old, 9 st. 3 lb. (Connelly)	...	1	1
Mr. Foster's Variety, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (C. Percy)	...	2	dr.
Mr. Sadler's Diversion, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (S. Rogers)	...	3	dr.

THURSDAY.—The Stand Plate of 100 sovs. by subscription, added to a Sweepstakes (Handicap) of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared; two miles; the second horse to save his stake, and the winner to pay 10 sovs. to the Race Fund (eight subscribers, six of whom declared).

Lord G. Bentinck's br. g. Naworth, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb.	...	walked over.
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The Gold Cup, value 100 sovs. in specie, the surplus, if any, to the second horse, by subscription of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 1 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six, 9 st.; and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; the winner of a Queen's Plate, or the value of 100 sovs. including his own stake, in 1841, 5 lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb. (two miles).

Mr. Herbert's Arctic, by Brutandorf, aged (Percy)	1
Mr. Treen's ch. c. Flitroy, four years old (Connelly)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's br. g. Naworth, four years old (W. Day)	3

A Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; a winner once in 1841, previous to the day of starting, 5 lb.; twice or more, 7 lb. extra; T.Y.C.: straight in; off by consent.

The City Members' Plate of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., for all ages; heats, the Stand Course, a mile and three quarters (four subscribers).

Mr. Bayley's Bellissima, by Bizarre, six years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (Connelly)	...	1	1
Mr. Treen's Defy, three years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (Percy)	...	2	dr.
Mr. Foster's Variety, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Rogers)	...	3	dr.

The Scurry Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by subscription, for all ages (seven subscribers).

Mr. Osbaldeston's Currycomb, by The Saddler, 8 st. (S. Rogers)	1
Mr. Sadler's Diversion, 6 st. 3 lb.	2
Mr. Treen's Una, 8 st. 3 lb.	3
Mr. Herbert's Factory Girl, 8 st. 8 lb.	4
Lord G. Bentinck's Naworth, 8 st. 2 lb.	5

HORWICH MEETING.

Stewards: F. Gerard, Esq., J. F. Hodson, Esq., W. H. Hornby, Esq., and H. B. Hollinshead, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, August 4th.—The Tradesmen's Gold Cup of 60 sovs. (in specie), added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft.; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; a winner of a Queen's Plate, Cup, or Stake, of 100 sovs. value in 1840, or 1841, 5 lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; three times round, about two miles and a quarter (nine subscribers).

Mr. Peace's ch. h. The Lord Mayor, by Pantaloon, five years old (Peace)	1
Mr. Murray's b. f. Lady Paramount, three years old (Noble)	2
Mr. Hollinshead's ch. g. The Emperor, by St. Nicholas, three years old (Turner)	3

The Willoughby Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund, for horses that never won £50 at one time: three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six years and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; heats, twice round and a distance (three subscribers).

Mr. W. Thompson's ch. m. Taglioni, five years old (Thompson)	1	1
Mr. Hollinshead's b. g. Now or Never, aged (Clark)	3	2
Mr. Hodson's r. m. Honeysuckle, five years old (Smith)	2	3

The Hunters' Stakes of 7 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 20 added from the Fund, for horses not thoroughbred: three-year-olds, 9 st. 5 lb.; four, 10 st. 7 lb.; five, 11 st. 5 lb.; six, 11 st. 12 lb.; and aged, 12 st.; a winner of one Hurdle Race or Hunters' Stake, in 1840 or 1841, 7 lb. extra; of two or more, 10 lb. extra; heats, twice round; gentlemen riders (seven subscribers).

Mr. R. Barker's b. g. Sam Weller, by Strephon, aged (owner)	1	1
Mr. Hollinshead's b. m. Mischief, aged (owner)	0	2
Mr. Simpson's b. g. Aggravator, aged (Lamplough)	2	dr.
Mr. W. Thompson na. br. g. Cobwall, by Sir Robert, three years old (Thompson)	3	dr.
Mr. Parker's d. m. Duenna, aged (Frisby)	0	dr.

THURSDAY.—The Hurdle Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added; the second to save his stake; four-year-olds 10 st. 7 lb.; five, 11 st. 5 lb.; six, 11 st. 12 lb.; and aged, 12 st.; a winner of one Hurdle Race, 7 lb.; two or more, 10 lb. extra; half-bred horses allowed 7 lb.; heats, twice round, about a mile and a half, with four leaps over hurdles four feet high; gentlemen riders (five subscribers).

Mr. R. Barker's b. g. Sam Weller, by Strephon, aged (Barker)	1	1
Mr. Simpson b. g. Aggravator, aged (Lamplough)	3	2
Mr. Hollinshead's b. m. Mischief, aged (Oliver)	2	3

The Horwich Stakes of 7 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 25 added from the Fund; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six, 9 st.; and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; a winner once this year, 3 lb. extra; twice, 5 lb. extra; half-bred horses allowed 5 lb.; mares and geldings, 3 lb.; heats, twice round and a distance (three subscribers).

Mr. Legh's b. f. Lady Mary, by Voltaire, three years old (Bradburn)	1	1
Mr. W. Thompson na. ch. m. Taglioni, five years old (Thomson)	2	2
Mr. Hollinshead's b. g. Little Peter, half-bred, aged (Clark)	3	dr.

The Ladies' Purse of 15 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, for horses not thoroughbred, and that have never started previous to the day of entry, 11 st. each; the winner to be sold for £50 if demanded, &c.; heats, once round and a distance; gentlemen riders (four subscribers).

Mr. Mascal's ch. m. Maid of Kent (Barker)	1	1
Mr. War's b. m. Mary Ann (Wheal)	3	2
Mr. Hollinshead's b. m. Vixen (Mr. Hollinshead)	3	3
Mr. Gordon's b. g. The Spider (Oliver)	4	dr.

MONIFIETH RACES.

THURSDAY, August 5th.—A Purse of 50 sovs. given by William R. Ramsay, Esq., added to a Stake of 2 sovs. each, h. ft., for horses that have been hunted by the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire foxhounds during the season 1840-41, *bound &c* the property of farmers residing within the limits of the hunt, and farming at least 100 arable acres, or paying £100 annual rent, and have been in the uninterrupted possession of the owners from the 1st of March, 1841; the second horse to receive 10 sovs. from the stakes; the winner to be sold for 80 gs. if demanded; heats, once round.

Mr. John Kerr's br. m. Princess, aged, 13 st. 7 lb. (owner)	1	1
Mr. John Collier's ch. c. Engineer, four years old, 11 st. 11 lb.	2	2
Mr. Bowie's ch. m. Crazy Jane, aged, 12 st. 7 lb.	0	dr.
Mr. Bruce's ch. m. Red Rose, six years old, 12 st. 7 lb.	0	dr.

A Subscription Purse of 50 sovs., the winner to be sold for 80 gs. if demanded, &c.; heats, once round.

Mr. A. Cooke's b. g. Defiance (late <i>Æolus</i>), aged, 10 st. 4 lb. (Bowman)	...	2	1	1
Mr. Lindsay's b. m. Non-Intrusion, aged, 9 st. 11 lb.	...	1	0	0
Mr. Thompson's b. m. Maid of the Mill, four years old, 9 st. 4 lb.	...	3	2	2
Mr. Sutherland's b. m. Lady Crainshaw, four years old, 9 st. 4 lb.	...	0	3	0
Mr. John Gardiner's b. g. Birch, by Beadle, six years old, 10 st. 4 lb.	...	4	0	0
Mr. Ferguson's b. g. Billy, aged, 9 st. 11 lb.	...	0	4	dr.
Mr. Henderson's br. c. Lottery, four years old, 9 st. 4 lb.	...	0	0	0
Mr. Watta's ch. g. Sherry, aged, 10 st. 4 lb.	...	0	0	0
Mr. G. Reach's b. g. Lascelles, six years old, 10 st. 4 lb.	...	0	0	dr.
Mr. Hipples's bk. h. Bushranger, four years old, 9 st. 7 lb.	...	0	0	dr.

A Purse of 50 sovs. given by Lord Panmure, for horses which have been hunted during the last season, *bound &c* the property of members of any fox-hunting or racing club in Scotland; gentlemen riders, members of any fox-hunting or racing club in Scotland; heats, twice round.

Mr. W. H. Johnstone's ch. g. The Returned, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (owner)	...	1	1
Captain Douglas's br. h. Smedley Lely, aged, 13 st.	...	4	2
Mr. Ramsay's ch. g. Suleiman, aged, 13 st. (Mr. Ainsworth)	...	3	3
Hon. Stewart Erskine's b. g. St. Monance, five years old, 12 st. 7 lb. (owner)	dis.		

Fifty sovs. added to a Stake of 5 sovs. each., h. ft., the winner to be sold for 100 gs. if demanded, &c.; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Robert's ch. f. Lady Flora, three years old, 7 st. 13 lb. (Livesey)	...	1	1
Mr. Binney's ch. g. Laird's Brother, aged, 10 st. 4 lb.	...	3	2
Mr. Knox's ch. f. The Lily, five years old, 9 st. 13 lb.	...	4	3
Mr. Cooke's b. g. Defiance (<i>Æolus</i>), aged, 10 st. 4 lb.	...	2	dr.

FRIDAY.—The Publicans' Purse, added to a Handicap Stakes, was won by Mr. Ramsay's Suleiman, beating the Hon. S. Erskine's St. Monance, and Mr. Ferguson's Billy.

A Match.

Mr. Nicol's Jack Sheppard	...	0	1
Mr. Powrie's br. g. Rob Roy	...	0	2

Match, 50 sovs.

Mr. Sutherland's Lady Crainshaw four years old	...	1	1
Hon. S. Erskine's St. Monance, five years old	...	dis.	

DONCASTER RACES.

Stewards: Viscount Maidstone and Sir Charles Ibbotson, Bart.

Monday, September 13th.—The Fitzwilliam Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Corporation; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mile and a half (two subscribers). No race; Bee's-wing and Smollett being the only entries.

Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for four-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; 3 lb. allowed, &c.; two miles (five subscribers).

Mr. Orde's b. f. Queen Bee, by Liverpool, 3 lb. (Cartwright) ... walked over.

The Champagne Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; the winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Racing Club; Red House in (twenty-six subscribers).

Col. Anson's b. c. Attila, by Colwick—Progress, by Langar (W. Scott)	...	1
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Cabrera, by Tomboy—Dirmid's dam (J. Holmes)	...	2
Col. Cradock's b. f. Sally, by Sheet Anchor—Fanny (S. Templeman)	...	3
Mr. Brooke's br. f. Idolatry, by Muley Moloch—Lunatic (J. Marson)	...	0
Mr. Jaques's b. c. Playfellow, by Tomboy—Galena (P. Connelly)	...	0
Mr. Powlett's b. f. by Bay Middleton—Miss Fanny, by Walton (Nat)	...	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Mr. Powlett's filly, 5 to 2 agst. Attila, 4 to 1 agst. Idolatry, and 6 to 1 agst. Cabrera, who was without friends. The start was effected at the second attempt, the

worst off being Cabrera, but, before they crossed the road he was second to Attila, who was leading at a splitting pace. At the distance there was nothing in the race but these two, the winner, however, having it all to himself, and finishing half a neck in front untouched.

Handicap of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added by the Corporation; two miles (five subs.)

Mr. Thornhill's b. c. E. O. by Emilius, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Pettit)	...	1
Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Foster)	...	2
Mr. Bell's b. m. La Sage Femme, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Heseltine)	...	0
Mr. Doncaster's b. c. Fitzgambol, three years old, 6 st. 3 lb. (Bradburn)	...	0

Betting: Even betting on La Sage Femme, 2 to 1 agst. E. O., and 4 to 1 agst. Lord Kelburne's colt. All the first of the work was cut out by the favourite at a pace that completely pumped her out by the time the Red House turn was made. At the last road a fine race ensued between the two placed, E. O. finally winning rather cleverly by a length.

Match for 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; 8 st. 5 lb. each; St. Leger Course.

Col. Cradock's br. c. Gallipot, by Physician, dam by Whisker, four years old (S. Templeman)	...	1
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Pathfinder, by Retainer, out of Emilia, by Abjer, four years old (P. Connelly)	...	2

Betting: 3 to 1 on Gallipot, who had won before he reached the Red House; Pathfinder was pulled up at the distance.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 9 lb.; four, 9 st.; five, 9 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 10 st.; four miles.

Duke of Cleveland's b. h. Sampson, by Cetus, five years old (T. Lye) walked over.

TUESDAY, 14th.—The Four-year-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added by the Corporation; for colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; maiden horses allowed 5 lb., and the winner of the St. Leger to carry 3 lb. extra; mile and a half (seven subscribers).

Col. Cradock's b. c. Gallipot, by Physician (J. Marson)	...	1
Mr. Meiklam's b. c. Broadwath (S. Templeman)	...	2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Broadwath, who made running, but was caught at the Stand, and beaten in a canter by half a length.

A Handicap of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 70 added by the Innkeepers of Doncaster; the second to save his stake; St. Leger Course (thirteen subscribers).

Mr. Heseltine's b. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Heseltine)	...	1
Sir C. Monck's b. m. Garland, six years old, 8 st. (T. Lye)	...	2
Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. All-fours, five years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Flatman)	...	3
Mr. Heywood's gr. c. Mr. Whippy, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Bumby)	...	0
Mr. Allen's b. c. Phaon, three years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (John Gray)	...	0
Mr. Mann's b. f. Miss le Gros, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (G. Francis)	...	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. The Mountain Sylph, by Belshazzar, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Wakefield)	...	0
Mr. Kirby's ch. c. Kingston Robin, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (J. Marson)	...	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. The Shadow, 5 to 2 agst. All-fours, 5 to 1 agst. Mountain Sylph, 5 to 1 agst. Garland, and 6 to 1 agst. Kingston Robin. Soon after they got away, Garland went to the head with the favourite waiting on her, and Kingston Robin a good third. In this order they reached the distance, when Shadow challenged, beat Garland before they passed the Stand, and won an easy victory by a length. All-fours beat Kingston Robin for a bad third place, and there was a sorry account of the others.

The Great St. Leger Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; St. Leger Course (135 subscribers).

Lord Westminster's b. c. Satirist, by Pantaloon, out of Sarcasm (W. Scott)	...	1
Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. Coronation, by Sir Hercules—Ruby (J. Day)	...	2
Mr. Bell's b. c. The Squire, by The Saddler, dam by Mimos (Heseltine)	...	0
Colonel Cradock's b. c. Pagan, by Muley Moloch—Fanny (S. Templeman)	...	0
Mr. S. King's b. c. Cattonian, by Muley Moloch—Jubilee (J. Holmes)	...	0
Colonel Crauford's b. f. Ermengardis, by Langar—Ermine (J. Cartwright)	...	0
Lord Westminster's b. c. Van Amburgh, by Pantaloon, out of Decoy (Nat)	...	0
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Eringo, brother to Mango, by Emilius (P. Connelly)	...	0
Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Jack Sheppard, by Voltaire, dam by Whisker (J. Marson)	...	0
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. Gullt Arnold, by Langar, dam by Blacklock (T. Lye)	...	0
Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Galaor, by Muley Moloch—Darioletta (Wakefield)	...	0

Latest betting: 2 to 1 on Coronation, 6 to 1 agst. Satirist, 7 to 1 agst. Van Amburgh, 16 to 1 agst. The Squire, 18 to 1 agst. Eringo, and 50 to 1 agst. Galaor. Precisely at twenty minutes past three the lot assembled at the post, and after one unsuccessful attempt the start was accomplished. By the time they reached the road, each had selected his ground, found his (or her) legs, and the play commenced. Coronation was here in front, sailing away for the hill at clipping speed, followed by Van Amburgh, Satirist, Cattonian, and the rest well up. As they made the ascent, the favourite was two lengths in advance, the others in the same places, and so they ran to the turn beyond the hill. There Scott brought up Satirist to the second place, Van Amburgh being third,

and on these terms they entered the straight ground for home, Cattonian and Eringo falling into the rear rank. At the turn the Squire began to creep up, and soon reached Satriat, the pair closely watching their leader, and the race now confined to the three. At the distance Scott was abreast of "the crack," in a few strides passed him, was never again headed, and, after a desperate struggle, in which Day did all that man could do, Coronation was beaten cleverly by a neck:—the Judge gave it "half a neck." The Squire was third; Pagan, beaten off, fourth; Van Amburgh, fifth; the filly, sixth, and a beggarly account of the rest, many of the beaten horses having been stopped before they reached the Stand. Run in three minutes and twenty-one seconds.

The Two-year-old Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; Red House in (five subscribers).

Lord Westminster's b. c. Auckland, by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honour (Nat)	1
Mr. Garforth's gr. f. by The Saddler, out of Don John's dam (J. Marson)	3

Betting: 4 to 1 on Auckland, who had it all to himself.

The Cleveland Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., but 5 only, &c., with 50 added by the Corporation; one mile (sixteen subscribers, two of whom declared).

Mr. Melkiam's b. c. Broadwath, by Liverpool, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (J. Cartwright)	1
Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Calus, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (T. Lye)	2
Mr. Watson's b. c. Milksoop, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Nat)	3

Betting: 6 to 4 on Dr. Calus, and 4 to 1 agst. Milksoop, who made the running to the Red House corner, where the other two passed him, made an indifferent race home, Broadwath winning cleverly in the end.

WEDNESDAY, 15th.—The Foal Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; mile and a half (six subscribers).

Lord Westminster's b. c. Van Amburgh, by Pantaloon (W. Scott) ... walked over.

The Doncaster Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; two miles (seven subscribers).

Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax (J. Cartwright) ... walked over.

The Selling Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Corporation; three-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 10 lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; St. Leger Course (nine subscribers).

Mr. Eddison's ch. g. The Recorder, by Langar—Laura, five years old (W. Scott)	1
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. Oxtou, by Muley Moloch, out of Trampina, three years old (T. Lye)	2
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c. Spring-heel'd Jack, by Physician, dam by Caccia Paitti, four years old (S. Darling)	3
Mr. Harrison's b. f. Oak Branch, by Mulatto—Beatrice, four years old (W. Oates)	0
Mr. Wilkins's ch. g. Clem-o'-the-Cleugh, by Corinthian, out of Rachael, five years old (G. Noble)	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's gr. c. Currycomb, by The Saddler, out of Fickle, four years old (P. Connelly)	0
Mr. Heywood's gr. c. Mr. Whippy, three years old (Bumby)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. The Recorder, 3 to 1 agst. Spring-heel'd Jack, and 5 to 1 agst. Currycomb. The favourite led from start to finish, and passed the chair first by three parts of a length; he was claimed.

The Corporation Plate of £60; for three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 7 st. 12 lb.; five, 8 st. 5 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; mares allowed 3 lb.; the second to receive 9 ga.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Heseltine's b. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, out of Arinette, five years old (Heseltine)	1
Mr. Osbaldeston's gr. c. Currycomb, four years old (P. Connelly)	2

THURSDAY, 16th.—The Gascoigne Stakes of 100 sovs. each, 30 ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the winner of the St. Leger, 5 lb. extra; Leger Course (seven subscribers).

Lord Westminster's b. c. Van Amburgh, by Pantaloon (W. Scott)	1
Mr. Bell's b. c. Thirak, by Voltaire, dam by Whisker (Heseltine)	2
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Middleham, by Muley Moloch (J. Day)	3

Betting: Even on Van Amburgh, 7 to 4 agst. Thirak, and 5 to 1 agst. Middleham. Thirak took off two or three lengths in front, with the favourite next him, and Middleham last. At the Red House, Scott closed the leader, beat him at the distance, and went in first by a couple of lengths, without an effort.

The Two-year-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each; for colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; T.Y.C. (thirty subscribers).

Col. Anson's b. c. Attila, by Colwick, out of Progress (W. Scott)	1
Col. Cradock's b. f. Sally, by Sheet Anchor—Fanny (S. Templeman)	2
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. Skipton, by Stockport, dam by Swiss (P. Connelly)	3
Mr. S. King's br. c. Cattonite, by Muley Moloch, out of Jubilee (S. Darling)	0
Col. Crauford's br. f. by Langar, out of Mermaid (J. Day)	0
Mr. Allen's b. c. Belcœur, by Belhassar, out of Violante (J. Marson)	0

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Foxberry, by Voltaire, out of Matilda (T. Lye) ...	0
Sir C. Monck's b. c. brother to Garland, by Langar, dam by Whisker (G. Oates) ...	0
Mr. Orde's b. f. Bee's-wax, by Liverpool, out of Bee's-wing's dam (J. Cartwright) ...	0
Mr. Powlett's b. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Miss Fanny (J. Holmes) ...	0

Betting: 5 to 4 on Attila, 9 to 2 agst. Skipton, 9 to 2 agst. Foxberry, and 6 to 1 agst. Belcour. At the second attempt a most unsatisfactory start was effected, the cream of which fell to *Scotch lot*, who rushed to the front, with Sally at his heels, kept his lead all through, and won in a canter by a couple of lengths.

The Three-year-old Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; Leger Course (seven subscribers).

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Eringo, brother to Mango (P. Connelly) ...	1
Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon (T. Lye) ...	2
Major Yarburgh's b. c. Heslington, by Voltaire (W. Scott) ...	3

Betting: 5 to 4 on Eringo, and 6 to 4 agst. Heslington, who led to the distance, where Eringo closed him, at the Stand was at his side, and finished in front, by a couple of lengths, in a canter.

A Cup, or Specie, of 150 sovs., given by the Corporation, with 50 added by the Stewards; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; three and four-year-old fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; maiden three-year-olds, having started twice, allowed 3 lb.; four and upwards, 6 lb.; the winner of the then St. Leger, 5 lb. extra; to start at the Red House, and run once round, about two miles and five furlongs.

Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, dam by Ardrossan, aged (J. Cartwright) ...	1
Mr. Heseltine's b. m. Shadow, five years old (Heseltine) ...	2

Betting: 5 to 1 on Bee's-wing. This was a burlesque on a race, the old mare winning in a canter, at the end of six minutes, five seconds.

FRIDAY, 17th.—A Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Town of Doncaster; one mile and a half (five subscribers).

Sir C. Monck's b. m. Garland, by Langar, six years old, 8 st. (T. Lye) ...	1
Mr. Haworth's br. c. Hull Bank, three years old, 6 st. 3 lb. (Foster) ...	2
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. Quilt Arnold, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Bumby) ...	3
Mr. Bell's b. m. La Sage Femme, five years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Heseltine) ...	4
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. Oxton, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (T. Benson) ...	5

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Garland, 2 to 1 agst. Quilt Arnold, 3 to 1 agst. Oxton, and 5 to 1 agst. La Sage Femme. The favourite made all her own running, and won very cleverly by a length. There was a slashing race for the second place.

The Scarborough Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the winner of the St. Leger, 5 lb. extra; one mile (seventeen subscribers).

Mr. Bell's gr. c. The Squire, by The Saddler (R. Heseltine) ...	1
Col. Cradock's b. c. Pagan (S. Templeman) ...	2
Sir W. Milner's ch. c. Osberton (Nat) ...	3

Betting: 5 to 2 on The Squire, who took off in front, was never headed, and won easily by a length and a half. Osberton was beaten off.

The Park-Hill Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the second to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes; St. Leger Course (twenty-four subscribers).

Mr. Powlett's br. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Mystery (T. Lye) ...	1
Lord Westminster's br. Lampon (N. Flatman) ...	2
Col. Crauford's br. Ermengardis (S. Templeman) ...	3
Mr. Brooke's ch. Moonbeam (J. Marson) ...	4

Betting: Even on Mystery filly, 2 to 1 agst. Lampon, 7 to 1 agst. Ermengardis, and 5 to 1 agst. Moonbeam. Here, also, the favourite made the running, kept in front all through, and finally won, after a most determined struggle on the part of Lampon, by half a neck.

The Hornby Castle Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation; three-year-olds, 7 st. 6 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 6 lb.; three and four-year-old fillies allowed 3 lb.; beaten horses of the race week allowed 3 lb.; the winner of the then St. Leger to have carried 5 lb. extra; two miles (four subscribers).

Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, aged (Cartwright) ...	1
Duke of Cleveland's b. h. Sampson, five years old (T. Lye) ...	2

Betting: 4 to 1 on Bee's-wing, who waited to the Stand, where she went up and won, after a very slow race.

The Town Plate of £100; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; maiden horses, at starting, 3 lb.; the second to receive 33 gs.; two-mile heats.

Mr. Heseltine's b. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, four years old (Heseltine) ...	1
Sir C. Monck's b. m. Garland, six years old (T. Lye) ...	2
Mr. Eddison's ch. g. The Recorder, five years old (Flatman) ...	3
Mr. Allen's b. c. Phaon, three years old (W. Marson) ...	4

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1841.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

“PORTRAITS OF SATIRIST AND CORONATION ;” THE FORMER WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER, THE LATTER OF THE DERBY, 1841. PAINTED BY MR. C. B. SPALDING, EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

“ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EQUESTRIAN ORDER.” NO. III.—A PATRICIAN OF THE NEW WORLD. DRAWN BY CATLIN, ETCHED BY LANDELLS,

AND

A MAP OF THE OAKLEY COUNTRY.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Maps of Hunting Countries which have appeared in this work have, in every instance, been published by the express permission, and under the immediate direction of the masters of the establishments to which they refer. Upon that principle it is our purpose to produce the whole of the series. In pursuance of it, the Editor made application for leave and assistance to bring out a Map of the Milton Country, to Lord Milton and the Earl Fitzwilliam's huntsman, Mr. Thomas Sebright. The result of that application will be seen in the following letter :—

“ Milton, Oct. 20th, 1841.

“ SIR,

“ I have received Earl Fitzwilliam's answer this morning, and I beg to inform you he does not approve of the Meeting places being made a public thing, for certain reasons which he as explain'd. Nor do I think it could be done without a great deal of disapointments to far commers, nor do we wish to see them for the often do hounds great mischief in the field, and of no advantage to Servants. I therefore must decline giving you any information. Earl Fitzwilliam is not an advocate for new fashon'd plans as regards fox-hunting.

“ I am Sir

“ Yours obed. Servant

“ THOS. SEBRIGHT.

“ *To the Editor of the Sporting Review.*”

Several letters have been addressed to us on the plan adopted by the proprietors of the “ Old Sporting Magazine,” of publishing Maps of the Hunting Countries that appeared a year ago in this work. As a matter of taste, it is their own affair ; as a matter of commerce, that of their subscribers ; if the latter are content to pay them the price of new goods for second hand wares, we can have no quarrel with their ultra liberality.

We quite subscribe to the views of “ No Black-leg ;” but his communication was too long for insertion.

We beg to decline the article entitled, “ In-door Practice ; or, a Mode of acquiring, with certainty and facility, and without the expenditure of a single Grain of Gunpowder, the difficult Art of *Shooting Flying.*”

The proof before letters of John Mytton, Esq., on “ Sir Oliver,” has been received, and shall have the notice it so well merits.

HYDE MARSTON ;
OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN'S LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER THE TENTH :—" ALL FOR LOVE."

" Think of the gladness of our youthful prime—
It cometh not again—that golden time !"

THE COMMER'S BOOK.

THERE was not a prettier, or more rural village, within an easy ride of London, than Thames Ditton, twenty years ago. But time has been busy with it, even as with ourselves ; and that perilous wrinkle, the South-western Railway, whatever it may have done in utility, has sadly damaged it in the matter of the sylvan. To the left of those who entered the common from town, there stood (and still stands) a rustic public-house, with its sign suspended from the branch of an ancient elm, serving as an appropriate entrance to a picturesque green lane. Whoso trod the velvet sward that constituted its foot-paths, or wheeled over the smooth gravel of the drive that wound between them, reached, in a short quarter of a mile, a spot that Flora herself might have selected for a retreat. It was a fairy nook, blushing throughout the year with myriads of roses, and breathing fragrance fresh and odorous as ever zephyr rifled from morning violets. Within, nestled a cottage, such as " youthful poets dream of when they love." Sweet bower of beauty ! since the winged hours I passed within thee, my home has been beside the azure Leman ; my path among the emerald vallies of romantic Tyrol. Yet never have I seen aught that might compare with thee, albeit thou didst arise at the bidding of a villanous Israelite, who dealt in woollens, and every other species of *fleecery*, in St. Mary Axe.

The historian and biographer have each a delicate duty to perform ; but how infinitely more perplexing is his task who ventures to grace his own tale ! With a true perception of the difficulty, I have lingered over the introduction to this chapter, till I could gain courage to proceed with my narrative. Need it be told, that there lacked not an Eve for my Paradise—the Eden, where first was gathered, from the tree of knowledge, that mystic produce, which realizes the fabled fruit of the Dead Sea ? Away with ye, base and sordid impulses ! that, as I trace these records, whisper me to plead the temptation that assailed, in mitigation of the course pursued. The folly, the madness, the sin, that triumphed, found allies in the weakness, of each.

I seek not to soften terms or facts ; peradventure, I should have urged that—

“ Both were so young, and one so innocent”—

and while all might blame, some, at least, would pity. But let it pass : life's great moral was vindicated both in her fate, who has long ceased to suffer, and in his, whose penance is not yet complete.

To preserve the connexion of my incidents, we will return, for a moment, to the unexpected appearance of Caroline G——, at the house of her literary friend. The struggle I made to dissuade her from a step my heart too eagerly seconded, has been told. Probably, the arguments I used, and already in the reader's possession, exhausted my stock. At all events, I pressed no others ; and, as the chimes of Richmond Church told eight on the evening of the memorable day when Caroline so prophetically declared “ her destiny was fixed,” four of Newman's posters, and a britska—one of Burnand's best, deposited a party of three at the “ Star and Garter.” First descended a stripling, assisting, with fond and anxious caution, a girl, who passed rapidly into the house, and then handing out—

“ Oh, shame !

Oh, sin ! oh, sorrow ! and oh, womankind !
How can you do such things, and keep your fame,
Unless this world, and t'other too, be blind ?”—

the more matured form of the metaphysic Sappho of the day ! If bricks and mortar could speak ; if walls had fingers to write, as well as ears to hear, what a story of human passions, in all their phases—what a tale of joy and woe—trembling solicitude, and desperate recklessness—hope defeated, and fear confirmed, would be an autobiography of the “ Star and Garter,” at Richmond ! Trifling as the episodes are that my experience could furnish, they would not be without their interest, or, it may be, their use. I might relate, as told to me on its terrace by the actor, strange passages in the life of her who, once a wandering stroller, then wore the proudest coronet in the land. I could reveal startling truths connected with a conspiracy to plunder, enacted beneath its roof, the moral of whose *denouement* proved that “ laws are *not* made for every degree.” But, as Horace says (and so does Blackstone), *sunt certos denique fines*—a law that, however interpreted, it behoves all who write to remember.

In the course of a drive on the day after our arrival, accident brought us to the cottage already described. It was to be let, and, through a house-agent at Kingston, I concluded a year's bargain for it, at the rate of forty guineas a month. Thither we forthwith removed ; and behold me, with less than nothing to support it—at the discreet age of seventeen—master of an establishment, the cost of which could

not have been 'calculated at less than a couple of thousands a year. "It is now," says Sir Peter, "six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest man alive, during which period I have never known one hour's tranquillity." Very similar was my dilemma. With all that nature and art could lavish upon existence to make it a state of bliss; at a season when novelty gives so keen a relish to enjoyment; and born with feelings susceptible to agony of those emotions that stir the hearts of the coldest, I should not be believed, did I say that life was not to me a dream of delirium. Still it was the dream of a sleep that had its waking hours: the vision of a slumber on which reality would break often and rudely. The contrast that the bearing of Caroline exhibited, was very remarkable. Time, to her, seemed to have but one division—the present. The past was never recalled, the future, never alluded to. When she sang, the lays selected told of joy and gladness, in light and graceful melodies; her language was playful and brilliant—her looks ever bright and radiant.

With the syren at my side, I scoffed at Fate, and put reflection at defiance. But there were moments when I was, *per force*, alone, and that, too, under circumstances far from calculated to engender agreeable thoughts. This was when, chancellor of a bankrupt exchequer, I applied myself to the affair of ways and means. And here I cannot but pause to point out the signal advantage that the writers of fiction possess over those who indite fact. Your characters, in a novel, all eat, drink, dress, ride, and drive, as though the schemes of barter and currency were still undiscovered mysteries. The hero passes from Rome to St. Petersburg without even condescending to draw a cheque on his banker; and the heroine is as little encumbered with a purse as a pocket. There you have one side of the medal—look at the reverse. Your matter-of-fact compiler chooses, for instance, the career of Viscount A—— for his theme, and finds himself called upon to state (notwithstanding it sadly stains the *couleur de rose* of his narrative), that the peer was compelled to forego a levee, because a rascally cordwainer refused to trust him with a pair of pumps; or he becomes the biographer of Baron B——, and admits that his Lordship was absent from such and such a drawing-room, in consequence of the reluctance of his laundress to accommodate him with his other shirt.

The straits into which I was driven at this time for money, were terrible. The first fortnight of my residence at Thames Ditton, had exhausted every shilling I possessed when I took the desperate step on which I had ventured, and how or where to replenish, was the question. From Oxford-street there were no "returns," though I offered my friend, the tobacconist, 500 per cent., to do a bill for £300, due on the day I came of age. My tailor, indeed ("suffering is the badge of *all*

the tribe"), was good for fifty, which about cleared a week's bills, of course exclusive of rent. Daily, on one plea or other, I rode express to town ; now and then ferreted out some description of coin, and flew back again like one distracted. On how many occasions have I, emerging unsuccessful from the cellar of a Jew ragman, in Seven Dials, reached my Sybarite home—my turtle and iced Moselle, after bilking the Kingston "pike," from sheer lack of a penny to pay the toll ! Was it an especial Providence that prevented my stopping people on the highway ? "When things are as bad as they can be, they can't be any worse ;" because I had seen the Liffey, I suppose, my case was selected to refute this consolatory old maxim. At all events, affairs hourly progressed with me in the degrees of worst. Letters from Oxford, described the catastrophe that might result, did I absent myself any longer from the University ; ruin and disgrace awaited a delay of another week : two ladies of refinement, half-a-dozen fashionable domestics, and a Gothic villa, would be left (did I go), without such an amount of funds as would keep the cats of the establishment in skim-milk for the next twenty-four hours.

These were the facts, though I then saw them, of course, through the halo of romance. At all events, I acted, in one respect, like a chivalrous knight ; for, leaping into my saddle in less time than *Amadis de Gaul* or *Bayard* could have accomplished it, I was closeted with my Hebrew landlord, in St. Mary Axe. There was nothing for it but making a clean breast. I had determined to tell Caroline that, for a space, she must content herself with a more humble abode ; and that I had so resolved, was straightway communicated to him of the *cimiterical* nose. I found him a most favourable specimen of the "peoples" who worship mammon, and eschew griskin. He entered into my views ; told me he had received an offer for his cottage, just as I had concluded for it ; that he believed the applicant was still unsuited ; and, if I would permit him to look over it on the morrow, he did not doubt but that it would be taken off my hands. With a lighter heart than I had known for many a day, London and its cares were once more left behind, and I entered the bower of my lady-love, in a spirit befitting the place and the occasion. Smelfungus ! never uplift thy brows thus, and distort the fair proportions of thy visage. What, an' if the gender of *thy* sect be doubtful, men there have been (some considerably before their time), are, and will be to the end of the chapter. To bound from the back of the courser that has borne you through the soft air of a summer eve as smoothly as the clouds that float in the purple twilight ; to meet glances full of love and kindness ; to join at the board, that taste has spread, those on whom the gifts of beauty and fascination have been lavishly bestowed ; your *wins*

only less sparkling than the wit ; your peach only less fragrant and rosy than the lip that greets you :—say, might not such chance melt the heart of a frozen stock-fish ? Cease thy wonder, then, that they were too powerful for the philosophy of seventeen.

The rays of a golden moon lighted the luscious confusion of the dessert table, as, drawing Caroline's arm through mine, leaving Mrs. — to conclude a dalliance she had begun with a bottle of Malmsey Madeira, we passed out into the lawn to share the incense that shrub and flower were offering to the Queen of Night. The scene was ill-suited to lend aid to the words that faltered as I strove to utter them ; but the necessity was omnipotent, and I spoke of the jeopardy of my position—of the means I had devised to meet it, and required of my companion her opinion of my plans. A pause, that fell coldly on my heart, (I had almost said, prophetically), ensued ; at length she said, " Hyde, do you jeer or scoff when you bid me reflect ? I know not the word ; it is an issue foreign to my nature.—I ACT : let others think." The first jarring chord had been struck : we continued for a while longer to wander beneath the calm and holy moonlight ; an atmosphere of peace was above and around us ; but within—who shall interpret the spirit's mysteries ?

I had taken the precaution to order my letters, those at least from correspondents I could so far trust, to be addressed to the little public-house of which I have spoken, on the borders of the common. Thither, the following day, I repaired at the time the post usually arrived, which never occurred till an hour or two after noon. As I drew near, I perceived that the grass-plot in front was occupied by a groom with two led horses, whose riders, apparently, had just dismounted.

A few paces farther enabled me to discover two persons at the door ; instinct was on the alert, and I stopped. One was a man of middle size, with a braided frock, hairy upper lip, and similar military appointments ; the other, a tall, strongly-cast figure, with an air wholly English ; but as the face was turned from me, my observation was limited to his general bearing. Something about it impressed me with the idea that I had seen him before ; but as circumstances compelled me alike to shun friend and foe, I retraced my steps to the cottage. As I entered the gate, the tread of a horse sounded at my side ; I paused ; and the stranger with the *moustaches*, removing his hat, said, in a strong foreign accent, " I come to see dis plaas,—mit your leave, sare, I believe ?" Without awaiting my reply, he threw the reins to his groom, and, alighting, passed onwards with me, as only men from beyond the seas can do, without affording one an excuse for handing them back again by their noses. The cottage door was open, as were the windows that led upon the green terrace that encircled it. I

passed through that of the little library, and the stranger followed my example. "I shall not give trouble," he observed; "I ondersdand the *ensemble*, it is var pretty, and shall do vor me var well." Refreshments were brought in, of which he partook as one who desired to prolong his visit. Prepossessions are guides not given us without purpose. Mine had declared against him from the first. His manners were good, but there was a hawk-like sharpness of feature and keenness of eye that I liked not, and his person was slightly deformed, one shoulder being somewhat higher than the other.

"You have had a long ride," I remarked; "but the road is full of interest; I traverse it almost daily, and still find new views of nature and society to amuse me: my rides, however, are, for the most part, solitary ones; possibly you were not alone?"

"Yes, I—sdat is—no, I vas not; a friend wash mit me—yonge gentleman, var fond to mount horseback; meine Got! vonderful to make *route!*—he part mit me at—vhat ye call?—Kingstone. It vasht vell he did, he rode mit soch *frénésse*; 'shlow and sure' ish goot maxem."

"You found no difficulty, I hope, in making your way here? The turn, out of the public road, did not puzzle you?"

"Oh, no! there was a leetle inn that did tell"——

"Ah, at the corner of the lane; I wish your companion had not deserted you. I should have been happy to have offered my humble hospitality to Mr.—what did you say his name was?"

"Ah, ah! I have not tell;—my goot friend—var goot fellow, Mashter Rips—I am so bad at de English!—Ripsall. I have great regard for Ripsall."

I watched him closely during the progress of his lie, and though it was clear I had no common cheat to deal with, still, either my manner abashed him, or something had put him off his guard. The attempt was so barefaced—whatever might have been its purpose, that my impatience of his presence grew too manifest to be longer overlooked. He rose, thanked me for my politeness, and, as he retired, presented his card, on which was engraved—THE BARON VON HOFFMAN, EARL OF SIBONY.

THE SPORTS AND RECREATIONS OF THE PEOPLE,
AND THEIR MORAL EFFECTS.

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY, M.P.

(Continued from p. 252.)

IN pursuing the object declared in the last number of the *SPORTING REVIEW*, namely, to investigate the sports of the people, their moral effects, and the degrees of cruelty fairly chargeable upon each recreation, it will be necessary to premise that the cock-fight, and the dog-fight, have been made illegal; the royal cock-pit in Tufton-street, Westminster, patronized, as I remember it to have been, by Lord Derby, Mr. Jermain, Mr. Ongley, and many others, and upheld, as it was, in the good old days of England, by all the nobles in the land, has been destroyed; and, in short, all amusements, where the fair upstanding fight was the order of the day, have been decried and abolished, and their abettors rendered amenable to the law. The acts of parliament necessary to this un-English state of things, have been, as it were, smuggled through the houses of legislature, in the absence of a full attendance, or when the weary house has been so fatigued by foregoing debates of importance, that, at the midnight close of its sitting, it would have winked at the passing of any measure, rather than have taken the trouble to have inquired into its merits. On endeavouring to find the reason, or motive, for these acts of aggression upon the liberty of the subject, for such they undoubtedly are, it would really seem to any unprejudiced person, as if honourable members had seized on these *surface jobs* of senatorial mockery, for the sole purpose of catching, with mere portions of their constituents, stray characters for humanity, to which they had no greater claim than others *more usefully silent* upon the subject. As the law stands at present, it is in the power of the police (fresh rights of interference with the subject, to that, at present, all-powerful force, have no need to be conceded) to disperse, take up, and fine, to the amount of five shillings each, any persons who might, by accident, have been passing by, and have stopped to watch a dog or cock-fight, with the commencement or encouragement of which they had really nothing whatever to do.* Indeed, according to the spirit of the Act, men may be fined for lingering in the streets of London, to observe a battle between two cock-sparrows in a gutter.

Let us, then, proceed to review the justice which has been exercised in the putting-down of certain games and amusements, the amount of cruelty contained in those that have been left unassailed by the "Society for the Suppression of Cruelty," over those that they have invaded, and then fairly and candidly consider whether there has not been *a run made at the amusements of the poor*; while the rich, because they are all powerful in both houses of parliament, have been left to enjoy recreations and pleasures which, *if a charge of cruelty is to be brought forward*, are more open to condemnation than the others.

* See the Act of Parliament.

In considering these things, I wish my readers to be fully aware that I arraign *none* of our amusements as being of a character for cruelty, sufficiently opposed to humanity, as to render it incumbent that they should be put down; on the contrary, the horse-race, the boxing-match, and the fair combat of animals, I uphold them all, and regard them as national recreations far different from the bull-fight of Spain, which amounts to the baiting of an animal with no option of surrender hereinbefore condemned. I declare my object to be *not to arraign any of these sports*, but simply to take up a cudgel *in defence* of the recreations of the poorer classes, and to lift up my voice against the legislators, and the law, that would deny to the poor that species of amusement which the rich are permitted to enjoy, in the very fullest acceptation of the term.

To bring the fact of uneven-handed justice tangibly before the eyes of the reader, let us take the most condemned and the most approved sports of the day, and place the gamecock and the race-horse side by side;—the one, the easily attained source of sport to every cottager, however small his means—the other, the exclusive property of the rich man only, save when the noble animal becomes the gambling-table, as it were, of the trainer, farmed for ruinous purposes: let us see how far the nature of each of these creatures is abused, and whether the duke or the cottager be the one against whom a charge of the greatest amount of cruelty can be best sustained.

Lead forth the race-horse; let him be taken to the course, and brought, side by side, with his fellows; the peaceful animal would rather graze on the fresh green turf, or gallop back to his stable, than enter into a fatiguing competition with creatures of his kind. Loose his head, let him go free, he will gallop and play; but there is no spirit of emulation at his heart which will lead him on to run till he drops, in an endeavour to surpass in speed a fleetier animal. What, then, is the real fact? The race-horse is led forth, *against his inclination*, and *against the desire and intention of nature*: his hostility to the purpose to which he is put, is often manifested by restiveness in the start, and, when other means of inducement have failed, punishment is resorted to. In the more sensitive and tender portion of the frame of the race-horse, is placed an iron bit, as the means to keep him in the course, while a pigmy tyrant, armed with severity in hand and heel, is mounted on his back, to goad and flog him, often beyond the endurance of nature. At times winning the race through over exertion, or failing in the struggle, the thorough-bred horse limps along, a bleeding, fainting creature, that sometimes dies before the seat of his tormentor can be unbuckled from his back. These are *not always* the inevitable consequences of a race, *but, for the sake of comparison*, I place the worst, the possible, and the occasional event before my readers, in order to illustrate the amount of cruelty that *can* be fairly charged against either recreation. The peaceful, high-spirited, and noble steed, is taxed beyond his speed and endurance, oftentimes flogged, spurred, and hustled, till weals and blood deface his flanks and sides, and the foam on his lips is stained with an ensanguined hue.

Yet, though this is done in the face of thousands of people, the "Society for the Suppression of Cruelty," their spies or informers, lay no information against the owners of the race-horse; their informers

are not to be seen on the course at Epsom or Ascot; or, if they are there, they appear as delighted and approving spectators while beneath the sanctity of the Grand Stand, and only put on their flimsy garb of humanity when they retire behind it, to some humbler tent, where the poorer classes may be fighting their gamecocks or their dogs.

And why are they not found upon the great race-course, on the more public arena, beneath the Royal Stand, as well as by the private dwelling-house, the thatched cottage, and the retired barn; for the sin, *if sin there be*, must be much greater *through the amount of publicity under which it appears, as well as by the rank and fashion of those who promote it?* Why, simply for this reason, that the race-horse belongs exclusively to the rich; while the gamecock is the property of the poor. The one sport would be protected by patronage from the crown, from the peer, and wealthy commoner; while the other has nothing but the love of the poor man to befriend it.

From the spectacle of the race, no moral or animal virtue can be upheld in the eyes of the assembled multitude; it can only place before their view the questionable merits of an enduring slave, and afford to the upper ranks of society an opportunity of setting a gambling, and, from its vast extent, a ruinous example, to the less educated lookers-on; while it opens a wide field of infinite roguery to a certain class, as the annals of the turf so amply testify. Fashion lends false colours to this amusement; young men are led on to emulate blacklegs; they think it a feather in their caps to make a book; the highest heads in the realm have been convicted of the thoughts and depravities of grooms; and, take the whole system of the turf in view, in nine roads out of ten, in the private paths of life, its finger-post will point to ruin and dishonour.

Again, it is necessary for me to declare that, save for the reasons of argument I have already stated, I do not condemn the race, because I am fully convinced of the great and widely extended benefits which arise to the country generally, from the exercise of this comparatively little vice. The patronage which the race-horse receives is the source of the superiority of the English steed over that of the foreign one; of the efficacy and strength of our cavalry in war; and of the innumerable blessings bestowed upon us through the possession of the useful horse. In my mind, it is a sport well worth the patronage so liberally bestowed; but, nevertheless, so long as I can speak or write, *if interference with our English pastimes is to be the watchword of the day*, the turf, or the pleasures of the rich, shall as assuredly bear their share of sickly and degenerate blame, as the amusements of the poorer classes; and I, for one, will not let the questionable acts of a self-styled humane society lurk from the honest gaze of the impartial observer, beneath the Grand Stands of the racing aristocracy, while the sporting pursuits of the lower classes are alone tyrannized over and condemned.

Having reviewed the *comparative* cruelty of the race-course, let us now as impartially turn to the humbler and more condemned amusement of the cock-fight, a sport which, though once upheld by the aristocracy, and sanctioned by the crown, in later years has met with an obloquy it never, in truth, deserved. Let us now, in turn, inquire

how far the inclination and nature of the gamecock are outraged, forced, or, in any way, unfairly dealt by, and what real inhumanity attends on this, one of the recreations of the people?

In the first place, then, the nature of the gamecock is warlike; battle is the breath of his nostrils, and the hope of his heart; not an hour of the day passes but he flings his loud challenge on the breeze to test the fact of the vicinity of a foe. He calls in the morning for his enemy; he cries on him at eve, on ascending to his roost; and, during the day, in the full enjoyment of his wives, he would blithely leave them all to slay, or to be slain; death, death alone can stint him of his indomitable hatred to his foe! No coercion, nothing that man can do, can *make* a game-cock fight; nothing he can do can either sharpen or lessen his inclination to battle: in this amusement, nature alone must rule; the whip, the rowel, and the rein, are out of the question, so far as any interference urges on the trial of war. "Oh, but they put spurs upon their feet!" exclaims some superficial observer. True, this observation, often urged upon the notice of the defender of this old English amusement, is correct; they do put spurs, or things like long, sharp bodkins, upon the natural heel of the game-cock, but that fact, instead of adding to, takes from, the cruelty of the pastime.

As I have declared before, if two gamecocks meet (they are very different from the common dunghill fowl, who will fight and run away), *the death of one of them can alone terminate the affair: nature has given them arms sufficient to take away life*, but, left to themselves, they seldom accomplish victory until after a long and protracted combat, from the mauling effects of which, in all probability, the victor and the vanquished die. By affording sharper weapons to their natural spurs, man *does not add to their sanguinary propensities*; he quickens not the desire of nature; on the contrary, *he simply brings the means of terminating the contest with a more brief result*, and gives *certain safety to one of the belligerents*, which the duration of an unassisted battle between the birds, would generally deny. In the matching of gamecocks, they are weighed within an ounce of each other; whatever their natural spurs may have been, *the arms given to them are equal*. In size, in weight, in weapons, and in desire for death, *they have no advantage over each other*; chance or prowess alone decides the combat. You cannot *force* a gamecock to fight; you cannot *make him* run away, or retreat before his foes. He cannot be coerced as the race-horse is, or be made an infamous gambling agent, a transaction which sometimes takes place upon the turf, for no tightened rein can prevent the best gamecock from winning the battle. He cannot be taught, like the dog, to cease from fighting on a given signal, or be bribed, like a dishonest prizefighter, to lose the day. *The indomitable gamecock obeys his nature, and, under any circumstances, does his best to achieve a victory*. The lion may be starved and whipped, or by other means coerced till he becomes a slave, as we have seen in the instances offered to our notice by Van Amburgh. The cat, the mouse, the snake, the frog, the linnæus, and the hawk, may be pampered and taught to cage in amity together, as the shows in our streets can testify; but no impression that man can make, either through the appetite, or through fear, can reconcile the real gamecock, who has

once been master of his walk, to live in friendship with his fellows. Against the males of his kind, the mystery of nature has endowed him with an indomitable hostility, that can alone be dissolved by death.

"Oh, but you train gamecocks to fight!" will the ignorant and casual observer again exclaim, and by so doing lead others to suppose that the birds are taught by man to do battle. This is not the fact. Training a gamecock is the same as training a horse, and extends simply to bodily health and condition, and not to any increase of his pugnacious desires. The bird is simply brought into that good condition, which, when he meets with an antagonist, may enable him to put forth the activity of nature in defending himself, or in assaulting his enemy.

The avarice of man, and the long and publicly known qualities of the different horses on the turf, will, at times, induce villany to poison the better animal, that a gain may be made by betting on the supposed inferior one, but this abuse extends not to the gamecock. Individually the birds are unknown to the bystanders; the gamecock fights for a master, whose humble cottage, and frugal meal, he has so often shared, and who would as soon dream of poisoning himself as his gallant and beautiful favourite.

If example and demoralization are to be the watchwords through which sickly societies are to rear unhealthful and tyrannical banners, so to oppress the poor, why then, I repeat, that the race-course can alone offer an example of the suffering under coercion of a mere slave, or, at best, a meek endurance under misfortune, and that it is the first of these pastimes that the society should have attacked. Gallantry, there, assumes a false position. What is commonly termed a game, and high spirited, and most approved horse, flies the faster, and bears the lash as an inducement to win; while the steed which shuns the ignoble blow, swerves from it, fights against it, and refuses to work beneath its inflictions, or, in racing phrase—"shuts up,"—is looked upon as the greater cur.

Under all these circumstances, it is fair to demand why the amusement of cock-fighting is cried down, more than the amusement of the race-course? Is it not notorious, that a preventive cruelty spy is often sent down, labelled and ticketed, and not unfrequently laughed at, for going on a fool's errand to Birmingham, Manchester, and Sheffield, to interfere with the amusements of the poorer classes of society, and to call in the police to drive them, handcuffed and chained together, to the hall, in this case, of injustice; while, if it were really the simple purpose of the society to prevent cruelty, the very first information their informer ought to lay, would be against that coachman by whose side he was sitting, for flogging up to their galling collars, the limping, half-starved, wholly blind, and broken-winded creatures, who were dragging to his journey's end the self-styled champion of humanity. But no—this really necessary method of suppressing cruelty does not answer the ends of the society: such wholesome and unpretending facts as the abused coach, omnibus, or cab-horse, or the over-driven ox or sheep, afford, will neither arouse public attention, or bring the sinews of war to the coffers of the society,—there would be no *éclat* in the thing: but to visit the private dwelling; to seize on some hundreds of poor people assembled on some barbarous moor or wild heath, and to drive them to

their fines like galley slaves; that is a fact which comes out in gaudy colours, and brings in fresh subscribers to the funds of tyranny.

The race, if cruelty *is to be thus considered, which it never would have been by me, had it not been for the frequent occurrence of the manifest injustice subscribed for, and put in force, by the "Society for the Suppression of Cruelty,"* against the poorer classes, is more inhuman, artificial, and demoralizing than the main of cocks, on account of its opposition to the rules of nature, of the greater inducements to gambling and contingent depravity attendant on its ways and means. Yet the turf is left unassailed, and why? Simply, I am led to believe, for the very obvious reason, that the one amusement is followed by the poor, whose sports and wishes can easily be crushed, to serve the purposes of a false humanity; while the other is dangerous of access, because it is patronized by the aristocracy, who have it in their power to turn upon the society, and shake them in their false position.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST HUNTING TRIP OF THE STEAMER "NIMROD."*

WHATEVER may be urged about the want of refinement in transatlantic manners and letters, there is vigour and novelty in them at all events, things not to be despised in this age of milk and water. We have already given specimens of Yankee sporting literature in these pages, and intimated our intention to continue the practice as often as any new or characteristic samples might fall in our way. The subjoined *brocheur*, upon that principle, is certainly entitled to a place. It affords a sporting trait quite out of the common, and comes to us replete with a quaintness of humour that smacks incontestibly of another world.

"The *Nimrod* is finished, and there is no prettier craft afloat. The Mississippi, that river of steamboats, was never honoured with anything so perfect. It looks like some exquisite yacht, with a sublimated engine in it. No sordid commerce is to lumber up its decks; each revolution of its engine adds nothing in the way of business speculation. No! Thanks to Diana, its purposes are—sporting. The money-changer, and the eternal talker of stocks, take no passage in the *Nimrod*. The very atmosphere of the boat would kill off such characters.

The idea of having a costly boat built entirely for hunting trips, is original; IT'S A GREAT IDEA! Its magnitude is sufficient to cause congestion of the brain in common men! The thing is worthy of the large scale on which the South-west is laid out!

Imagination in Europe is not up to reality in America, and that's the reason poetry is so tame in this country. Milton couldn't conceive

* Abridged from a paper in the New York "Spirit of the Times."

the Mississippi; he sang of the *mighty Thames!* The decks of the *Nimrod* have accommodations for ten or twelve horses, and hounds to match. Isn't it beautiful? What can be finer than all this?—in a land, where a few hours' sail takes you into an unexplored country, carrying into the wilderness the comforts of refined life, thus mixing up the life of a wild hunter, and the associations of the drawing room. Then such a company as gather together on board of the *Nimrod!* Every man with a soul extending from his head to his feet.

"Sound the horn, 'Commodore,' to notify all the passengers—bah! the sportsmen—that every thing is ready for the start. We are under weigh. The *Nimrod* is on the high pressure principle. The low muddy banks of the river seem to be giving us the slip. There comes a steamer, bound for New Orleans. She smells of business; the pilot gives the usual passing signal, and we answer with the horn—what a staring it excites, particularly in that youth on the wheel-house!—his anxious mother don't know he's out, so we will excuse him. Now go into the cabin and look about; were there ever more comfortable cushions, better rifles, fowling pieces, and fishing tackle, or better hands to wield them? The bar, too, I must not forget to mention. This important appendage in the *Nimrod* has no great merit about its architecture, save in its *extensiveness*; but Chancellor Brougham would get down on his knees to *practise* at it. The rules observed at that bar are unexceptionable; they would even suit loafers, as well as lawyers, for it is an open bar. Its ends circle outwardly, so that the practitioner is encompassed by them; on the right and left the bottles glisten, while the *bouquets* of mint throw over the whole a kind of vernal charm. And then those ancient wine bottles, those untasted and living testimonials of the care of great-grandfathers. *There is no money drawer in that bar!* A negro replenishes, and keeps the tumblers like crystal, but only changes empty bottles for full ones; no other *change* is permitted. What an invention!!!

"Fuel out, Commodore?" "Yes, don't you see we are making for that wood-yard?" "Out with the hawser." "Where is this boat from?" inquires the chopper. "From the 'Barrow Settlement;' can't you tell that from its fixins?" "Never heard of that ar' port in my life," said the chopper. "Well prehaps, massa, you never heered of heaven," replied one of the niggers, at which piece of wit, Sambo laughed so loud, that he alarmed the company ashore, with an idea that the 'scape pipe had collapsed.

The chopper was soon on board of the *Nimrod*; he was used to boats, but this one puzzled him. "What trade is this boat in?" "Principally in the fish, deer, and bear business." This made the fellow stare more than ever, and when he entered the cabin, he seemed to be in a trance. He recognised the bar, however, and instinctively patronized it. When his money was refused for the liquor, he rushed off the boat, murmuring something about having nine children dependent on his exertions. He thought his day was come, but he reached the shore in safety, and detailed his visit thus—

"Thar's a boat, with something un-natural 'bout it—*too comfortable for this world, by half*—all the crew with long-tailed coats on, and tights—no cargo, save arms, ammunition, ten horses, and a raft of hounds;—*the bar made backwards*—and they don't take pay for liquor!

—no certificate of a safe biler from the appointed authority—it's a bust-up sure—niggers at the furnace too sassy by half—the bar turned backwards, and no pay taken at it! Well, God bless the craft, hit or miss; they have paid for their wood, and they do the *liquoring* in a Christian manner—they are too good-looking to be very bad. I take them to be the 'me-li-o-ra-tors, or the fiscal agent, the papers speak of. No bell either—off at the braying of the horn—bar turned backwards, and no pay taken at it!"

Night found us safely moored inside one of those beautiful little lakes that empty themselves into Red River. The engine stopped, and active preparations were made for the sports of the following day. The horses were taken on shore, and placed in a rude stable; they fairly danced when their feet touched the soft earth. A wood-chopping hunter, one of those nondescripts that are to be met with along the Mississippi River, and at the mouths of its tributaries, attracted by our fires, came to us, and when he found out our objects and pursuits, reported an abundance of game, and our expectations were raised to the highest pitch. "Deer," he said, "you could stumble over anywhere; bar warn't scarce; and turkies were sprinkled about amazin'." This information put us all in the best possible humour, and we determined to make him so. A bottle of *ancient* whiskey was accordingly set before him, and he took it up like a sponge. "'Pon my word, strangers, this is *leetle* the best 'biled corn' I have tasted since the overflow in '28," he remarked, as he drank off the sixth "stiff horn." His reserve gradually wore away, and from a very modest man he became quite at his ease. The age of the liquor had given it a "riliness" that deceived him as to its strength, and he was soon pretty drunk. His eyes sparkled and looked dull by turns; his tongue broke loose, and, among other edifying remarks, he said "he was glad to find so many congenial spirits;" one congenial spirit, at least, he certainly had found; and, after bragging of his exploits, as no one but a western hunter can brag, he concluded by informing all present that he was the smartest fellow that ever lived, and that he had a bunch of brains in his head bigger than his fist, that he never yet had occasion to use. With other exhibitions of novelty, he sank into a profound slumber, his head gently resting on a boot-jack, while his feet reposed on the top of a champagne basket.

The company of the *Nimrod* soon followed the chopper's example, so far as sleeping was concerned, determining to greet the morning sun laden with the successful hunter's spoils. I was determined to immortalize myself. The spirit of the enthusiastic sportsman had seized me—I could see nothing but falling bucks, dead turkies, and wounded bear. My gun I was determined should never miss.—Yes, said I, vauntingly, with this trusty weapon I'll work miracles. The suns of Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone henceforth set in obscurity. I will—"Fall off your chair, master."—*As the sound greeted my ear, I awoke from a troubled sleep, induced by the warm sun of a southern August.*

NEWMARKET AUTUMN RACING.

THE FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

THE opening of Autumnal business at the Metropolis of the Turf, is like tuning the instruments for a concert, an operation of little interest to any, save those actually engaged in it. The majority amuse themselves the while in miscellaneous conversation, having reference, probably, to the matter that has drawn them together. In the present instance we will adopt the precedent, and preface our notice of the sport with a modicum of gossip *apropos* to the occasion. Doncaster Meeting was a boisterous affair; the town council was captured by storm, its terms of ransom being £1000 per annum *in sæcula sæculorum*, and there was a smart breeze anent Coronation's defeat for the Leger. A few days after came an announcement, that the Marquis of Westminster had taken his stud from Pigburn, and that John Scott was no longer trainer for that noble lord. This movement gave rise to much speculation, and there was a good deal of writing about it in the papers. "What!" exclaimed the friends of the Wizard of the North, "with the victories of Touchstone, Sleight-of-hand, Launcelot, Ghuznee, and Satirist, before his eyes, to supersede glorious John! What *can* the Marquis mean by such a move?" As I don't remember to have seen even a remote allusion to a cause so obviously probable, that "those who run (or bet) may read," it may be as well to record my own surmises, if only *pour passer le temps*.

Without meaning the slightest offence to Scott, or to impute to him the shadow of dishonesty towards his employers, a review of the public speculation upon his "lots" at Tattersall's, during the present season, would certainly sanction the existence of a jealous feeling in parties for whom he trained. Upon referring to the betting on this year's Derby, we find, during the month of February, Marshal Soult backed at about 25 to 1; in March, at 23 to 1; on the 15th of that month, Van Amburgh made his first appearance as an outsider, at 50 to 1; and, in a fortnight more, Thursday, the first of April, the highest odds quoted against him were 9 to 1. On the day of the race, he fell to 12 to 1; and Marshal Soult (who looked a burlesque on racing, and ran to match) rose to second favourite at 7 to 1. By what criterion were the prices of these horses regulated? To what extent was the proprietor or were his friends benefited by the premium to which Van Amburgh advanced in so remarkable a manner?

Lampoon was the ostensible favourite of the stable for the Oaks, till the morning of the race. Ghuznee was always points below her: and look at the result! Is it in common reason to believe that it was only twenty-four hours before the event came off, the discovery was made that Ghuznee was a stone better than Lampoon? The August business at the Corner places Van Amburgh before us as Scott's Leger nag; his price, on the 16th of that month, being 9 to 2 against him: Satirist, not named. On the day of the race, the latter was the only one of the lot backed, and he proved his claim a just one.

In these three instances, then, thus the case stands: Van Amburgh ran a stone a better horse for the Derby than Marshal Soult; Ghuznee for the Oaks was as much superior to Lampon; and Satirist for the Leger proved himself the best of all Lord Westminster's three-year-olds. Now either the noble Marquis was in the dark about his horses, or he deceived his friends by allowing them to back the worst: could Scott be ignorant of their true qualities with his facilities for trials, his experience and skill to form a judgment? Surely, the bare possibility that the second alternative could be imputed to him, would make it imperative upon any man of high principle to act as the Marquis of Westminster did.

Although all the stables were full of horses, the stakes were, by no means, in a similar category. The rain, that had been copiously descending for some time previous to the races, had turned the heath into a swamp; and the importance of the great events to be decided in the Second October, and Houghton Meetings, made people shy of affording even a line as to the pretensions of their teams. These causes tended to make the sport meagre; still it was up to the usual average.

Tuesday, the 28th of September, was not a confirmation of the adage—"after a storm comes a calm." During the night it blew great guns, and the morning was anything but propitious for racing. The attendance at the Course was very limited, and so was the sport. The Trial Stakes did not fill, and the Buckingham Produce ended in a match, in which (as in *other* matches) the pair that came together were far from being suited to each other. Colonel Peel's Hester colt won in a canter by six lengths; Albion running by no means kindly. Then came a match between Minaret, 7 st. 4 lb., and Monops, 8 st. 5 lb., which the light weight won very cleverly; and followed the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, with a field of half-a-dozen.

Previous to the start, it was announced, on the part of the Duke of Bedford (who had two in the race), that it was his Grace's intention to "win with the best." The course is "across the flat," a little more than a mile and a quarter. The race needs little description; Oakley and Abydos were in front for the first half mile, when John o' Gaunt made the running, with the winner, Potentia, hanging on his quarter. But it was clearly a hollow thing, for the mare came away from him as they entered the cords, and beat her horses at her ease by nearly a couple of lengths. As they pulled up at the weighing-house, Mr. Batson said to Robinson (who rode John o' Gaunt), "had he ridden Potentia fairly for the Oaks, she would have won." The character of that distinguished jockey is not likely to suffer from any insinuations thrown out by Mr. Batson. He neither rode nor *trained Plenipo* for the Leger; and the figure that the crimson and white stripe cut at Doncaster, in 1834, is not forgotten, nor likely soon to be so. It is one thing to win over a mile and a quarter of the flat at Newmarket, and another, up and down a mile and a half of the Surrey hills at Epsom. It is one thing for a sound horse to beat a moderate field, and another, for a lame one to defeat the best of the year.

The Hopeful brought, also, half-a-dozen to the post, the Rosalie colt, despite his 3 lb. penalty, being a good favourite at the odds given in the Turf Register. It was a bungling affair at the beginning,

Eusebia being driven out of her ground very considerably. She contrived, however, to run the winner home, and was only beaten by a length. Some of the *cognoscenti* said, barring the disappointed, she could have won; but I am of an opposite opinion.

The day's operations closed with a match between Gibraltar and Pathfinder, at equal weights, for £500 aside, which the former won, in a canter, by some six lengths: both were as lame as the pilgrim in Peter Pindar's tale, who did *not* "take the liberty to boil his peas."

In the evening, little Howlett was brought to town in Lord George Bentinck's carriage, his hack having fallen with him, and broken his right arm. He is, however, likely to do well, though his season's riding is, of course, at an end.

Wednesday's list was not a very abundant one; but, fortunately, a case of *quantity* was afforded by one of the nominations for the Cesarewitch, an event upon which some little business was in course of transaction. Lord Palmerston had named his mare, by Priam, ILIONA, after one of the voluminous family of a certain king of Troy. Now, when this lady (the mare, not the princess) came to be sought after, the inquiries were made in a fashion that would have disgraced a horde of Goths. Some of the barbarians called her *Iliona*, others *Iliona*, and Lord Palmerston—but the peer must speak for himself. Thus he writes to Captain Byng:

"C. T., Sept. 29th, 1841.

"MY DEAR BYNG,—I have just received your letter of this morning, and though I should have high authority for declining to declare my opinion upon the matter on which you question me, till the beginning of February, yet, regardless of the silent system of the day, I send you an immediate answer.

"There can be no doubt that, in point of prosody, the *o*, in Iliona, or Ilione (for the name is spelt either way), is short. Virgil settled the question in his first *Æneid*, where he says:

*'Prætered sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim
Maxima natarum Priami.'*

"But the second *i* is as short as the *o*; and as neither of these vowels have, in their name, any right to length, the first *i*, and the final *e* (when that termination is adopted) being the only long vowels, the question arises, which of the two middle vowels is entitled to be accented; and here the Greek spelling may determine the point; and in Greek the accent is placed over the *ó*, thus, *Ἰλιώνη*. I take it that the proper way of pronouncing the name, according to quantity and accent, would be as if it were spelled HILLI-ONNA or HILLI-ONNEE.

"I hope I shall be thought to have thus given a frank, candid, and unreserved declaration of opinion; and, as I am *alone in my cabinet*, you will believe me when I say that it has been arrived at without any difference or dissent.—Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON."

This letter (a piece of really clever satire upon the monstrous *cockneyism* of the *questio vexata*) has been treated as if it were meant in earnest by the eminent scholar from whom it was received!! If a word may be allowed upon a matter that has been hunted to death, I would suggest that the most classical pronunciation would be *Iliona*, the first syllable long, and pronounced as in "ibex," not as in "ill"—the second and third, of course, short.

The first race was a Fifteen Sovereigns Sweepstakes (Handicap), for two-year-olds, for which four started. It was won cleverly by a filly of Pettits, by a length. She was called Michaelmas-day, to com-

memorate her victory, or, as Mr. Ferguson would say, because she gave her opponents "goose." The St. Leger was a very so-so affair, as nine-tenths are over the D. I. Course. Mosque won by a length; the third, Viola, who made the first of the running, was beaten off nearly half a distance; and the fourth, Abydos, *walked in!* The Fifty Pound Plate, Flambeau won by fifteen lengths, thereby unequivocally taking the *shine* out of E. O., the only opponent he had; this was the "Ditch In" again.

Thursday brought better sport, and worse weather. What with vans and railroads, it might, however, have been contrived to get up a race for the Queen's hundred, if only for the gallantry of the thing. At noon the heath was sought for such business as it might afford; nobody went there for pleasure. It opened with a match for a hundred, Ab. M., 8 st. 7 lb. each, between John o' Gaunt and Una, in which the mare was easily beaten. Another match succeeded, between *Lord Albemarle's* Minaret, 7 st., and *Mr. Goodman's* Belgrade, 7 st. 8 lb., last half of Ab. M., for £50 aside: this was a close affair; but, just on the post, Lord Albemarle's mare got the best of it, and was *master of the horse*. Then came another match with Scutari and The Corsair, 8 st. 7 lb. each, D. M., £200, h. ft., in which The Corsair was beaten, as is his wont. The Town Plate, £50, for three-year-olds, D. I., brought out five, but the race lay with the two mares—Florence and Barbara, the former winning, with difficulty, by a head. The others were beaten away a quarter-of-a-mile or so, according to the practice of the D. I. The Rutland Stakes had four to go for them, the Rosalie colt, with his 3 lb. penalty, being backed at odds; he waited, and won cleverly. Sister to Perseus made the running, and finished a good second. Forfeit was paid in two more matches. St. Francis walked over for the Royal bounty, and thereupon the meeting ended.

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

The appearance of the town on the day preceding this meeting, gave assurance of a brilliant week: true, the heavens looked lowering, but the "coming events smiled their shadows away." Very nearly, if not quite, four hundred horses were in actual work at the various private and public stables; and if ever a *coup d'œil* was afforded, wherein racing was shown as the sport of gentlemen, it was the view of the various gallops and training-grounds on the Monday morning of this Meeting, in the year 1841. The attendance, in number and character, would have borne comparison with the best days of the turf; but with the goodly array were mingled those to whom would too aptly have applied the line of Byron—

"What business have *they* there at such a time?"

Their presence, too, was properly appreciated. The pleasure-seeker, who, for the first time in his life, became a visitor of the Rutland Arms, or the White Hart, had scarcely crossed their thresholds, ere sinister rumours met his ear. So tangible, indeed, had these remarks become, and so much weight attached to them, that it was known Mr. Payne had removed his horses to a place of greater security than their own stables, to guard against the possibility of mischief. Nor were those rumours of a merely general nature: it was actually stated that The Squire was to be "made safe" for the Cesarewitch, and Mr. Heseltine,

his owner and trainer, was publicly warned of the design. If he had had a spice of the fatalist about him, he must have taken alarm; for The Squire comes of a family subject to such mishaps. He could not have forgotten how perfectly secure his sire, The Saddler, had been made for his match with Protocol. Well, he took no heed, and his steed was "hoccussed," and that, too, on the very morning he was matched against Ralph for £500, at the ensuing Houghton Meeting! So apparently prepared were the parties interested, for some such catastrophe, that no notice was taken of it, save in the kicking of a lad out of the stable, who was suspected simply on the ground of being a stranger. From the appearance of the poor animal when Cartwright walked him up the Course, after the race, it was evident he had been dosed to some purpose. The thing was a mystery! *Who could have done it, and how could it have been accomplished?* Read the sub-joined paragraph, oh, ye backers of favourites, and then sleep in your beds as ye may! I copy it, for your learning, from a sporting paper of the 17th ult.

"Of so powerful a nature is the drug it is said they use, that even if put upon the stable jacket of the boy who is in attendance on the horse (which can easily be done without his knowledge)—should it come near the nostrils of the animal, it will be sufficient to produce the effect, but will in no way develop itself till the horse is put into strong action, and then its operation acts like wild-fire."

I have submitted the above to a professor of chemistry who lectures at the Polytechnigammonical Institution, and not only has he confirmed the possibility of his art producing such results, but has offered to supply me with an elixir, whereby the speed of any horse may be regulated at six, four, or two miles an hour, by pouring a drop of it into the water with which the jockey shaves himself on the morning of the race. I am open to an offer for an introduction to the gentleman; probably Messrs. ——— will communicate with me on the subject.

Monday, the 11th ult., came in with sunshine, and lots of people went forth to bask in its rays, as well as to put money in their purses; was it not unreasonable to look for two such blessings so late in the season? I would rather say nothing about the betting; the events to which it related, are now, for the most part, decided, and the details of an old game of "beggar-my-neighbour" are hardly worthy of immortality. Let us suppose ourselves on the heath, where the first event was a Handicap Sweepstakes, for which half-a-dozen are out; Garry Owen backed to win at odds on him. This he did not do, being beaten by St. Colomb—a head, after a fine struggle. The Garden Stakes, on which a good deal of money had been laid out on Flambeau, drew four to the Post: Ralph won by half-a-dozen lengths, and Flambeau lost by three times as many. His running was certainly *bizarre*, but such things will happen. Whitehouse rode the winner, being his first appearance as a jockey at Newmarket. The next event brought together, in a match for £100 aside, *Mr. Goodman's Remnant*, and the *Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak*, at even weights; the latter the loser. The Fifty Sovereigns for all above two years old, brought out eight of various ages, the favourite, Florence, winning in a canter. The Fifty Sovereigns for two-year-olds, attracted a field of twelve, which Nuncio secured almost in a similar fashion. The body of horses ran well up, nothing being beaten off, except Prosody and Teapot. What

queer names people give horses! Sideboard is odd enough, but there is something quadrupedal in that. Scutari, over the D. M. for £200, h. ft., at 8 st. 7 lb., beat Rory O'More, 8 st. 3 lb.; a fine race, by a neck: and John o' Gaunt, 8 st. 7 lb., beat Abydos, at 8 st. 1 lb.—same Course and money—in a canter; 8 to 1 being laid on the winner. Lord Exeter, however, can afford to make an indifferent match now and then.

Tuesday, the gala day, set in as English galas are proverbial for doing. Till past noon it rained incessantly, and the effect was such as might be expected. The heath was, by no means, popularly attended; still it appeared promisingly: and when the sun shone out—about two in the afternoon—it lit up a scene well worth a sixty-mile run to look upon. The first thing done in the way of business, was the decision upon the Iliopne controversy, which terminated in settling that the proper pronunciation was *Iliðne*, and, consequently, that neither Horace nor Virgil were authorities for the classic language of Rome. Thus, should a discussion arise, when, haply, successive generations shall have passed away, as to the vegetable known to Johnson as the "onion," it shall be given against the orthography of the lexicographer, and established as the "ingen," on the authority of the metropolitan vernacular of the nineteenth century.

The racing opened with a match, for £50 aside, between Rosalind and Iole, to settle the question of their pretensions; but it ended in a dead heat, "et adhuc sub judice lis est." The next event was the Clearwell, a race, in the present year, of great interest, inasmuch as it brought together the three champion two-year-olds of the Newmarket, the Northern, and Southern great stables. Attila, indeed, was generally reported to be below his mark; the Hester colt had to carry 7 lb. penalty as winner of the July Stakes; while Wiseacre, *malgré* his Goodwood winnings, went without mulct. Robin, too, brother to Ralph, came out for the first time; and all were on the *qui vive* for the exhibition. Five started, and, notwithstanding the severity of the ground, the pace was very good. Wiseacre made the running, with Attila waiting on his quarter, and the others well up. Guzelle, however, was soon beaten. At the cords the Hester colt made an effort for the front, but failed (perhaps the weight stopped him), when Attila ran past Wiseacre, and won by a length. Young John Day, who rode Wiseacre, fell just after passing the chair, in consequence of a stirrup-leather breaking, but was not hurt. Robin never showed in the race. The winner is a very clever little horse—quite an Epsom goer, and is backed for a very large stake for the Derby.

Preparations for the great Handicap had begun long before the decision of the Clearwell; and as soon as Attila's victory was announced, there was a simultaneous rush for the saddling stables. A field of twenty-seven is not a thing to be seen every day: in only three instances were there occurrences of similar importance at Newmarket, *vis.*, in 1775, 1777, and 1778—the two former years having produced fields of twenty-nine, and the latter, one of twenty-eight. I cannot attempt more than an allusion to the scene at the start. The summit of the Ditch was densely crowded with spectators, while the whole Course, at least from the gap to the chair, was dotted with anxious groups that watched every change of the race. The odds and the details of the running are given in the Turf Register; a few remarks only remain to be made

here. It has been already told that the first favourite for the Cesarewitch of 1841, was made safe—that The Squire “was half burst” from the effects of croton-oil, or some other potent drug, as his father had been, for a similar purpose, with *aqua pura*. Such a monstrous outrage committed under the noses of the Stewards and Members of the Jockey Club, one is fain to hope, cannot go unpunished. If men are to be compelled themselves to hand over their proper monies to freebooters in the noon-day, in the high street of one of the most respectable towns of Suffolk, is it any wonder there should be earthquakes? When it is had in remembrance that Iliona won four out of her six races, as a three-year-old, none can be surprised she was so good a favourite for this event, carrying 6 st. 11 lb., as a four-year-old, in October: 6 st. 11 lb. on a good winner, by Priam, out of Gallopade’s dam, and four years old, is not *very* severe handicapping. A scrutiny of the weights, as given in the Turf Register, will not be without interest to those fond of the economy of racing; Pocahontas, for example—that was to have won the last Goodwood Cup—nowhere for the Cesarewitch, with 7 st. 12 lb. on her back, and other similar mysteries. However, it was an event of passing splendour, and closed one of the most brilliant days in the annals of Newmarket.

Wednesday’s sport may be peremptorily disposed of. The opening Sweepstakes for two and three-year-olds, the winner to be sold for 80 sovereigns, it may be supposed, was an affair of small moment: The next, a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs., with 25 added, for all ages, was little more distinguished; and the Town Plate of £50, concluded the running; the Oatlands and a match having been walked over.

Thursday presented a list of far better promise. There was one match for £500, two for £100, a Handicap with fifteen acceptances, and a Sweepstakes, the winner to be sold for £150. The great match; however, was a poor affair, John o’ Gaunt beating the Knight of the Whistle, who was backed at 11 to 8 on him, in a canter, by as many lengths as he liked. The Sweepstakes for two-year-olds, was a fine race, won by Pettit’s honest filly, Michaelmas-day, by half-a-length. The pair of hundreds were matches calling for no particular mention, but the Handicap will bear a few details. Isabella, a six-year-old, carrying 7 st. 6 lb., won, and Tamburini, with 7 st. 10 lb. on him, was beaten off. The winner was not inquired about by the betting gentlemen; probably the handicappers, in future cases, will pay her more attention.

The whole interest of Friday’s business centred in the Prendergast, which, out of eighteen nominations, brought only four to the Post. Wiseacre, of course, had it all his own way in the ring; 3 to 1 being current on him. In the race, however, things were, by no means, upon velvet. He won, but not without lots of persuasion, and then not after a fashion to advance his place as a Derby aspirant. The handicaps and matches require no more notice than that afforded to them in the Turf Register. As I have said, the meeting was a brilliant one, full of present pleasure, and promise of good things in store.

THE HOUGHTON MEETING.

The last week of the season at Newmarket may be regarded as the criterion for betting on the great Spring races, during the remainder of the year, at all events. Contrary to my previous practice, I there-

fore determined to give a notice of it in the present number, slight and unfinished as it would of necessity be, rather than defer all allusion till December. In this I was the more resolved, because the three principal events to which it gave rise, would come within compass of my notice, viz., The Criterion, the Cambridgeshire, and the Fifty Sovereigns Sweepstakes, run on the Thursday. Notwithstanding the bleak weather that almost invariably prevails during the Houghton Meeting, the fact that it affords the last glance at the great studs, always attracts a good attendance of strangers, while proprietors of horses assemble with a hope to turn them to some account, while a chance remains.

The town was full of company on the 25th ult., and the day was tolerably fine; the sport, quite equal to the best of late years. It opened with a match between Isabella, 9 st. 7 lb., and Colchicum, 9 st., last three miles of B. C., for £50, won in a canter by the mare. A Handicap Sweepstakes, for three-year-olds, Buffalo won by a head, beating The Genius and Scarf; Mungo Park beat Ca Ira, a match, T. Y. C., for £50, carrying 8 st. 7 lb. for the young one's 7 st. 7 lb.; Garry Owen defeated Sister to Glencoe, T. Y. C., fifty sovs. (giving her two stone for his year), in a canter; and then came The Criterion, with nine out of the forty to start. The odds were 5 to 2 against Barrier; the same against Wisacre; 3 to 1 against the winner; and 5 to 1 against Eusebia.

At the second attempt the field got away, the favourites waiting, Robin, Timoleon, Meal, and Bridal, constituting the front rank. A distance from the chair—the Hester colt rushed to the front, followed by Barrier and Wisacre—made his ground better up the cords, and, finally, won with ease by two lengths. The Cambridgeshire, with its field of twenty-three, produced three false starts. At the fourth offer, Compensation went off at score, with the Melody colt next him, and the rest pretty well up to the turn of the lands, where many were beaten off. At that point the Melody colt took the lead till close to the cords, where Vulcan, who had been waiting all through, ran past him, and won very cleverly by a length. The tailing was a burlesque on a handicap, some of the lot being beaten about half-a-mile in a course of a mile and a half. Tuesday's racing was of little public interest: there were two plates, and as many matches, but the details call for no particular observation. Wednesday also produced plenty of sport, but the events were of a very minor character, the only incident of importance being the announcement that Lord George Bentinck's stud was to be removed from John Day's stables; thus, during the present Autumn, the great Northern and Southern "lots" have been deprived of their most powerful allies. It was also stated that the match between Ralph and The Squire would not be run: the weather was as bad as could be.

Thursday was anything but a pleasant day, and the attendance on the heath threadbare. For the only event of interest on the list, the 50 Sovs. Sweepstakes, the Hester colt and Wisacre divided the forfeits, the latter walking over. Three matches and a plate were run, and the Course was quickly cleared. The racing will last till Saturday: should any matter of concern arise during the two last days, it shall be noticed in my review of the racing season in the next number.

October 29th.

CRAVEN.

ON THE GRANULATION OF GUNPOWDER.

BY MR. W. GREENER, AUTHOR OF "THE GUN," ETC. ETC. ETC.

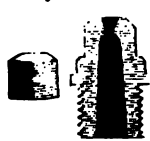
SEVERAL communications having been addressed to me relative to the remarks in my paper on the above subject, which appeared in the September number of the SPORTING REVIEW, I am desirous to carry out my observations to a greater length, and to illustrate further the principles connected with the granulation of powder.

It is well known that, with a common sized gun, charged in a certain way,—namely, with six drachms of powder, or more, and nearly a quarter of an ounce of No. 4 shot,—a perforation can be made through an old penny-piece of the coinage of George III., if struck when thrown in the air, or suspended as a pendulum. Now this simple fact proves a great deal. In the first place, that the whole of the powder used in the above-named charge, can be burnt in its passage through the tube of an ordinary sized gun, and is capable of giving a greater force and velocity than a smaller quantity will do; for I have rarely seen it accomplished with a less charge of powder. Secondly, that weight is an expender of force, both from its own inertness, and also from the additional friction it creates on the tube, and is, with even proportionate quantity of force, incapable of the same effects; for if the number of pellets used is more than one complete layer (thus causing one shot to lie upon another), the result becomes uncertain from the fact of a wedging of the grains of shot having created a friction on the tube, sufficiently obstructive to lessen the initial velocity, and prevent the perforation from being obtained. Thirdly, that more powder can be burnt than it is *convenient* or satisfactory to use; and we must recollect that a considerably greater quantity than six drachms may be exploded in a two-feet eight-inch tube, if there be greater weight to lift, for the period of continuing in the tube will surely be influenced by the weight to be expelled, and thus the time during which a generation of explosive matter can be beneficially obtained, will be lengthened. I have exploded nine drachms of powder in the size of tube already mentioned, but here the charge becomes so large that it is strictly unsafe, and the recoil is so great, that it is impossible to be withstood by a man of ordinary strength. Admitting these premises to be good, the advantage of a force which shall be equivalent to the above, and yet with only half the quantity of explosive matter expended, must be as apparent as the rays of light, for the danger is avoided, the annoyance of recoil remedied, and the same power of projecting a missile or missiles obtained.

The system of granulation contains all this, and, if properly understood, may be so modified as to give us, with different sized guns, a result proportionate to the means used, the reverse of which is the case at present, for a small gun will excel in proportion the best large one I ever saw tried. Here a knowledge of the nature of the explosive fluid makes clear the anomaly. The expenditure of the whole force

during the passage through only a portion of the tube,—the immense resistance of the column of air in the remaining portion—are the fullest explanation of the apparent mystery. These resisting forces are neutralized if you produce an accelerative force, so meted out as to continue in power during the period required.

Such is the very limited knowledge we possess of the capabilities and properties of gunpowder, that we simply understand we have a most powerful agent, and little more. We draw deductions from experiments limited and futile ; for instance, one of my correspondents says—"You must be wrong, sir ; I find, on trial with the powder trier, that the finer grained powder is considerably stronger than the coarser (being both one quality of ingredient)". The result is, no doubt, as he says, "with this meagre contest," for there is, from the very smallness of the grain, more contained in the minute chamber of an *eprouvette*, where exists no column of air to be displaced ; but put them both into a tube where the *excess* exists, and the contrary will take place. Another says, "if you increase the size of grain in powder, your guns will be always missing fire." Certainly they would, if made with no more attention to the perforation of the breech than is displayed at present. The chambers must be enlarged, a gradual opening inwards from the point of ignition to the commencement of the cylinder of the tube, an avoiding of right angles in the capping, an approach to central fire must be obtained by placing the nipple as near the centre of the breech as possible, and a lodgment of the body of the charge, as near the point of ignition as it can be got. Any clever mechanic can accomplish the necessary alterations at a very trifling cost. Prejudice is nearly omnipotent, and a great majority of circumstances are entirely controlled by it. Prejudice induced "Joe Manton," at first, to oppose the introduction of the percussion system ; prejudice induced him to make his patent breeches with a narrow cylindrical hole, three-fourths of an inch in length, to *lengthen* the period of time the train had to travel to the body of the charge, while he cut away, or indented, the lock into half the diameter of the barrel to shorten it ; and prejudice and ignorance cause others to do the same. A breech, and a nipple properly capped, to suit the use of a larger grained powder, can be as easily constructed as the old unscientific plan on which we now act.



The nipple at present in use, is made to suit the *cap*, instead of the cap to suit the *nipple*. The accompanying wood-cut will give an idea of a cap and the section of a nipple suited to fire powder as large in the grain as No. 8 shot, and that with certainty too.

Mr. Joyce has just manufactured for me 20,000 caps, entirely of iron (and thus antigalvanic), and he will, of course, be glad to do the same for any other individual. It will be perceived that the perforation is greater up to near the top of the nipple, where it may be made even smaller than at present ; the nipple is capped externally with a conical cap, as originally proposed by me in 1835 ; a small nick is filed across the top to allow the air to pass out while the hammer is bearing on it ; and thus the current assists the grains of powder up to the extremity, obviating the necessity of pricking the wadding used upon the powder, which is objectionable for other reasons than allowing

the explosive fluid to mix, by this hole, with the particles of shot: the more perfect and tight the wadding here is, the more perfectly will the body of shot be expelled. The working of an untight piston in the cylinder of a steam-engine, and imperfect wadding between powder and shot in a gun, are, in results, the same. Wadding should never be perforated, if perfection in shooting is wished for. The nipple and cap are also much shorter and thicker (consequently stronger), thus, by its shortness, bringing the charge and percussion into much more immediate contact.

But to return to the granulation of powder.—I have been favoured with several specimens of a larger grain, from various manufacturers; have tried them, and found the results to be more satisfactory than even my hopes had led me to expect. The gun used was the same that I made the experiments with, noticed in my last paper. The operation of counting the grains of powder in a charge, is not a very amusing one, especially when they amount to several thousands, yet, to be correct, even that trouble must be undergone; therefore, not having much faith in the *very small grain*, I have given it a superficial calculation, and find that a drachm weight contains near 100,000 grains: the No. 2 grain of Pigou and Wilks, contains 38,760 grains, while the powder with which the following experiments were made, contains only 20,064 grains, or as 1 to 5 in the same weight. I am not yet aware that this is the exact size suited to the gun used, inasmuch as I am compelled to take that which is given to me by the “workers in saltpetre,” yet it is equally useful in laying the foundation of a system, for, having found the *principle*, the modifications will easily and readily appear. The result, on trial, I found as under:

Charge of Powder.	Charge of Shot.	Distance.	Pellets put in.
3 drachms	1½ oz.	40 yds.	166
3 drachms	1½ oz.	40 yds.	158
3 drachms	1 oz.	40 yds.	147

The improvement is 15 per cent. on the trial with the fine grain, and 10 per cent. upon the No. 2 grain. At greater distances the advantage becomes more apparent still, as the following scale will show:

Charge of Powder.	Charge of Shot.	Distance.	Pellets put in.
3 drachms	1½ oz.	50 yds.	140
3 drachms	1½ oz.	50 yds.	128
3 drachms	1 oz.	50 yds.	124

or nearly an acquisition of ten yards in the range, by the use of the larger grain, a result so conclusive as to justify me in advising its adoption, if the necessary alterations are made in the gun. I, however, made no material change, using the common nipple with a 24 cap, and yet I never found a single case of missing fire to occur. To the rifle-shooter, the adoption of this plan will be of vast importance, improving the steadiness of the explosion, and lessening the necessity for weight, propelling the ball more evenly, enabling it to turn with the twists of the grooves, and to fly correctly to nearly one-tenth greater distance. In my late experiments I was convinced that 900 yards might be safely taken as the ultimate range to be obtained with six

drachms of powder, and a ball, twenty to the pound, fired from a three-foot barrel at the greatest *beneficial* elevation; but with the larger grained powder, I obtained, under the same circumstances, a range bordering upon 1000 yards. I shall next month be prepared with a series of experiments on a grain suited to a larger description of gun; for, as the season advances, the care which the varieties of game take for their safety is increased, and the means to reach them should be improved also.

THE HUNTER.

A TALE.

BY SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, BART.

ALL things that live have parallels save one,
 The English Hunter: he alone has none!
 Horse may with horse contend; the swift, the fleet,
 As noble rivals, on the course may meet:
 Some for their shape and symmetry we prize,
 Others for strength surpassing—some for size;
 But in the accomplish'd Hunter are combined
 All the rare qualities that grace his kind;
 Beauty is his, strength, courage, wind, and speed,
 And, more than all, he claims a stainless breed.
 'Tis England's boast, that ever in the chase
 She train'd for glorious deeds her warlike race;
 Though forms may change, and hours and systems new,
 Still to the sport our British youth are true,
 And Melton heroes shone at Waterloo! }
 Rich are those lands, and clothed with constant green,
 Where flows in sullen course the noiseless Nene:*
 O'er a wide plain, immeasurably spread,
 Lies Thorny Fen! there Pyramus was bred;
 His sire was Syntax—a Cervantes mare
 His beauteous dam; and from such parents rare,
 A son degenerate never could disgrace
 The gifted honours of his classic race.
 Hath Nature shown what should a Hunter be
 For speed and strength? Yes, Pyramus, in thee!

* The river Nene is a slow, sluggish river, passing through Peterborough, and bounding the Fens.

On those rich lands, old England's worthy pride,
 A hardy stock of yeomen bold abide;
 Amphibious race, whom dikes and meres surround,
 Where wind-whirl'd mills scarce dry the deluged ground,*
 Skilful alike the sailor's helm to guide,
 Till the deep soil, or o'er its fences glide—
 Half Centaurs they, who ride without remorse,
 And seem a part and parcel of their horse.
 The dikes that guard each isolated fen,
 Engulf at once both horses and the men;
 If they fall in, good night! which well they know,
 And thus with force proportion'd do they go;
 No floundering out on banks that each incline,
 As in the well-known brook of Wissendine.†
 Nor with less heart and courage must they take
 The thick-plash'd hedge upon the thorny brake;
 And the long winter, more than fetlock deep,
 O'er watery meads untiring must they sweep:
 Thus, with a rider for his skill well known,
 No wonder Pyramus was deftly shown.
 'Twas to a meet oft chronicled by fame,
 With his crack pack the veteran Sebright came;
 His lord was there, with scions of his race,
 Well mounted all, and Stanwick‡ was the place.
 Drawn by its fame, gathered a chosen few
 Of vermin sportsmen of the Melton crew,
 Some from the Oakley, and from Cottesmore too; }
 Our friend, the Fennite, in condition rare,
 On Pyramus, by all admired, was there.
 "Now entertain conjecture of a time,"
 With a wild fox, and hounds, and huntsman prime;
 A grey and lowering sky, and a soft breeze,
 That scarce sigh'd audibly through leafless trees:
 Such combinations are, indeed, most rare—
 Once in a season comes a chance so fair.
 Scarce to the pasture moved, and ere a hound
 Could reach the covert, lo! the fox was found!
 Old Isaac raised his cap, and now rang out
 The spirit-stirring sound of Sebright's shout:
 "Each hound's away! away each horse and man!
 "Ride! ride! my boys! and catch him if you can!"
 Each took his line; 'twas now no vulgar throng:
 Steady, my lads! 'tis deep, the fences strong;—

* The Fens are chiefly drained by the action of windmills.

† The Wissendine Brook passes through the Quorn, and Lord Lonsdale's country, and there are few frequenters of those hunts that have not, at sometime, tasted of its waters.

‡ Stanwick Pasture has always been esteemed as the best meet in Lord Fitzwilliam's country, and is, perhaps, a covert from which may be expected as good a sporting run as in England.

He's turn'd, and makes for Rants :^{*} Hunt's Closes bold
 He tries : his point he makes for Ashton Wold.
 The struggle now begins ; seven miles were pass'd,
 E'en the Meltonians 'gan to think it fast !
 " Who's yonder man in green ?"—" The Fennite Will :"
 " Fen or no fen, he's not Green Man and *Still* :
 " Mark what a nag he rides—observe his pace ;
 " The rogue has speed enough to win a race."
 " On, sportsmen, on !" says Sebright ; " if they hold
 " This burning scent, they'll catch him in the Wold."
 A moment's check !—now see—they spread ! they fly !
 Wheel round the hedgerows, o'er the fallows try :
 That check in mercy did Diana send ;
 Welcome it came :—'twas " bellows now to mend ;"
 Now tails were shaking, and now withers shrank,
 But Pyramus alone scarce heaved his flank.
 " Hark ! Dauntless hits ! hark to him, and away
 " For Barnwell now, and reach it if you may."
 Mole-hills were mountains now, and hurdles gates,
 And now discretion upon valour waits ;
 But Fennite Will on Pyramus goes free,
 He had the foot of all—the first was he !
 The pace was awful ; Sebright changed his nag,
 And Milton too, for his began to flag :
 In six miles more the cocktails quickly yield ;
 To three was left the honour of the field.
 He cannot hang in covert ; now he tries
 Each shift, each art ; he struggles ere he dies.
 They have him now ! lo ! Dauntless at their head !
 " Wo-hoop !" cries Sebright ; " see, the villain's dead !"
 Behold come panting up, by slow degrees
 (Each with some good excuse), the absentees :—
 One cast a shoe, another had a spill ;—
 Some had walked home, and some were planted still :
 And, of the men from Melton, was but one
 Who, near enough for witness to the run,
 With glass to eye, the Fennite youth address'd :—
 " That nag of yours, my friend, is not distress'd ;"
 " No, sir, he's not." " And yet by you was press'd." }
 " No, sir, not he ; for 'tis a willing brute."
 " What is his price ? I have a friend he'd suit."
 " I must be tempted, sir," said Will ; " and well]
 " I bred him, sir ; and am quite loth to sell."
 " I'll give thee, friend, three hundred." " Nay, sir, more :
 " I name his PRICE—not WORTH,—I must have *four*."

^{*} Rants is a village in Northamptonshire, celebrated for the beauty of its church and lofty spire of unequalled elegance.

“Indeed!” young Lackland said; “then be it so;
 “The horse is mine, and shall to Melton go.”
 Lackland surprised the world, for his supply
 From Eldorado, in the Isle of Sky,
 Came most exact; and still a man was he,
 Remark’d and praised for punctuality:
 No tradesman dunn’d, or grumbling went away;
 And, if he named, he always kept the day.
 E’en so ’twas now, and for the purchase made,
 The farmer’s man was fee’d—the price was paid.

In some far county where may chance to dwell,
 Famed for her beauty, an accomplish’d belle,
 The envied cynosure of neighbouring eyes,
 For whose bright charms full many a Strephon dies,—
 Whose coral lips, and rosy cheeks they praise
 With the “soft sawder” of poetic lays;
 If, by a luckless chance, to town she goes,
 And in that galaxy her beauty shows,
 Attraction greater soon the belle disarms,
 And rivals fix the level of her charms;
 So, too, some Squire, whose undisputed reign
 Contending Squires at whist assail in vain,—
 A very Hoyle, whose long-establish’d fame
 Has made him arbiter of every game,—
 Should he in town with rival artists meet,
 And dare the contest in St. James’s-street,
 He’ll moult his feathers,—not his utmost skill
 Can save his *honours*, or discharge his bill:
 Thus with the Hunter; he, in rural plains,*
 Not undeserved rewards of merit gains,
 And his bold rider tells his stainless breed,
 His wind, his fencing, and his matchless speed:
 But bring the nag to Melton; let him try
 With those severe examiners to vie,—
 Like College Freshman, he’ll be taught to know
 How hard it is to gain “his little go.”
 Lackland knew this, nor did at once lay claim,
 By Pyramus alone, to win the game,
 But felt ’twas in him to achieve a name.
 He’d yet to learn the bullfinch,† and the rail
 That guards the bullock fence in Harbro’ vale:
 Born on a flat, he faced, with some surprise,
 The Leicester hills that seem to climb the skies.

The term rural is, in sporting terms, applied to all hunts beyond the circle of Mel-Belvoir, and Cottesmore.

* To the unlearned it is fair to explain that the term bullfinch applies to the strong high quick fences which abound in Leicestershire, which grow so thick and high it is impossible to see through them: the upper part of them is, of course, weak and it, though thick; and the bold riders, on practised powerful horses, charge the upper weak part of the fence, and force their way through in the manner of a Harlequin pantomime, the twigs closing again when the horse and rider have passed through.

In the world's college 'twas a high degree
 That Lackland took ; a senior wrangler he,
 He knew the moment well ; he mark'd the hour
 When truth succeeds—when humbug has its power ;
 And when it fails, when boasting is in vain,
 Then, like his horse, his tongue must feel the rein,
 And he was one of those whose sharp-edged tools
 Find their keen passage to the purse of fools.

(To be continued.)

GLEANINGS FROM MY TRAVELLING JOURNALS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

(Continued from page 268.)

THE CANADAS IN 1819.

“ Lake after lake interminably gleam :
 And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam
 Where earth's unliving silence all would seem ;
 Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
 Or buffalo remote lowed far from human home.”

CAMPBELL.

IN the summer of 1819, accompanied by two right trusty friends, I left Quebec, on a visit to the North-west Company's establishment at Chepewyan. Deviating from the usual road, that we might enjoy a day's salmon-fishing, we reached Jacques Cartier bridge, about seven miles above the ferry. Here the river falls wildly down, betwixt its wooded shores, and, after forming several cascades, foams through a narrow channel, which seems cut out of the solid rock to receive it. The rock that constitutes its bed, is formed into regular platforms, descending, by natural steps, to the edge of the torrent. The Jacques Cartier is a river famous for its salmon, which are caught of large size, and in great abundance, below the bridge ; certainly we had no cause for complaint, for we had a splendid day's fishing, killing (three rods) fourteen salmon, averaging fifteen pounds each. There is an excellent inn at the foot of the bridge, kept by a barber, upon whose sign the following appropriate lines appeared :—

“ Rove not from pole to pole—the man lives here
 Whose razor's only equall'd by his beer ;
 And where, in either sense, the travelling 'putt'
 May, if he pleases, get supremely cut.”

“ Mine host” was not only an expert disciple of old Isaac, in killing his fish, but deserved a *cordón bleu* for the admirable way he

dressed them. After quitting this neighbourhood, the scenery of the St. Lawrence becomes flat and uninteresting. The country, however, the whole way from Quebec to Montreal, is studded with farm-houses, white-washed from top to bottom, attached to which are log-barns and stables, with a commodious and neat plot of garden ground. The meadows were profusely decorated with orange lilies; and the banks and dingles with the crimson berries of the sumac, and a variety of flowering shrubs. So intense is the heat of a Canadian summer, that Indian corn, water melons, gourds, and capsicums, are raised in abundance.

Desirous to avoid a "guide book" description, we pass over Montreal, or Mount Royal, and proceed at once to *La Chine*, eight miles above that town, where we found the Canadian boatmen, or *voyageurs*, and the *bateaux* ready for our embarkation. These *voyageurs* may be said to have sprung out of the fur trade, having originally been employed by the early French merchants in their trading expeditions through the labyrinths of rivers and lakes of the boundless interior. Their dress is generally half civilized, half savage. They wear a *capote* made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, leather leggins, or cloth trousers, mocassins of deer-skin, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the knife, tobacco-pouch, and other implements. Their language is of a mongrel description, being a French *patois*, embroidered with Indian and English words and phrases. They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors, being full of anecdote and song, and ever ready for the dance. Never are they so happy as when on a voyage, toiling up rivers against the rapids, or coasting lakes, encamping at night on the borders, and gossiping round their bivouac-fire in the open air.

Nothing can be more delightful, more soothing to the spirits, than to glide across the bosom of a lake on a bright sunny morning, the oars keeping time to some quaint old ditty, or French chanson; or sweeping, in full chorus, on some still summer evening, down the transparent current of a Canadian river. Each *bateau* carries eight or ten men, and "a luggage," consisting of sixty-five packages of goods, about 600 weight of biscuit, 200 weight of pork, and three bushels of peas, for the men's provisions; two oil-cloths to cover the goods, and serve as tents on landing; a sail, and an axe; a towing-line, camp kettles, together with a quantity of gum, bark, and "watape," to repair the boats. A European, on seeing these slender vessels thus laden, and not more than six inches out of the water, would imagine it impossible that they should perform a long and perilous voyage; but the Canadians are so expert in the management of them, that accidents rarely happen.

Leaving *La Chine*, we proceeded to St. Ann's. At this rapid the boatmen were obliged to unload their *bateaux*, and carry the goods, until they had passed the cataract. We next reached the Lake of the Two Mountains, which is about twenty miles long, but not more than three miles wide, and surrounded by cultivated fields. At the end of this lake, the water contracts into the Utawas river, which, after a course of fifteen miles, is interrupted by a succession of rapids for upwards of ten miles. Here the navigation was so tedious (owing to the numerous stoppages to unload), that we landed, and, taking our

guns, strolled into the woods. Our day's exertions were not crowned with success, as we merely killed some wild pigeons. Passing the *Portage de Chandière*, we approached Lake Nepisingui. The inhabitants of the country adjoining this lake, are the remainder of a numerous tribe, called Nepisinguis, of the Algonquin nation. Out of this lake flows the *Rivière de François*, over rocks of considerable height; the distance hence to Lake Huron is twenty-five leagues.

Passing the northern bank of this lake, we entered Lake Superior (the largest and most magnificent body of fresh water in the world), and landed at the *Grande Portage*, which is a fort, situate near the north-western shore, beneath a hill three or four hundred feet in height, containing several houses, erected for the accommodation of the North-west Company. There we witnessed a most interesting sight—the meeting of the traders. Those who leave Montreal early in May, usually arrive here about the middle of June, and are met by men who have spent their winter in the northern establishments, and from whom they receive the furs which have been collected in their winter traffic. Upwards of 1,200 men were assembled on this occasion, in this remote wilderness, living together, for several days, in the most convivial manner.

But to our sport: no sooner had we landed at the *Grande Portage*, than we retained the services of a party of the Algonquin Indians, to accompany us on our excursion. Having four days to spare, we proposed devoting two to the fishing, and two to the ramrod. The opening day was delightful; there was just so much motion in the air as to disturb the small fleecy clouds which were scattered on the horizon, and by floating them occasionally over the sun, to chequer the landscape with that variety of light and shade which often gives to a bare scene (for the time at least) the seeming varieties of a cultivated and planted country. A thousand fitting hues of light and shade played over the expanse of wild moor, rocks, and inlets, as we wended our way to the fishing-ground. A few miles from the fort the waters of the lake escaped over a low barrier of limestone rock. A little below this outlet we amused ourselves with spearing bass (two or three sorts), pickerel, white-fish, salmon-trout, perch, and muskanungée, a species of pike. The mode we adopted was that of the Indians: accompanied by a native to steer each canoe, with a few blazing pine-knots in an elevated basket of iron-wire, fixed in the bow of the vessel, we launched ourselves on the eddies and slack waters of the river, and drifted silently along with the current. The steersman sat with his paddle in the stern of the canoe, while we stood, spear in hand, as near the fire as possible. So abundant were the shoals, that at nearly every plunge of our tridents we secured a good-sized fish. Some of the muskanungées weighed thirty pounds, and it required the assistance of our black piscators to "land" them. This sport continued until midnight, when we were put on shore, leaving the Indians in the boats. The effect produced by the strong red glare on the romantic banks under which the canoes glided, was truly grand. Now the light diminished to a distant star that seemed to twinkle on the waters—then it advanced nearer, brightening and enlarging as it approached, till the broad flickering flame rendered bank, and rock, and tree, visible as it passed, tinging them with its own red glare of dusky

light, and resigning them gradually to darkness, or to pale moonlight, as it receded. By this light, also, were seen the figures in the canoes, now holding high their weapons, now stooping to strike, now standing upright, bronzed, by the same red glare, into a colour befitting Pandemonium. Our "gunning" was less successful, as we only bagged a few squirrels, and some wood-pigeons; an otter hunt, and badger baiting, however, consumed the time merrily.

After a *sejour* of five days in the neighbourhood of the *Grande Portage*, we embarked on the river *Au Tourt*, in *bateaux*, about half the size of those which brought us from *La Chine*, navigated by four, five, or six men, according to the distance we had to go. The *Au Tourt* is one of the finest rivers in the north-western parts of America. Its banks are covered with a rich soil, and are clothed with groves of oak, maple, white birch, and cedar, while it abounds in fish, particularly sturgeon. Lake Winnipeg, which we next approached, is the great reservoir of several large rivers. The Indians who inhabit its banks are the Knistenaux and Algonquin tribes, and here we had an opportunity of witnessing the funeral rites of one of the former tribe. Like all their other solemn ceremonials, the funeral began with smoking, and ended in a feast. When such a ceremony is to take place, the chief sends quills, or small pieces of wood, as tokens of invitation to such as he wishes to be present. At the appointed time, the guests arrive, and the pipe is lighted. The body being dressed in the best habiliments of the deceased, or his relatives, is then deposited in a grave lined with branches, and a kind of canopy is erected over it. During this ceremony, great lamentations are made; and if the deceased is much regretted (as was the case on the occasion to which this notice refers), the near relations cut off their hair, pierce the fleshy part of their thighs and arms with arrows and knives, and blacken their faces with charcoal. The whole property belonging to the deceased is then destroyed; and the chief commences the feast by making an equal division of everything that is provided for it; and, during the eating, "favours the company with a song, accompanied by himself on the tambourine." At all these banquets a small quantity of meat or drink is sacrificed by throwing it into the fire, before the guests begin to eat; and care is always taken that the fragments and bones of the feast are burned, as it would be considered a profanation if the dogs were to touch them. Our repast being over, we presented the chief with some beads and buttons, and, through the interpreter, proposed the health of the tribe in a glass of whisky, a liquor that seemed highly palatable to the party. We then took our leave, but not before we had been prevailed upon to accept a pair of moccasins fancifully worked with porcupine quills and moose-deer hair, and two head dresses composed of the feathers of the swan, the eagle, and other birds.

Beyond Lake Winnipeg, we passed many rapids, and through several small lakes. On the banks of the rivers there are factories for the convenience of trade with the natives; and near each are tents of different nations of Indians, some of whom are hunters, and others deal in provisions, wolf, buffalo, and fox skins. From the mouth of the Saskatchewan river, we proceeded in a northerly direction until we reached our final destination, Fort Chepewyan, on the south-eastern

bank of the Lake of the Hills. This fort is the residence of a considerable number of persons, who are employed by the North-west Company; and here the Indians meet the traders to barter furs and provisions, and to get fitted out for their beaver-hunting. The Chepewyans are a sober, timorous, people, not remarkable for activity as hunters, owing to the ease with which they snare deer, and spear fish. We therefore procured a party of our former friends, the Knistenaux, to accompany us in our expedition. The first day we witnessed the capture of a few beavers, but the sport was too tame to interest a sportsman; the animals being driven from the ponds by dogs, were taken prisoners, or speared in their dwellings, the top of their habitation having been previously removed, and temporarily replaced. Another scheme adopted by the Indians was, to break the dam, and let the water escape, leaving the poor animals "high and dry."

Our next day's sport, "caribou, or reindeer-stalking," was highly interesting. The hunters went in pairs, the foremost man carrying in one hand the horns of the deer, and in the other some branches of trees, against which he, from time to time, rubbed the horns, imitating the gestures peculiar to the animal. His comrade followed, treading exactly in his footsteps, and holding the guns of both in an horizontal position, so that the muzzles projected under the arms of him who carried the head. Both hunters had a fillet of white skin round their foreheads, and the foremost, a strip of the same round his wrists. They approached the herd by degrees, raising their legs after the manner of a deer, who, seeing nearly as extraordinary a phenomenon as that witnessed by Macbeth's messenger—

"A moving grove,
And Birnam-wood is come to Dunsinane!"

instantly stopped to gaze at it. The hindmost man then pushed forward his comrade's gun, the head and branches were dropped, and they both fired nearly at the same instant. As we were only lookers-on at the "stalking," we were content to get a stray shot, as the terrified animals scampered off. The Indians then joining a large body of their tribe, took to their canoes, with which they formed a vast crescent, each horn touching the shore; a party on land setting fire to the long grass, and letting loose their dogs, and making every kind of yell and noise, drove the animals into the water, where we had as splendid a *battue* as could be imagined.

Returning from our day's sport, we saw a numerous herd of buffaloes; but as we were told that the only manner in which they could be taken required preparation, *viz.*, covering pits with branches, or staking out avenues, into which they were driven, we postponed this amusement until a future occasion. We now returned to the fort laden with venison, upwards of twenty deer having been killed within the range of our sport. The best were exchanged by us for some furs. In the meanwhile, a liberal distribution of whisky and brandy was made among the Indian hunters, besides a huge stew of hashed venison, potatoes and onions, with literally a "pretty kettle of fish," *viz.*, some salmon plunged into a cauldron, and boiled for their suppers. We all accompanied our landlord, and the rest of our hunting party, into the large and smoky kitchen, where these savoury messes reeked on an oaken table, massive enough to have dined Robin Hood and his



merry men. All was hearty cheer and huzza, song and jest, and clamorous laughter, and bragging alternately, and railery between whiles.

“ The night drave on wi' songs and clatter.”

It was a *cœna* worthy of the ancients; and what can exceed that pleasant meal, when, in the words of the magician of the North, “ the social glass washes out of one's mind the cobwebs that business or gloom have been spinning in our brains all day?”

PORTRAITS OF SATIRIST AND CORONATION,

THE FORMER WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER, THE LATTER OF THE DERBY, 1841.

Painted by Mr. C. B. SPALDING, expressly for this work.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF SATIRIST.

IN our July number we gave the pedigree and performances of Coronation, together with a portrait of him, by Herring; we now offer similar details of his celebrated opponent. Satirist, a brown colt, standing about fifteen hands two inches high, was bred by the Marquis of Westminster. His sire was Pantaloon; dam, Sarcasm (bred in 1833), by Teniers, out of Banter (dam of Touchstone, Launcelot, and Lampon), by Master Henry; dam, Boadicea, by Alexander, out of Brunette, by Amaranthus. At two years old Satirist started for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, but was not placed; he also ran for the Two-year-old Stakes on the Thursday of the same meeting, with a similar result. In the present season he walked over for the Dee Stakes, and won the Palatine Stakes at Chester. At Ascot he won Her Majesty's Gold Vase (two miles), and walked over for the St. James's Palace Stakes. At Liverpool July Meeting he ran third for the St. Leger (carrying 5 lb. extra); and at Doncaster he won the Great St. Leger, beating Coronation (the winner of the Derby), and nine others.

His appearance is not in his favour; he is what is called a “ mean-looking horse,” though by no means without many good racing points. To convey the best idea that art can afford of nature, we have placed him before the patrons of this work, “ in his habit as he lives.” It is the first time such an attempt has been made in any sporting periodical; we trust it will be received as earnest of our resolution to spare neither exertion nor outlay in supporting the character with which public opinion has honoured the SPORTING REVIEW.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

BETTINGS FOR OCTOBER.

THE occurrence of three weeks' racing at Newmarket in the past month, of course, greatly lessened the business done at the Subscription-room, at Hyde Park Corner. We give the bettings without note or comment, the best deduc-

358 ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EQUESTRIAN ORDER.

tions from them being afforded by the details of the running at the several meetings given elsewhere. There is reason to conclude that the Derby will be what is called "a good betting race." It is proper to state that many horses have been backed in different quarters, not mentioned in the following quotations, which are confined to the public Metropolitan traffic.

MONDAY, October 4.

THE DERBY, 1842.		Attila	17 to 1 agst. —
Scott's lot	4 to 1 agst. (tk.)	Hester colt	25 to 1 — (tk.)
Col. Peel's lot	12 to 1 — —	Perdita colt	43 to 1 — (tk.)
		Lord Westminster's two...	16 to 1 — (tk.)

THURSDAY, October 7.

THE DERBY, 1842.		Wisacre	25 to 1 agst. (tk.)
Attila	17 to 1 agst. (tk.)	Palinurus	50 to 1 — (tk.)
Hester colt	25 to 1 — (tk.)	Barrier and Defier	16 to 1 — (tk.)

MONDAY, October 18.

THE DERBY, 1842.		Lord of Holderness	30 to 1 agst. (tk.)
Attila	10 to 1 agst. (tk.)	Barrier	33 to 1 — (tk.)
Hester colt	20 to 1 — (tk.)	Ballinkeele (Perdita colt)	40 to 1 — (tk.)
Wisacre	26 to 1 — (tk.)	Nessus	40 to 1 — (tk.)
		William le Gros	40 to 1 — (tk.)

THURSDAY, October 21.

THE DERBY, 1842.		Ballinkeele (Perdita colt)	33 to 1 agst. —
Attila	10 to 1 agst. (tk.)	Palinurus	45 to 1 — (tk.)
Hester colt	20 to 1 — (tk.)		

COURSING MEETINGS FOR THE PRESENT MONTH.

Altcar	2 & 3	South Lancashire (Southport)	17 & 18
Mid-Lothian	2 & 3	Biggar	18 & 19
Newmarket	3, 4, 5, & 6	Morpeh	18 & 19
South Lancashire (Chatsworth)	4 & 5	High Leigh	22
Clydesdale	4 & 5	Clifton and Preston	23
Bendrigg	9 & 10	Louth	23
Swaffham	9, 10, 11 & 12	Streatham Park	24, 25, & 26
Harewood	9, 10, & 11	Cardington	24, 25, & 26
Union	11 & 12	Deptford Inn	29, 30, & Dec. 1 & 2
Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire	11 & 13	Newmarket (Champion)	30, & Dec. 1, 2, 3, & 4
Winnarleigh	16	Fleetwood-on-Wyre	30, &c.
Ashdown Park	16, 17, 18, & 19		

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EQUESTRIAN ORDER.

No. III.—A PATRICIAN OF THE NEW WORLD,

ONE OF THE "CROW" TRIBE.

Ba-da-ah-chou-da.—"He who jumps over every one."

We are indebted to the politeness and talent of Mr. Catlin, the proprietor of the celebrated Indian Gallery, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, for the spirited drawing, whence the etching of our third illustration of the Modern



J. Goodall del.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EQUESTRIAN ORDER.

No. 3. A PATRICIAN OF THE NEW WORLD.

London, Published November 1 1841 for the Proprietor of the Sporting Review by J. Marshall, 43 Old Broad Street.

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Equestrian Order is taken. The subjoined description of it, is from his recently published "Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians." "The Crows, like the Blackfeet, are beautifully costumed, and perhaps with somewhat more of taste and elegance; inasmuch as (with their dresses, and with their lodges) the skins of which they are made are more delicately and whitely dressed. The art of dressing skins belongs to the Indians in all countries, and the 'Crows' surpass the civilized world in the beauty of this white dressing. The art of tanning is unknown to them, so far as civilized habits and arts have not been taught them; yet the art of dressing skins, so far as we have it in the civilized world, has been (like hundreds of other ornamental and useful customs which we are practising) borrowed from the savage, without our even stopping to inquire whence it came, or by whom invented. The greater part of those skins go through the process of smoking. For this a small hole is dug in the ground, and a fire is built in it with rotten wood, which will produce a great quantity of smoke, without much blaze; and several poles of the proper length stuck in the ground around it, and drawn and fastened together at the top, around which a skin is wrapped in form of a tent, and generally sewn together at the edges to secure the smoke within it. Within this, the skins to be smoked are placed, and in this condition the tent will stand a day or so, enclosing the heated smoke; and by some chemical process or other, that I do not understand, the skins thus acquire a quality, which enables them, after being even so many times wet, to dry soft and pliant as they were before, which secret I have never yet seen practised in my own country, and for the lack of which, all our dressed skins, when once wet, are, I think, chiefly ruined. The 'Crows' are very handsome and *gentlemanly* Indians in their personal appearance, and have always been reputed, since the first acquaintance made with them, very civil and friendly. I have painted the chief (whence the accompanying etching is made), as he sat to me, balanced on his leaping wild horse, with his shield and quiver slung on his back, and his long lance, decorated with the eagle's quills, trailed in the right hand. His shirt, and his leggins, and his moccasins, were of the mountain goat skins, beautifully dressed, and their seams everywhere fringed with a profusion of scalp-locks, taken from the heads of his enemies in battle. His long hair, which reached almost to the ground while he was standing on his feet, was now lifted in the air, and floating in black waves over the hips of his leaping charger. On his head, and over his shining black locks, he wore a magnificent crest, or head-dress, made of the quills of the war-eagle, and on his horse's head also was another of equal beauty, and precisely the same in pattern and material. Added to these ornaments, there were yet many others which contributed to his picturesque appearance, and amongst them a beautiful netting of various colours, that completely covered and almost obscured the horse's head and neck, and extended over its back and its hips, terminating in a most extravagant and magnificent crupper, embossed and fringed with rows of beautiful shells, and porcupine quills of various colours.*

"With all these picturesque ornaments and trappings upon and about him, with a noble figure, *and the bold stamp of a wild gentleman on his face*, added to the rage and spirit of his wild horse, in time with whose leaps he issued his startling (though smothered) yelps, as he gracefully leaned too and fro, leaving his plumes and his plumage, his long locks and his fringes, to float in the wind, he galloped about, and felt exceeding pleasure in displaying the extraordinary skill, which a lifetime of practice and experiment had furnished him, in the beautiful art of riding and managing his horse, as well as in displaying to advantage his weapons, and ornaments of dress, by giving them the grace of motion, as they were brandished in the air, and floating in the wind."

* We have seen the original of this unique equestrian costume and caparison, and can bear testimony to the extreme fidelity of Mr. Catlin's description.—E.D.

THE OAKLEY HUNT.

At no distant day we hope to give a memoir of this Hunt, from its commencement. All that our space allows us now to do, is briefly to allude to its present condition and prospects. The hounds and horses are in good force for the approaching season, and the establishment remains the same as it was during the past. Mr. Magniac has quite recovered from the very severe accident he met with last year; and from his great popularity and unquestionable qualifications for a master of foxhounds, he takes the field under goodly auspices, both for himself, and all who may be fortunate enough to meet him there. The very favourable weather during the cub-hunting season helped them to excellent sport; they killed twenty brace and a half, up to the 22nd of October. Their first public day will be Monday, November the 1st, from which date they will regularly hunt four days a week.

George Beers is the huntsman, an office he has filled for the last six years; Thomas Wells is the first whip, Charles Paine the second, and George Wells, a son of the first whip, rides the huntsman's second horse. Foxes are reported to be plenty, and they enter upon the season with every reasonable prospect of good sport. The kennel is at Melton Earnest, five miles north-west of Bedford; but when they hunt the Woburn country they occupy temporary kennels at the village of Lidlington. The subjoined coverts belong to the Oakley Hunt, but are now hunted, on sufferance, by the Hertfordshire and Cambridgeshire foxhounds.

Mr. BRAND'S Meets—on Sufferance.

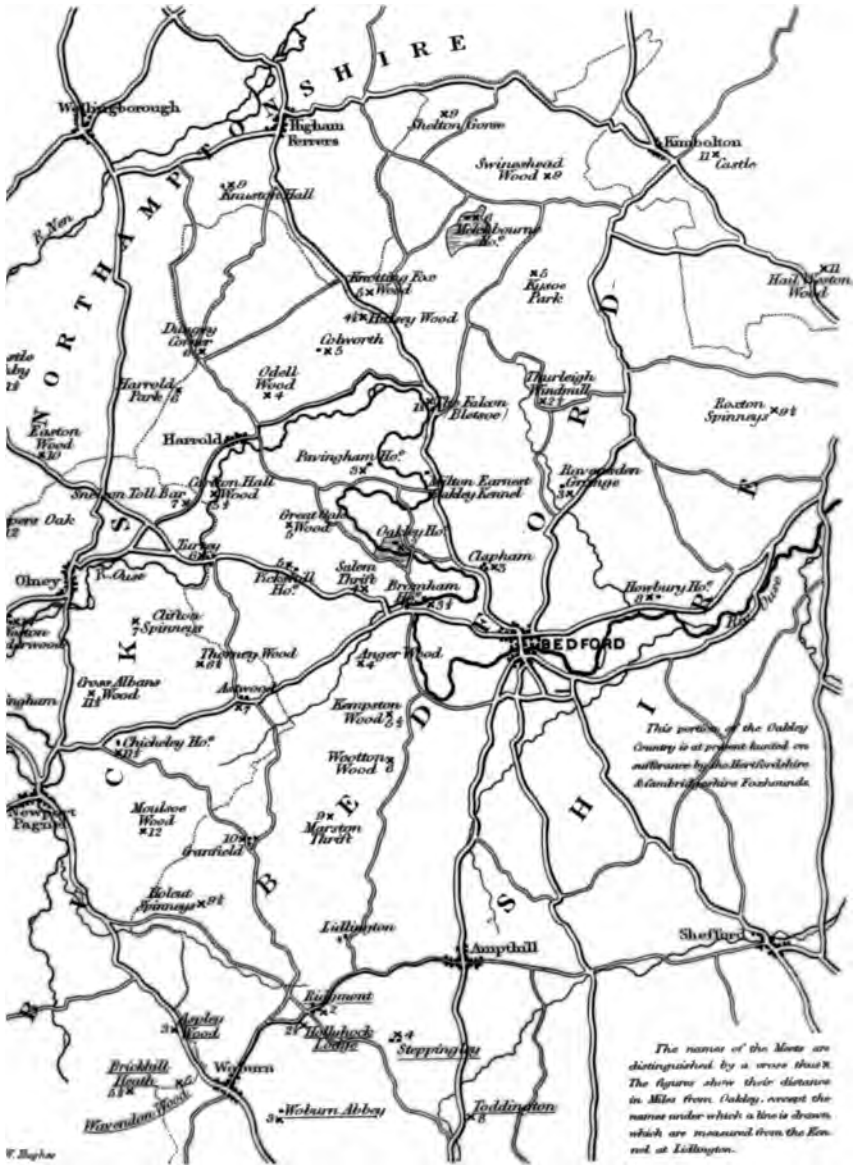
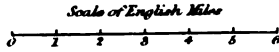
	Miles.	
Wrest Park	17	Near to Silsoe.
Ox Laves	12	Maulden.
Maulden Wood	12	Ditto.
Wilshamstead Wood	9	Wilshamstead.

Mr. BARNETT'S—on Sufferance.

Shear Hatch	9	Copley.
Ickwell Green	11	Ditto.
Palmer's Wood	10	Warden.
Southill Reed Beds	13	Southill Park.
Chicksand's Wood	13	Shefford.
Little and Great Warden Woods	10	Warden.

The distances on the accompanying Map are measured from the kennel at Milton Earnest. Our best acknowledgments are offered to Mr. Magniac, for his courteous attention in supplying the materials for it, and the kind readiness he displayed in affording the information required.

MAP OF THE
M E E T S
 OF THE
O A K L E Y
H O U N D S.



Chalgrave Church x12



THE SPORTING NOVEL.*

It is not every day in the year that offers to our notice a work of this description. Three goodly tomes upon sporting scenes and characters are decided novelties, and, as such, entitled to the *entrée* of these pages by a more exclusive introduction than that afforded in the space devoted to our ordinary reviewing department. For the last three or four years, advertisements, from time to time, appeared, stating that a sporting work of fiction was "in the press," and would speedily be published by a certain bibliopole of Regent Street. Weeks, months, and twelvemonths, however, rolled by, and the literary hatching gave no token of produce. Seeing, therefore, that, in all probability, the eggs were addled, Mr. Colburn, with the alacrity for which he is so remarkable, went to business forthwith, and the result is the *hors d'œuvre*, the quality of whose flavour we are about to submit for the reader's judgment.

In a preface, which is by no means the worst part of his book, the author honestly confesses that, "though very far from being indifferent to the criticism which may await this first production of his almost untried pen, and still further from hoping to escape those just censures to which his want of practice may have rendered him liable, he would fain avoid the charge of having failed to accomplish what he has, in fact, not attempted. In writing these scenes of 'the fields and the woods,' his object has been, not to construct an elaborate plot, and make it subservient to the formal development of a series of characters; not, in a word, to write a mere fiction; but only so to throw together and arrange some of the most attractive scenes of country life in England, and especially those connected with field sports, as to strengthen and disseminate that love for them which amounts to a passion in his own breast, and which, when it ceases to warm those of his fellow-countrymen, will take from them one of the proudest and happiest features of their character. There is nothing in continental life that may for a moment compare, either in solid worth, or in social and political value, with the 'old English gentleman' of the past, and (the writer of these pages must venture to insist) the *present* times of rural life in England: for there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that the class is extinct, or that it is even greatly reduced or deteriorated."

Now this is all very well, but in the Squire Scourfield of his novel (would to Phœbus he had eschewed that most carrion of all fancies—the designation of character by help of nomenclature), Mr. Mills has portrayed an individual of a class certainly no longer extant in this country. The last that we remember of the race (a reminiscence of our boyhood) was old John Leche, of Carden Park, Cheshire, an eccentric but most honourable gentleman, who lived in top-boots, went a hunting by starlight, dined at eleven in the forenoon, and was wont to call his daughters his "wenches." Without mincing the

* "The Old English Gentleman, or the Fields and the Woods, by John Mills, Esq." Colburn, London, 1841.

matter, Squire Scourfield is, to all intents and purposes, Fielding's Western toned down to the present taste, and Kate Scourfield, Diana Vernon (an indifferent copy). As the work consists of a string of episodes, it is less difficult to make extracts, than to select such as shall convey a fair idea of the whole. It has evidently been written in a hurry, and, we have reason to think, not at all up to the author's full powers. But is he a sportsman? If so, what business have such phrases as these to fright us perpetually from our propriety? "He was very much pleased with old Merryman's continuing the hunt; and, after hearing what I had to say, he told me all the hounds were picked up on the road home but a *brace*," &c. &c. (page 27, vol. i.) "I boxed them up in a cart, and proceeded with fresh horses to the cottage where I had left the mare and the other *brace of hounds*," (page 30, vol. i.) Here is a description of the crack foxhound of the old Squire's pack. "His ears were long and pendulous, his chest deep, back broad, and a long bushy tail he carried like a soldier's plume," (page 53, vol. i.) "Then ye think, William (the huntsman) will ride up to the dogs as well married as single," (page 151, vol. i.): and, at the next page but one, the Squire speaks—"Give me your hand, William; there, conduct yourself well to your wife, ride up to the dogs as usual," &c. &c. Of a verity, these and similar passages do not smack of the true relish, but Mr. Mills shall grace his own cause, and appear before the reader in two extracts, selected as being fair samples of the aggregate. The first opens the work.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD WHIPPER-IN.

"He was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over;
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore:
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their nature by abstracts."

HUDIBRAS.

It was a cold, comfortless night in December. The wind swept over the heath, whistling through the woods in sudden gusts, accompanied by sleet and rain, as Tom Bolton, the old whipper-in, sat in his "snuggery," as he called his cottage, before a log fire, blazing cheerfully upon the hearth. The rain battered against the windows with a chilling sound, and the old man continued to heap fresh wood upon the fire, until the little room was warmed and illuminated to his heart's content. "There, that's as it should be," exclaimed he, stretching out his legs, and filling the bowl of a short pipe.

Tom Bolton's hair was thin, and the many winters that had passed since he was a "feather weight," had frosted the few remaining locks. Threescore and seven years numbered his age; but the health of youth glowed in his rubicund visage, and strength was still in his sinewy and well-moulded limbs. Time had not frozen his blood, or weakened his voice, if it had thinned his hair. Still to him the dashing leap and high-mettled horse were the same objects of fearless attraction and delight; still his voice rang merrily through copse and cover, as he

beered his darling pack ; and, for many miles round Woodland Hall, Squire Scourfield's old whipper-in was frequently the subject of the fox-hunter's toast, and even of the ladies' admiration.

The old man puffed cloud after cloud, watching, with upturned face, each succeeding volume of smoke as it rolled along the ceiling. Occasionally he glanced at a capacious China bowl, in which was a fawn-handled silver ladle. It was empty ; but near it was placed some temons and a knife, and upon a half-consumed log hissed a small kettle of boiling water. An old clock, that had been tick-tacking for half a century and upwards, in a corner of the room, struck nine ; and after he carved representative of a bird had "cuckoo'd" for a minute before the dial, Tom rose from his easy position, and, pulling away a bequered curtain before the window, peered through the wet-streaked panes. The night was dark and gloomy ; the water streamed from the roof and pattered on the ground ; the rain beat against the glass ; and, excepting an occasional whine of discontent from an old hound chained in the yard, nothing else could be heard.

"Where can Will be ? I don't hear him coming," said the old man, returning to his chair. "Courting, as usual," continued he, racking the ashes from his pipe, and exhibiting signs of increasing impatience.

In a few minutes, footsteps quickly approaching attracted his attention. The hound barked loudly, when a voice hallooed, "Down, Rangler, down, I say !" which instantly silenced him.

"Here he comes," said the old man with a smile, which was immediately changed into an awkward frown. The latch of the door flew up, and into the room bounced a young man, dripping with wet from head to foot. He appeared about twenty-eight years of age, and was very athletic ; his features were so similar to those of the old man that no one could doubt the relationship existing between them.

"Well, governor," said he, shaking the water from his hat, and hrowing off a great coat from his broad shoulders, "here I am, you see."

"And you might have been here before, I think," replied his father, "and not come tailing in this fashion. Always be a leader, Will, not a tail-hound."

"So I am, dad ; thanks to your whip," rejoined Will, seizing the temons and cutting them in halves. "Ask Fanny whether she dosen't think me the first fellow in the county," added he, with a comical look at his father, and stopping in the act of paring a lemon.

"William Bolton, my son," said the old man, gravely, "women are women. Fanny Chatterton's a woman. Many a man's been hung through a woman. I need say no more upon the subject. Mix the liquor."

Will laughed heartily at this speech, and resumed his employment. In a short time the mingled ingredients steamed fragrantly from the bowl, and, as Will stirred them about, his father's olfactory nerves seemed excited.

"That smells prime," said he, regarding the prepared beverage admiringly.

"You're like Chanter, governor," replied Will.

"What, upon the right scent, eh ?" added the old man.

After a few "fancy stirs" by Will, as the old man called them, he filled an old-fashioned horn, mounted with silver, and handed it to his father.

"There, governor, taste that," said he.

The old man took the proffered flagon, and, after surveying its contents, said, "Here's the Squire's health—God bless him!"

"Amen," rejoined Will, draining one of like appearance and dimensions.

After the toast, Will dragged a chair opposite to his father, and, settling himself in as pleasant an attitude as possible, said,

"I hope I shall give satisfaction in my new calling, governor."

"Of course you will, if you follow my directions," replied the old man, taking his pipe slowly from his lips, and placing it on the table. By this movement Will saw that he was about to receive a lecture.

"As whip under me," continued his father, "all that you did was a copy of the original; there was no doubt or fear of doing wrong, because you only, as I may say, echoed what you knew to be right. I aint a proud man, my son; but I may as well say, for it's God's truth, that 'tis as unnatural for me to be out concerning all about hounds, as 'tis for you not to wink your left eye at every pretty girl you meet."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Will.

"William Bolton, my son," continued the old man, "I'm sorry to make the comparison;" here he gravely shook his head; "but I can't get up a better—a more true one never was. Fill up the horns."

The last part of this sentence was replied to by Will's filling the respective horns. His father said, upon taking his, "Follow my advice, and you'll be as good a huntsman as—"

"My father's a whipper-in," chimed in Will.

"Precisely so, my son, and no flattery neither," said the old man, with a self-satisfied shake of the head. "A huntsman's situation," continued he, "is a very important one; and now poor Striver can ride no more—poor fellow! I'm afraid he drank gin and bitters before breakfast in his youth—you're to fill up his place. Now, I don't mean to say that Striver couldn't hunt a pack in his younger days, as they should be hunted; but not since you've been second whip—oh, no! he shirked his leaps, and quailed to mount a young un; his voice was more like an ill-tempered old woman's than a huntsman's; his hearing was amiss, and altogether he wasn't the figure for my ideas. So you mustn't follow his ways of doing the business. Indeed, I don't think the Squire would stand it long with you, because it was only in consideration of long service that he put up with old Striver's bungling."

"I've heard him grumble at it, a good deal o' times," added Will.

"Ay, and you may rest assured that no muffing work would be looked over in any young man," replied his father. "But I don't expect any from you, my son. No, you'll not disgrace your bringing up, I know."

Will's forehead and cheeks became flushed at this eulogium.

"Now Striver's pensioned off upon the property, to snare fitchews and weasels for amusement, you've the first place in the Squire's establishment. To-morrow," said the old man, in an important voice,

"you take possession of the kennel. Think of the position for a moment. A young man on the sunny side of thirty, huntsman to Squire Scourfield's pack of crack hounds! Why, it's a better place than the Lord Chancellor's, Will; at any rate, a better one for you. Now, mark my words—it's the last time that I shall give ye my opinion as to your duties, because, as you enter upon them to-morrow, it wouldn't sound musical for the whipper-in to be instructing the huntsman in his work. It wouldn't be regular. Fill up your horn. Now listen. Activity—"

"What hound was that, father?" asked Will, with a suppressed laugh.

"Out with your nonsense," said the old man, pettishly; "activity is the first indispensable for the huntsman to a pack of foxhounds. Before he goes into the kennel, he should determine, according to his judgment, the number to be drafted for the country that he is going to hunt, which will vary according to its description. Never be in a hurry, Will, at drafting; it's no easy matter to draft hounds properly. Then, at the meet, be to your exact time, if possible; but never before your time. In most other things, you had better be a little before than after; but never at the meet, it's against all rule. As you go into cover, be silent, and, while your hounds are drawing, place the gentlemen so that the fox can't go off unseen. Some huntsmen don't like to ask a gentleman to stand sentinel; but it's a necessary part of fox-hunting. When you're coming out of cover, then give it them, Will. Make the hills ring with your hearty voice; let every hound hear the 'hark, for'ard,' so that it will make his heart leap with joy: not in that tone as if a rabbit had made a break of it instead of a fox. At all times, keep your hounds for'ard; they will tire on a cold scent. When they are stopped by sheep, or anything else, help them, for very often they'll hunt the old scent back again, if they can hunt no other. When they're at fault, don't be in a hurry to make your cast. Let them have time to hit off the scent themselves; but, if they can't do it, make your cast wide and for'ard, and be sure that it's a perfect one before you try another. When you are running a fox, the scent bad, and the fox a long way before, without having been pressed, if he should be making for strong earths that are open, or for large covers full of game, take off the hounds at the first fault they come to; the fox will go many miles to your one, and, in all probability, will run you out of all scent. Where the vermin are plenty, you must be careful not to run the heel; for hounds can run, sometimes, the wrong way of the scent better than they can the right, where one is up the wind, and t'other down. Lift your tail-hounds, and get 'em to the rest; but be cautious that you don't lift any for'ard before the others; it's dangerous, and very clumsy work. But the most difficult of all that you've got to do is to learn the difference between one scent and another, and to know with certainty that of your hunted fox. This requires a *nous*, and a judgment above the heads of most men. Few can comprehend the art, and it's one that can be learned only with practice; but you'll hit it off, Will, by-and-by, I know."

"Hope I shall, governor," said Will; "but you must be getting dry with your long stretch; come, wet your whistle."

"Stop a minute; I've nearly done, and then I'll top up with a

glass," replied the old man. "When you're at fault, and the hounds can't make it out of themselves, let your first cast be quick; the scent is then good, and they're not likely to go over it. As the scent gets worse, let the casts be slower and more cautiously made, and when the hounds are picking along a cold scent, don't cast them at all. There are other rules to think of besides these; but what I've told you are the general ones, which, I hope, you'll follow as closely as your hounds will a fox, when they've the chance."

"Certainly, governor; and I'm much obliged to you for them," said Will. "Not a man living knows more about the bow-wows than you."

CHAPTER XXX.

BUTTON AND THE BADGER.

"This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid."

It was a bright moonlight night, and just nine o'clock, when Striver, accompanied by Button, entered a cover on the margin of the heath. A thick mist was rising, and already the broom and furze were spangled over with the moisture. At each step the trapper took with his dog, they brushed the wet from the boughs, and now and then Button sneezed his dissatisfaction at the prospect of catching cold from this untimely visit.

"You may snuffle, Button," said his master; "I don't care for that. If you've been at work all day, so have I; and if there's more to do, which there is, we must do it."

Button continued to hang his head and tail sulkily, notwithstanding this pithy argument, and tracked his master's footsteps with anything but his accustomed pleasure.

"You'll alter your tune presently," continued the old trapper, "or I'm amazingly deceived."

Button gave a sharp cry, as much as to inquire the nature of the business they were upon.

"Ah! yes, yes; you want to know all my movements," said Striver; "you're more curious than any old woman."

Button rubbed his head against the legs of his master.

"You may coax all ye like," continued Striver; "but I shan't tell you what I'm about. You'll see in a minute, my boy, and then I expect you'll be brisk enough."

Button anticipated the moment for this nimble display, by pricking up his ears and raising his short tail.

As they entered deeper into the wood, its denizens became frightened at the interlopers. The hare stopped from cropping the bitter weed, and listening for an instant, to make sure that her fears were not groundless, away she scudded to a more secluded spot. The nimble rabbit fled to his burrow with a palpitating heart, and the wood-pigeon rattled from her roost on the wings of fear. From the dark shade of the fir the pheasant peered, and, after the disturbers had passed, he shook his bright plumage, and settled again to rest.

About the centre of the wood, Striver stopped, and looked care-

fully at the entrance of a large hole dug in the sand. By the light of the moon, he was enabled to see fresh tracks made on the verge of the earth.

"He's out, Button," said Striver, exultingly. "Yes, he hasn't returned," continued he, looking carefully at the marks in the sand.

The shrewd Button now seemed to comprehend the whole matter. He skipped here and there; placed his nose to the hole, and suddenly became quite an altered Button. At length, his joy was not confined to silent expression; but, as many an incautious dog has done before him, he ventured to give tongue to those feelings which discretion should have taught him to suppress.

"Quiet—Flames and flax! What are ye after?" said Striver, lifting his foot, and almost inclined to make Button feel the weight of it.

The reprov'd Button immediately squatted down upon his haunches, and watched his master's proceedings silently.

From under his arm the old trapper produced three sacks, with drawing-strings run through their mouths. With great caution he placed one in the hole, and fixed the end of the string to a convenient stub. A few yards from this earth there was another, but not quite so large. Here he put another sack just in the same manner.

"I couldn't find any more this morning," soliloquized Striver; "but there must be another somewhere; they always have three, at the very least. Where can the other be?"

Scarcely had the old trapper delivered himself of this query, when, suddenly, he fell backwards into a luxuriant furze-bush. The long sharp prickles made sad havoc with Striver's flesh ere he could rise from his recumbent posture, and, with muttered curses, he rubbed the wounds, and, between smiles and frowns, discovered that the third earth, secreted among some thick broom, was the cause of his tumble.

"A lucky fall, Button; a lucky fall!" said Striver, pushing the last sack into the hole, and tying the string as he had done the others.

The ardent Button perceived the preliminary arrangements were complete. He stood with restless eye and quivering nostrils, curbed impatience swelling every vein. Like a crouched tiger, he waited for the moment to spring and hunt his victim down.

Striver saw, with pride, the willingness of his favourite. A smile separated the old man's lips as, with folded arms, he looked at Button for a few moments, ere he gave the desired signal. Stooping down, he caressed the eager animal, and whispered, "Softly, Button; softly, my boy." And, after a short pause, he waved his hand, and said, "Hold up."

Away rushed Button. Through furze and broom, bush and brier, the dog crashed. With his nose bent to the earth, Button pursued the badger's track, but gave no tongue as he hunted on; and, within a few brief seconds, Striver lost all sounds of the pursuer. On a clear wind, and in a listening attitude, the old trapper stood. He grasped a thick ashen stick, and kept his eyes fixed on the hole in which he had placed the first sack.

"He'll make for that, I think," whispered he.

Now was the reign of silence. In the thick, deep wood, not a sound was to be heard. The dazzling moonbeams streamed upon the earth, and stole in silver streaks between the mingling branches of the grove. A thick mist hung like a bridal veil upon tree and flower, shading, but not concealing, the covered charms. The wind was hushed like a child at rest; scarcely a young leaf flapped in his gentle breath. It was a night for lovers to love in.

"Hist!" said Striver, to himself, as a slight noise caught his watchful ear, and, kneeling, he bent it to the ground to listen with greater facility. Again the sound was heard, and the trapper rising, and bending forwards, seemed to anticipate a speedy view of the badger. Now a rustling was plainly heard; on it came closer and closer. In the stillness of the night, boughs and twigs cracked and snapped, as if animals of larger growth than Button and the badger were making their way through them.

At last, within three yards of where Striver was standing, the badger appeared, closely followed by Button. The trapper made a blow at the fugitive as he passed him, but he missed his aim. The gallant Button, however, was more successful. His victim was diving into the sack, when the dog seized him by his loose skin, and flung him back several feet. The badger turned to the bite, and snapped his teeth through Button's shoulder. Over and over they rolled. Striver rushed to the rescue, and tried to inflict a deadly blow upon the enemy; but the struggles of the two were so great, that he dared not risk the chance of injuring Button. The badger, in his usual way, had thrown himself upon his back, and with his sharp claws and teeth was inflicting deep gashes in poor Button's body. With a hearty good-will, the courageous Button retaliated, by clutching his enemy by the throat, and shaking him with more than his natural strength.

"He'll kill him—I know he will," said Striver, in a woeful voice, and, seizing Button by the tail, he lifted him up by this ornamental member, in order to get a fair blow at the badger. The attempt was futile; Button was not to be drawn off by his tail. With a strong and sudden twist he disengaged his master's hold, and, with a loud, angry growl, sent his teeth deeper into his victim's windpipe.

Nails and grinders the badger used vigorously; but the firm hold of Button upon his throat began to weaken him. He blew up his skin, and, by every manœuvre, tried to loosen the gripe; but Button knew too well for him the importance of sticking to that tender spot.

"What shall I do?" exclaimed Striver; "he'll kill him—I know he will. You're not a match for him, Button, I tell ye; it's a heavy weight against a light un."

Button, however, was of a different opinion. He discovered, sooner than his master, that his enemy was getting the worst of it, and renewed his exertions in the deadly conflict. From countless veins in Button's body, the blood streamed in crimson currents, while very little flowed from the badger. But, as no doubt the experienced Button wisely thought, it is better in fighting to lose blood than breath. The thick skin of the badger prevented his arteries from being opened; but it afforded no protection to the loss of his wind, which momentarily became worse. After some very violent struggles, to which

Striver fruitlessly endeavoured to put a speedy end, the animals lay motionless, held down by each other's jaws.

"They're both dead," sobbed Striver, who was about catching up Button, when a waspish growl informed him of the error of his conjecture.

The bloody feud recommenced. Button placed his fore-paws upon the neck of his enemy, and literally stretched the windpipe from his throat. Still the badger was not beaten. He continued to carve deep gashes with his claws, and made his strong teeth meet as he varied his bite in poor Button's carcase. Not once did the cunning dog change his gripe. He knew victory depended upon retaining hold of his enemy's throat, and there he held him with the firmness of a screwed vice.

At length the badger became exhausted. His struggles became fainter, and, as he lay almost breathless, Striver watched an opportunity to inflict a stunning blow upon his head. The defeated animal opened his clasped jaws, and permitted one of Button's mangled feet to drop from between them. For this act of lenity Button returned a vigorous shake, and, finding no farther renewal of the fray by his opponent, he released his teeth from their tough duty, and shook himself for refreshment.

"Stop a bit, Button," said Striver; "I'll finish him."

Blow after blow was repeated upon the badger from Striver's cudgel, till at last no signs of life remained. Then the trapper seized Button, who was industriously engaged in licking his wounds, and, holding him in his arms, he carefully examined the bleeding injuries. Numerous and deep they proved, and tears swam in the old man's eyes, as he perceived one of his favourite's feet was lamentably crushed.

"You'll limp for life," said the trapper; "and may I be flayed alive if I wouldn't prefer being lame than seeing you so!"

Button, notwithstanding his pain, wagged his tail at this expressed affection from his master.

"Lie there till I take up the sacks," said Striver, pulling off his coat, and spreading it on the ground as a bed for Button. "We must get home as soon as we can, to dress your wounds, poor fellow."

The sacks were soon taken from the earths, and the body of the badger placed in one of them. Throwing it over one shoulder, Striver lifted Button under his arm, and took his way homewards.

"You must have a dip in the river, Button, although it is cold," said the trapper, as Button's blood trickled down his fingers. "There's nothing like a running stream for a flesh wound."

Proceeding towards the bank of the river, which was not far off, Striver continued to caress and talk to his dog.

"I'll have a new cap made of this warmint's skin," said he; "and when I hear 'em talk of dogs' pluck, Button, I'll show it to them, and relate the fight you had to-night, my boy. You were a wonder from your infancy. I recollect you bit a kitten's tail off before you were two months old; and when the old woman that owned her threw you into a pond for doing it, you scrambled out again, and

yapped at her afterwards. I said then you'd be a wonder, and so you are."

Coming to the stream, Striver picked out a convenient spot, and laved the body and limbs of his favourite. In the moonlit water Button was placed with as much gentleness as if he had been a tender child. His sores were cleaned, and from his sleek skin all stains of gore removed. With a fevered tongue he lapped the clear water, and soon became much refreshed. After wiping him with his handkerchief, Striver wrapped his coat about Button to shield him from the cold, and continued his road towards home.

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

ON Wednesday, the 13th ult., the following horses, a portion of the stud of the late Capt. Lamb, were disposed of at the hammer, at the Regent Stables, Leamington. Vivian, who was brought from the Vale of Aylesford, where he had been at Mr. Crommelin's quarters, near Tring, on being "put up," was "knocked down" to Captain Creagh (of the 44th, now stationed at Weedon), at the sum of £33. Chit-chat was purchased for £91:18s., by Mr. Stanley, of the firm of "Rose and Stanley," veterinary-surgeons, of Leamington. E. Greaves, Esq., mayor of Warwick, offered £52 for Speed, and, as no further bidding was advanced, that gentleman became the owner. Bullock, Lord Warwick's trainer, purchased a chesnut filly (three years old), by Muley Moloch, for 18 guineas. Beelzebub fell to the lot of Mr. Rose, of the before-mentioned firm, at a price of 34 guineas; several other hunters and hacks were afterwards brought out and disposed of. The Irish horse has thus become connected with an Irish owner, and was removed to Weedon on Friday afternoon.

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH.—Riches Dawson, the gamekeeper of Lord William Powlett, of Downham Hall, who was missed from his house on Wednesday, the 29th of September, was found on the following Monday morning, hanging by one leg, with his head down, from a crotch in a fir-tree, twelve feet from the ground, and had evidently been dead a long time. The tree was near a pheasant's preserve; and as he was accustomed to get up trees at night, to see what quantity of birds there were, it is probable his foot slipped, and in his fall was caught in the manner in which he was found. At the foot of the tree were his hat, and a pitchfork with which he used to shake up the buck-wheat that was close by for the use of the pheasants. An inquest was held on the body by Mr. Wayman, coroner, when Mr. Ward, surgeon, who examined the body, said his death was occasioned by apoplexy, which would be caused by the way in which he was suspended from the tree; but he should think from his appearance that he was probably apoplectic by habit.

WE have received the programme of the Calcutta Meeting for the

present year. It extends to eight days, and embraces a bill of fare enough to satisfy the greatest turf-glutton that has existed since the good old times of the Olympic games, when a hundred races, or so, were run in the twenty-four hours. We have only space to give the engagements for the first two days. The conditions for the Auckland Cup convey the best commentary on the relative qualities of the native Arab, and the artificial thorough-blood of England:—

CALCUTTA RACES.—FIRST MEETING, 1841. First Day, Tuesday, 28th December, 1841.—Renewal of the Calcutta Riddlesworth Stakes of 50 g. m. each, h. f. if declared by 2 p. m. the day before the race, with 30 g. m. from the funds, for three-year-old country-bred colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb. To close 1st of December, and name the day before the race by 2 p. m.

Dealer's Plates on their terms.

Sweepstakes of 100 g. m. each, h. f. if declared by 2 p. m. the day before the race, for Arabs, 8 st. 7 lb. each, two miles. To close 1st July, and name the day before the race by 2 p. m. Three subscribers, or no race.

Sweepstakes of 100 g. m. each, h. f. if declared by 2 p. m. the day before the race, for Arabs that have never won before the 1st of October, 1841, 8 st. 4 lb. each, one mile and a half. To close the 1st of July, and name the day before the race by 2 p. m. Three subscribers, or no race.

A Purse of 100 g. m., added to a Sweepstakes of 50 g. m., p. p., for all English imported horses, Calcutta weight for age, R. C. To close the 1st of December, and name the day before the race by 2 p. m. Three subscribers, or no race.

Second Day, Thursday, 30th of December, 1841.—Fifteenth Renewal of the Calcutta Great Welter Stakes of 10 g. m. each, with 50 g. m. from the funds, R. C., 11 st. 7 lb. each; gentlemen riders; horses to be entered the day before the race by 2 p. m.

The Auckland Cup, presented by the Right Honourable the Governor-General, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 g. m. each, 10 forfeit if declared by 2 p. m. the day before the race, for all horses, weight for age as below, two miles and a half. *English horses to carry 3 st. above the stipulated weight for Arabs.* To close and name the 1st of December, 1841, by 2 p. m.

<i>Cape, C. B. and N. S. Wales.</i>		<i>Arabs.</i>
2 years	a feather.	
3	7 st. 2 lb.	6 st. 12 lb.
4	8 st. 5 lb.	7 st. 12 lb.
5	8 st. 12 lb.	8 st. 5 lb.
6 & aged	9 st. 1 lb.	8 st. 8 lb.

A Purse of 50 g. m., added to a Sweepstakes of 50 g. m. each, h. f. if declared by 2 p. m. the day before the race, for maiden c. b. horses, Calcutta weight for age, R. C. To close the 1st of July, and name the day before the race by 2 p. m. Three subscribers, or no race.

Sweepstakes of 25 g. m. with 25 from the funds, for all Arabs purchased from native dealers in Calcutta, 8 st. 7 lb. each, R. C. To close the 1st of July, and name the day before the race, by 2 p. m. Three subscribers, or no race.

Sweepstakes of 50 g. m. each, h. f. if declared by 2 p. m. the day

before the race, for maiden Arabs, 8 st. 7 lb. each, Gilbert mile; horses that never started before the day of the race, allowed 7 lb. To close the 1st of July, and name the day before the race by 2 P. M. Three subscribers, or no race.

THE CHASE.—The hunting season has opened with every promise of a brilliant career. At Melton, preparations are going on rapidly for the reception of those members of the hunt, who make that pretty town their head quarters. Regular business with the Royal hounds commences to-day; they have, however, already had some capital by-days. Mr. Villebois' staghounds had a splendid run in the second week of October, and the Pytchley, a slice of similar luck about the same time. Mr. Bradley has given up his staghounds, that afforded such first-rate sport in the neighbourhood of Leamington; but the South Warwickshire foxhounds will be found a good substitute. The North Warwickshire are also in strong force this year. The Atherstone remain *in statu quo*; the reputation of that establishment needs no further comment. In West Sussex, General Wyndham comes out with energy and *éclat*, increased ten-fold by the unworthy opposition and annoyance to which he has been exposed. "Is it an enemy hath done this thing?" Yea, and that enemy his own brother, who, upon a personal quarrel, hath laboured to destroy the social enjoyment of his nearest relative, and the sport of his neighbour. But neither this, nor instances like it, if indeed such could occur again, can permanently injure the cause of foxhunting, *magna est, et prevalet!* How truly we prognosticate, our next number will show.

COURSING.—The lovers of the leash are "up and stirring." The Ardrossan Club Meeting, on the 14th and 15th ult., was attended by all the great Northern coursers, and produced excellent running; the details will be duly reported in our Coursing Register. We propose, in future, giving notices of the various meetings devoted to this sport, upon a scale suited to its rapidly increasing importance and popularity.

AMERICAN TROTTING.—A great match in harness, two-mile heats, for 900 dollars, came off lately at Toronto, between Mr. Peters's chesnut horse, Trial, and Mr. Bernard's brown mare, The Queen, Mr. Peters posting 500 to Mr. Bernard's 400 dollars. The race excited considerable interest, and was decided, in two heats, in favour of The Queen. Time, six minutes four seconds—six minutes thirteen seconds. In the first heat, Trial, who had the inside, led for the first mile at a middling good pace, and kept a-head for half-a-mile in the second time round, at an improved movement; The Queen then challenged him, and a sharp brush ensued, when Trial broke, and The Queen went forward and won; the second mile was done in two minutes fifty-eight seconds. For the second heat, the mare had the inside, but, after a fine trial of speed, the horse took it, and led handsomely, but, startled at the shouting of the people in the Stand, he broke, and lost full twenty-five yards before he got all right again. The mare, in the meantime, improved her step, and made a wide gap, which the horse could not close up, although he certainly trotted his wickedest. Trial, we still think to be the faster horse; but the finer temper of The

Queen gives her a decided advantage over any opponent, when the pace is nearly equal. At St. Louis Races, a trotting-match came off for 500 dollars, p.p., mile heats, under the saddle, between Dr. S——'s gr. g. Comet, and James Wheelan's gr. m. Maid of the West, which was decided in favour of the former, in two heats. Time, three minutes two and a half seconds—two minutes fifty-nine seconds. This match created a great deal of excitement. The mare had been the favourite since the match was made, at about 2 to 1. She had figured as the terror of the town for a long time, from the fact of her having been sold at an enormous price, and her speed rated at two minutes forty-eight seconds. The horse was unknown, except as an awkward brute, which had been sold for sixty dollars, and had not been brought into notice until within about a month, when the "fancy trainer," Fred. W——e, took him in hand, and by the virtue and efficiency of a three-minute machine, which his genius had planned and executed, to the astonishment of all, in that short time he makes him a "rowzer," and threw down the gauntlet to the mare. The horse *was* green, but the backers "more so." Frank Chase, the star rider of the south and west, handled the horse in his usual felicitous style, and James Wheelan, (brother to William and Peter, of N. Y.) managed the mare, and did with her all that could be done, but the gods declared against him. The mare could not "score up" the promised "forties." The betting, at the start, took a turn; the horse was the favourite at 2 to 1, and few takers. Two false starts in the first heat, in both of which the mare broke, plainly showed her glory had departed. Just after the drum was tapped, a dog which had been foolishly taken to the course, and as foolishly let loose, ran after the mare, which broke her; he then ran on, caught the horse by the tail, which somewhat impeded his progress, and he retained his hold until he was violently thrown against the inner railing, where he lay until the mare again passed by. It was surprising the horse did not break, for "the fancy trainer" stated that there had been no dog allowed to go on the machine with the horse. The mare, after the break, made a desperate struggle to reach the horse, but in vain. She appeared to come down the straight side, at the speed of a quarter horse. Time, three minutes two and a half seconds. The second heat was a repetition of the first, (barring the dog). Wheelan made another tremendous dash in the home stretch, but to no purpose. Time, two minutes fifty-nine seconds.

DESTRUCTION OF LEWES RACE STAND.—At daybreak, on Tuesday, the 19th ult., the Lewes Race Stand was discovered to be on fire; and in a short time nothing was left standing but the walls. The lower part of the building is covered to a depth of several inches with tan; and it is supposed that, during a race which took place on the course on the previous day, a spark from a lighted cigar was thrown on the floor, which, after smouldering during the night amongst the tan, eventually burst into a flame. There is, however, a rumour of a light being seen about the Stand during the night.



Mr. Oldbuck on horseback.



Mr. Oldbuck is thrown. His steed retreats to its stable.

LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS.

SEVERAL works have been received, which shall have early notice; among them *one* with instant claims on the attention of all who bear the human form. It is entitled "Extracts from the Prison Reports," being a statement, recently laid before the legislature, of deeds done in the Metropolis of the most Christian country of the world, that would blast the history of the most barbarous nation of savages. Let any man turn to pages 49 and 50, and read that which, within a few months, has occurred in the heart of the city of London, in an asylum, under the immediate care of her magistrates, and supported at a cost of thousands to her citizens, and ask himself, can such things be? Is not the tale some horrible illusion—some monstrous dream of frenzy?

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. OBADIAH OLDBUCK. Tilt and Bogue, Fleet-street.

A HIGHLY humorous series of eighty-four plates, depicting the adventures of a sportsman-extraordinary, one Mr. Oldbuck, and setting forth "the crosses, chagrins, calamities, checks, chills, changes, and circumgyrations by which his courtship was attended; showing also the issue of his suit, and his espousal to his lady-love."

Mr. Oldbuck is a sort of amatory Quixote, who, obtaining only a southern view of a fair dame, as she walks in a garden, probably judges of her face by inference, and goes through all sorts of perils in pursuit of her. He appears to have as many lives as a cat; for the sword, the halter, starvation, drowning, burying alive, and every other imaginable calamity, conspire to baulk his hopes; but with indomitable perseverance he displays new vigour after each catastrophe. "The course of true love never did run smooth," and Mr. Oldbuck's perils are another proof of it. The hero's companions in his adventures are his horse and dog, who are fated to endure as many miseries as their master. Rosinante never suffered half the hardships of Mr. Oldbuck's steed. Plates XXV. and XXVI. furnish a laughable commentary on "the condition of hunters." The miserable skeleton horse, converted, by the miraculous effects of a clover-field, into a living monster of fat, which bursts like a bottle of soda-water, and blows his master into the air, would supply a scene for a pantomime. The faithful dog, too, sympathizing with the lover, grows fat or lean, as his master prospers, or otherwise. Mr. Oldbuck, on his horse, riding post (Plate LIV.), is evidently an equestrian of no common order.

We have selected, as a specimen, Plate XIV., which, to our thinking, conveys a useful lesson, and shows the fallacy of "wise saws and modern instances." *These* warn us of the dangers of "putting our foot in it." Mr. Oldbuck's downfall is caused by *not* putting his foot in it.—Q.E.D.

This illustration conveys but an inadequate notion of the merits of the work, which is an absolute novelty in its way; every page is rich and racy; most of them divided into two or three scenes; they will inevitably send the most misanthropical to bed with sides aching with

laughter, and determine the suicidically-inclined to defer hanging himself, at least, in the present November; and, probably, encouraged by Mr. Oldbuck's happy fate, to live on in hope of a similar issue from his bad fortunes. The work is altogether one of the cleverest productions of the season, wittily conceived and artistically executed, and, on a long winter's evening, the very thing to keep the family table in a roar within, in defiance of the storm that roars without.

A HISTORY OF BRITISH FOREST-TREES. By P. J. Selby, F. L. S., M. W. S., &c. Parts II. and III. London: Van Voorst, Paternoster Row. 1841.

IN our literary notices for September, we briefly alluded to the appearance of the first number of this publication, at the same time stating our disinclination to give an opinion upon the probable merits or demerits of any work from the specimen afforded by a Part. Without departing from the spirit of that principle, we may, however, place before the reader means of arriving at a partial judgment for himself—in the present instance the more willingly, because we are much pleased with the manner in which Mr. Selby has treated his very interesting and important subject as far as he has gone. Our extract will convey a fair idea of the literary character of the work.

“THE MOUNTAIN, WYCH OR SCOTCH ELM.

“*Ulmus montana*. BAUH. Pin. 427.
SMITH'S Eng. Flor. ii. p. 22.
HOOKER'S Br. Flor. p. 142.
LINDL. Syn. p. 227.
MACKAY'S Flor. Hibern. p. 1. p. 241.
LOUDON'S Arb. Brit. part III. ch. ci. p. 1398.

“Whatever doubts may be entertained in regard to the origin, or first introduction of the *U. campestris* and its allied kinds, there can be none as to the indigenous growth of the Wych Elm, which is allowed by all to be a native of the British Islands. In the southern parts of England it is less common than in the northern districts, and it becomes more abundant and more generally dispersed as we advance into Scotland, where it forms a prominent feature in the wooded scenery of that romantic and picturesque country; it delights in those deep glens and denes which are so common in its mountainous districts, for in these it finds a soil congenial to its nature, being generally rich and loose, and frequently mixed with the debris of rocks, through which the moisture percolates with ease, and at the bottom of these ravines there usually flows a stream whose brinks are enriched by deposition brought from above, and are well adapted to the constitution and long tough roots of this tree. It is also the native Elm of Ireland, where it flourishes in situations similar to those of the sister isles. Upon the Continent it appears to give place, at least in the champaign districts, to the *U. campestris* and its varieties, or else, as seems probable, it is there considered as another form of that species, being apparently unknown in France and Germany under the title of *U. montana*; this seems confirmed by Loudon's remark that the *Cevennes Elm*, considered a variety of *U. montana*, is a native of the south of France. It is, however, indigenous to the elevated forests of Switzerland, and we are informed of Germany also, under whatever name it may be known; and it is not improbable that the opinion of some botanists may be correct, viz., that the *U. campestris* of Linnæus refers to the *U. montana* of modern authors.

“Instead of the upright pyramidal growth, and long continuous trunk of the *U. campestris*, the Wych Elm forms a large spreading tree, generally losing its central column at no very great height from the ground, in the great diverging limbs which go to form its magnificent head. The branches, from

their weight of foliage and rampant growth, usually take a drooping direction, and in fine old trees are almost pendulous, and hang in rich festoons.

"The leaves are much larger than those of *U. campestris*, or any of its allied kinds, being broadly elliptical, with a longer point, and more deeply serrated; their upper surface is roughened with small hairy tubercles, the under surface downy, with the ribs hairy at their origin and subdivisions. The bark of the young shoots is downy, but the branches never become suberous or uneven. The flowers are on longish peduncles, and more loosely tufted than those of the *U. campestris*; they are of a purplish red colour, and give a rich aspect to the ramification of the tree, previous to the expansion of the leaves; and the samera is nearly orbicular, with a notch reaching about half-way to the seed.

"Unlike the *U. campestris* and its group, the Wych Elm never throws up suckers from the roots, though a bunch of parasitical shoots are frequently seen issuing from the bottom of the stem; the want of suckers, as a mode of propagating itself, is, however, amply compensated by the abundance of perfect seed it produces.

"In beauty of form, and not less in picturesque effect, the Wych Elm holds a distinguished place among our British forest trees; and though Gilpin allows it to be generally more picturesque than the English Elm, we agree in the remark of his tasteful editor, Sir T. Dick Lauder, that he has scarcely done justice to its merits. This omission or oversight, however, has been repaired by the latter in his appropriate comment upon Gilpin's text: 'For our part,' he observes, 'we consider the Wych or Scottish Elm, as one of the most beautiful trees in our British Sylva. The trunk is so bold and picturesque in form, covered, as it frequently is, with huge excrescences; the limbs and branches also are so free and graceful in their growth, and the foliage is so rich, without being heavy or clumpy as a whole, and the head is generally so finely massed, and yet so well broken, as to render it one of the noblest of park trees, and, when it grows wildly amid the rocky scenery of its native Scotland, there is no tree which assumes so great or so pleasing a variety of character; our associations with it in such scenes lead us to prize it highly.' To attain its full dimensions and characteristic form, the Wych Elm requires a deep rich soil, sufficiently damp, but not near to stagnant moisture; thus, it luxuriates in those deep alluvial soils, deposited in the valleys watered by our rivers, such as the various river dales of Yorkshire, where it may be seen in its finest forms among the rich enclosures skirting the river Tees, at Easby Abbey, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, and again in the haughs of the Teviot and Tweed, near Kelso, where noble and thriving examples are now rearing aloft their umbrageous heads, at the same time that the remains of the famed trysting tree, one of the largest Wych Elms on record, is still in existence. It is also from the loose texture and general good quality of the soil, through which moisture percolates with facility, that the deep dells and denes of Scotland and the north of England, become the appropriate habitat of this Elm, and in which it frequently exhibits itself in forms the most picturesque and beautiful, particularly in such as are of a rocky and precipitous character. On dry gravels and clays of almost every description, it never thrives well, or attains any considerable size, for, though it may grow for a few years after being planted, with apparent luxuriance, it only does so as long as the surface soil remains unexhausted by its spongy wide-spreading roots, for it never fails to sicken and show unhealthy symptoms as soon as it touches the clayey substratum beneath. The introduction of the Wych Elm to the great extent it has been carried, in all artificial mixed plantations in the north of England and Scotland, without regard to the nature of the soil, or the peculiar habits of the tree, has been a great error and mistake; disappointment has, in consequence, followed, upon all soils of inferior quality, and, instead of a thriving crop of useful timber, the planter, after years of anxious expectation, beholds nothing but a set of hide-bound, unhealthy, and decaying trees. The rapid and rampant growth of this species for the first few years after planting, even in poor soils, and the value of its timber where it attains large scantling and

maturity, were, no doubt, the inducements that led to this extensive cultivation, to which also may be added the further inducement held out to nurserymen to recommend it to their customers, as it was a plant they could raise in any quantity at a very trifling cost, and which returned a quick and ready profit, as the young trees were often fit to be removed from the nursery at the age of two years.

"But the failure of the Wych Elm as a profitable tree upon the generality of soils appropriated to planting, is not the only or the least of the evils that have attended its almost unlimited introduction, for it has not only failed in itself, but has too frequently been the cause of preventing the growth and progress of other trees. The Wych Elm we consider, from its habit and growth, to be less calculated for mixed plantations than almost any other tree with which we are acquainted, not even excepting the ash, particularly where the oak, a tree that cannot bear close interference, is intended to form the principal or ultimate crop, for, in addition to the rapid growth we have noticed during its early years, although upon soil in which it may never ultimately arrive at any respectable size, it has what Matthew, in his treatise upon naval timber, calls 'a peculiar, fan-like, sloping-to-one-side spread of branch,' giving it at all ages a wide-spreading head, which, rising above its slower growing neighbours, not only lashes them with severity, but deprives them of their due share of light and air, and soon suffocates or reduces them to a weak, unhealthy state, from which, extermination of their enemy by the free use of the axe is the only chance of recovering them. This we have learnt from experience, for, in some extensive plantations, executed by contract, or at so much per acre, about twenty-eight years ago, the Wych Elm was introduced to excess, and in these plantations the oaks and other trees have only been preserved and kept in healthy condition, by unremitting attention to the timely thinning out of their unruly neighbours.*

"The only situations in which the Wych Elm can be planted in mass, or in numbers together, as a principal crop with a view to profit, appear to be rich banks, such as those of rivers, deep dells, &c., too steep for agricultural operations; for we hold that if land, such as this Elm requires to bring it to perfection, can be subjected to the plough, it would, under cultivation, pay the proprietor a much higher interest than any timber that could be grown. In such localities the Elms should be planted at distances of six or eight feet apart, otherwise they very soon interfere with and injure each other; a thin sprinkling of larch, pine, or birch, might be introduced to vary the effect, and these would, at the periods of thinning, soon repay the cost of planting, by furnishing a supply of posts, railing, &c.

"As an ornamental tree in parks and lawns, where the soil is of good quality, it may be freely introduced, and in all rich districts it ought to constitute one of the principal hedgerow trees."

THE SHEEP AND THE HOG, from Professor Low's "Domestic Animals of the British Islands." London: Longman and Co.

WE proceed, without any preface, to the extracts upon these subjects promised at the conclusion of the notice of Parts VIII., IX., and X., of Mr. Lowe's great national work, in our last number.

THE SOUTH DOWN BREED.

"Of the breeds of short-woolled sheep, which formerly inhabited the mountains, downs, forests, and less fertile districts of the country, some, it has been seen, were distinguished by being of small size, by being mostly destitute of horns, and by having the legs and

* "Planters seem now to have discovered the error of introducing the Wych Elm so freely into mixed plantations, and by many it is interdicted; in consequence it is becoming comparatively scarce in the sale nurseries."

faces white ; and to this class is to be referred the beautiful little breed of Herefordshire, and other districts west of the Severn, already mentioned. But another class of breeds, still more diffused, is distinguished by the individuals having the legs and faces of a dark colour, and, in most cases, by the presence of horns in both sexes. Under this class is comprehended the black-faced heath breed, which, it has been seen, inhabits the central chain of bleak mountains which stretch from the borders of Scotland southwards. This breed has large spiral horns, has the face and limbs covered with black hair, and has a moderately short, yet harsh and shaggy fleece. But these characters, proper to the race in the more elevated mountains which it inhabits, yield to the influence of external agents, so that, as we recede from the wilder country, a change appears in the form and aspect of the animals, and in the properties of the wool. Westward of the central mountains, in the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, the wool becomes more soft, and the form of the animals less robust. In the Yorkshire Wolds, to which the same race formerly extended, there was an equal deviation from the parent type ; and still more in the commons and forests of Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and other inland counties. As we approach to the confines of Wales, the black-faced breeds approximate more to the characters of the sheep of the higher Welsh mountains, the wool becoming more soft. Approaching to the Welsh type are the Delamere Forest breed, in the county of Cheshire, and the Morfe Common breed, in the county of Shropshire. The latter inhabited a country of limited extent near Bridgenorth, on the Severn ; and, until our own times, was noted for the fineness of its wool. A similar race extended southward through Herefordshire, which, for the delicacy and softness of its wool, was reckoned little inferior to the Ryeland itself. Turning to the great chalk districts of England, occupying the south-eastern parts of the island, there were likewise numerous varieties of short-woolled sheep, in some of which the horns, and even the dark colour of the face and limbs, disappeared. In this class are the Old Norfolk, still inhabiting the heaths of Norfolk and Cambridge, the Old Wiltshire, Old Berkshire, the Hampshire, and numerous minor varieties, which formerly possessed the various commons and heaths of this part of England. But, of all these varieties, now the most important and generally diffused, is that which inhabits the range of chalky hills of Sussex, commonly termed the South Downs.

“The South Downs of Sussex consist of a range of low chalky hills, of five or six miles in breadth, stretching along the coast upwards of sixty miles, and passing into the chalky lands of Hants on the west. In contact with this range of hills is a tract of low cultivated ground, which is usually connected with the Down farms, although many of the latter have no vale or flat land attached. The herbage of these hills is short, but well adapted for the keeping of sheep, of which vast numbers have, in every known period, occupied the pastures. Whilst the dryness of the air, the moderate elevation of the land, and consequent mildness of the climate, are all eminently favourable to the rearing of a race of down, or mountain sheep, the contact of the cultivated country affords the means of supplying artificial food in due quantity. It is this combination of favourable circumstances which

has rendered these calcareous hills capable of supporting a greater number of sheep than, perhaps, any tract of similar fertility in the country, and has afforded the means to the breeders of applying the resources of artificial feeding to their improvement. The original breed of the Sussex Downs was not superior to that of many other districts of the chalk formation; but the means of supplying the animals with artificial food, which the geographical situation of this long and narrow chain of hills in contact with the richer country afforded, aided the breeders in applying to the improvement of the race a system of breeding and feeding, which has rendered the South Down breed the most esteemed in the countries suited to it of all the short-woolled sheep of England.

“The native breed of the South Down hills was of the smaller kind of sheep, with light fore-quarters, narrow chests, long necks, and long, though not coarse limbs. The wool was short, fine, and curling, although not equalling in delicacy and softness that of the white-faced hornless breed of the western counties, nor even that of the black-faced varieties of the older forests and commons. Both sexes were destitute of horns, at least up to the times of which we have any records; but it is probable that the older race was possessed of horns, like other varieties inhabiting the same kind of country. The faces and limbs were covered with black hair; and a tendency existed in the entire fleece to assume the same colour.

“The modern South Down breed is destitute of horns in the male and female, has the face and legs of a dusky grey, and has the body closely covered with short and curling wool. While the general form of the older breed has been preserved, the too great lightness of the fore-quarters has been corrected, the chest has been widened, the back and loins have become broader, and the ribs more curved; and the trunk has been rendered more symmetrical and compact. The limbs have become more short with relation to the body, or, in other words, the body has become more large with relation to the limbs. The neck retains the arched form characteristic of the older race, but has become more short. The wool comes well forward upon the face, and terminates in a tuft on the forehead. The animals are docile in their tempers, and suited to the husbandry of the fold, which is yet generally pursued in the Downs. They are capable of subsisting on the short herbage of the drier soils, and yield mutton which has always been held in great estimation. The wethers are usually fattened after having completed their second year, although individuals of superior flocks are often ready at the age of about fifteen months; whereas the wethers of the older breed were rarely killed until they had completed their third, or arrived at their fourth year.

“It is to the effects of careful culture under favourable circumstances, that the modern South Downs owe the superiority which they have acquired over all the other short-woolled sheep of the midland and southern counties of England. With the advancement of tillage, and the larger production of turnips and other succulent plants, the breeders of Sussex had the means of treating their animals well while advancing to maturity; while increased attention was given to the selection of the breeding parents, and to the consequent calling forth of those properties of form which evince the tendency to arrive at early

maturity of muscle and fatness. The improvement of the South Down breed began about the period of the American war, but it received its chief impulse with the commencement of the contest with the French Republic, and has continued progressive until the present time. Amongst the individuals most distinguished as the improvers of this breed was the late John Ellman. This gentleman began his important experiments about the year 1780, when he acquired possession of the farm of Glynde, near Lewes, in the county of Sussex. He remained in this farm more than fifty years, during which period he directed his attention, in an especial degree, to the improvement of the native sheep of the Downs. He pursued his system of progressive change with judgment, perseverance, and zeal; and he must be regarded as one of the most skilful and successful breeders whom this country has produced. He displayed none of the too narrow selfishness which, it is to be regretted, appeared in the proceedings of his distinguished contemporary, Mr. Bakewell. He freely communicated the details of his valuable practice, and showed himself to be entirely exempt from illiberal prejudices. He did not experience the necessity of creating, as it were, a breed, but was contented to adopt the basis which was afforded him in the one already naturalized in the Sussex Downs. He did not carry any of his principles of breeding to an extreme, but acted under the guidance of temperance and judgment. He sought for the properties of health and soundness of constitution, as well as for those of external form, and facility of fattening; and therefore he did not, like Bakewell, confine himself rigidly to the blood of his own stock, but resorted to others, that he might infuse fresh vigour into his flocks, and prevent them from becoming too delicate. His aim, in short, was the really useful; and, though he reaped the due reward of his enterprise and skill, it was never obtained by arts of any kind, by deception, or useless ostentation. His character throughout was one of sincerity and manly simplicity; and it is pleasing to add, that he closed a long and honourable life respected and regretted by all that came under the influence of his social virtues. He died in 1832, having entered into his eightieth year."

WILD HOG.

"The Wild Hog, *Sus aper*, is the inhabitant of the temperate and warmer parts of the Old Continent and its islands. His colour varies with age, and in some cases with climate, but it is usually a dusky brown, with black spots and streaks. His skin is covered with coarse hairs or bristles, but with a soft wool intermixed, and with coarser and longer bristles upon the neck and spine, which he erects when in anger. He is a very bold and powerful creature, and becomes more fierce and indocile with age. He feeds on herbs, and delights in roots, which his nice sense of smell and touch enables him to find beneath the surface. He feeds, too, on animal substances, as worms and larvæ, which he finds under ground, on the eggs of birds, and on the young of animals, which he comes upon in his progress, and even on snakes, which, though venomous, he attacks with impunity. He eats, too, of carrion, but very rarely, and perhaps only when pressed by hunger. Like other hoofed animals, he is unfitted to capture animals that secure themselves by flight. He dwells in moist and shady places, which he quits in search of food when the shades of

evening fall, and he employs the night in search of food, grubbing up the ground in long ridges. He is swift of foot, keeping pace for a time with a horse at speed. His common pace is a walk or trot, though, when urged, he passes into the gallop. He readily descends steep places, notwithstanding his bulky form. He bites with prodigious force, and inflicts desperate wounds with his sharp and crooked tusks. He quickly bleeds to death, so that he is not so tenacious of life as the bear and some other animals.

“The female carries her young for four months, or sixteen weeks. She produces a litter once in the year, and in much smaller numbers than when in the domestic state. She is rarely seen with the male but in the rutting season, which, in our latitudes, is in the months of December and January. She suckles her young for several months, and retains them for a yet longer time afterwards to protect them. When assailed, she defends her offspring with surprising courage, and the young reward her cares by a long attachment. She is often seen to be followed by several families, forming a troop formidable to their assailants, and destructive by their ravages to the vineyards and cultivated fields. When the young have acquired sufficient strength to protect themselves from their enemies, they generally assume the solitary habits of the race, and dwell apart in the recesses of the forest. The male is endowed with the singular instinct of seeking to destroy his own young at the birth, as if to prevent too great an increase of the numbers of his race. The female, conscious of the danger, seeks to conceal herself for a time after the young are born.

“There is something noble in the courage of this powerful and solitary creature. All his strength seems to be given him for self-defence. He injures no one, unless when disturbed in his retreat, or in the search of the food which his nature leads him to seek. He does not court a combat with enemies that thirst for his blood, but for the most seeks to secure himself by betaking himself to the nearest covert. If attacked by savage dogs, he sullenly retreats, turning often upon them, and driving them back by his formidable tusks. When wearied and tormented, and forced at length to fight for his life, he turns on his persecuters, and aims at vengeance. If struck by the spear or ball of his pursuers, he has been known to disregard all his other enemies, and single out his destroyer. When pursued by dogs, he rushes fiercely upon the foremost and strongest, maiming and killing numbers of the pack in an incredibly short time. In like manner, he dashes upon the foremost horseman, overthrowing the horse and rider in a moment.

“The hunting of the wild hog has been from early times a sylvan sport, familiar to the people of Asia and Europe. The classic writers of Greece and Rome abound with allusions to the chase of this dangerous creature. Homer, the magic of whose genius carries us back through thirty centuries to the homes and feelings of the rustic warriors of his country, refers to the grisly tenant of the woods in a multitude of passages that live in the memory of every scholar. Later writers inform us, that the practice was to hunt him with large dogs, to encounter him with spears or javelins, and sometimes, it would seem, to drive him into nets or pallsades, in the manner pursued in Europe until our own times. During the middle ages, we have numerous accounts of the hunting of the wild boar. In England, the rude

Anglo-Saxons brought to their new country the fondness for this sport which they had acquired in their native forests; and our chroniclers and early writers describe the arms employed, which seem to have been chiefly the boar-spear, and powerful dogs trained to the chase. The animals, however, became gradually thinned in numbers by the persecution to which they were subjected; and the Norman invaders endeavoured to protect them, by their numerous forest laws, against the encroachments of the people. A law of William I. enacts, that any one found guilty of killing a wild boar shall have his eyes put out, and other savage enactments are on record for preserving this and other beasts of venery. The wild hogs continued for some centuries after the Norman conquest to linger in the woods of Scotland and England, and many places in both kingdoms retain names derived from reminiscences connected with their existence, and the heraldic devices of illustrious families record the valour used in their destruction. Fitzstephen, who wrote in the latter part of the twelfth century, in the reign of Henry II., informs us, that wild boars abounded, together with wolves, wild bulls, and other game, in the great forests surrounding London; and we learn from the Scottish writers their existence in the woods of Caledon. The precise period of their disappearance in Britain has not been determined. Charles I. endeavoured to restore the race in the New Forest, but all the animals he turned loose for this purpose, were destroyed during the civil wars.

“But the forests of other countries of Europe, as of Russia, Poland, Germany, and Spain, yet contain the wild hog, along with his perpetual enemy, the wolf. He is killed by fire-arms, or destroyed by the ancient methods of the boar-spear, and pursuit of hounds. The Germans, in an especial degree, have retained their fondness for this exercise; but it is solely the occupation of the lords of the soil, whose rights of chase are guarded by rigorous laws. Sometimes the animals are butchered in great numbers together; they are driven into enclosed spaces in the woods, by surrounding their places of retreat, when, as they issue forth, terrified by shouts and clamour, they are killed by fire-arms and spears.

“But the most animating accounts we possess of the modern hunting of the wild boar, are from our countrymen in the East, where the gallantry and address of the youthful hunters, console us for the shedding of the blood of animals so unoffending, and so brave in their own defence. The hogs inhabit the thick jungles of the country, which men and horses cannot penetrate; but often they quit these impenetrable coverts, either driven by the periodical firing of the jungle-grass, or proceeding in search of food, into the plantations of sugar-canes, and the fields of rice, or of rhur (a kind of legume, growing from four to six feet high), which are often of great extent, or into the patches of long grasses, several feet high, which are found in these countries of rich vegetation.”

These extracts will be continued.

THE GROWTH OF SALMON IN FRESH WATER. By William Yarrell, F.L.S., &c. &c., with Six Coloured Illustrations. London: Van Voorst, Paternoster-row.

THE “counterfeit presentments” here afforded of the queen of fishes, might draw water from mouths that fortunate experience hath

made familiar with the flavour of a jowl and lobster sauce (some people prefer the accompaniment of capers, we like either, or both). It was our intention to have transferred to our pages the author's opinions upon that much mooted inquiry, the breed, seed, and generation of salmon; but we were choked off by the opening paragraph, containing the "delicate investigation" of Mr. John Shaw, of Drumlanrig, Dumfriesshire. However, to the curious in fish we recommend Mr. Yarrell's treatise; if it only promote the growth of salmon in our waters, and our bills of fare, surely it will be admitted that the Vice President of the Zoological Society "has done the state some service."

 FINE ARTS.

THE MELTON HUNT. Painted by Francis Grant, Esq., S.A., and Engraved in the first style of Mezzotinto, by Mr. Humphrys. London: Graves and Co., Pall Mall. 1841.

WE have received a proof before letters of this splendid work, so long and so anxiously looked for: it is the third historical sporting picture for which we are indebted to the genius of Mr. Grant, each a performance that does honour alike to the artist and his country. On the appearance of the "Meet of Her Majesty's Stag-hounds," and "The Melton Breakfast," we spoke of them both as *chefs-d'œuvres* of their class. The success of the first was, probably, greater than had ever before attached to any publication of its kind: in the ratio that the taste for fox-hunting excels that for the chase of the stag, we prognosticate "The Melton Hunt" will exceed the "Meet of the Royal Hounds" in *éclat* and popularity. In our number for July last, we gave an etching from the Melton Hunt, together with a brief sketch of its *dramatis personæ*, which now form a pamphlet presented with each copy of the engraving. Our opinion of the general character of the work, and the master who achieved it, cannot be better expressed than in the words we applied to it at that time. "The day is long passed when any lover of the fine arts, more especially of that department of them which relates to sporting, needs information upon the style, keeping, or execution of Mr. Grant's pictures. It has been well said of him, that he has very far surpassed all his predecessors in elevating a branch of the arts heretofore considered so minor, as to be consigned, almost exclusively, to inferior artists. During the century and a half in which hunting has been pursued as the peculiar sport of this land, no pictorial biography of the chase (if the term may be permitted) was essayed, till the appearance of this gentleman's 'Meet of Her Majesty's Stag-hounds, on Ascot Heath;' then followed 'The Melton Breakfast,' and now we have 'The Melton Hunt,' works that shall secure for the artist, fame, so long as taste and genius are held in estimation, or one lover of the good old English sport of fox-hunting shall be found among us." The nature of the engraving (which Mr. Humphrys has performed with a skill and talent every way worthy the master he followed) is a combination of the "line" and mezzotint style, admirably calculated to give effect to all the delicate beauties of the original. The portraits are living likenesses, and distinguished by that minuteness of characteristic keeping which forms so great a charm in all Mr. Grant's pictures.

TURF REGISTER.

* It is not thought convenient to give the details of the running at the Minor Meetings.

CANTERBURY RACES.

Stewards: H. Wilson, and C. M. Lushington, Esqs.

THURSDAY, August 5th.—The East Kent Stakes of 5 gs. each, with 50 sovs. added; three-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; horses having won once this year to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb. extra, matches excepted; the winner to be sold for £300, &c.; heats, two miles (four subscribers).

Mr. Hornsby's b. m. Revoke, by Camel, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Hornsby)	4	1	1
Mr. Klling's b. m. Dahlia, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	1 2 2
Mr. Sherard's br. c. The Major, by The Colonel, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	3 3 dr.
Lord Sondes's br. c. Lampos, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	2 dr.

The Barham Downs Plate of £50; weights and conditions the same as for the Sweepstakes, except that the winner was to be sold for 150 sovs., &c.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Balchin's b. m. Slang, by Young Grimaldi, aged, 9 st. (Balchin)	1 1
Mr. Dockeray's b. g. Munchausen, six years old, 8 st. 11 lb.	3 2
Mr. Clifton's ch. g. Whalebone, aged, 9 st. 2 lb.	4 3
Hon. J. Sandiland's b. m. Moleakin, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb.	2 dr.

The Hunters' Plate of fifty sovs., for horses that have hunted in the county of Kent during the last season, not being thorough-bred, 12 st. each; heats, two miles.

Mr. H. Rowe's ch. g. Dick, aged (Hornsby)	1 1
Mr. Radcliffe's b. m. Ann Jane Thornton, aged	2 2
Mr. Minter's br. m. Actress	3 dr.
Mr. Bushell's gr. g. Staring Bob, aged	4 dr.
Mr. Barling's bk. g. Provender, five years old, half-bred, by Young Soothsayer	5 dr.

FRIDAY.—The Queen's Plate of 100 gs.; three-year-olds, 8 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 6 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and aged, 10 st. 3 lb.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Hornsby's b. m. Revoke, by Camel, five years old (Hornsby)	1 1
Hon. J. Sandiland's b. m. Moleakin, four years old	2 2
Mr. Dockeray's b. g. Munchausen, six years old	3 3

The City Plate of £50; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 1 lb.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six, 9 st.; and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes this year, 3 lb.; of two, 5 lb.; of three, 7 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for £123 if demanded, &c.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Dockeray's b. h. Lyster, by Rowton, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Butler)	4	1	1
Hon. J. Sandiland's br. g. Easingwold, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	1 4 4
Mr. Clifton's ch. g. Whalebone, aged, 9 st. 7 lb.	5 2 2
Lord Sondes's br. c. Lampos, three years old, 7 st. 1 lb.	2 3 3
Mr. Hodges's gr. g. The Chelsea Snob, half-bred, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb.	3 dr.

The Yeomanry Plate of £25, for horses ridden by the Non-commissioned Officers and Privates of the East Kent Yeomanry in the present year; to be ridden by persons belonging to the Corps; the Round Course, a mile and a distance; 12 st. each.

Mr. Minter's br. m. Actress (owner)	1
Mr. Bushell's gr. g. Staring Bob, aged	2
Mr. Barling's bk. g. Provender, five years old	3

WOLVERHAMPTON RACES.

Stewards: T. W. Giffard, Esq., and J. Bowes, Esq., M.P.

MONDAY, August 9th.—The Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 3 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 1 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; once round and a distance, mile and a quarter (six subscribers).

Mr. Heseltine's b. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, five years old (Heseltine)	1
Mr. Denham's b. g. Compensation, six years old (Whitehouse)	2
Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Prince Caradoc, three years old (Cartwright)	3
Sir T. Stanley's br. g. Apothecary, three years old (Templeman)	0

Lord Chesterfield's br. h. Molineux, four years old (Nat) 0
 Mr. Skerratt's b. c. Hudibras, three years old (Stagg) 0

Betting: 5 to 4 on Caradoc, 5 to 2 agst. Compensation, and 5 to 2 agst. The Shadow.

A Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1837; once round, mile and a quarter (four subscribers).

Mr. Marshall's bk. f. Vesta, by Voltaire, 8 st. 3 lb. walked over.

The Wolverhampton Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added (handicapped), 15 ft.; the second to save his Stake; the winner to pay 20 sovs. towards the expenses of the Course; twice round and a distance (sixty-four subscribers, of whom thirty-two declared.)

Mr. Bell's La Sage Femme, by Physician or Gainsborough, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Heseltine) 1
 Earl of Lichfield's bk. h. The Corsair, five years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Wakefield) 2
 Mr. Painter's b. h. Ernest the First, five years old, 8 st. (Marlow) 0
 Mr. Milner's br. h. Humphrey, six years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (W. Marson) 0
 Mr. G. Clarke's ch. g. Recorder, five years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Nat) 0
 Lord Chesterfield's brother to Prize Flower, five years old, 7 st. (Francis) 0
 Col. Anson's b. f. La Gitana, three years old, 5 st. 6 lb. (Foster) 0
 Mr. Mynor's b. h. Clarion, five years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Darling) 0
 Mr. Robinson's b. h. Melbourne, aged, 9 st. 7 lb. (Templeman) 0
 Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, five years old, 8 st. (Stagg) 0

Betting: 7 to 2 agst. La Sage Femme, 4 to 1 agst. The Corsair, 4 to 1 agst. Recorder, 7 to 1 agst. Melbourne, 8 to 1 agst. Humphrey, 10 to 1 agst. Clarion, 12 to 1 agst. Ernest the First, and 12 to 1 agst. Retriever.

The Ladies' Purse of 50 sovs., free for any horse never having won or received forfeit before the day of entering; three-year-olds, 7 st. 3 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 1 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; half-bred horses, 6 lb.; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. R. J. Mostyn's b. f. Myrtle, by Stumps, three years old (Lye) ... 1 0 0 1
 Mr. E. Peel's gr. c. Rancour, three years old (Whitehouse) ... 0 0 1 2
 Mr. Saunders's ch. f. Chat, by Memnon, Jun., three years old (Noble) 0 1 0 3
 Mr. Collins's r. f. by Sir Hercules Euphrosyne, three years old, (Darling, Jun.) 2 0 2 4
 Mr. Mostyn's Peter the Great, three years old (Cartwright) 0 0 0 dr.
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Battledore, three years old (Nat) 0 0 0 dr.
 Mr. Bates's b. f. Country Lass, three years old (Dodgson) 0 0 0 dr.
 Mr. Marshall's bk. f. Vesta, by Voltaire, three years old (Foster) 0 0 0 dr.
 Mr. Davies's br. m. Margaret, six years old (Hardy) 0 2 dr.
 Lord Warwick's ch. f. Syria, three years old (Francis) 3 0 dr.
 Mr. Hawkes's b. m. Agnes, by Cain (Crouch) 0 0 dr.
 Mr. H. Mann's b. f. Missa Le Gros, three years old (Holmes) 0 dr.
 Mr. Farrall's b. f. La Belle, by Doncaster (Stagg) 0 dr.
 Mr. J. Walters's ch. g. The Baron, five years old (Marlow) 0 dr.

TUESDAY.—The Wolverhampton St. Leger of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Fund; three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; mile and three quarters (three subscribers).

Col. Anson na. b. c. The Duke of Wellington, by The Saddler (Holmes) ... 1
 Mr. Bristow's br. c. Sterne (Hardy) 2
 Mr. W. Jones's gr. c. Portrait (M. Jones) 3

Betting: 2 to 1 on the Duke.

The Chillington Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 50 added by the Town of Bilston; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; three quarters of a mile (six subscribers).

Mr. Bristow's b. e. Harroldston, brother to Sterne, by Dr. Faustus (Hardy) ... 1
 Mr. Buckley's b. c. David, by Physician—Rosalia (Whitehouse) 2
 Mr. J. Wood's b. f. by Voltaire, out of Trinket (Templeman) 3

Betting: 6 to 5 on Harroldston, 7 to 4 agst. David.

The Cleveland Cup of 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 each, the surplus in money, to which will be added 50 by the Fund; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 1 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 5 lb.; the winner of the Ascot or Goodwood Cups in 1841, 9 lb.; of both, 14 lb. extra; of either, and of any other Cup or Cup Stakes, or Queen's Plate, 12 lb. extra; the winner of any other Cup or Cup Stakes, or of a Queen's Plate, or of a Stake of more than £100 value in 1841, 3 lb.; of two or more, 6 lb. extra; the winner of the Ascot, Goodwood, or Doncaster Cups, Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger, in 1840, 6 lb. extra; maiden four-year-olds and upwards allowed 10 lb.; the second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the Stakes (three miles).

Mr. Johnstone's Charles the Twelfth, by Voltaire, five years old, 9 st. 13 lb. (J. Marson) 1
 Mr. Collins's gr. g. Isaac, aged, 9 st. 3 lb. (Darling) 2
 Mr. Hobson's br. c. Cainby, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb., allowed 10 lb. (W. Marson) 0
 Earl of Warwick's b. h. Melodrame, six years old, 9 st. 5 lb. (C. Marlow) ... 0

Betting: 6 to 5 on Charles XII., 5 to 2 agst. Cainby, 4 to 1 agst. Isaac, and 10 to 1 agst. Melodrame.

The Borough Members' Plate of 60 sovs., for all ages; the winner to be sold for £150 if demanded in the usual way; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and

aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners once in the present year, 3 lb. extra; twice, 5 lb.; thrice and upwards, 7 lb.; horses that have started three times the present year, and not won, to be allowed 3 lb.; entrance two guineas for the second horse; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Tyrer's b. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, five years old (M. Jones)	...	0	0	1	1
Mr. Buckley's ch. c. by Laurel—Shoehorn, three years old (Whitehouse)	...	0	1	0	2
Mr. Saunders's b. m. Kitty Cockle, aged (Marlow)	...	1	0	0	0
Lord Eglinton's ch. f. Annulet, four years old (Lye)	...	2	0	2	dr.
Mr. W. Jones's b. f. sister to Broadwath, three years old (W. Jones)	...	0	dr.		
Mr. Mostyn's Peter the Great, three years old (Cartwright)	...	0	dr.		
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. La Gitana, three years old (Francis)	...	0	dr.		

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred; three-year-olds, 8 st. 7 lb.; four, 9 st. 8 lb.; five, 10 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 6 lb.; a winner of £50 before naming, 5 lb.; twice, 3 lb.; thrice, 10 lb. extra; and a winner of a Cup or Stake of £100 at any one time previous to starting, to carry 8 lb. extra in addition; and a winner of a Cup, &c., of the value of £150, 14 lb. extra, in addition to the above extra weights; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; heats, once round, starting from the Stand, and coming in at the Winning Chair (four subscribers).

Mr. Jones's b. g. Henley, by the Tutor, four years old (Jones)	...	1	1
Mr. Cowley's b. g. Spangle, six years old (Calloway)	...	3	2
Mr. Robinson's br. m. Finality, aged (Wadiow)	...	2	3

WEDNESDAY.—The Wrottesley Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners the present year, 3 lb. extra; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; the winner of the St. Leger, 7 lb. extra, if carrying for a previous winning, 4 lb. extra; once round, starting from the Stand, coming in at the Chair (six subscribers).

Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Prince Caradoc, three years old (Cartwright)	...	1
Mr. Fowler's ch. f. Sunflower, three years old (G. Whitehouse)	...	2
Mr. Skerratt's b. f. Lydia, three years old (Stagg)	...	3
Lord Chesterfield's br. h. Molineux, four years old (Holmes)	...	4
Lord Wrottesley na. bk. h. Dunstan, four years old	...	dr.
Lord Ward na. bk. f. Vesta, three years old	...	dr.

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Prince Caradoc, 7 to 4 agst. Lydia, and 7 to 2 agst. Sunflower.

A Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for colts and fillies foaled in 1838; colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; once round, starting from the Stand, and coming in at the Stewards' Chair (three subscribers).

Mr. Griffiths's ch. c. Hereford, by Sir Hercules walked over.

The Holyoake Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with 50 added, &c., 10 ft., and 5 only if declared; the second horse to save his Stake; winner to pay 10 sovs. towards the expenses of the Course; twice round the Course and a distance (forty subscribers, thirty-one of whom declared).

Mr. F. R. Prince's ch. c. Tuly, by The Tulip, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Cartwright)	...	1
Major Hay's ch. Retriever, five years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (Stagg)	...	2
Mr. Eddison's ch. g. Recorder, five years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Francis)	...	3
Mr. Goodman's bk. c. Isabella, six years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (G. Whitehouse)	...	0
Mr. W. Collins's gr. g. Isaac, aged, 8 st. 6 lb. (Darling)	...	0
Sir C. Monck's b. m. Garland, six years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Lye)	...	0

Betting: 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 agst. Recorder, 3 to 1 agst. Tuly, 7 to 2 agst. Isabella, 4 to 1 agst. Isaac, and 7 to 1 agst. Garland.

The Hitley Park Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for the beaten horses of the present meeting; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 2 lb.; winner of £50 the present year to carry 2 lb.; of two of £50, or £100, 5 lb.; three or more, 8 lb. extra; heats, once round from the Stand (five subscribers).

Mr. Denham's b. g. Compensation, by Emancipation, six years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (G. Whitehouse)	...	1	1
Mr. Skerratt's b. c. Hudibras, three years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Stagg)	...	0	2
Mr. Jones's b. f. sister to Broadwath, three years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (Copeland)	...	0	3
Col. Anson's b. f. La Gitana, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Francis)	...	2	dr.
Lord Warwick's b. h. Melodrame, six years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Marlow)	...	0	dr.

KINGTON RACES.—MONDAY, AUGUST 9TH.

Steward: Sir John Walsh, Bart., M.P.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 35 added from the Fund, for horses of all ages; heats, twice round and a distance (five subscribers).

Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, by Whisker, aged, 10 st. (Hopwood)	...	1	2	1
Mr. J. Bosley's b. h. Cleanthes, by Argantes, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb.	...	3	1	2
Mr. Muscot's b. g. Burcher, by Tamworth, out of Cannon Ball's dam, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	...	2	dr.	

A disputed race.—Referred to the Jockey Club.

A Hurdle Race Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added; heats, once round and the long length; over three leaps in each heat (four subscribers).

Lieut. Raynard's b. g. Tiphorp, six years old, 12 st. (owner)	2	1	1
Mr. John Herbert na. b. m. Safety, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Edmund Herbert na. ch. g. Wiltshire, aged, 11 st. 9 lb.	3	dr.	

THE PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, AND CORNWALL RACES.

TUESDAY, August 10th.—The Produce Stakes of 15 sovs., 5 ft.; once round (four subscribers).

Mr. Lyne's b. g. by Hindostan, out of Isabel, four years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (Cowley)	...	1
Mr. Codd's br. g. by Wrangler, out of Betsy, four years old, 8 st. 13 lb.	...	2

The Saltram Stakes of 25 sovs., 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; once round and a distance (thirty subscribers, twenty of whom paid the lesser forfeit).

Gen. Gilbert's br. h. Stork, by Longwaist, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Moon)	...	1
Mr. Roe's b. g. Stickler (half-bred), aged, 8 st. 3 lb.	...	2
Mr. E. Scobell's br. h. Cracksman (half-bred), five years old, 9 st.	...	0
Mr. Ley's Abracadabra, four years old, 6 st. 2 lb.	...	0
Mr. Kingsland's Cerito, five years old, 5 st. 10 lb.	...	0

Stork the favourite.

The Plymouth Plate of 70 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 each; heats, two miles and a distance (four subscribers).

Mr. Treen's ch. f. Una, by Glaucus, three years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (S. Rogers)	...	1	1
Mr. Downe's b. h. Harmodius, five years old, 9 st. 8 lb.	...	2	2
Mr. Roe's b. g. Stickler, aged, 9 st. 10 lb.	...	3	3

The United Service Plate of 50 sovs. (handicap); heats, once round.

Mr. J. Kingsland's b. m. Cerito, by Birdcatcher, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Moon)	1	1
Mr. P. Kingsland's ch. c. by Hindostan, out of Nancy Dawson, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb.	...	0 2
Mr. Roe's b. g. Stickler (half-bred), aged, 9 st. 9 lb.	...	0 0
Mr. Reed's b. g. by Gunthorpe, four years old, 7 st. 3 lb.	...	0 0
Mr. Taunton's bk. m. The Jewess, four years old, 9 st. 9 lb.	...	2 dr.

WEDNESDAY.—Her Majesty's Plate, a Silver Salver, value 100 gs.; heats, three miles.

Mr. Treen's ch. f. Una, by Glaucus, three years old, 9 st. (Treen)	...	1	1
Mr. E. Scobell's br. h. Cracksman, five years old, 11 st. 11 lb.	...	3	2
Mr. Roe's b. g. Stickler, aged, 11 st. 10 lb.	...	2	dr.
Mr. Kingsland's ch. c. by Hindostan, out of Nancy Dawson, three years old, 9 st. 4 lb.	...	4	dr.

A good race.

The Lord High Steward's Plate of 50 sovs. (handicap); heats, one mile.

Mr. Downe's b. h. Harmodius, by Augustus, five years old, 9 st. 4 lb. (S. Rogers)	1	1
Mr. Taunton's bk. m. The Jewess, four years old, 9 st. 4 lb.	...	2
Mr. Bennett's b. f. Benedetta, three years old, 9 st. 7 lb.	...	3 dr.

The Ladies' Plate of 50 sovs.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, once round.

Mr. Taunton's bk. m. The Jewess, by Actson, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (S. Rogers)	...	1	1
Mr. J. Kingsland's b. m. Cerito, five years old, 9 st. 7 lb.	...	2	2
Mr. Bennett's b. f. Benedetta, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb.	...	3	dr.

The Chelson Meadow Stakes of 2 sovs. each, with 25 added; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. J. Kingsland's ch. h. by Rajah, out of Termagant, 8 st. (S. Rogers)	...	2	1	1
Mr. F. Allibone's b. h. Jesuit, aged, 10 st. 2 lb.	...	1	2	2
Mr. Reed's b. g. by Gunthorpe, four years old, 9 st. 5 lb.	...	3	3	dr.

THURSDAY.—The Devonport and Stonehouse Plate of 60 sovs. (handicap); heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Bennett's b. f. Benedetta, by Defence, three years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Lee)	...	1	1
Mr. Roe's b. g. Stickler, aged, 9 st. 7 lb.	...	2	2
Mr. Carlisle's ch. h. Single Peep, aged, 9 st. 4 lb.	...	0	dr.
Mr. Taunton's bk. f. The Jewess, four years old, 9 st. 2 lb.	...	0	dr.
Mr. W. Ley's b. c. Abracadabra, four years old, 8 st.	...	0	dr.
Mr. P. Kingsland's c. by Hindostan, out of Nancy Dawson, three years old, 6 st. 2 lb.	...	0	dr.
Mr. E. Scobell's br. h. Cracksman, five years old, 9 st. 12 lb. (Bell)	...	0	dr.

The County Members' Plate of 25 sovs. (a free handicap); the winner of the Devonport Plate carried 10 lb. extra; heats, half a mile.

Mr. Bennett's b. f. Benedetta, three years old, 9 st. 7 lb., and 10 lb. extra (Cowley 1	1
Mr. Codd's b. g. by Wrangler, out of Betsy, four years old, a feather	0 2
Mr. John Kingsland's b. f. Cerito, four years old, 10 st. 2 lb.	2 dr.
Gen. Gilbert's br. h. Stork, six years old, 11 st. 4 lb.	3 dr.
Mr. Carlisle's ch. c. Single Peeper, half-bred, aged, 9 st. 7 lb.	0 dr.

The Laura Plate of 40 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 2 each, 1 ft., to go to the second, for the beaten horses; heats, one mile.

Mr. Roe's b. g. Stickler, by Grey Skim, aged, 10 st. 2 lb. (Horseley)	1 1
Mr. Scobell's b. h. Crackman, five years old, 10 st. 11 lb.	2 2
Mr. Carlisle's ch. h. Single Peeper, aged, 9 st. 13 lb.	0 0
Mr. W. Ley's b. c. Abracadabra, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb.	0 0

HERTFORD RACES.

Stewards: The Hon. Baron Dimsdale, and Philip Booth, Esq.

TUESDAY, August 10th.—The Hertfordshire Handicap of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added; two miles and a distance (seventeen subscribers, twelve of whom declared).

Mr. Osbaldeston's gr. c. Currycomb, by the Saddler, four years old, 8 st. (Connelly)	1
Mr. Stirling's Pocket Viper, three years old, 5 st. 7 lb. (Pearson)	2
Mr. Booth's Benjamin, four years old, 8 st. (Sly)	3

The Ware Plate of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner in 1841 to carry 3 lb.; twice, 6 lb.; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded in the usual way; heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. S. Smith's br. m. Jenny Jones, by Sir Hercules, five years old, 8 st. 9 lb.	1 1
(Crickmere)	2 2
Mr. Booth's gr. m. Colchicum, five years old, 9 st. 1 lb. (Sly)	3 dr.
Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. Phingari, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Pettit)	4 dr.
Mr. Samuel's br. g. Luck's-all, aged, 8 st. 13 lb. (Batten)	

The King's Meads' Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund; 12 st. each; gentlemen riders; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Smith's ch. g. Consul, by (Irish) Napoleon, six years old, 12 st. (Mr. Barker)	1 1
Capt. Daintree's ch. h. Tormentor, six years old, 12 st. (Mr. Beville)	2 2
Sir S. Clarke's ch. g. Carlisle, aged, 12 st. (Capt. Clarke)	3 3

The Farmers' and Tradesmen's Stakes of 20 sovs., for horses *bond fide* the property of Farmers residing in the county, holding eighty acres of land; and for horses *bond fide* the property of Tradesmen residing within, or not more than seven miles from, the Town of Hertford; four-year-olds, 10 st. 7 lb.; five, 11 st. 7 lb.; six, 11 st. 11 lb.; and aged, 12 st.; thorough-bred horses, 10 lb. extra; gentlemen riders; heats, twice round and a distance; three leaps in each heat.

Mr. Nightingale's gr. g. Aggravator, six years old, 11 st. 11 lb. (owner)	2 1 1
Mr. Smith's Gorsebush, aged, 12 st. (Mr. W. Carlin)	1 2 2
Mr. Cater's gr. m. Victoria, aged, 12 st. (Mr. Thorn)	3 dr.
Mr. Dorset's ch. g. Ready, six years old, 11 st. 11 lb. (Mr. Barker)	4 dr.

WEDNESDAY.—The Manor Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, once round and a distance (ten subscribers).

Mr. Drage's b. f. sister to Glencoe, by Sultan, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Pettit)	1 1
Mr. Cassidy's br. f. Fama, by Dr. Syntax, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Cassidy, jun.)	2 2
Mr. Coleman's br. h. Carlos, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Coleman)	0 3
Mr. Stirling's The Comptroller, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Cotton)	0 4
Mr. Samuel's br. g. Luck's-all, aged, 9 st. 1 lb. (Batten)	0 0
Mr. Lambden's b. m. Pawnsey, four years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (Murf)	0 0
Mr. S. Kingsley's Tenebrosa, five years old, 9 st. 1 lb. (Macdonald)	0 0
Mr. Balchin's b. m. Clematis (half-bred), four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Ealing)	0 0
Mr. White's br. m. Emma, by Belzoni, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Sly)	0 0
Mr. Higgins's ch. m. Maid Marian, aged, 9 st. 8 lb. (Higgins)	0 0

The Camfield Stakes of 5 sovs. each, 40 added from the Fund; the second to receive 10 sovs. out of the Stakes; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, twice round and a distance (four subscribers).

Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. Phingari, by Beiram, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Pettit)	1 1
Mr. Booth's gr. h. Colchicum, four years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Sly)	2 2
Mr. White's b. m. Susan, five years old, 9 st. 5 lb. (Macdonald)	3 3

The Tally-ho Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses that have been regularly hunted with any pack of hounds; the winner to be sold for £150 if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile and a half, with three leaps over common furzed hurdles in each heat (four subscribers).

Mr. Smith's bay gelding, 12 st. (Mr. Barker)	1 1
Sir S. Clarke's br. g. Redwing, 12 st. (Mr. Clarke)	3 2
Mr. Langham's ch. g. Crochet, 12 st. (Mr. Brotherton)	2 3
Mr. Wheeler's b. g. Little Comberton, 12 st. (Mr. Carter)	dis.

The Tradesman's Cup did not fill.

LEOMINSTER RACES.

Steward: Edward Griffiths, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, August 11th.—The Ladies' Plate of 50 sovs., the gift of Charles Greenaway, Esq., M.P.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Key's b. c. Fitzgambol, by Gambol, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Dodgson)	1	4	1
Mr. Samwell's b. g. The Knight, five years old, 8 st. 11 lb. ...	6	1	2
Mr. Walter's b. f. Miss Winney, three years old, 7 st. 1 lb. ...	2	2	3
Mr. Hughes's ch. h. Sportsman, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. ...	5	3	dr.
Mr. I. Day's gr. f. Barter, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. ...	8	5	dr.
Mrs. Massey's ch. f. Naamah, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb. ...	3	6	dr.
Mr. Bosley's b. h. Cleanthes, five years old, 9 st. ...	4	7	dr.
Mr. Smythies's b. c. by Safeguard, out of Schoolmaster's dam, three years old, 7 st. 1 lb.	7 dr.

The Handicap Stakes of 1 sov. each, with 50 added.

Mr. Griffiths's Tupsley, by Dr. Faustus, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Chesswas)	...	1
Mr. Samwell's b. g. The Knight, five years old, 8 st. 5 lb.	2
Mr. I. Day's br. c. Mulciber, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	3
Mr. Smythies's b. c. by Safeguard, out of Schoolmaster's dam, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb.	4
Mr. Raynard's ch. g. Accelerator, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	5

THURSDAY.—The Wolphy Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by J. Wigram, Esq., M.P., and 5 from the Fund; heats, mile and a quarter (four subscribers).

Mr. Griffiths's b. h. Tupsley, by Dr. Faustus, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. ...	1	1
Mr. I. Day's gr. f. Barter, four years old, 8 st. 1 lb. ...	3	2
Mr. Walter's b. f. Miss Winney, three years old, 7 st. ...	2	dr.

The Hurdle Race Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added; heats, twice round and a distance, over four leaps in each heat (seven subscribers).

Mr. Barker's b. g. Sam Weller, by Strephon, aged, 11 st. 9 lb. ...	1	1
Mr. James's b. g. Lansquenet, five years old	0 2
Mr. George's b. g. Tippoo, five years old, 9 st. 13 lb.	2 0
Mr. Vever's b. g. Charity, aged, 10 st. 11 lb.	0 3
Mr. Hope's br. g. Charles XII., six years old, 10 st. 8 lb.	0 0
Mr. Raynard's b. g. Tiphthorp, six years old, 10 st. 3 lb.	0 0
Mr. Weyman's b. g. Mlo, five years old, 10 st. 4 lb.	fell.

MARLOW RACES.

Stewards: Viscount Drumlanrig, Lieut.-Col. Sir W. R. Clayton, Bart., M.P., G. S. Harcourt, Esq., and Sir Harvey Bruce, Bart.

WEDNESDAY, August 11th.—The Buckinghamshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c.: the winner of the Goodwood or Brighton Stakes, 7 lb.; if both, 10 lb. extra; twice round and a distance (twenty-seven subscribers, twenty-three of whom declared).

Mr. S. Scott's Windsor, by Recovery, three years old, 6 st. ... walked over.

The Ladies' Purse of 30 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 8 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners once in 1841, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; three times, 7 lb. extra; horses that have started three times and not won allowed 5 lb.; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, twice round from the Winning Stand (four subscribers).

Mr. West's b. g. Abel, by Cain, five years old (Mann)	...	1	1
Mr. Power's George IV., aged	...	2	dr.
Mr. Hinor's Skyrocket, aged	...	3	dr.

THURSDAY.—A Silver Cup, the gift of Lieut.-Col. Sir W. R. Clayton, Bart., M.P., value 20 gs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for horses of all ages; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 8 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, twice round (four subscribers).

Mr. S. Scott's ch. h. Windsor, by Recovery, three years old (Howlett)	...	1	1
Mr. West's b. h. Abel, five years old	...	2	dr.
Mr. E. Dyson's Gipay Girl (late Romping Moll), two years old, half-bred	...	3	dr.

The Galloway Stakes, same conditions as on the first day, and the winner of the first day's Galloway Stakes, 10 lb. extra.

Mr. Bloxam's b. m. Deception (late Zillah)	...	3	1	1
Mr. Creswell's b. m. Victoria	...	1	2	2
Mr. Allen's ch. h. Tomtit	...	5	3	dr.
Mr. Tomkins's Creeping Jane	...	2	dis.	
Mr. House's Staring Sai	...	4	dis.	

The Hurdle Race Stakes of 2 sovs. each, with a Purse added; 11 st. 4 lb. each; the winner to be sold for 60 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, once round, from the Ditch in, with six leaps over four sets of hurdles.

Mr. Seffert's Valentine	1	1
Mr. Hinor's Skyrocket	3	2
Mr. Baker's Charlotte	2	3
Mr. Westbrook's Vivian	4	4

LEWES RACES.

Stewards: Hon. C. C. Cavendish, and W. C. Mabbott, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, August 11th.—The Lewes Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 50 added; two miles (ten subscribers, three of whom declared).

Mr. Shelley's br. c. Huon, by Plenipotentiary, three years old, 7 st. (Chapple)	1
Mr. Shackell's ch. c. Cantle, four years old, 8 st. (Butler)	2
Mr. Verrall's b. m. Maid of the Mill, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Blogg)	3

A Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 35 added; also 10 for the second horse, which must win a clear heat; three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 12 lb.; five, 9 st. 5 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the New Course heats; a winner once this year, 3 lb.; twice, 6 lb. extra; any horse having started twice in 1841, without winning up to the time of starting, allowed 3 lb.; maidens allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for £150 if demanded, &c.; any horse starting to be claimed for £100, allowed 7 lb.; the price to be named at the time of entry.

Mr. Goodman's br. g. Little Tom, six years old, 9 st. (H. Wakefield)	1	0	1
Capt. Barnett's br. g. Battledore, aged, 9 st. 3 lb. (Dowland)	2	0	dr.
Mr. Clifton's ch. c. Playfellow, three years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (Buckle)	3	dr.	

THURSDAY.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; for three-year-olds, 8 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 6 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and aged, 10 st. 3 lb.; the New Course, heats.

Mr. Goodman's b. m. Orella, five years old, 10 st.	walked over.
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The Borough Members' Plate of 50 sovs.; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 10 st.; four, 8 st. 12 lb.; five, 9 st. 5 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the first and second heats to be one mile and a half; the winner of the first heat to carry 3 lb. extra; and the third heat, if three heats be run, over the New Course, two miles and a half; winners once in the present year to carry 3 lb.; twice, 6 lb. extra; any horse having started twice in 1841, and not won up to the time of starting, allowed 3 lb.; maidens allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for £150 if demanded, &c.; any horse starting to be claimed for £100, allowed 7 lb.; any horse starting to be claimed for £50, allowed 14 lb.; the price to be named at the time of entry; 1 sov. entrance, to go to the second horse.

Mr. Goodman's br. g. Battledore, by Emilius, aged, 8 st. 9 lb. (Buckle)	6	1	1
Mr. Verrall's b. m. Maid of the Mill, six years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Blogg)	1	2	3
Mr. Clifton's ch. c. Playfellow, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Dowland)	2	3	2
Mr. W. Coleman's b. m. Discovery, aged, 8 st. 4 lb. (Balchin)	5	4	dr.
Mr. Wright's b. c. Fugleman, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Chapple)	3	dr.	
Mr. C. Cockerill's b. m. by Zinganez, aged, 8 st. 7 lb. (J. Day, jun.)	4	dr.	

HUNTINGDON RACES.

Stewards: The Earl of Sandwich, Col. Peel, M.P., and Sir F. Pollock, M.P.

MONDAY, August 16th.—Match, £50; the last three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Byng's Garryowen, by St. Patrick, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	1
Earl of Sandwich's b. h. Normanby, aged, 7 st. (Wakefield)	2

The Huntingdonshire Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 100 added; two miles (twenty-six subscribers, fifteen of whom paid 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Pettit's E. O., by Emilius, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Pettit, jun.)	1
Mr. Meiklam's Broadwath, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Lye)	2
Col. Peel's I-am-not-aware, six years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Nat)	3
Mr. Negus's Portoken, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Bartholomew)	4
Mr. Gardnor's Monops, four years old, 8 st. (Cotton)	5
Capt. Daintree's b. g. Zephyr, five years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (a lad)	6
Capt. Daintree's Tormentor, aged, 7 st. (Wakefield)	7

The Hinchingsbroke Plate of £50; for three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six, 8 st. 13 lb.; and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1841, or the Huntingdonshire Stakes this week, 3 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for £150 if demanded; heats, once round.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Alice (late Miss Ann), by Camel, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Bartholomew)	1	1
Duke of Portland's b. h. Ramadan, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Nat)	3	2
Mr. Booth's ch. h. Russell Frost, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Sly)	2	3

The winner was claimed.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies and geldings, 8 st. 2 lb.; the winner of the Gold Cup or Cup Stakes in 1841, 5 lb.; of any other

Plate or Sweepstakes, 3lb. extra; the winner of the Huntingdonshire Stakes this week, 5lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded; heats, one mile.

Col. Peel's b. c. Hawk's-eye, by Langar, three years old, 8 st. 8lb. (Nat)	...	1	1
Mr. G. Thornhill na. ch. c. Humility, three years old, 8 st. 5lb. (Sly)	...	3	2
Mr. Tomlinson's ch. f. Miss Twickenham, by Rockingham, three years old, 8 st. 2lb. (Cotton)	...	3	3

TUESDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4lb.; the last half mile (four subscribers).

Mr. Booth's b. c. St. Jean d'Acre, by Bizarre, out of Problem (Sly)	...	1	
Col. Peel's c. by Camel, out of Jason's dam (Nat)	...	2	

The Cup Stakes of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4lb.; five, 8 st. 12lb.; six, 9 st. 2lb.; and aged, 9 st. 4lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner of a Queen's Plate, Gold Cup, or Cup Stakes, in 1841, 5lb. extra; of the Huntingdonshire Stakes this week, 7lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 400 sovs., if demanded; to start at the mile-post, and run once round and the mile (eight subscribers).

Mr. Beresford's b. c. Bob Peel, by Medoro, four years old, 8 st. 4lb. (Butler)	...	1	
Mr. Pettit's ch. f. Langolee, three years old, 7 st. 9lb. (Pettit, jun.)	...	2	

The Ladies' Plate of 50 sovs., by subscription of 2 sovs. each, with 10 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5lb.; four, 8 st. 7lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 5lb.; the usual allowance of 3lb.; the winner of a Queen's Plate, Gold or Silver Cup, or the Huntingdonshire Stakes, in 1841, 5lb. extra; the winner to be sold for £100 if demanded, &c.; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Tomlinson's ch. f. Miss Twickenham, by Rockingham, out of Electress, three years old, 7 st. 2lb. (Cotton)	...	1	1
Mr. White's b. m. Susan, five years old, 9 st. 2lb. (Sly)	...	2	2

WEDNESDAY.—The Huntingdon Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Gentlemen of the Town, for horses of all ages; three-year-olds, 7 st. 7lb.; four, 8 st. 5lb.; five, 8 st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; the winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1841, 3lb. extra; the winner to be sold for £120 if demanded, &c.; heats, the last mile (seven subscribers).

Earl of Sandwich's br. h. Normanby, by Economist, aged, 9 st. 3lb. (Butler)	1	1
Mr. Booth's ch. h. Russell Frost, four years old, 8 st. 5lb. (Sly)	2	dr.
Mr. Tomlinson's ch. f. Miss Twickenham, three years old, 7 st. 7lb. (Cotton)	3	dr.
Capt. Daintree's b. g. Zephyr, five years old, 8 st. 8lb. (W. Butler)	4	dr.

The Members' Plate of 50 sovs.; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 2lb.; four, 8 st. 3lb.; five, 8 st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; a winner of a Plate, Cup, or Sweepstakes, in 1841, 3lb.; of two, 6lb. extra; the winner of the Huntingdonshire Stakes, Cup Stakes, or Sweepstakes, this week, 5lb.; if of two, 10lb. over and above the extra weights before-mentioned; the winner to be sold for £250 if demanded, &c.; heats, once round.

Mr. Booth's gr. h. Colchicum, by Physician, five years old, 8 st. 13lb. (Sly)	2	1	1
Mr. W. Barton's b. f. Laurestina, three years old, 6 st. 13lb. (a lad)	...	1	3
Col. Peel's b. h. I-am-not-aware, six years old, 9 st. (Nat)	...	3	2
Mr. Bowerby's ch. f. Phingari, three years old, 7 st. 4lb. (Wakefield)	...	4	4

RIPON ST. WILFRID'S RACES.

Stewards: Col. Cradock, Capt. O. V. Harcourt, and J. Hodgson, Esq.

MONDAY, August 16th.—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; for two-year-olds, 8 st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4lb.; a winner of a Two-year-old Stake before starting, 3lb. extra, and horses having started and not won allowed 3lb.; Two-year-old Course (five subscribers).

Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Retainer, dam by St. Patrick, out of Blue Stocking (W. Oates)	1
Mr. Thompson's ch. f. The Biddy, by Bran (J. Cartwright)	2
Mr. Orton's b. f. Hope, by Sheet Anchor (J. Jacques)	3
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Cable, by Sheet Anchor (T. Benson)	4

Betting: 5 to 3 on Cable.

Fifty Pounds, given by the Right Hon. E. Sugden and T. Pemberton, Esq., Members for the City of Ripon, for horses that never won that value; three-year-olds, 6 st. 12lb.; four, 8 st. 2lb.; five, 8 st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Johnson's gr. f. Miss Lydia, by Belshazzar, three years old (W. Oates)	...	1	1
Mr. Heseltine's b. f. Betty Beylock, three years old (J. Bumby)	...	2	2
Mr. Dawson's b. g. Macedonicus, by Mulatto, out of Muletser's dam, three years old (M. Hutchinison)	...	4	3
Mr. Heppel's br. g. Sambo Sutton, aged (J. Livesey)	...	3	4
Mr. Appleby's b. f. by Mulatto, out of Priestess, four years old (T. Hanson)	...	5	dis.
Mr. Watson's b. c. Musician, by Muley Moloch, three years old (J. Gray)	...	6	dis.

TUESDAY.—The Selling Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Race Committee; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2lb.; four, 8 st. 2lb.; five, 8 st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 10lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; one mile and a half.

Mr. Osborne's ch. g. The Emperor, by St. Nicholas, three years old (Bumby)	...	1	
Mr. Wilkins's ch. g. Clem-o'-the-Clough, five years old	...	2	
Mr. Roberts's ch. f. Lady Flora, by Hampton, three years old	...	3	

Mr. Orton's b. f. Ten Pound Note, by Belshazzar, three years old ... 4
 Mr. Dawson's b. g. Macedonicus, by Mulatto—Muleteer's dam, three years old 5
 Mr. Watson's bk. c. Black Knight, by Belshazzar, three years old ... 6

The St. Wilfrid's Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; two miles (five subscribers).

Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Jack Sheppard, by Voltaire, three years old
 (W. Oates) walked over.

Fifty Pounds, given by the Members of the Corporation and the Inhabitants of Ripon; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner once before starting in 1841, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb. extra; and horses having started three times in 1841, before starting, and not won, allowed 3 lb.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Johnson's gr. f. Miss Lydia, three years old, by Belshazzar (W. Oates) ... 1 1
 Sir C. Monck's b. m. Garland, by Langar, six years old (Cartwright) ... 4 2
 Mr. Heseltine's b. f. Betty Baylock, three years old (Bumby) ... 3 3
 Mr. Osborne's ch. g. The Emperor, three years old (J. Whitton) ... 2 4

The first heat won easy, and the second a severe race.

CHELMSFORD RACES.

Stewards: D. Magens, and W. Tufnell, Esqrs.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. S. Baker. Judge: Mr. Clark, of Newmarket.

TUESDAY, August 17th.—The Chelmsford Stakes (Handicap) of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Florence, by Langar, three years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (Hall) ... 1
 Mr. Clifton's Tenebrosa, five years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Bartholomew) ... 2

The Stewards' Plate of 50 sovs.; for three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 1 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1841, 3 lb.; of two, 5 lb.; of three, 7 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, from the Distance-post and run once round.

Mr. Rogers's ch. m. Jessica, by St. Nicholas, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb.
 (Bartholomew) 1 1
 Mr. Abel's b. h. Æolian, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (a lad) 3 2
 Mr. Goodman's b. m. Isabella, six years old (Macdonald) 2 3
 Mr. Cassidy's b. m. Fama, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Hall) 4 dr.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs., with 50 added by the Members for the County; the second saves his Stake; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1841, 3 lb.; of two, 5 lb.; of three, 7 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded; heats, the New Mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Cassidy's b. m. Fama, by Dr. Syntax, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Hall) ... 1 1
 Mr. Drage's b. f. sister to Glencoe, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Osborne) ... 2 2
 Mr. Bradford's Vigilance, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Bartholomew) ... 3 3
 Mr. Clifton's Tenebrosa, five years old, 9 st. (Macdonald) 4 dr.
 Mr. Hussey na. University, three years old, 9 st. (West) 5 dr.

WEDNESDAY.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 9 st. 1 lb.; five, 9 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 2 lb.; heats, two miles, starting from a post between the Distance-post and Stand.

Mr. Pettit's b. h. St. Francis, by St. Patrick, six years old (Pettit) ... 1 1
 Mr. Goodman's b. m. Orelia, five years old (Macdonald) 2 2
 Mr. J. Paul's b. m. Fanny Fletcher, aged (J. Paul) 3 dia.

The Cup Stakes of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st. 11 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 6 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded; heat, three miles (ten subscribers).

Mr. Rogers's Jessica, by St. Nicholas, three years old (Bartholomew) ... 1
 Mr. Goodman's Isabella, six years old (M'Donald) 2
 Mr. Abel's Æolian, three years old (a lad) 3
 Duke of Grafton's ch. m. Currency, three years old (Stevenson) 4
 Mr. Land's Daniel, aged (a lad) 5
 Mr. Connop's ch. h. Odds Bobs, four years old (Webb) 6

LICHFIELD RACES.

Stewards: The Earl of Miltown, and S. Pole Shawe, Esq.

TUESDAY, August 17th.—The Two-Year-Old Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 20 added by S. Pole Shawe, Esq.; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; winners, 3 lb. extra; T.Y.C. (three subs.)

Lord Dorchester's b. c. John o' Gaunt, by Rockingham, out of Purity,
 two years old, 8 st. 7 lb. walked over.

The Staffordshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, with 50 added by the City; the second saves his Stake; the winner of the Wolverhampton or Holyoake Stakes in the present year, 4 lb. extra; two miles (twenty-eight subscribers, of whom nineteen declared).

Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, by Recovery, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Stagg)	...	1
Mr. Meiklam's b. c. Broadwath, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb.	...	2
Mr. Bell's b. m. La Sage Femme, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb.	...	3
Mr. Denham's b. g. Compensation, nine years old, 7 st. 12 lb.	...	4

The Members' Plate of 50 sovs.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, by Whisker, aged, 9 st. 7 lb. (Hopwood)	...	3	1	1
Mr. Key's b. c. Fitz Gambol, three years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	...	1	2	dr.
Mr. Jackson's b. h. Wings, five years old, 8 st. 9 lb.	2	dr.

WEDNESDAY.—The Gold Cup, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, in specie (three miles).

Mr. Denham's b. c. Compensation, by Emancipation, six years old, 9 st. 2 lb.	walked over.
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A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund, for horses that never won £100 at one time; heats, one mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Arthur's b. g. The Star, by Sir Hercules, three years old, 7 st. 1 lb. (N. Stagg)	1	3	0	1
Mr. Flintoff's br. m. Prudence, six years old, 8 st. 5 lb.	3	1	0	2
Mr. Taylor's b. f. by Ishmael, out of Charity, three years old, 7 st.	2	2	dr.	

The Queen's Plate of 100 gs.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Heseltine's b. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, five years old, 10 st. (Heseltine)	3	1	1
Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, five years old, 10 st.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, aged, 10 st. 3 lb.	4	3	dr.
Mr. W. Denham's ch. f. by Pantaloon—Souvenir, three years old, 8 st. 2 lb.	2	dr.	

OXFORD RACES.

Stewards: C. Tawney, and E. Thornhill, Esqrs. Clerk of the Course: Mr. Venables.

TUESDAY, August 17th.—The Oxfordshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; the second to save his Stake; and the winner to pay 10 sovs. towards the expenses of the Course; two miles (thirty-three subscribers, twenty-nine of whom declared forfeit by the time prescribed).

Mr. Meiklam's Wee Willie, by Liverpool, six years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Templeman)	...	1
Mr. Rawlinson's Chilson, five years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Chapple)	...	2
Mr. F. Charlton na. Mr. Isaac Day's Tamburini, five years old, 8 st. 13 lb.	...	dr.
Lord Norrey na. Mr. Isaac Day's f. by Nimrod—Busk, four years old, 7 st.	...	dr.

Betting: 5 to 2 on Wee Willie.

A Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 30 added; for two-year-olds, 7 st.; and three, 9 st. 4 lb.; fillies allowed 3 lb.; three quarters of a mile (four subscribers).

Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. Executrix, by Saracen, three years old (Connelly)	...	1
Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. Coral, sister to Coronation, two years, carried 7 st. (Chapple)	...	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Executrix.

A Plate of £50, given by the County Members; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner of one Plate in 1841, 3 lb.; of two or more, 5 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for £200, &c.; individuals or confederates not allowed to start more than one horse; heats, two miles.

Capt. Pettat's Caliph, by Sultan, aged, 9 st. 2 lb. (Darling)	4	1	1
Mr. Holmes's Vulcan, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Connelly)	1	2	2
Lord Huntingtower's ch. f. by Langar, out of sister to Portrait, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Evans)	3	3	dr.
Mr. Rawlinson's Chilson, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Chapple)	2	dr.	
Mr. Isaac Day's Mulciber, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Connelly)	dis.

WEDNESDAY, 18th.—A Handicap Plate of £40; one mile.

Mr. I. Day's f. by Nimrod, out of Busk, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Howlett)	...	1
Mr. Rawlinson's Chilson, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Chapple)	...	2
Captain Pettat's Caliph, aged, 8 st. 9 lb. (Darling)	...	3
Lord Huntingtower's ch. f. by Langar, out of sister to Portrait, three years old (Evans)	...	4

Betting: 11 to 8 agst. the Busk filly.

The Cup, value 100 sovs., to be paid in specie, given by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the County, by a subscription of 10 sovs. each, and added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners of Ascot or Goodwood Cups, 6 lb.; and all other winners of a Queen's Plate, or other given prize of 100 sovs. (Matches and Handicaps excepted), in 1841, 8 lb.; of two or more, 7 lb. extra; two miles and a quarter (eight subscribers).

Mr. Rawlinson's Coronation, by Sir Hercules, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb., carried 7 st. (Chapple)	1
Mr. Collins's gr. g. Isaac, aged (Darling)	2
Mr. Isaac Day's Executrix, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Howlett)	3
Mr. Isaac Day's Caravan, aged (J. Day, jun.)	4

Betting: 5 and 6 to 1 on Coronation.

The City Members' Plate of £50; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners of one Plate in 1841, before the day of starting, 3 lb.; of two or more, 5 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs., &c.; heats, once round.

Capt. Pettat's Caliph, by Sultan, aged, 9 st. 5 lb. (Darling)	3	1	1
Mr. Isaac Day's f. by Nimrod—Busk, four years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Connelly)	1	2	3
Mr. Williams's Anvil, three years old, 7 st. (Howlett)	2	4	2
Mr. Lucas's Traitors, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Evans)	4	3	8

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 22nd.—The Buckingham Stakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1838; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; T. Y. C.; each subscriber named three mares, the produce of one to the post (four subscribers).

Col. Peel's ch. c. by The Colopel, out of Hester (Nat)	1
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Albion, by Beiram, out of Advance (Darling)	2

Betting: 10 to 1 on the Hester colt. This was won as the betting anticipated; Albion never had a chance, and was beaten half-a-dozen lengths, in a canter.

Match, 100, h. ft.; T. Y. C.

Lord Albemarle's f. Minaret, by Ibrahim, 7 st. 4 lb. (Chapple)	1
Capt. Gardnor's Monops, 8 st. 5 lb. (Nat)	2

Betting: Monops for choice, who waited, could never get to the front, and was cleverly beaten.

The Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 50 sovs. each; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; A. F. (fifteen subscribers).

Mr. Batson's ch. f. Potentia, by Plenipotentiary, out of Acacia (Sly)	1
Duke of Bedford's c. John o' Gaunt, by Taurus—Mona (Robinson)	2
Mr. Thornhill's Eringo, brother to Mango (Connelly)	3
Col. Peel's Cameleon, brother to Whim (Nat)	4
Duke of Bedford's c. Oakley, by Taurus—Oak-apple (E. Edwards)	5
Lord Exeter's c. Abydos, by Sultan, out of Velvet (Darling)	6

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Cameleon, 7 to 2 agst. Oakley (tk.), 11 to 2 agst. Eringo (tk.), 7 to 1 agst. Potentia (tk.), and 10 to 1 agst. any other. The Duke of Bedford, who started Oakley and John o' Gaunt, declared to win with the best. As far as the T. Y. C. Post Oakley led, with Potentia and Abydos next him, and the others well up. The first beaten was Cameleon, and, as he fell back, Potentia and John o' Gaunt went in front, the horse making the play, but the mare evidently waiting on him. As they made the dip of the hill, Sly let his mare go faster, when she caught the leader, beat him without an effort, and won by a length and a half; the falling was very decided.

The Hopeful Stakes of 40 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; the winner of the July or Chesterfield Stakes, 6 lb. extra; of both, 9 lb. extra; the winner of any other Sweepstakes or Plate, 3 lb. extra; those got by Arabians, or out of Arabian mares, allowed 5 lb.; the last half of Ab. M. (fifteen subscribers).

Lord Bruce's b. c. by Glaucus, out of Rosalie, 3 lb. extra (J. Day)	1
Mr. Thornhill's Eusebia, sister to Egeria, by Emilius (Connelly)	2
Lord Albemarle's c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Ally (Robinson)	3
Lord Orford's gr. f. by Clearwell—Chapeau, d'Espagne's dam (Rogers)	0
Mr. Byng's ch. f. Ca Ira, by St. Patrick, dam by Emilius (Nat)	0
Mr. Berrington's b. c. Proof Print, by Birdcatcher, dam (foaled in 1829) by Master Henry, out of Elizabeth (E. Edwards)	0

Betting: 11 to 10 agst. Rosalie colt, 3 to 1 agst. Ca Ira, 7 to 2 agst. Eusebia, 4 to 1 agst. Proof Print, and 6 to 1 agst. Ally colt. At the second attempt (but far from a good one) the lot got away, Ca Ira in front, the others well up, save Eusebia, who was balked at the start, and never recovered her ground till she was inside the ropes. At the bushes the favourite ran up, took the first place, kept it, and won cleverly by a length.

Match, 500, h. ft., and only 50 if it had been declared in the Goodwood week, 1841; A. F.

Col. Peel's Gibraltar, by Muley, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	1
Lord Keilburne's Pathfinder, 8 st. 7 lb. (Connelly)	2

Of these two cripples the winner was the favourite at rather sporting odds. After walking half the distance, he set off as hard as he could split, and, without a break-down, reached the Post some lengths before Pathfinder.

Match, 50, 8 st. 7 lb. each; T. Y. C.

Capt. Rous's Nicholas, by Jerry	received.
Mr. Payne's Escort	paid.

WEDNESDAY, 23rd.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for two-year-olds, T.Y.C. (four subscribers).

Mr. Pettit's f. Michaelmas Day, by St. Patrick, dam by Emilius, out of Shovelers,	8 st. 4 lb. (Pettit)	1
Duke of Rutland's ch. c. Monsieur Jabot, by Langar, out of Miss Frill, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson)	2
Lord Exeter's f. by Beirame, out of Dahlia, 8 st. (Mann)	3
Mr. Bateman's ch. f. Haltoo, by Sir Hercules, out of Apparition, 8 st. 4 lb. (Chapple)	4

Betting: 10 to 6 agst. the St. Patrick filly, 3 to 1 agst. Monsieur Jabot, and 4 to 1 agst. the Dahlia filly. The favourite made the running, and won easily by a length.

The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; D.I. (twelve subscribers).

Duke of Grafton's Mosque, by Sultan (J. Day)	1
Duke of Rutland's Sir Hans (Robinson)	2
Mr. Isaac Day's Viola (Connelly)	3
Lord Exeter's Abydos (Darling)	4

Betting: 7 to 4 on Sir Hans, 7 to 2 agst. Viola, and 5 to 1 agst. Mosque. Viola made the running to the Duke's Stand, Mosque waiting with great patience till the others had beaten themselves. He then took up the work that remained, and went in an honest winner by a length.

Fifty Pounds; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 8 lb.; five, 8 st. 13 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; D.I.

Duke of Rutland's Flambeau, by Taurus, five years old (Robinson)	1
Mr. Thornhill's E.O., three years old (Pettit)	2

Betting: 15 to 8 on Flambeau. The favourite waited till they were hard upon the cords, then set to, ran three lengths for his adversary's one, and won by a quarter of a distance.

THURSDAY, 24th.—Match, 100, h. ft.; 8 st. 7 lb. each; Ab. M.

Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, by Taurus (Robinson)	1
Mr. Treen's Una (Connelly)	2

Betting: 10 to 1 on the horse, who waited to the cords, where he gave Una the "go-by," and won in a canter by two lengths.

Match, 50, h. ft.; last half of Ab. M.

Lord A'romarie's Minaret, by Ibrahim, 7 st. (Chapple)	1
Mr. Goodman's Belgrade, 7 st. 8 lb. (Nat)	2

Betting: 7 to 4 on the winner, who never showed in front, till a few lengths from home, where she got her head in front, and contrived to keep it there to the Chair.

Match, 200, h. ft.; 8 st. 7 lb. each; D.M.

Lord Exeter's Sentari, by Sultan (Darling)	1
Mr. Clark's The Corsair (Robinson)	2

Betting: 7 to 4 on The Corsair. Another waiting race by the winner, who contrived to finish in front by half a length; it was a very middling performance.

The Town Plate of £80; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 8 lb.; D.I.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Florence, by Langar (J. Day)	1
Mr. Batson's Barbara (Sly)	2
Lord Orford's Young Quo Minus (Rogers)	3
Mr. Isaac Day's Benedetta (Connelly)	4
Mr. Pettit's Langoloe (Pettit)	5

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Florence, 3 to 1 agst. Barbara, 5 to 1 agst. Young Quo Minus, and 6 to 1 agst. Benedetta. Florence and Barbara made the running from the Post, and at the turn of the lands had beaten off the other three. A fine race from the entrance of the cords, which was only won by a head.

The Rutland Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; the winner of the July or Chesterfield Stakes, 7 lb. extra; all other winners previous to the day of running, 3 lb. extra; from the turn of the lands in (twelve subscribers).

Lord Bruce's b. c. by Glaucus, out of Rosalie, 3 lb. extra (J. Day)	1
Mr. Thornhill's sister to Perseus, by Emilius (Connelly)	2
Duke of Rutland's b. f. by Bisarre, out of Flambeau's dam (Robinson)	3
Mr. Pertman's b. c. Endymion, by Emilius—Miss Mary Ann (Vincent)	4

Betting: 5 to 2 on Rosalie. A waiting race on the part of the favourite, sister to Perseus making the running. She was caught half a distance from home, and beaten without an effort, the Rosalie colt cantering in first by a length.

Match, 100, h. ft.; D.M.

Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, by Taurus, 8 st. 9 lb.	received.
Mr. Gardner's Memope, 8 st. 3 lb.	paid.

The Queen's Plate of 100 gs.; for three-year-olds, 9 st. 2 lb.; four, 10 st. 7 lb.; five, 11 st.; six and aged, 11 st. 4 lb.; R.C.

Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Francis, six years old walked over.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 11th.—A Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards; the weights to be declared by nine o'clock; and those who declare forfeit by ten, to pay only 5 sovs., to go to the owner of the second horse (eight subscribers, two of whom declared), T. Y. C.

Mr. Thornhill's St. Colomb, by St. Patrick, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Pettit)	1
Mr. Byng's Garry Owen, four years old, 9 st. 2 lb. (Nat)	...
Mr. Graydon's Miss Heathcote, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Connelly)	...
Lord Miltown's Wirrestrew, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Stagg)	...
Mr. Wigram's Nebros, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Bartholomew)	...
Mr. Gratwicke's Clementina, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Bell)	...

The following paid 5 sovs. ft.; Mr. Forth's Camelino, five years old, 9 st. 7 lb., and Mr. Greville's Palæmon, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb.

Betting: 6 to 5 on Garry Owen, 5 to 1 agst. Miss Heathcote, and 5 to 1 agst. Clementina. The winner, with Wirrestrew head and head with him, made the running at good speed to the cords. There the favourite challenged, beat Wirrestrew, but could not reach St. Colomb, who won a very honest race by a head. There was a long string at the finish.

The Garden Stakes of 100 sovs. each; T.M.M. (five subscribers).

Lord Albemarle's Ralph, by Dr. Syntax, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Whitehouse)	1
Duke of Rutland's Sir Hans, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Chapple)	...
Duke of Rutland's Flambeau, five years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Robinson)	...
Duke of Portland's c. by Mundig, out of Thebes, three years old, 6 st.	...

Betting: 5 to 4 on Ralph, 5 to 2 agst. Flambeau, and 5 to 1 each agst. Thebes and Sir Hans; the Duke of Rutland declared to win with the latter. The favourite made his own running from the Post, and won in a canter by six lengths.

Match, 100, h. ft.; 8 st. 4 lb. each; T. Y. C.

Mr. Goodman's Remnant, by Cain (Connelly)	...
Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak (Robinson)	...

Betting: 5 to 4 on Remnant. They ran together for the first half of the distance, where King of the Peak took the lead, but was passed at the cords, and beaten easily by a length.

Fifty Pounds; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, six, and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; A.F.

Duke of Grafton's Florence, by Langar, three years old (Nat)	...
Mr. Bateman's ch. g. Vapour, four years old (Connelly)	...
Mr. Graydon's Clinker, five years old (Robinson)	...
Mr. Ford's gr. g. Jim Crow, by Gustavus, aged (Butler)	...
Mr. Boyce's Scroggins, aged (Rogers)	...
Mr. Isaac Day's ch. h. Tamburini, five years old (J. Day, jun.)	...
Mr. Bradford's br. g. Creole, by Mulatto, dam by Figaro, out of Cora (foaled in 1829), four years old (Bartholomew)	...
Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, three years old (Chapple)	...

Betting: 11 to 10 agst. Florence, 9 to 2 agst. Tamburini, 5 to 1 agst. Buffalo, and 7 to 1 agst. Scroggins. The favourite made running from end to end, and won in a canter by two lengths: it was a very indifferent affair.

Fifty Pounds; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; T.Y.C.

Lord Albemarle's c. Nuncio, by Plenipotentiary—Ally (Robinson)	...
Mr. Thornhill's sister to Perseus, by Emilius (Connelly)	...
Mr. B. Greene's ch. c. by Wiseacre, out of Zany's dam (Darling)	...
Lord March's c. Teapot, by Rockingham, out of Dandelion, by Middleton (Rogers)	...
Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Topsail, by Sheet Anchor, out of Valencia (J. Day)	...
Col. Peel's Rochester, by Rockingham, out of Rosabel (Chapple)	...
Lord Chesterfield's f. by Colwick, out of Game Lass	...
Mr. Bateman's Haitoe, by Sir Hercules—Apparition (Mann)	...
Mr. Rogers's bk. c. Prosody, by Dr. Syntax, out of Lady Day, by St. Hubert (Bartholomew)	...
Mr. Payne's c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Lady Fulford (Nat)	...
Mr. Forth's f. Vibration, by Sir Hercules, out of Echo (Buckle)	...
Mr. Ford's Sideboard, by Plenipotentiary—Sontag (Butler)	...

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. Nuncio, 7 to 2 agst. sister to Perseus (taken), 6 to 1 agst. Rochester, 6 to 1 agst. the Wiseacre colt, 6 to 1 agst. Sideboard, and 7 to 1 agst. Game Lass filly. At the third attempt they got off, sister to Perseus leading to the cords. There the favourite, who had waited near her from the start, went to the front, and won with ease by a length.

Match, 200, h. ft.; D.M.

Lord Exeter's Scutari, by Sultan, 8 st. 7 lb. (Darling)	...
Mr. Greville's Rory O'More, 8 st. 3 lb. (Nat)	...

Betting: 6 to 4 on Rory O'More, who made strong running half way up the ropes, where Scutari challenged, and won by a neck.

TURF REGISTER.

Match, 200, h. ft.; D.M.

Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, by Taurus, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson) 1
 Lord Exeter's Abydos, 8 st. 1 lb. (Darling) 2

Betting: 6 and 7 to 1 on John o' Gaunt, who made running, and won by a length.

Match, 200, h. ft.; A.F.

Mr. W. S. Stanley's Flambeau, by Taurus, 8 st. 12 lb. received.
 Mr. Clark's The Corsair, 8 st. paid.

Match, 200, h. ft.; D.M.

Col. Peel's Cameleon, by Camel, 8 st. 5 lb. received.
 Lord Exeter's Cesarewitch, 7 st. 9 lb. paid.

TUESDAY, 12th.—Match, 50, h. ft.; D.M.

Mr. Coomb's Rosalind, by Touchstone—Harmony, 8 st. 7 lb. (Rogers) 0
 Mr. Shelley's Iole, by Sir Hercules, out of sister to Green Mantle (foaled in 1832),
 8 st. 4 lb. (Nat) 0

Betting: 6 to 4 on Rosalind, who waited on Iole to the ropes, where a fierce struggle ended in a dead heat.

The Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; the winner of the July Stakes, 7 lb. extra; T.Y.C. (twenty-nine subscribers).

Col. Anson's Attila, by Colwick, out of Progress (Holmes) 1
 Mr. Wreford's (jun.) Wisacre, by Taurus (J. Day, jun.) 2
 Col. Peel's ch. c. by The Colonel, out of Hester, 7 lb. extra (Nat) 3
 Lord Albemarle's Robin, brother to Ralph, by Dr. Syntax (Robinson) 4
 Mr. Coleman's Guzelle, by Sir Hercules (Cotton) 5

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Wisacre, 9 to 4 agst. Attila, 7 to 2 agst. Robin, and 6 to 1 agst. Hester. The favourite went away in front, Attila at his quarters, and all the others well up. With hardly any variation, thus they entered the cords, where Attila ran up, shot past Wisacre, and won with all ease by a length. Guzelle was beaten off.

The Cesarewitch Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 300 added by the Grand Duke Cesarewitch; the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes; the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger or Cup, to have carried 10 lb.; the winner of any Handicap race between the day of publishing the weights and the day of running, both days inclusive, 5 lb.; of any two such races, 8 lb. extra; no horse more than 10 lb. extra; Cesarewitch Course; about two miles and a quarter (fifty subscribers).

Lord Palmerston's Iliona, by Priam, four years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (R. West) 1
 Lord Eglinton's The Young-un, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb., carried 6 st. 13 lb. (Lye) 2
 Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, six years old, 9 st. 10 lb. (Pettit) 0
 Mr. W. S. Stanley's Flambeau, five years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Robinson) 0
 Mr. Goodman's Orella, five years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (Connelly) 0
 Mr. Wreford's Warden, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (J. Day, jun.) 0
 Lord Miltown's Cruiskeen, aged, 8 st. 7 lb. (Calloway) 0
 Mr. Graydon's Roecius, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Darling) 0
 Duke of Richmond's The Currier, five years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Rogers) 0
 Major Hay's Retriever, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Whitehouse) 0
 Mr. Payne's Welfare, four years old, 8 st. (Nat) 0
 Mr. Payne's Johnny, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Mann) 0
 Mr. Theobald's Pochontas, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Wakefield) 0
 Mr. Beresford's Bob Peel, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Butler) 0
 Duke of Rutland's The Genius, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (E. Edwards) 0
 Mr. Crockford's c. by Bentley, out of Emma, three years old, 7 st. (Cotton) 0
 Mr. Forth's Miss Siltton, three years old, 7 st. (Bell) 0
 Mr. Bell's The Squire, three years old, 7 st. (Cartwright) 0
 Col. Peel's I-am-not-aware, six years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Chapple) 0
 Mr. Eaton's Barbara, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Bartholomew) 0
 Mr. Goodman's Belgrade, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Crouch) 0
 Mr. Eddison's The Ruler, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb., carried 6 st. 10 lb. (Francis) 0
 Mr. Bell's Thrush, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Bumby) 0
 Duke of Bedford's Taurida, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (J. West) 0
 Lord Miltown's Wirestrew, five years old, 6 st. 5 lb., carried 6 st. 10 lb. (Stagg) 0
 Lord G. Bentinck's Half-caste, four years old, 5 st. 13 lb. (Percy) 0
 Duke of Rutland's f. by Emilius, out of Miss Mary Ann, three years old, 5 st. 9 lb.,
 carried 5 st. 11 lb. (Ludlow) 0

Betting: 7 to 2 agst. The Squire, 4 to 1 agst. Iliona, 8 to 1 agst. I-am-not-aware (tk.), 12 to 1 agst. The Ruler (tk.), 12 to 1 agst. Orella (tk.), 15 to 1 agst. Welfare, 17 to 1 agst. Bob Peel, 25 to 1 agst. The Young-un (tk.), 33 to 1 agst. Duke of Rutland's lot (tk.), 40 to 1 agst. Roecius, 60 to 1 agst. Retriever (tk.). Mr. Payne declared to win with Welfare. At the third attempt this large field effected an admirable start, Johnny at once setting off as hard as he could split, Iliona and Half-caste being the next horses, and the crowd well up, except The Squire, who could not live with them to the ditch, and exhibited unequivocal symptoms of having been poisoned. As they cleared the gap Half-caste got to the front, but as soon as the hill was mounted, Iliona rushed to the lead, and ran clear of the lot by two or three lengths. As they crossed the flat, Flambeau and Warden began to show forwards, and at the bushes the field was reduced to the winner, these two, Welfare, Barbara, Cruiskeen, and The Young-un. At the Abingdon Mile bottom the latter made an effort to catch the leader, but it was in vain, the classic mare winning cleverly by a length. The Judge only placed two, Welfare and Cruiskeen making it too close a thing for him to decide which was third. The tailing was very great, The Squire being only able to walk in.

Match, 50, h. ft. ; first half of Ab. M.

Mr. Treen's Benedetta, by Defence, 7 st. 10 lb. received.
 Capt. Rous's Nicholas, 8 st. 7 lb. paid.

Match, 200, h. ft. ; 8 st. 7 lb. each ; A.F.

Lord Kelburne's f. by Jerry, dam by St. Patrick received.
 Col. Peel's Palmyra paid.

Match, 100, 20 ft. ; D.M.

Mr. Greville's Perseus, by Emilius, 8 st. 7 lb. } off by
 Lord Albemarle's Janus, 8 st. 1 lb. } consent.

WEDNESDAY, 13th.—A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each ; for two-year-olds, 7 st. 3 lb. ; and three, 9 st. ; fillies allowed 3 lb. ; the winner to be sold for £80, &c. ; T.Y.C. (four subscribers).

Lord Exeter's f. by Beiram, out of Dahlia, two years old (Mann) 1
 Lord G. Bentinck's c. Crusade, by Ascot, out of Octaviana, two years old (Percy) 2
 Mr. Theobald's f. by Camel, out of Citron, two years old (Chapple) 3
 Gen. Wyndham's The Sopwell Nun, by Rockingham, out of Brazil, two years old,
 carried 7 st. 3 lb. (Nat) 4

Betting : 9 to 4 agst. The Sopwell Nun, 5 to 2 agst. Beiram filly, 3 to 1 agst. Crusade, and 7 to 2 agst. Citron filly. The Beiram filly made running from beginning to finish, and won by a length ; she was claimed.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages ; two-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb. ; three, 9 st. ; four and upwards, 9 st. 7 lb. ; the winner to be sold for £150, &c. ; T.Y.C. (six subscribers.)

Mr. Rogers's Bridgroom, by Hymen, out of Birthday, two years old (Bartholomew) 1
 Mr. Pettit's f. Michaelmas Day, by St. Patrick, two years old (Pettit) 2
 Lord Miltown's Wirrestrew, five years old (Calloway) 0
 Mr. Wright's Folly, four years old (Nat) 0
 Mr. Connop's Miss Wicked, by St. Patrick, two years old (Bumby) 0
 Mr. Goodman's Mungo Parke, four years old (Crouch) 0

Betting : 11 to 8 agst. Michaelmas Day, 3 to 1 agst. Folly, 4 to 1 agst. Bridgroom, and 4 to 1 agst. any other. The early part of the running was made by Wirrestrew and Miss Wicked, the latter, however, at the cords, giving way to Folly. In the final rush, Bridgroom was brought up with great resolution, and won, after a hard struggle, by a neck. Miss Wicked and Mungo Parke were "nowhere."

The Town Plate of 50 sovs. ; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb. ; four, 8 st. 4 lb. ; five, 8 st. 11 lb. ; six and aged, 9 st. 1 lb. ; the winner to be sold for £200, &c. ; T.M.M.

Mr. Isaac Day's Benedetta, by Defence, three years old (Chapple) 1
 Mr. Sowerby's Phingari, three years old (Cotton) 2
 Lord Albemarle's Exit, four years old (Robinson) 0
 Mr. Gardnor's Æthon, three years old (Nat) 0
 Mr. Bradford's Vigilance, three years old (Bartholomew) 0

Betting : 5 to 4 on Exit, 5 to 2 agst. Benedetta, and 6 to 1 agst. any other. The front rank, at starting, was composed of Phingari, Æthon, and Exit. At the cords, Benedetta passed her horse, and won cleverly by a length.

THURSDAY, 14th.—A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each ; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb. ; and fillies, 8 st. 5 lb. ; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c. ; T.Y.C. (seven subscribers).

Mr. Pettit's Michaelmas Day, by St. Patrick (Pettit) 1
 Mr. Berrington's Proof Print, by Birdcatcher (Connelly) 2
 Lord Orford's gr. f. by Clearwell—Chapeau d'Espagne's dam (Rogers) 3
 Mr. Newton's f. by Jerry, out of Fanchon, by Lapdog (J. Day) 4
 Col. Peel's ch. c. brother to Vulture, by Langar (Nat) 5
 Mr. Higgins's ch. c. Vigo 6

Betting : 7 to 4 agst. Proof Print, and 9 to 4 agst. Michaelmas Day. Michaelmas Day, Proof Print, and Lord Orford's filly, had the race to themselves, the first leading throughout, and winning by half a length.

Match, 100, h. ft. ; T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's Albion, by Beiram, two years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Pettit) 1
 Lord Albemarle's Minaret, three years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Robinson) 2

Betting : 4 to 1 on Minaret, who waited till near the finish, failed in an attempt to get up, and was beaten by half a length.

Match, 100, h. ft. ; T.M.M.

Col. Peel's I-am-not-aware, by Tranby, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat) 1
 Mr. Booth's Colchleum, five years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Sly) 2

Betting : 6 to 4 on I-am-not-aware, who waited to the T.Y.C. Winning-post, ran past his adversary, and won by a length ; a clever race.

Match, 500, h. ft. ; D.I.

Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, by Taurus, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson) 1
 Lord Chesterfield's Knight-of-the-Whistle, 8 st. 4 lb. (Nat) 2

Betting : 11 to 8 on the Knight. John o' Gaunt ran away with the race from the beginning, and finished six lengths in advance.

Handicap Plate of £100, for three-year-olds, and upwards ; entrance, 3 gs. ; A.F.

Mr. Goodman's Isabella, by Medora, six years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Crouch) 1

Lord Exeter's Siliustria, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Pettit)	2
Mr. Forth's Camelino, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Buckle)	0
Major Hay's Retriever, five years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Connelly)	0
Mr. Greville's Rory O'More, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Nat)	0
Mr. Beresford's Bob Peel, four years old, 8 st. (Butler)	0
Mr. Isaac Day's Tamburini, five years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Chapple)	0
Mr. Smith's The Jovial Bachelor, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Bell's Thirak, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Bumby)	0
Duke of Bedford's Taurida, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (J. West)	0
Lord Orford's Young Quo Minus, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Bell)	0
Mr. Pettit's Langolee, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Percy)	0
Duke of Rutland's Sir Hans, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Bartholomew)	0
Lord Verulam's f. Concertina, three years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (H. Darling)	0
Mr. Negus's Portsoken, three years old, 5 st. 9 lb. (Hall)	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Tamburini, 5 to 1 agst. Rory O'More, 5 to 1 agst. Sir Hans, 8 to 1 agst. Siliustria, 10 to 1 agst. Langolee, and 10 to 1 (nominal price) agst. Isabella. The front rank, at starting, consisted of Siliustria and the winner, the others pretty well up. There were a few changes among the rear rank as they came down the fall at the Abingdon Mile bottom, and rose the hill; but the two leaders still held their own, Isabella challenging half way up the ascent, and winning easily by a length. The third place lay between Sir Hans and Portsoken, but it was too near a thing to say which won it.

Match, 200, h. ft.; A.F.

Mr. S. Stanley's Flambeau, by Taurus, 9 st. 2 lb.	received.
Lord Exeter's Cesarewitch, 7 st. 2 lb.	paid.

FRIDAY, 15th.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards; 5 ft. if declared, &c., to go to the owner of the second horse, T.Y.C. (eight subscribers, three of whom declared).

Mr. Gardner's Monops, by Actæon, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Whitehouse)	...	1
Mr. Payne's Johnny, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Nat)	...	2
Lord Exeter's Scarf, three years old, 6 st. 5 lb., carried 6 st. 7 lb. (Pettit)	...	3
Mr. Goodman's Isabella, six years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Crouch)	...	4

The following paid 5 sovs. forfeit:—Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, four years old, 8 st. 12 lb.; Mr. Greville's Palæmon, three years old, 7 st. 13 lb.; and Lord Miltown's Wirrestrew.

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Johnny, 2 to 1 agst. Monops, 7 to 2 agst. Scarf, and 4 to 1 agst. Isabella. The winner made a waiting race of it to the fall (Scarf and Isabella cutting out the work), where he went up, accompanied by Johnny, who ran with him a most resolute struggle to the Chair, where he was only beaten by a head.

Match, 200, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Mr. Byng's Garry Owen, by St. Patrick, 8 st. 10 lb. (Nat)	1
Lord Exeter's Scutari, 8 st. 2 lb. (Darling)	2

Betting: Scutari for choice, who cantered the first half of the distance, when the pair set to like fiends; a terrific race ending in favour of Garry Owen by a head.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., for two and three-year-olds; T. Y. C. (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Pettit's Langolee, by Langar, three years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Pettit)	1
Lord Exeter's Syria, three years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Mann)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's Topsail, by Sheet Anchor, two years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Percy)	3
Mr. Goodman's Belgrade, three years old, 9 st. (Crouch)	0
Mr. Greville's Palæmon, three years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Nat)	0
Col. Peel's Hawk's-eye, three years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Stagg)	0
Mr. Gardner's Æthon, three years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Theobald's The Black Duchess, three years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Wakefield)	0
Mr. Rogers's Tiptoe, by Bay Middleton, two years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Rogers)	0
Mr. Byng's Ca Ira, sister to Garry Owen, two years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Chapple)	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's Skipton, by Stockport, two years old, 7 st. 10 lb.	pd.

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. the two-year-olds, 2 to 1 agst. Ca Ira, 3 to 1 agst. Palæmon, 6 to 1 agst. Hawk's-eye, 7 to 1 agst. Belgrade; the winner not mentioned. Very soon after they were off, Langolee got to the front, stayed there, and, though pressed by Syria and Æthon, was never headed, and won a fierce race by a neck. Topsail reached the third place just before the finish, being only a head behind Syria; the tailing was very great, Black Duchess last.

The Prendergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; T.Y.C. (eighteen subscribers).

Mr. Wreford's ch. c. Wisacre, by Taurus, out of Victoria (J. Day, jun.)	1
Mr. Wilson's sister to Yorkshire Lad, by Voltaire (Rogers)	2
Lord Albemarle's b. c. Nuncio, by Plenipotentiary, out of Ally (Robinson)	3
Mr. Green's ch. c. by Wisacre, out of Zany's dam (Darling)	4

Betting: 3 to 1 on Wisacre, 7 to 2 agst. Nuncio, and 10 to 1 agst. sister to Yorkshire Lass. The favourite made the running; led from end to end, and, though closely attended by Mr. Wilson's filly and Nuncio, won rather cleverly by half a length. All four were well together, and the performance was by no means any thing extraordinary.

Match; 200, h. ft.; A.F.

Mr. Payne's Welfare, by Priam, 7 st. 10 lb.	received.
Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, 8 st. 7 lb.	paid.

Match, 100, 25 ft.; D.M.

Mr. Greville's Palæmon, by Glancus, 7 st. 7 lb.	received.
Lord Kelburne's Pathfinder, 8 st. 7 lb.	paid.

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1841.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PORTRAITS OF "CIGAR AND LOTTERY," THE CELEBRATED STEEPLE-
CHASERS; PAINTED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK BY MR. C. B.
SPALDING.

A MAP OF THE VARIOUS MEETS OF THE BURTON HUNT.

AND

VIGNETTE TITLE-PAGE, ENGRAVED BY ADLARD.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received a communication from Mr. Thomas Smith, master of the Pytchley, the substance of which we place before our readers: had space permitted, we would, with pleasure, have given insertion to the whole of his letter.

To the Editor of the Sporting Review.

SIR,—In the October number of the New Sporting Magazine, Nimrod has written a *critique* on gentlemen who hunt their own hounds; and, in giving his own opinion of your humble servant, appears to have forgotten *that he never hunted with my hounds in the Craven country at all*, nor, indeed, in the Humbledon country, since the early part of the very first year I kept foxhounds. . . . It is also strange that Nimrod, in the same paper, should make the remarks he does on my “Extracts from the Diary of a Huntsman,” *because it was entirely owing to his having written to me to request I would allow him to publish them—AN OFFER WHICH I DECLINED*—that they appeared before the world.

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient Servant,
THOMAS SMITH.

Pytchley Hunt Kennel, Brixworth, Northampton,
November 19th, 1841.

The importance of placing the performances of the two-year-olds, perfect and entire before our readers, at the earliest moment, will be our sufficient apology for postponing, till next month, our Review of the past Racing Season.

The Hint about “The Road,” shall not be lost sight of.

The “Advice concerning the Choice of a Gun” we cannot take, neither would our readers, we feel assured. Nobody *takes advice*; it’s a material a thousand times less negotiable than stale mackerel.

We are much indebted for the notice of the Royal Kennel; and purpose entering into the subject in our next Number.

Vol. VI., bound in fancy cloth boards, and lettered, is now ready.

HYDE MARSTON ;
OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN'S LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH :—“ THUS RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.”

“ La vie ne se révèle à nous-mêmes qu'avec le choc des occasions.”

BRUCKER.

“ Time is the distance of moral life, the perspective of the mind : it is only now, seated in my easy corner at Crockey's, or by my fireside in St. James's-place, that groupings come out before my mind's eye, and trifles combine themselves into events, which, when passing before me, were mere dots and lines, scratchings and daubings.”

CECIL, A PEER.

HOWEVER justly our soil and climate may be accused of scant fertility, and sluggishness of physical production, no country under the sun has been so prolific of those social ill-weeds that, as the proverb says, “ grow apace.” When Horace wrote the robustious hexameters that open the second satire of his First Book, he indited a catalogue suited *au pied de la lettre*, to distinguish the moral *fungi* that should overrun Great Britain in the fulness of time. France has done much in the way of *chevaliers d'industrie* ; India boasts her sons, of a *leger-demain* so perfect, that they can pick a man's back of his shirt ; but a concentration alone of all the ethereal subtilties of civilization, and the instructive dexterities of savage life, can form that “ perfect monster,” the English swindler. Be it not supposed I mean that this most finished of all the disciples of Mercury is an indigenious plant of our earth ; so far from it, the best specimens have been exotics. All I contend for, is, that it nowhere attains the ideal of luxuriance, save in the rich loam of John Bull's forcing-house. As it is only here and there one meets with a man who desires to proclaim himself an ass, by sound of trumpet, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred all that the cheat requires to secure impunity, is success. The more monstrous the means, too, the more triumphant the consequences, let the end be but attained.

The annals of credulity, probably, contain no instance whose details exhibit the prodigality of success that crowned the early career of the Baron Von Hoffman. Fortune, to whose caprice the majority of the ingenious are so largely indebted, in his case had nothing to do but to look on with amazement. Fully sensible, that the more select the company admitted to an exhibition of sleight-of-hand, the more the chances are multiplied in favour of the showman, he eschewed commerce with mankind in the mass. To certain coteries, curious in lions,

he accomplished an introduction, and with these he was ever a welcome guest. This was brought about, in the first instance, by a certain dashing general of cavalry, who subsequently became commander of the forces in Ireland, and whom our accomplished chevalier undoubtedly succeeded in "fooling to the top of *his bent*." The Baron was by no means diffident of allusion to his "friend," or the circumstances under which he first made that nobleman's acquaintance. These will throw some light upon the style of audience to whom he played on his first appearance, and, therefore, are worth a passing notice. As a dry relation, indeed, the story will hardly bear telling; but, as I cannot transfer the narrator's wild gestures and quaint language to my page, I have no alternative but thus to communicate it.

"It was at Malta that I became known to my noble friend, General Lord C——," he would say, "having touched there in my yacht, which I was trying, by a cruise in the Mediterranean, previous to a voyage and adventure that required no ordinary means and appliances. A finer vessel never floated than that craft; she was built for me at Bordeaux, entirely of the choicest Spanish mahogany, was equal in tonnage and appointments to a first-class frigate, and cost about sixty thousand pounds. C—— frequently lunched on board of her, for he took quite a fancy to my sandal-wood cabin and curious Tokay: the latter presented to me by Esterhazy, from his hundred-year-old bin. As it may seem remarkable that a Hungarian nobleman should go to such expense for a pleasure-vessel, I will enter into the particulars, although it is most painful to me to recall them. During a visit to Vienna, I saw and admired a young Portuguese lady, the daughter and heiress of the wealthiest and most noble family in Estremadura; she was the guest of a relative, then on a mission to the Austrian court, and the fame of her beauty filled every *salon* in Germany. Admiration grew into a more tender sentiment—I loved the Lusian girl, and my passion was returned with a fervour, pure, but glowing, as her native skies. As we made no secret of our attachment, the rumour of it speedily reached Portugal. The policy of her house had, in childhood, affianced her to a noble of her own land. Refusal to ratify the contract caused her immediate removal from the banks of the Danube to a convent on the Tagus. A letter which she contrived to forward to me at Paris, revealed the history of her sacerdotal imprisonment, and the danger and difficulty of any attempt to rescue her from it. These acted but as incitements, while they suggested the necessity for caution as well as courage. I resolved that the means of flight should be as secret as secure. To this end the yacht was built, and manned with a crew whose law was my will. A Parisian chemist furnished me with a rope-ladder, so prepared, that, being for an hour subjected

to the action of the air, it became dust. This latter precaution I adopted, that even the fact of the captive's escape should be incapable of proof.

“ Thus prepared I sought the Tagus, bore away the brightest flower that ever bloomed upon its shores, and sailed for climes, where nature is an Eden, and life a summer-day. I will not recall the ruin of all this promise, save to tell that, of the blithe company who set forth on that voyage, I alone remain. She, who was fairer than the daughters of this world, sleeps with the pearl and the coral, twin-sisters of her brow and lip: she is gone to bliss—he who remains survives to living death!” By the aid of a white cambric handkerchief, coal-black mustaches, and a jewelled hand, this story was wont to produce a vast effect. He had half-a-dozen others to match; and these, well seasoned with high names, passed him into certain circles with prodigious *éclat*. In London, however, his career was brief. After a residence of little more than a year in England, he selected Dublin as the scene of his exploits, where, at the time, Lord C— was commander of the forces. At his Lordship's levees, and her Ladyship's parties, the Baron was a star. Covered with embroidery, ribands, and orders, and accompanied by his suite, for two seasons he was the “observed of all observers” in the most aristocratic coteries of the Irish metropolis. From the court to the kennel was but one step for him. In the streets where, a few months ago, he had ridden as a prince, he was to be seen, shivering, in rags, a gaunt beggar, at the point of starvation. In the streets which he had so lately paraded with the most distinguished of their company, died the Baron Von Hoffman, with the brand of the Galleys on his back!

My arrangements for ceding the cottage to its new tenant were completed, and I only awaited the issue of a scheme that promised to supply funds necessary for the emigration, when a letter was left for me by a person who refused to give his name, which put an end to all else, save the immediate matter of its contents. It was anonymous, and announced that my father was on the point of leaving B— for Oxford, to communicate to me a matter of great concern. The thief, says the proverb, sees an officer in every bush: I, as-naturally, jumped at the conclusion, that the old gentleman had learned my position, and, using the Oxford trip as a *ruse* for his journey, was bound incontinently for Thames Ditton, then and there to burn the villa to the ground, and put its inmates to the sword. To avert such a catastrophe as this, I wrote, on the instant, that I might be expected in Shropshire within a few hours after the receipt of my letter; and having told Caroline that I was merely going to town, and should return to dinner, I was off for London as fast as a thorough-bred hack

could carry me : thence I despatched Maher, with orders to state, that a sudden summons called me to B—— for a few days ; that I should return before the end of the week, without fail ; and, at eight o'clock the same evening, lit my cigar on the box of the "Wonder," at the door of the Peacock, at Islington.

It has been said that, when a man sees another cross the street, as he believes, for the purpose of knocking him down, and, in lieu of a thwack on the head, receives an invitation to dinner, the compliment becomes enhanced a hundred-fold. Upon a similar principle I regarded my reception at the home of my ancestors. When, instead of a face like a thunder-cloud, and a salute to correspond, I was welcomed with a tone, soft as the music of the spheres is said to be, and with a smile, sweet as those attributed to the seraphs, by parties in the habit of associating with them—I say, when, utterly unable to account for myself or my appearance, my respected sire (albeit, by nature, wily as a fox, and choleric as a gamecock) took me unto his bosom, "and no questions asked," it was as though the usher of the black rod had shown me from Pandemonium to Paradise. It is not my custom to pry impertinently into the causes of good luck,—the effect is enough for all my purposes. I, therefore, took the goods the gods gave, that is to say (dinner being discussed), a bottle of 1818 claret, and a slice of pine-apple, without opening my mouth, save for the behoof of my palate. There I was (for all my progenitor knew, dropped from the firmament), treated as if he had transmitted to Oxford, some weeks before, a card of invitation, to "request the honour of my company at dinner" on such and such a day, and that the occasion had duly arrived. A seraphic feeling of filial love glowed within me ! Memories of neglected duties, and slighted observances, rose like mocking fiends before my troubled conscience ! How base and vile had been my past life ! how unworthy such a parent ! It was surprising I did not fall at his feet, and make a clean breast of it !

"Hyde, my boy," said the unparalleled old gentleman, "here's a bumper to your return home ; though I suppose I can hardly flatter myself it was affection for the governor procured him the gratification ? Pockets to let—unfurnished, eh ? Well, well, we were all young once, and went a little over discretion pace. That must be put right. Now answer me freely and honestly, with an assurance of my desire and ability to assist you ; should you feel any disinclination to be put in possession of fifty thousand pounds forthwith ?" How perfect was his philosophy who pronounced that "merely we are Fate's tools !" There I was, my honour, my very life jeopardied—for the scurvy need of a few guineas, ready to swoon at an offer of immeasurable wealth ! Libertine that I was—careless of personal consequences, and

all the anxieties I might inflict on those connected with me; still my heart was not hardened enough to contemplate the horrid conviction that struck upon it. Yet, could I doubt—did it admit of the possibility of question, that my father had indeed lost his senses? And how terrible was the expression of his madness! Had he decaudated himself before my eyes, and stuck his dear old pigtail into his button-hole for a nosegay; had I beheld him help himself from the water-bottle instead of the claret-jug—in short, perpetrating any act of ordinary insanity, there might have been a hope. But to hear him ask his son—me, Hyde Marston—to accept a delicate accommodation to the tune of fifty thousand pounds! Oh! it was too shocking!

“Take your wine,” he continued, with a manner that would have imposed upon Willis or Munro; “attend to me, but don’t stop the bottle. I am not rich, my dear Hyde—my fortune is not enough for both of us; in such a case is it not a father’s duty to do for his son?” (The fruit was still on the table, and so were the dessert knives!) “Now you’ll want to go to Melton this winter: indeed it is my desire to see you make your *début* there. That cannot be done as it ought without ten hunters, and a couple of hacks.”

I ventured to hint that it might be attempted with *six*, and a single hackney to begin with. “D——n your sneaking half dozen!” he exclaimed—(here I wanted to peel an apple, and took possession of the blade that happened to be nearest his hand); “you shall open in Leicestershire with a score of the best nags England can produce; a couple of slapping teams for your road-work; and a cook from the *Fauxbourg St. Honoré*.” (What a sample of paternal solicitude!—“Oh, what a noble mind was here overthrown!”) “This is the style in which it becomes a son of mine to take the field, and thus shall it be brought about:—I have secured you a wife, with fifty thousand pounds in possession, and as many more in reversion.” Sheridan is prone to scoff at matrimony, but he was a *roué*;—Gay was a moral man, and yet he makes his hero surrender himself to the hangman, rather than receive a visit from the wife of his bosom. Will not some allowance, then, be made for the feelings with which *I* received this announcement?

A stream of calm and holy moonlight poured through the open casement, as I entered the chamber of my childhood; there was the pillow, hallowed by many a rosy dream, and slumber light; experience had come, and what was the worth of the reality, compared with the vision? It was not my fault that the base logic of instinct made Caroline represent the substance, and the immateriality of my purse the shadow of the proposition.

If we desire to see the human race exercising its noblest prerogative, we must seek it in the wilderness. Civilized man has ceased

to be a free agent—the will and the way unfettered are the proud privileges alone of the savage. On the following morning, my father sent for me, and promptly unfolded his plans. The lady selected for the honour of my hand was the only daughter of General W——, one of his earliest friends. He had entered the army as a boy, and, having reaped a harvest of laurels and sugar-canes, even from the Bahamas to extremest Tobago, became a *millionaire* and a general of Artillery. This fortunate son of Mars being an Irishman, carried off a planter's daughter, who bore *him* a daughter (both matters of course). The latter was exported in her infancy to Ireland, to be reared by her uncle, a swain that fed his flocks in the rich pastures of the Golden Vale. Such was the maiden destined for my arms; and, seeing that I had not the luck to be born an anthropophagus, but a Christian gentleman, who could not have given change for a silver groat, had his salvation depended upon it, I offered no objection to the arrangements. Indeed, under all the circumstances, had the proposal been that I should marry the General instead of his daughter, I don't well see how I could have refused.

By noon we were upon the Holyhead road, and, without further adventure, reached Dublin, and the residence of my father-in-law elect. It was late when we arrived, and, after a hurried toilette, dinner was announced. Besides ourselves, there were but the host and his daughter present. A capital fellow he was, with the corporation of Falstaff, the nose of Bardolph, and the spirit of Momus! I can't say I liked the lady so well; perhaps I was prejudiced. A dish of pullets being opposite to me, I inquired whether I should have the pleasure of helping her? The reply was, "Thank'e, I *will* take a fowl." This was startling. Something more alarming followed: a servant reported, that a person in the hall desired to see me instantly—it was Maher! There he stood, travel-stained, with just breath enough to gasp out, "Miss Caroline's bolted, sir—she and the fellow with the hump on his back, and his nose ——." I reeled as from the stroke of a poniard; but ruin was in discovery, and I tottered back to the dinner-table. I sank into my chair; the people around me were feasting—my soul died at the sight. One, bright, brilliant and ethereal, was in my heart—at my elbow, a carnivorous Gorgon, with the polished bones of a pullet before her. With an effort I faltered, "You have not dined?"—— when she, who was to be to me another Caroline, thus took up the reply:—"Well then, upon my conscience, I'm very hungry to-day, that's the truth: *I'll just trouble you for another fowl.*"

CIGAR AND LOTTERY.

THESE celebrated horses—the former the property of Mr. Joseph Anderson, and the latter, of Mr. John Elmore, the eminent London dealers, will descend to posterity as the Childers and Eclipse of Steeple-chasing. Their portraits will also well illustrate the character of the hunters of the nineteenth century.



CIGAR AND LOTTERY.

THE CELEBRATED STEELE - CARRIERS.

London: Published by Messrs. G. & J. Colver, 15, Abchurch Lane, in the Strand, W.C. 1888.

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THE SPORTS AND RECREATIONS OF THE PEOPLE, AND THEIR MORAL EFFECTS.

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY, M.P.

(Continued from page 334.)

HAVING declared, in the two preceding numbers of the *SPORTING REVIEW*, and, I trust, not without good and sufficient reasons, that the sporting amusements of the poor, though not one jot more cruel or demoralizing in their effects upon society than those of the rich, are, for the purposes of a false humanity, decried and rendered illegal, while the affluent classes are left unassailed to enjoy similar recreations, simply because they are more able to defend them, let us proceed to other contingencies. Observe, then, the mischief which this constant tampering with the liberty of the subject effects, and how far it interferes with enactments which are known to be of great public utility. Take, for instance, the new police force. I looked upon them, in their first establishment, to be invested with quite as much power as could, by any possibility, be given to any constitutional force in this kingdom. Since they have been on duty, I have watched them with some jealousy, and am bound to admit that their conduct, generally, has been most efficient, and governed, at the same time, by the greatest forbearance. Nevertheless, *they go quite as far* as that species of discretionary power *ought to go in a free country*, and any fresh reasons for *their interference with the liberty of the subject* should be sedulously avoided. They ought not to be brought into contact with the people, *when peacefully bent on recreation*, for it induces riot instead of keeping the peace, and renders the force unpopular with all classes. In spite of the dislike which, in some places, existed to this constabulary, I had hoped that they would have been found to be so useful, that opposition to them would have died a natural death; but now I am bound to confess, their firm supporter as I have hitherto been, that I regard, with some suspicion, the frequent grounds for interference with the people added to the discretion of the police, by that body which calls itself an association for the suppression of cruelty. If such enactments as those lately passed, or, in more appropriate phrase, smuggled through the Houses of Parliament, for the suppression of old English games and pastimes, which had long been regarded as national amusements, continue to be thrust upon society by the sickly or designing sentimentalists of the day, why I, for one, will reluctantly be compelled into the opinion, that the police force, which originally was calculated to have worked the greatest benefits for the community, must soon become a tyrannical and unconstitutional bugbear upon the face of society. As I have before remarked, the judge on the bench does not object to the settlement of the village quarrel by the bout at fists; but, let me ask, *how can* a quarrel be so settled, when almost every field and common contains a constable, whose orders are to interfere with the combat of man or animal?—not the most inefficient and crippled person of his locality, as the constable was of yore, but an active, muscular, young fellow, tired of sauntering about doing

nothing, and anxious to have an opportunity of using his staff. The dog-fight, the cock-fight, the quail-fight, or, in short, any fight at all, however privately arranged and screened from the possibility of offending the public, or being charged with creating a nuisance, through disturbance, are all now made additional reasons for the interference of the police. I may here mention a fact, of which I was an eye-witness. Two young countrymen gathering apples or plums in an orchard, quarrelled: one of them pushed the other, when the one assaulted grasped in his pocket, evidently for a knife, but not finding it, he looked on the ground for some weapon, with which to requite the aggression; none, however, seemed to be at hand, but the pole with which the trees had been beaten. This weapon, in default of a better, he immediately seized, and with it struck the other so severe a blow, as to render him unable, for some time, to move hand or foot. On observing this, I ran up to them, and remonstrated severely with the one who had used the pole on the cowardliness and cruelty of his conduct; urging, at the same time, the fact, that I conceived that, without the pole, he would have been a fair match for his antagonist; and that it would have been much more manly in him to have tested superiority in an upstanding boxing-match.

His reply, though sullen, was somewhat to the purpose: "What's the good of beginning to box?" he said: "before we'd half done we should have had a policeman here." Now this was a remark to which no denial could be given; and encouraged to interfere as the police are on every occasion, on many of which it would be more wholesome to the community were they to turn their backs, and walk to a little distance, I really do not see that the people have left to their choice any way of determining a personal quarrel, save such brief and deadly means as may bereave the life of one, and render the other an everlasting criminal in the eye of the law. An interference by the police with men assembled together in amity, on their own private premises, and whose characters, for honesty and respectability, are above suspicion, to match in combat their cocks or dogs, where they offend not, nor intrude on the notice of the public, and, in their own estimation, are doing no harm, is like legislating for the safety of a man's soul against the dictates of his own conscience, and making him religious by act of parliament.

All amusements calculated to bring the lord of the soil and the tenant together should be countenanced and upheld; the landlord and the labourer should have opportunities of meeting in their sports and pleasures, as well as in the duties of their respective situations. By personal observation into their characters, the peer will have an opportunity of perceiving that the peasant has other qualities than those of a mere slave; and the peasant, in his turn, will learn to love, as well as to obey, the man under whom he may partake of pleasure as well as gain his bread; and, profit too, through an association, brief as it may be, with the better conditioned classes of mankind. Were it not for our field sports, educated abroad, as many of the heads of our best families are, and have been, the future lord of the manor would know no more of the character of the English yeoman, or the labourer, than he would of the qualities of the man in the moon; or, grounding his opinion upon superficial observation in foreign parts, he might form an

erroneous estimation of the masses for whom, on some future day, he would have to legislate. To obviate such an unwholesome state of things, and as scarce anything in this world can be perfect, or free from the spots inculcated by the fallen state of man's nature, slight errors, tending to the establishment of great good, should be forgiven, and their consequences, therefore, favourably regarded. Each sport and recreation that tends to keep back or suppress the great crime of absenteeism, from which our sister country, the Emerald Isle, is at this moment so unhappily suffering, and which induces the great families, who draw their wealth from the English soil, to live upon their estates, and mingle with each more humble class of society, should be upheld, instead of cried down, by every man who really loves his country. If you deny to the rich man the amusement afforded by the sports of the field, or any other pastimes and pleasures arising from the powers of the animal kingdom, and in this country refuse to him gratification and solace, originating from that which may fairly be called a national diversion, why, instead of spending his money upon the land, and in the vicinity whence it was drawn, he will fly to foreign countries, and purchase, with English gold, which ought to have been circulated among his countrymen at home, those delights and recreations, which an injurious spirit of false humanity had denied him in the land of his birth. The head of my own family has ever resided on his estate; let the world judge of *how* he has lived there, by the political strength of the Castle. We are all attached to the country, and invariably have dwelt in it, and partaken, heart and hand, in every sport the national code admits, save when our professions have called us abroad to fulfil the duties imposed by the army or navy. For myself, highly estimating the French nation as I do, and having the deepest sense of admiration for the gentler sex its brilliant land contains, yet I am disposed to congratulate myself in never having been to Paris. People exclaim with surprise when I state thus much, and there are some men who would almost be ashamed to own that they had not been where all the world has been; but, far from these sensations, I take pleasure in the confession, and even pride myself on the fact, that I never sought a pleasure my native land did not afford, or, in the hours of recreation, wished myself away from its woods and fields.

People who have not remarked on the condition of an estate ruled by a resident landlord, or neglected and abused by the agents of an absentee, would scarce credit the lamentable difference afforded by the two situations. Superficial observers and surface legislators talk of the demoralization effected among the lower orders by large preserves of game (a charge as little founded on truth as anything can possibly be, as already shown in other numbers of this Magazine*): but, at the same time, they overlook the fact of the immense population to whom the maintenance of large sporting establishments in the country, whether of the turf, the hunter, or the gun, and sometimes all three together, give constant employment, and an honest means of earning a comfortable and liberal subsistence. The wrongfully cried down and much abused pastime derived from the gamecock, forms a source of much communication between the landlord and the tenant, whether of the farm or cottage, and is the means of making the resident gentleman who

* See the Hon. Grantley Berkeley on the Preservation of Game.

upholds this amusement acquainted with many a necessity of the deserving poor, which would otherwise have escaped his notice. In the breeding of gamecocks, and when the bird arrives at a certain age, he must be removed from his fellows, and given what is termed a master-walk, where he can meet with no other male of his kind. For this purpose, the gamecocks are placed at the different farm-houses and cottages in the vicinity, to run with the common barn-door hens, where, to see how his favourites thrive, the owner of the birds, in his ride of the day, pays casual visits to the various walks. Many a tale and many a truth have in this way reached the gentleman, at the cottage door; and many an opportunity of doing a kindness to its inmate been given him, which never would have come within his observation but for the wholesome intercourse brought about by the means herein described. More benefits have arisen to this country, and greater good will arise from the maintenance of *all old English sports*, than can be achieved, either morally or temporally, by all the humane societies in the world. At first, and in its chrysalis state, a Society for the Protection of Animals sounded pleasantly and well. Loving animals as I love them, from the horse down to the tamed mouse, from the eagle down to the educated wren, for I have had them all at different times in my keeping, coupled with the knowledge which I have of the affection, fidelity, and reasoning powers, of that unflinching friend of man, the dog; I declare again, in its chrysalis state, and honest, grub-like capacity, before the warmth of its funds had hatched it into a more gaudy and mischievous insect, I was inclined to have continued a firm supporter of the society; but now, finding that the primitive intention has been lost sight of, and that the powers of a public body may, at times, be wrested and abused for personal and political purposes, as well as put in force in opposition to the amusements and recreations of the people, *and against every national sport* wherein the powers of animals are made subservient to the will of man, I at once declare myself—slight as my powers may be, an open enemy, though not an uncompromising one, to such an unwholesome state of things. In making use of the word uncompromising, I wish the fact not to be lost sight of, that a Society for the Prevention of Unnecessary Cruelty to Animals driven to the Slaughter-houses, would be of infinite service to the interests of humanity; and, in support of this assertion, I would simply refer to a fact laid before the House of Commons, when Islington Market was under consideration, *of the enormous sum of money annually returned between the salesman and the butcher, for bruised and damaged portions of the slaughtered beasts, rendered unfit for human food from the unnecessary and cruel blows inflicted on the wretched animals by the brutal drovers.* Against all cruelties practised in the open streets, distressful alike to the eyes of man, as well as to the softer hearts of the female sex, who are often forced to witness it, I would direct the attention of *an usefully humane society.* The hackney coach, the cab, or omnibus horse, should not be over-driven, starved, or inhumanly beaten; the dog and cat should not be skinned alive, even if patties were made of their flesh for the profit of wayside vendors, sausage shops, and other dark assuagers of unwary appetites. In short, let the present society compromise even in the eleventh hour, confine its attention to legitimate

purposes, and wage war with the million cold-blooded and unnecessary cruelties which *publicly offend*, and are passing hourly before our eyes, and I do not think there is a soul in the state that would not assist them heart and hand. If the society will *not* do this, but Quixotism is to be their order of the day, and tilts are to be run against *old English games*; why then, instead of making a dastardly selection *from the amusements of the poor*, let them send down their informers to *Ascot, Epsom, Newmarket and Doncaster*, to the *fixtures of the Royal Staghounds*, and to every trout-stream strictly preserved for *particular classes*, for one amusement is just as cruel as the other, while many left unassailed, are more so. The society will then escape the charge of attempting to tyrannize over the poor, while they fear to attack the rich, and, at least, appear honest in their intentions.

One other remark, and for the present I have done. The same unwholesome, uncharitable, and, as I look upon it, irreligious spirit, which ministers to the "*cruel society*" in London, and affords them funds wherewith "to be wicked in behalf of righteousness, and to be cruel out of piety,"* is, at this moment, under another garb, and through the generalship of Mr. Guthrie and others, instigating a holy war in the north; and the Agnewites of Edinburgh are joining battle with Sabbath railway travelling, and *against the sale of lollipops on a Sunday*.

We know, from the fourth commandment, that there shall be no labour in man's *living* establishment on the seventh day, even unto his cattle; but how any wise men, east, west, north, or south, can contrive to bring within the meaning of that behest, the properties of boiling water, I cannot, for the soul of me, conceive. In one sense, Mr. Guthrie is consistent; for what is a cold dinner to him on a Sunday, but a comfortable holiday to his stomach? At least I have heard that, when men pamper themselves for six days out of seven with heated food; cold meats and cooling salads are periodically refreshing. Mr. Guthrie and the labourer, or artificer, cannot be brought sufficiently near to each other to render their service, in point of argument, similarly effective. Mr. Guthrie has, if he likes it, a hot dinner every day,—not so as regards the other; but, to use the words of this preacher in a wider sense, the poor man *has* "the blessed privilege to be," for six days out of the seven, instead of "for one day in seven—clothed like the lilies, and fed like the sparrows;" and who, as truly stated in the "*Examiner*" of the 20th of November, does but too frequently "pick a cold repast from the hedges." From this poor man, whose bone, if lucky enough to have one, or whose morsel of bread and cheese, has been eaten in a solitary ditch for a week previous, and whose only chance of a hot meal is of a Sunday, if you stop the baker's oven, you wrest from him his hard-earned and long-toiled-for delicacy, at the only time when he can enjoy it in the bosom of his family.

One public Sunday oven, for the baking of the frugal delicacies of the poor, enables every individual member of *many families* to go to church, as *one man*, to attend that large oven, *dispenses with the*

* See the Hon. Grantley Berkeley's Review of Dr. Styles's Prize Essay, published by Ridgway, in Piccadilly.

vigil of various people upon a number of little ones, and, consequently, adds greatly to the numerical strength of congregations for prayer. This is an obvious fact; facts are sturdy things, and not to be upset by all the false doctrines in the world.

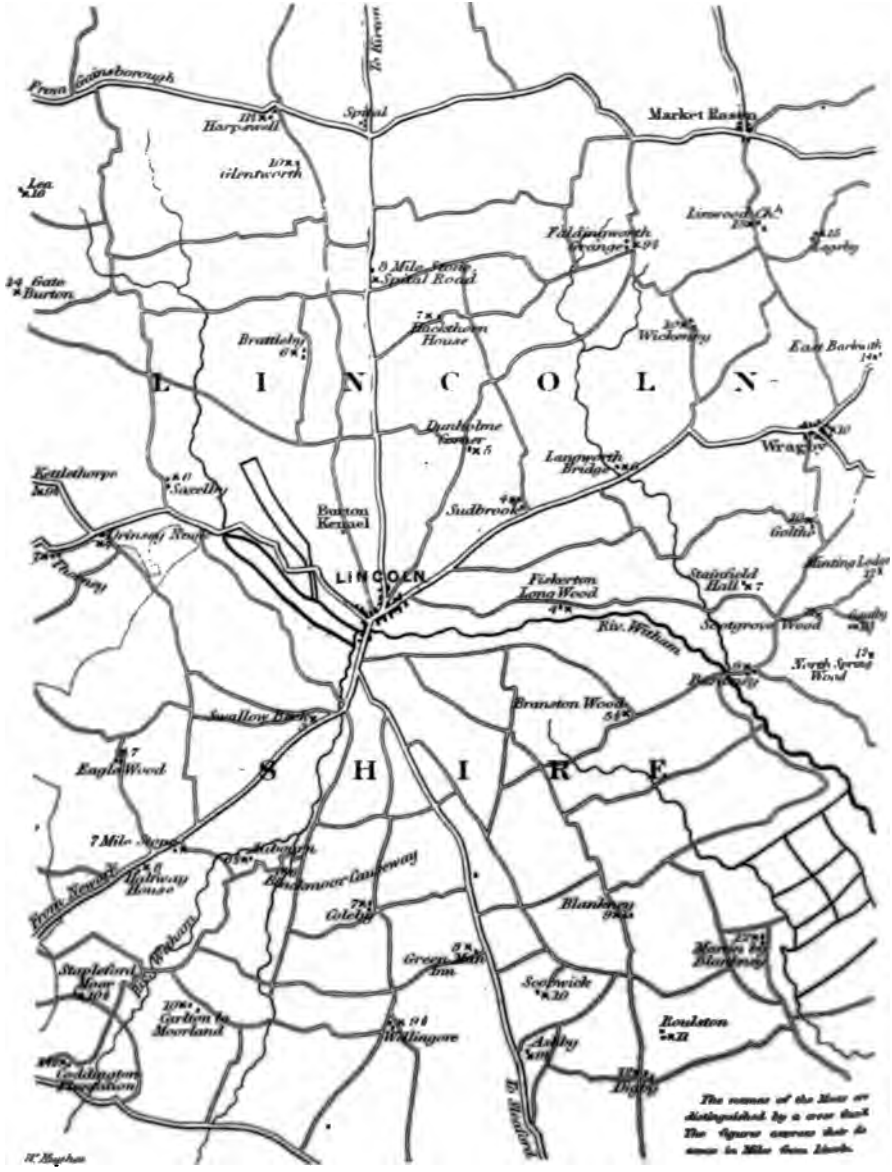
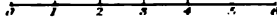
Surface preaching, as well as *surface legislation*, are alike rife in the days in which we live; neither the house of parliament, nor the pulpit, is free from this *gaudy vice*, or cuckoo-catching clap-trap; and I fairly charge the whole host of saintly sinners, every man of them on whomsoever the cap may fit, "who have become wicked in behalf of righteousness, and cruel out of piety," with a direct breach of the beneficent intentions of the great Author of religion, and with virtual contempt of His holy providence. I repeat—"that a religion which inspires hatred and outrage to all the rest of the world, and which condemns, wholesale, every soul (and their name is Legion) who travels on a Sunday by railway, through which, to seek the smiling face of the country, and the sweet fresh air given under heaven, as the common right of every living creature; also, in addition, refusing to each who share in the sports of the field, the feelings of charity;—why then I declare, in my humble, but openly expressed opinion, that the rules which govern the minds of these *surface preachers*, can never be those simply and religiously taken from the law of the merciful and impartial Maker and Judge of mankind.* Many of the assertions of Dr. Styles, in that strange production of his, entitled a "prize essay," scarcely more remarkable for the ignorance which it manifested of natural history, than for the uncharitable opinions it contained towards his neighbours, and for which he received the disproportionate reward of £100 from the "cruel society" in London, to the exclusion of a more unpretending, but far superior, work by Mr. Youatt, are part and parcel of the pharisaical and puritanical doctrines upheld by the Agnewites of the northern hemisphere.

If this presbyterian sore be permitted thus to break out in fresh places, and to progress over the hitherto healthy parts of our constitution, uncurtailed by the wholesome application of caustic, by the hand of the observant layman, why *all* that is either fair or beautiful will be corroded and eaten into by ascetic diseases and "bitter observations," till the bland, the cheerful, and alluring smile of religion, is turned into a forbidding scowl, to scare the timid sinner from all hope of succour. Man, who, in my opinion, may seek the favour of heaven, as a child may fly to the breast of its mother, with glad reliance on its genial mercy, and a cheerful sense of the great sacrifice made on the cross for the purposes of salvation, will, by these wholesale dealers in dark colours, be driven to doubt whether the time and place of what he conceived to be the last atonement of the sinner, has not been wrongfully apportioned or apprehended; and that, instead of a punishment to come, the worst state of spiritual as well as bodily endurance is, at the present hour, around him. If the use of the steam-carriage, of the public oven, as well as the enjoyment of those minor sports of the field within the compass of the poorer classes, are to be condemned as subversive of religion, and rendered illegal; and grave preachers, with an appearance of sincerity, are to hold up lollipops as the wages of Satan, with which sweet condiments he wins to himself the

* See pamphlet before alluded to.

MAP OF THE
W E E T S
 OF THE
B U R T O N
H O U N D S.

Scale of English Miles



*The names of the Hous or
 distinguished by a cross that
 The figure across that is
 same is Miles from that.*

souls of children, why do not the same *serious* gentlemen, with like or better reason, condemn, if not on week-days, certainly on Sundays, the merest use of fire, as an element exclusively dedicated to the devil. Natural history affords no other instance of the vital spark existing in such an atmosphere; while, at the same time, it is a known fact that, for the fuel to maintain our earthly fires, certain miners, in the Dean Forest, as well as in other districts, are obliged to work on Sunday, in order that the pit may be pumped sufficiently clear of water, to enable the great body of labourers to work their permitted portion of the week.

But no—these murky finger-posts of thorny paths; these *inventors* of the worst roads to salvation; these dark lanterns of melancholy illumination, will not do this, or anything approaching to it; fire has a comfortable charm in this life for their limbs, however they may fear its application hereafter: and when do we find one of these terrible denouncers of the vendors of pastry, or of the child's lollipop, or of the Sabbath day's innocent enjoyment by the poor (what with lollipops and salvation, I must declare these reverend gentlemen blend the ridiculous circumstance with the serious theme, most pitifully together), who, in the privacy of his own apartment, will deny himself the creature comforts of the world? If, in some instances, intentional privations actually exist, the fact, in all probability, arises from the morbid disease of a spirit, unnecessarily desponding, from sordid habits pressed into the semblance of religious service, or from the power of some mental spectre, which has been unhappily seated on the brain by organic disarrangement.

I repeat, "the bitter observance" of the sabbath, the doctrines to the maintenance of which, the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals prostitute their funds, are part and parcel of an unwholesome disease, which it becomes every Englishman to reduce. The rights and enjoyments of the poor are being infringed on every hour; they are turned into politicians for lack of other amusement; and, with but a local view of the national interest, they are often induced to press upon their representatives for the adoption of measures, which, like the preachings from the pharisaical and puritanical pulpits, are glossed over with a surface virtue, too weak and problematical to be of any permanent service, either in this world, or in the world to come.

THE BURTON HUNT.

THIS celebrated hunt originated about the year 1775, at which period the country was first hunted by the grandfather of the late Lord Monson. His son continued the establishment (for a short time in conjunction with Sir Thomas Clargess); old Evans, a sportsman highly esteemed in that day, being the huntsman. The pack descended from certain drafts obtained from the kennels of Lord Ludlow (who was the purchaser of Lord Perceval's hounds in 1760), and of the celebrated Hugo Meynell. About the year 1806, Lord Monson died, and, among other property, his son derived from him some forty

couples of as good foxhounds as ever were bred. These were, shortly after, bought by George Osbaldeston, Esq., who subsequently hunted the Burton country. In 1814, Mr. Osbaldeston was succeeded by R. W. Walker, Esq., who took the country with a pack bought from Lord Foley, but he only kept them for two seasons, when they became the property of Sir Bellingham Graham. The country then fell into the hands of Thomas Assheton Smith—a name in itself a guarantee for the manner in which the business of the field was conducted. The present sporting master of the Burton followed Mr. Smith. In 1825, Sir Richard Sutton met with a serious accident, which, for two years, interrupted his exertions in the service of Lincolnshire fox-hunting. On resuming the office he now so efficiently fills, Sir Richard added to his own, Sir George Sitwell's pack (for which he gave 500 guineas), and at this day the Burton kennels contained strains of all the best blood in England.

The present master of the Burton Hunt, Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., has now, with a short interval, been master of that establishment for twenty years, during the whole of which period, Shirley has been the huntsman. The whips are J. Wilson, W. Turpin, and J. Harrison. The kennels are at Burton, two miles N. W. of Lincoln.

The following is the list of the fixtures, with their distances from Lincoln:—

	Miles.		Miles.
Harpwell	11½	Green Man Inn	8
Glentworth	10	Carleton-le-Moorland	10
Lea	10	Ashby	9½
Linwood Church	13	Kittlethorpe	9½
Faldingworth Grange	9½	Drinsey Nook	7
Legsby	15	Thorney	7
Eight-mile-stone, Spital Road	8	Subbrook	4
Hackthorne House	7	Goltho	10
Wickenby	10	Minting Lodge	12
Gate Burton	14	Stainfield Hall	7
Brattleby	6	Fiskerton Long Wood	4
East Barkwith	14	North Spring Wood	12
Dunholme Corner	5	Branston Wood	5½
Longworth Bridge	6	Swallow Beak	3
Wragby	10	Seven-mile-stone, Newark Road	7
Saxelby	6	Coleby	7
Scotgrove Wood	11	Blankney	9
Gautby	11½	Martin-by-Blankney	12
Bardney	9	Stapleford Moor	10½
Eaglewood	7	Wellingore	9½
Cinborn Village	6½	Roulston Village	11
Blackmoor Causeway	6	Digby	12
Halfway House, Newark Road	8	Coddington Plantation	14½
Scopwick	10		

* * * Thonock House, two miles from Gainsborough, and Midge Inn, between Wragby and Horncastle, are omitted, in consequence of their lying out of the scale of the map.

COURSING MEETINGS FOR THE PRESENT MONTH.

Ridgway	2 & 3	Deptford Inn (Champion)	13, 14, 15, & 16
Osterley	2 & 4	Manchester and Fleetwood (Southport)	15 & 16
Grasper & Harriot, £100 a side	3	Cusden	25
Alcar (the Waterloo Picture)	5, 9, & 10	Fleetwood	25
Lytham	13 & 14	Clydesdale	26 & 27

DESERT SPORTS OF AFRICA.*

No book, perhaps, has yet been written, in any language, entitled to a higher place in the literature of childhood than "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." De Foe is the literary magician of the nursery, but his sorcery extends no further. No sooner does sensibility become mingled with sensation, than the student requires more than that which simply excites and gratifies his curiosity. Moral and physical developments and demands progress *pari passu*; and the writer, who may move the boy to ecstasy by narratives of the wild and marvellous, shall fail to interest the youth, unless his incidents are coloured with passion. We do not insist upon our position as the universal rule—we only imply its generality: we can vouch for its individual application. Vivid as a passage of yesterday is the recollection of our own first step from fancy to feeling. Accident threw in our way a translation of "*Le Vaillant's Travels*;" a work, however justly accused of romance, palpable geographical error, and utter statistical ignorance, is one of the most fascinating combinations of fact and fiction that ever turned the head of sanguine fifteen. Even now we recall our glow of wild admiration for the adventurous *voyageur*, contending with the tawny monarch the sovereignty of his desert domains; and the sigh (alas! too sympathetic) wherewith we regarded him reclined, with his dusky beauty, on the golden banks of the Orange River!

Modern days have not been unprolific of adventurers that have selected Africa as the scene of their exploits and researches, still none of them have given us such a pleasant account of their enterprises as the Frenchman. No doubt the majority of the gentlemen found their excursions far from agreeable. Such places as the Orange River, and "Loo Choo," don't fall in the way of every man who sallies forth on a voyage of discovery. A friend of ours, who accompanied Captain Parry in his second attempt to visit the North Pole, assured us that, during a march over the ice, when his comrades used to breakfast, dine, and sup, on a chewed bullet, he fell into the rear (being of compassionate bowels), while he made "a glorious tuck-out" of the heel of his boot. But a traveller is not bound to give his evidence like a witness at the Old Bailey: he may tell the truth if he please—but not the whole truth, if it *displease*, or suit not ears polite. Many of the accounts published of recent attempts to penetrate into Central Africa, are filled with horrors sufficient to give a nervous patient a paralytic stroke, and to deter any one of a quick sensibility from ever opening a book of travels during the residue of his life. After *Le Vaillant*, no one has succeeded in making a more readable book about Africa than Captain Harris. He took to the wilderness for pleasure: when he meets it, he shares it with his reader; and, when things go the other way, he touches them with a light and graceful hand. When such occurrences, for example, as the matutinal oblations offered to the King of Zoolah, claim record, he states the execrable fact in the least

* Abridged from an article in "The Bengal Sporting Magazine," entitled, "Journal of a Trip into the Interior of Southern Africa."

offensive terms, and then carries us off with him to a giraffe battle. The enterprising sportsman, from whose journals the following extracts are taken, evidently made Captain Harris his model, both in purpose and style. He furnishes a very interesting account of his "trip," so far as it went. It is no indifferent compliment to his narrative, that the only fault in it we are loath to forgive is its briefness.

"Fond of seeing new countries, and passionately fond of field sports, I had, ever since my arrival in the colony, indulged the hope that I should be enabled to gratify both these tastes by a visit to the wild countries that lie to the north-east of our colonial boundary. An opportunity of proceeding in that direction offered itself shortly after my arrival at Graham's Town, but my health was not at that time sufficiently re-established, to enable me to undergo the many hardships and privations attendant upon such an expedition: a second opportunity presented itself some months subsequently, of which I at once hastened to avail myself. My fellow-travellers were—a Mr. Thompson, brother of Mr. C. T. Thompson, of the Bengal civil service, and a Mr. Fitzgerald, of the Bombay army: both gentlemen equally enthusiastic with myself in their love of the chase, and in their admiration of the beauties of mountain scenery. We were each provided with a commodious traveling wagon, and the usual complement of oxen. We carried along with us a supply of provisions, calculated to last six months, besides a good stock of beads, brass wire, tobacco, snuff, and cheap ganjaus, to barter for oxen and sheep with the wild tribes of the interior, amongst whom money is as yet unknown: each had his box in his wagon, comfortably made upon a cartel, or frame, attached to the sides of the vehicle by means of leather straps. To the sides of the tent-roof of the wagon were appended canvass bags, for carrying such articles as were required for daily use: and above these again were laid our rifles and guns, secured to the tent by small leather lashings. Fore and aft were large chests, containing a variety of tools for repairing the wagon in case of necessity, together with our stock of gunpowder and lead. The side boxes were filled with plates, dishes, knives and forks, and various etcetera appertaining to the dinner table. The baggage wagon contained 3,000 lbs. of oats, one of the most important articles of our outfit, considering that the success of the expedition would very much depend upon our being able to bring the horses into the field in hunting condition. Several weeks elapsed before our preparations were completed; at length, having settled all the claims of the Graham's Town tradesmen, and having adjusted all the drunken squabbles of our Hottentot followers, we yoked our oxen, and on the evening of the 26th of April formed our first camp upon the farm of Mr. Charles Griffiths, from whom we received every civility and kindness that we could desire.

"The third day's march brought us to Fish River, whose treacherous waters have so often proved fatal to the traveller. The rapidity and suddenness with which this river fills is very remarkable, a single shower near the sources being quite sufficient to render the stream impassable. Crossing this, we halted, after a severe ascent of some miles, upon the slope of an extensive flat, called the Fish River run, where, finding the pasture most luxuriant, we suffered the cattle to run all night, instead of making them secure to the yoke, according to esta-

blished practice. This violation on our part of a very wholesome rule produced the most disastrous consequences, for, on searching for our oxen and horses on the following morning, we could find no trace of either the one or the other; men were immediately despatched in every direction, and when these returned, without having obtained any tidings of the cattle, the most gloomy fears took possession of our minds, and there seemed but little doubt that the 'Kafers' (who were known to be in the neighbourhood) had seized upon the herd, and were already half way to 'Kaferland' with their valuable prize. These apprehensions were, however, in some degree, relieved by the discovery, shortly afterwards, of eleven of the horses, which were found quietly grazing at no great distance from the camp. There were still, however, two of the best of our horses missing, besides the entire herd of cattle. In search of these, a fresh party of five mounted men, each well armed, again set forth in the almost hopeless task of picking up the cattle spoor, upon which contingency seemed to rest the only chance we had of recovering any part of the herd. The search on this occasion proved successful: the trail was found by two of the party, and being briskly followed up, thirty of the missing oxen were discovered in a very short space of time, at a distance of some ten miles from camp. The remainder were not long in being traced, and before 10 p. m. we had the satisfaction of seeing all the bullocks securely fastened to the yokes of the wagons. The two absent horses were found, a few days afterwards, on a farm, where one of them had been born and bred.

"We did not reach 'Cradock' till the 13th, having suffered further detention on the road from foul weather, the rain descending in torrents, with scarcely any intermission, during three days and two nights. The Fish River swelled, and we were detained on its banks for nearly forty-eight hours, before the torrents subsided sufficiently to enable us to cross. 'Cradock' Town, as it is called, is, at present, but a mere village, containing, perhaps, forty or fifty houses, mostly built in the Dutch mode, though now nearly all tenanted by English people, under whose additions and improvements the village is gradually losing its prim and formal looks, and in the course of time bids fair to become a place of some importance. In the absence of the civil commissioner, we were most hospitably entertained by the Rev. Mr. Monro, and his amiable and excellent wife. They bade us welcome with a sincerity that could not be mistaken; and in their evening prayers implored the Almighty to guide us safe through the pilgrimage we were about to undertake.

"Hitherto we had had but little occasion for our guns, but we had no sooner left 'Cradock' than we fell in with immense herds of the spring buck and the white-tailed gnoo. So wild, however, were these animals from being constantly hunted, that we found it quite useless following them, and, after the first day's hunt, we abandoned the pursuit altogether. Continuing our journey by easy marches of ten or fifteen miles a day, we arrived without accident or incident at the village of Coleberg. This village is rather singularly situated in a hollow between two stony sides, and consists of three streets built in parallel lines; it contains between two and three hundred white inhabitants, twenty-five shops, and a plain but substantial church, situated at the

top of the centre street. The inhabitants of Coleberg, like those of Little Peddington, seemed perfectly absorbed in their own importance, and appeared to make quite a favour of performing the most trifling job in the way of business. The village farrier, unfortunately for us, was married the day we arrived, and the '*elegant*' spree, as he termed it, that took place on the happy occasion, happening to last the best part of a week, we had to wait till it was over before we could get a horse shod. We found it necessary to leave the baggage wagon team at this place, the greater part being fairly knocked up, and to purchase another span, which we did at a cost of £35; at the same time I recruited my own team, and added to my stud two fine young horses, which I bought cheaply enough at £25. In the absence of anything like a canteen at Colesberg, we had hoped to escape much of the trouble and annoyance that we had been exposed to at Graham's Town from the drinking propensities of our Hottentot servants; but on preparing to leave the village on the morning of the 30th, it was discovered that all the men were in a beastly state of intoxication: unable to procure brandy, they had furnished themselves with a large supply of Eau de Cologne, under the maddening influence of which they speedily lost their senses, and for the remainder of the day were perfectly unserviceable.

"Leaving Colesberg, we encamped on the 1st of June upon the bank of the Orange River. This noble stream forms the colonial boundary in this quarter, and divides the districts of Colesberg from Griqualand, a tract of country inhabited by the Bastards, an independent race of men who owe their origin to a mixture of European with the native blood. We crossed the river without difficulty, but were detained a short time by the baggage-wagon sticking in the land on the opposite side; nor was it until the united strength of twenty-two oxen was made to bear upon it, that the lumbering vehicle was extricated from its position. On preparing to move on the following morning, thirty of our best oxen were discovered to be missing; they had strayed during the night, and were not recovered until late in the next day. On the 4th we passed through Philipoles, a small Griqua village belonging to one 'Daw Kok,' who in his wretched little district affects to imitate the colonial forms of government, and to administer the law according to the most approved notions of justice and equity. His wealth is said to consist in about 600 head of cattle, which report says have been obtained in a manner that would lead one to suspect that the captain's theory and practice are a little at variance in respect to equity and fair dealing. The prime minister, to whom we carried a letter of introduction, is one 'Hendrick Hendrick,' who narrowly escaped with his life in a late expedition of the 'Griquas' against the Zoolah king, Moselikatse. The facts are related in Harris's work, and are briefly these. In 1831, the Bastards, to the number of several hundreds, crossed the Vaal River, and, attacking the Zoolahs, gained a signal victory over them. Anticipating further successes, and little dreaming of being attacked in their turn, the Griquas, whilst reposing in a state of indolent security, were suddenly surrounded and massacred by their enemies in the dead of the night. Hendrick and one other Bastard alone escaped to tell the tale. At Philipole we left one

of our Hottentot followers, who had been attacked by an affection of the lungs, which had, for a considerable time, incapacitated him from attending to his duty.

“June 6th. Early this morning our wagons were surrounded by crowds of curious men, women, and children, who had come to take a peep at the caravan; we accordingly lost no time in opening a bigotie winkle, and did a little business for some sheep and goats, for which we gave brandy and tobacco at most profitable rates of exchange.

“June 8th. Met this evening a party of boors on their return to the colony from the river, who state that a commando, under ‘Pot-gester,’ had proceeded, on the 8th ultimo, against ‘Moselikatse,’ who had been discovered by the emigrant spies to be lurking within two days’ ride of the Dutch encampment. Should this be the case, it may render it advisable for us to seek an interview with this despot, previous to commencing our hunting operations in his dominions. Our road still continues to run over a succession of uninteresting plains, bounded on each side by low brown hills, at the base of which we found an abundance of hares, partridges, and florican. In regard to weather, we have been most fortunate; the days have been uniformly serene and cloudless, whilst the nights have rarely been disagreeably cold.

“On the 11th we encamped upon the bank of the Reit River, an inconsiderable stream that rises out of the hills to the eastward of our position. The country around still presents the same features of utter sterility and desolation, yet, nevertheless, there is a certain indescribable wildness about an ‘African’ landscape, that rarely fails to leave a pleasing impression on the mind of the beholder. I took the opportunity of our being detained at this place to ride over to the Reit River school, a German Missionary station, where I made a further addition to my stud of two fresh horses, which I obtained for the sum of £9: 15s. We halted a couple of days between the Reit and the Caffer Rivers, to hunt the gnoo and the blesbuck, ‘*gazelle albifrons*,’ which we found in incredible herds, shortly after leaving the school. Our commando proved pretty successful on this occasion, for we brought back venison enough to last the whole camp for a week. Continuing our route over vast plains of the same uninteresting character, we crossed the Madder River on the 18th instant, and reached the Missionary station of Thakaooncha on the following morning, where we met with a friendly reception from the resident minister, the Reverend Mr. Giddie.

“‘Thakaooncha,’ or, as it is more generally called, Morocco, is a place of considerable size, containing, it is said, upwards of 6,000 inhabitants, the remnants of a once flourishing tribe called the ‘Borolong.’ These unfortunate people were originally the possessors of a large portion of the territory that now belongs to Moselikatse, but being unable to offer any successful resistance to the aggressions of the Zoolah king, they gradually abandoned their native land, and, passing Vaal River, located themselves in the neighbourhood of Thakaooncha, where, through the exertions of the Missionaries, they have once more become reunited as a people. Their present chief or king is Morocco, who was elected to the supreme command on the emigration to this place. In company with Mr. Giddie, we visited

the village, which consists of some 500 or 600 beehive-like huts, varying in size according to the rank of the occupant. The king was absent from home, unfortunately for us, nor had we any other opportunity of seeing his majesty during our stay at the place; we had the honour, however, of paying our respects to his *two* queens. There was nothing in the dress or in the manner of either to distinguish them from the crowd of filthy rabble by which they were surrounded. A mantle of goatskin was their only garment, and a few paltry beads their sole ornament; I looked in vain for some mark of regal dignity, which even savages are wont to assume in the presence of strangers. Whilst we were engaged in visiting the ladies, our servants had been actively employed in trafficking with the natives. It was an amusing sight to behold the various emotions produced upon these barbarians, as each article of our little bazaar was successively displayed before their greedy eyes. At the close of the day we found ourselves masters of a pretty large stock of sheep, besides several hundred pounds of corn, in exchange for which we had given ten pounds of coarse gunpowder, and a handful of glass beads.

"The following day being Sunday, we halted in the forenoon, and, upon giving orders to span the bullocks on the morning of the 22nd, it was discovered that nearly half the herd was missing. They had strayed several miles back to the Madder River, and it was not until the 24th that they were all recovered, and that we were enabled to resume our journey. Three sharp marches of some twenty-five miles brought us to the banks of the Vet River, where we found a few Dutch families that had been carried away on the great tide of emigration that marked the year 1837. It appeared to me that they seemed to repent the step they had taken, as they spoke of their farms in the colony, and contrasted their former enjoyments and comforts with their present miserable lot. We found the exceeding familiarity of these people very troublesome, and no slight difficulty in getting them to quit our wagons, about which they hovered like so many vultures, watching for an opportunity to pounce upon everything that was exposed to their greedy gaze.

"1st July. We marched this day some twenty miles, and encamped upon a tributary of the Saut River. In crossing the latter stream, the next morning, three of our wagons stuck fast in the sandy bank on the opposite side; they were all, however, haply extricated without any damage, by dint of shouting and a simultaneous application of our long wagon whips. At the end of four hours we arrived at the farm of an emigrant boor, called De Bruin, with whom we found it necessary to leave ten of the oxen, and our only remaining cow, which were pronounced to be incapable of proceeding farther. Continuing our journey, we crossed a small range of stony hills, and entered suddenly upon a vast expanse of desert, destitute alike of tree or shrub, and bounded only by the distant horizon, the ruins of a few deserted stone crails being the only feature on the landscape that offered the slightest relief to the painful monotony of the scene. As the habitations of man receded from our view, and as we plunged deeper into the pathless waste, the game became more and more abundant. Troops of the white-tailed gnou, followed by long lines of the pied antelope, and the spring buck, were continually bounding across our track.

“The following morning, leaving the cafila to proceed on their route, my two companions and myself, taking with us my servant, Watson, struck across the country in pursuit of the game: we speedily bagged a fat spring buck that fell to a well-directed shot from ‘Fitzgerald’s rifle.’ Having expended some hours after the ‘wild beast’ without success, we all met on the side of an undulating slope, where we took off our saddles, and allowed our horses to graze for half an hour, previous to making the attempt to ride down the quagga, which we had just observed for the first time. Riding to the northward with my servant, who was mounted on my swiftest horse, we soon fell in with a large troop of zebras; a gallop of three miles brought one of the herd to a stand-still, a fine large mare, heavy with foal; despatching her with a single ball, I again pushed on to join Watson, who, half a mile in advance, was now in the very thick of the troop, singling out a fine young colt. We pursued him for a few hundred yards, when he, too, giving in, I endeavoured to secure him to our horses, with a view of bringing him to camp; but finding this to be impracticable, I finished his career with a shot through the head.

“It was now within two hours of sunset, and we had neither of us a very correct idea of the direction that our wagons had taken. The appearance of the country, and the bearing of three table mountains to the south-west, which I had noted in the morning, led us to think that an easterly course would bring us upon the road. Riding, therefore, in that direction, we came almost immediately upon an old wagon track; that this could not be our road seemed pretty certain, from the circumstance of its being so close to the scene of the zebra hunt, and from there being no fresh cattle marks upon it. We crossed it, therefore, and continued to ride to the eastward till the sun went down, when, perceiving no trace of another road, we both began to entertain some doubts regarding the one we had left behind, especially as it seemed to run in the direction which we believed our wagons to have taken. In the hope that it might, after all, prove to be the road which we were in search of, and that some accident might possibly have retarded the progress of the cafila, we turned our horses’ heads to the west, and reached the road before dark. Finding no fresh trace upon it, we determined to ride back upon this road, hoping that, should it not conduct us to the wagons, it would at least lead us to some spot where we could obtain fuel for a fire. Continuing this course for nearly two hours by the light of the moon, we arrived at an ‘uitspan,’ or halting place, situated upon the banks of a partially dry rivulet—here we resolved to pass the night. Accordingly, taking off our saddles, and knee-fastening the horses, we set about collecting a sufficient supply of dry cattle-dung to last us through the long winter’s night, selecting a sheltered spot in the ravine.

“Watson forthwith proceeded to light the fire, whilst I remained engaged in tending the two horses, as they fed upon the opposite bank of the rivulet. As the fire began to burn briskly, I left my post and joined my servant, but hardly had I reached the fire ere a piercing shriek from my trusty steed, ‘Samson,’ distinctly audible even amid the lion’s roar, informed me of his melancholy fate. Rushing up the bank, gun in hand, and shouting with all my might, I discharged, at ten yards’ distance, both barrels of my gun directly in the lion’s face.

Releasing his prey, the savage beast suddenly sprung to his feet, and bounding along the broken bank of the nullah, was soon lost to my sight; whilst the scared and wounded horse rushed wildly away in the opposite direction, startling the dull ear of night with his fearful screams. At the same moment a succession of shrieks in another quarter betrayed to me the fall of my remaining horse, as he lay not fifty yards off, vainly struggling to free himself from the strong gripe of the enemy. We were entirely destitute of ammunition; any attempt, therefore, to have recovered poor 'Samson' before morning, would have been as useless as it would have been perilous. Abandoning him, therefore, to his fate, we proceeded to take what precaution we could towards our own safety during the remainder of the night, and with this view shifted our quarters from the bed of the rivulet to the high ground above, where we kindled two fires, between which we kept watch during the night. Though destitute of ball, we had, luckily, plenty of powder, and thus were enabled to fire blank cartridge repeatedly during our long vigil. Towards morning the lions were bold enough to approach within a few yards of our position; a deep and long-continued roar announced the approach of the troop. Starting instantly to our feet, we seized the red-hot fire, and hurled it in the direction of our enemies; this had the immediate effect of causing them to retreat to the rivulet, nor did they again attempt to molest us. It froze hard during the night, as I discovered from the thickness of the ice in the nullah; but though destitute of covering, save my ordinary day-clothes, and with nothing betwixt me and the starry heavens, I never once experienced the least feeling of cold. The excitement produced upon me by being thus suddenly thrust, as it were, into a den of lions, lost in an uninhabited country, and separated (as I then imagined, for ever) from my companions, rendered me completely insensible to every feeling but that arising from the extreme danger of my situation. With the first streak of day we saw the lions, five in number, slowly returning from the scene of their bloody feast; and as each surrounding object became gradually clearer as the day opened, the mangled carcasses of the two horses met my view on the opposite bank of the rivulet, not fifty yards from where we had held our weary watch.

"Being quite unprovided with ammunition, except four charges of partridge shot, we resolved upon keeping to the road we were upon, which seemed to lead in the direction of Thakaooncha, distant about 120 miles. Accordingly, cutting a few slices off poor Chaka, Watson's horse, and concealing our saddles in a wolf's hole, we set forth, but had scarcely travelled half a mile before we lost all trace of the road. Nothing now remained for us but to shape a course of our own for the nearest point of the colony, which, from the position of the table mountains, adverted to before, I calculated to be about due south of our position. Adopting, accordingly, a southerly course, we walked for some two or three hours, when suddenly, and at the same moment, we became aware that we were approaching a well-defined wagon track. It proved to be our long-lost road. Those only who have been placed in similar circumstances of danger, and who have experienced the sickening effect of hope deferred, can appreciate my feelings at that happy moment, and understand the fulness of my gratitude to God for

our merciful deliverance. Taking up the track of the caravan, we were pressed on with light hearts and renewed spirits, and by five o'clock in the afternoon had the satisfaction of finding ourselves reunited to our party, after a separation from it of thirty-five hours, during which time we had neither slept nor tasted food."

(To be continued.)

THE HUNTER.

A TALE.

BY SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, BART.

(Continued from page 352.)

Just then the young Lord Simple had come down,
 Raw, rash, and witless, and quite fresh from town;
 His stock of cash was large—of nerve but small,—
 Panting for fame, but fearful of a fall.
 To Lackland long had Simple been well-known;
 The hawk had mark'd the pigeon for his own.
 The hounds at Scraptoft met—a glorious run!—
 Simple was there, but not a forward one;
 He lost a shoe, went home, escaped a fright,
 And heard the history well told at night.
 Lackland went well! Sir James himself confest
 That few went better—that he went the best.
 Simple was told that, had he luck to buy
 A nag so made as Pyramus, he'd fly.
 "His price?" he said; "'foregad I'm here for fun!"
 "Eight hundred," answered Lackland. "Then 'tis done."
 "Dirt cheap," 'twas call'd. "Then bring us in more wine;
 "Bumpers, my boy; and now, my Lord, you'll shine!"
 Between the acting of some dreadful deed,
 And the first thought, how inwardly we bleed!
 Chimeras rise, and dreams of awful hue;
 The mortal spirits sombre shades indue;*
 And the whole state of man but shows how vain
 The roads of pleasure are that lead to pain.
 'Twas thus with Simple, tossing in his bed,
 This way and that he turned his aching head:—
 To ride, or not to ride! but ride he must,
 And to his new bought nag his carcase trust;

* Indue.

"One first matter all
 Indued with various forms."

MILTON.

Then if awhile he drops into a sleep,
 What fearful visions o'er his senses creep!
 He sees a man upon a hurdle thrown,
 And surgeons feeling for a broken bone;
 Or dreams that now he's hanging by the mane,
 With fruitless efforts striving to regain
 His vacant seat:—he falls! and seems half-dead:
 Then wakes, right glad to feel the feather-bed!
 The morning finds him thus in terrors lost:
 His valet enters;—"Thomas, is't a frost?"
 'Twas his last hope. "No, my Lord, mild and fair."
 "Indeed!" he sigh'd, and sank into despair.
 Though the glass rose, the spirits of our hero
 Fell then, at once, and settled down at zero:
 Nor is the case uncommon with the tribe
 Who, by the name of sportsmen, we inscribe.
 One half for fashion go; they ride in fear,
 And any sound but Tally-ho! would hear.
 Behold Lord Simple at the covert's side,
 And Pyramus, too, there, in all the pride
 Of high condition; with admiring eyes,
 Applauding sportsmen envied him his prize.
 He mounts, but not with ease; the restless steed
 Of the groom's hand to hold him still shows need.
 Around, about, the impatient Hunter turns,
 And, with anticipated sport, he burns.
 How strange is instinct, which, by hand, by seat,
 Detects at once a rider incomplete;
 And he that with more practised hands was mild,
 Is hot, intractable, and fierce and wild!
 Ill omens these; ill-luck of every kind
 Was augured then, but worse remains *behind*.
 Dreams on the dreamers contrawise prevail,
 Not on the mane he fell, but *on the tail!*
 Swift through a bullfinch Pyramus had flown,
 And, in his glory, Simple left alone;
 Flat in a ditch, with scarcely strength to move,
 "Pensive" he lay, and "thought upon his love;"
 While Pyramus was with the hounds away,
 And Lackland caught him as a waif and stray.*
 Simple declared he'd never ride him more;
 Of his eight hundred Lackland gave back four;
 And then, next day, Sir Massy Crucifix
 Was glad to take him at the price of six.
 Sir Massy was, in truth, a man of *weight*,
 From Erin's Isle—wise, witty, and sedate;

* Lost animals are called waifs and strays, and claimed by the lord of the manor.

He was a sportsman good ; the horse and he
 Found each their merits, and did well agree.
 Tedious it were to show how long and well
 The steed Sir Massy bore—how seldom fell :
 But Erin's Lords will Erin's grooms employ ;
 His was a true-born Tipperary boy ;
 He, high in favour, was allowed, of course
 (A jewel true), to ride the second horse.
 To Pat the wags had told, at every burst,
 The second horse ought always to go first ;
 And he, in genuine zeal to serve his master,
 Had found that Pyramus was three times faster
 Than all his crook-tail'd* stud ; it was advised
 That he should ride the nag they so much prized,
 As second horse.—It chanced that, on a day,
 Unseen, unheard, the hounds had slipp'd away,
 Sir Massy was thrown out ; not so the boy
 From Tipperary ; he, with shouts of joy,
 Away on Pyramus, with burning scent,
 And field select and small, delighted went.
 Sir Massy now had lighted his cigar,
 Homewards retreating from the sylvan war
 Upon good Shannon ; suddenly his ear
 The old horse turn'd, and something seem'd to hear ;
 Deep in a lane they were, whose high banks shed
 An artificial night above their head ;—
 A crash was heard ! and, with resistless force,
 Came thundering down, at speed, a man and horse
 Full upon Shannon's croupe ! in woeful plight,
 Over and over roll'd the prostrate knight ;
 And in the *mêlée* Pyramus found room
 Upon his master's back to lodge his groom ;
 But oh, alas ! with bleeding knees and head,
 The gallant steed was stretch'd, and seem'd half-dead !
 Oft, in the midst of elemental roar,
 When driving blasts dash billows on the shore,
 And sulphurous vapours gathering clouds distil,
 The tempest slackens, and the wreck stands still,—
 A momentary lull ! with doubled crash
 Then thunder howls, and glares the lightning's flash :—
 E'en so 'twas now—a moment silent—still
 Lay the floor'd victims of this awful spill,
 Then found Sir Massy tongue ! the tempest burst,
 And with true Irish eloquence he curst ;
 By all the calendar of saints he swore,
 And then, of oaths, the devil lent him more.

* The Irish horses are distinguishable by their mode of nicking, which is generally performed that the tail appears crooked.

There is, in cursing, something of relief,
 That smoothes down sudden anger into grief;
 Master and man now almost wept to see
 Poor Pyramus in such calamity,
 Scarr'd and defaced, irrevocably maim'd,
 And by his own fine energies so lamed.
 Like some tall argosy, of storms the sport,
 They tow'd the shatter'd Hunter into port.

GLEANINGS FROM MY TRAVELLING JOURNALS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

(Continued from page 357.)

DEEP SEA FISHING.

"The imperious seas breed monsters."—CYMBELINE.

It was on a lovely evening in June, that I was sitting on the quarter-deck of our good ship, on my voyage from New York to England. For some days we had experienced a continued succession of dead calms, and we lay, under a burning sun, unrefreshed by a breath of air, with no other amusement than that of watching the sails idly flapping against the masts, and wasting some powder and balls at the dolphins that gambolled around us. Thoughts of "home, sweet home," and of those friends whom thousands of miles of ocean separated from me, filled my heart. The sea was one deep, dark blue,—"*Dolce color di oriental zaffiro.*" For many hours there had been a profound silence, when, suddenly, the stillness was broken by a heavy rush of air, and a dash of water, apparently at no great distance. "My eyes and limbs!" cried a weather-beaten old sailor, who had served on board a whaler, "there's the 'blow' of a fish!"—"Ay, ay," returned a youngster from the Emerald Isle, looking through his glass; "there he is sure enough, *spouting away* like a mumber of parlemint."

The conjecture of the experienced old tar proved true; within a quarter of a mile of the vessel, we perceived the leviathan of the deep amusing himself by throwing the water, in two circular spouts, high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with a terrific force, and rearing his huge carcass for many feet above the surface, in idle gambols. The captain, who had formerly commanded a Greenlandman, now appeared on deck, and no sooner did he see this Prince of *Whales*, than the recollection of his early habits, and the temptation for sport, aroused his old propensities. "Can the whale line be got at handy, coxswain?" "Ay, ay, sir," was the prompt reply. "Make it fast, then, to the harpoon, man the long-boat, and lower away." The order was speedily obeyed; and the captain, coxswain, myself, Tom—the weather-beaten old tar before alluded to,

and four of the crew, took our stations in the boat. "Give strong way, my hearties!" exclaimed the captain, in joyous tones. "Here, Tom, you shall have a strike at him; it's many a day since you and I have had a harpoon in our hands." Old Tom's visage relaxed into a smile, and, after expressing his thanks to the "skipper," transferred himself to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparations to "strike," as the occasion required. The tub, containing a line nearly 200 fathoms long, was placed at his feet. This he attached to the forerunner, a line of about seven fathoms long, made of the finest hemp, that it may slip the easier, and, fastening the harpoon to the latter, he deluged the whole with water, to prevent the friction against the gunwale of the boat from setting it on fire as it ran out. We now approached the monster, who was sluggishly yielding to the action of the waves. The veteran stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow; and as we came up to the broadside of the whale he buried the iron of his harpoon in the vulnerable part of his body. The animal finding himself wounded, cast his huge tail into the air, with a violence that turned the sea to froth, and went off, horizontally, a small depth below the surface, amid a cloud of foam. "Hold on, men!" exclaimed the captain. "Ay, ay, sir," replied the coxswain, at the same time seizing the line, which had already run out a hundred fathoms.

The strength of the wounded victim now began to fail, and he again came to the surface to "blow;" this gave me an opportunity of having a shot at him with a double-barrelled rifle; and, following Tom's directions (who seemed rather disconcerted at not having another harpoon ready to give the *coup de grace* himself), I lodged two balls, within a few inches of one another, in the soft piece of flesh near his "spout." "Stern all!" shouted the coxswain; "give him sea-room." This order was promptly obeyed, and we were shortly beyond the reach of danger. The precaution, however, proved to be needless, for, after a few convulsive struggles, the animal turned upon his back, the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, "his heart's best blood was on the waters," and the prize was ours. The seamen now seized the line, and drew the boat within a foot of the unresisting prey; we then towed it, by a strong rope, towards our vessel, and were soon on board. The whale was then hauled by the windlass, and lashed alongside. The tail and fins having been struck off, old Tom, with a couple of "hands," having irons on their feet to prevent their slipping, got on the huge black mass, and began to cut out pieces of some three feet thick, and eight long, which were hoisted on deck. When the fat was all got off, they cut away the "whalebone" from the upper jaw, a material perfectly different from the actual *bones* of the whale, which are very porous, and filled with marrow. During this process, the rest of the crew, who were promised an extra allowance of grog, were employed slicing the pieces smaller, and picking out all the lean. When this was prepared, it was stowed away under the deck, where it remained until all the fat of the whale was on board; it was then cut into smaller pieces, and crammed very close into tubs, and deposited in the hold. The carcass was then turned adrift, and furnished a dainty meal to the gulls, and other sea birds, that hovered about the vessel. The process of "flencing," that is, cutting the

blubber and whalebone from the carcass, occupied the crew about six hours, and the "making off," or cutting up and packing, from ten to eleven more.

Whilst on the subject of fishing, it may not be uninteresting to devote a *few lines* to the cod and herring-fisheries, both of which I have witnessed, the former on the banks of Newfoundland, in 1818; the latter, off the Dutch coast, in the previous year. The chief fishery for cod is in the bay of Canada, on the great bank of Newfoundland, and thither vessels resort from divers parts both of Europe and America. They are from 100 to 150 tons burden, and will catch between 30,000 and 40,000 codfish each. Before the discovery of Newfoundland, in 1496, Iceland, and the Western Isles of Scotland, were the principal stations for the cod-fishery, but speedily after that event it was transferred to Newfoundland, where it is carried on to such an extent (merely by the hook, baited with the herring and other small fishes), as to furnish employment for 15,000 British seamen. An expert hand will sometimes capture 400 cod in a day, but that is the greatest quantity, the weight of the fish, and the great coldness on the bank, being dreadfully fatiguing. As soon as the cod are taken, the heads are cut off; they are opened, gutted, and salted; and the salter stows them in the hold, head to tail, in beds a fathom or two square, laying layers of salt and fish alternately, but never mixing fish caught on different days. When they have lain thus three or four days, to drain off the water, they are replaced in another part of the ship, and salted again.

The French cod-fishery employs annually 400 ships, measuring together 50,000 tons, and manned by 11,000 sailors; also 200 transports or coasting vessels, with 2,000 sailors; so that it maintains 600 ships, and 13,000 men. France possesses 305 myriamètres, or about 450 leagues of coast; and there was a time when the French fishery on the banks of Newfoundland was sufficiently extensive to supply nearly the wants of all Europe, as well as acting as a nursery for the whole of the French navy. But in consequence of the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, that of Vervins in 1783, and the cession of Canada, France was reduced to the confined right of fishing on the eastern and western coasts of the island of Newfoundland, without the power of establishing any dwelling-place or building upon it, except such huts and scaffolding as are absolutely necessary for drying and curing the fish. Under such circumstances, it is evident that France can never compete with the English fishermen, who have fixed residences on the island, or with those of America, who have the advantage of being close to their own shores. As shelters for her ships she possesses only the small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, mere bare rocks, which must be constantly supplied from without with every necessary of life, even firewood.

The most celebrated herring-fishers are the Scotch and the Dutch. In England, the inhabitants of Yarmouth and Lowestoffe alone smoke upwards of 80,000 barrels every year.

Formerly, the Dutch had no share in this fishery, but were obliged to purchase their herrings from the Scotch; these last abused their advantage, and the Dutch resolved to do without them. Toward the middle of the sixteenth century, a fisherman named Stephens, displeased with

his country, withdrew to Euckhuysen, in Holland, and taught the inhabitants the secret of catching herrings.

On or about St. John's Day, the 24th of June, when the herrings begin to appear in great bodies, the Dutch, with their busses (vessels between fifty and sixty tons burden,) and several other kinds of craft, amounting, perhaps, to 2,000, move out of the harbours of Dort, Rotterdam, Delft, Schiedam, Vlaeringen, Brille, and Euckhuysen.

There is nothing particular in the manner of fishing; the nets wherein the fish are drawn have their meshes an inch square, to let all the lesser fry go through.

The herring is accustomed to follow the light of the moon, and, during the night, it emits a sort of light which spreads in the air. These fish, accordingly, discover themselves, and betray their motions: it is for this reason that they are generally caught in the night. The nets for this purpose are from 1,000 to 1,200 yards long; they are stretched in the water, one side being kept from sinking by means of buoys attached at proper distances; and as the weight of the net makes the side sink to which no buoys are fixed, it is suffered to hang in a perpendicular position, like a screen; and the fish, when they endeavour to pass through it, are entangled in its meshes, from which they cannot disengage themselves. There they remain until the net is hauled in, and they are shaken or picked out.

(To be continued.)

SYNOPSIS

Of all the Two-Year-Olds that ran in Great Britain, in the Season of 1841, with their Engagements for 1842.

ALL-MY-EYE (b. c.), by Sheet Anchor, out of Betty Martin; Lord Chesterfield's. Not placed in a Two-year-old Stakes at Beverley. Engaged in the Doncaster St. Leger. Sent abroad.

ALBION (ch. c.), by Beiram, out of Advance; Lord Exeter's. Not placed for the July Stakes. Not placed for the Ham Stakes at Goodwood; was a bad fourth for the Sussex Stakes at the same place. Beaten in a canter by the Hester colt for the Buckenham Stakes. Beaten easily at Stamford. At Newmarket Second October Meeting, carrying 6 st. 10 lb., beat Minaret, three years, 8 st. 10 lb., in a Match, T. Y. C., 100, h. ft., by half a length. At the Houghton Meeting was beaten cleverly by Nuncio at even weights; and was not placed for the Nursery Stakes. En. in a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each in the Craven Meeting; in the 2000 gs. Stakes; in the Derby; in the Buckingham Palace Stakes at Ascot; in the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood, and the Grand Duke Michael Stakes at Newmarket.

ANAPOLIS (br. c.), by Cain, out of Miss Newton; Mr. Davis's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Worcester July Meeting. En. in a 50 sovs. Stakes at Wolverhampton.

ATTILA (br. c.), by Colwick, out of Progress; Col. Anson's. At the Pottery, carrying 8 st. 5 lb., won the Champagne Stakes by half a length. At Don-

- caster, Sept. 13, carrying 8 st. 7 lb., won the Champagne Stakes by half a neck; at the same Meeting, 8 st. 7 lb., won the Two-year-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., T. Y. C., in a canter, by two lengths. At the Newmarket Second October Meeting, 8 st. 7 lb., won the Clearwell by a length. En. in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each in the First Spring Meeting; in the Derby; in the Hyde Park Stakes at the Hippodrome; in the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood; in the St. Leger, and the Thirsk Stakes at Stockton.
- ARCANUS** (b. c.), by Sheet Anchor, out of St. Maurice's dam; Mr. Dawson's. At Stockton, 8 st. 6 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each by half a length; same Meeting was a bad second to Pharold.
- ARCHDUKE CHARLES** (ch. c.), by Muley Moloch, out of Archduchess; Mr. Mostyn's. At Holywell Hunt was beaten easily, in a Match, by Croydon. En. in the Dee Stakes at Chester; the Liverpool July St. Leger; the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood, and the St. Leger.
- ARUSPEX** (br. c.), by Muley Moloch, out of Spaewife; Lord Eglinton's. Not placed for a Two-year-old Stakes at Eglinton Park. En. in the Derby; in a Produce Stakes, the St. Leger, and the Gateshead or Lottery Stakes, at Newcastle; in a Produce Stakes at the Western Meeting at Ayr; in the St. Leger and Knowsley Dinner Stakes at Liverpool July Meeting; in the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood, and the St. Leger and 200 sovs. Stakes at Doncaster.
- AUCKLAND** (b. c.), by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honour; Lord Westminster's. At Doncaster, 8 st. 6 lb., won a Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. in a canter. En. in a Produce Stakes at Chester; in the Derby; in a Sweepstakes of 200 each, a Sweepstakes of 100 each, and another of 100 each, at Ascot; in the St. Leger, Bickerstaffe, and 500 sovs. Stakes at Liverpool July Meeting; in the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood, and in the St. Leger, Foal, and 200 sovs. Stakes, at Doncaster.
- BABY, THE** (br. f.), by Retriever, out of Theresa; Mr. Alexander's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Eglinton Park.
- BALCONY** (b. f.), by Bay Middleton, out of Balustrade; Lord G. Bentinck's. Third to Mule at the Hippodrome. En. in the 1000 ga. Stakes; and in the Gratwicke, Drawing-room, and Nassau Stakes, at Goodwood.
- BANISH** (ch. f.), by Bran, out of Happy-go-Lucky; Mr. Goodman's. Not placed for a Stake at Gorhambury. Not placed for the Stake won at the Hippodrome by Mule. En. in the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster.
- BARRIER** (br. c.), by Defence, out of Europa; Mr. Treen's. A good fourth for the Ham Stakes at Goodwood; at the same Meeting, carrying 8 st. 7 lb., won the Sussex Stakes cleverly, by half a length; on the same day, 8 st. 12 lb., won the Molecomb Stakes. At the Houghton Meeting, 2 lb. extra, was a bad second for the Criterion. En. in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each in the Craven Meeting; in ditto in the First Spring Meeting; in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each at Bath; in the Derby; in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, and the Coburg Stakes, at Ascot; in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each at Bibury, ditto at Stockbridge, ditto at Salisbury, ditto at Blandford, ditto and a Foal Stakes at Winchester; in the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood, and the Foal Stakes at Doncaster.
- BEE'S-WAX** (b. f.), by Liverpool, out of Tomboy's dam; Mr. Orde's. At Newcastle-on-Tyne, ran second for the Produce Stakes; and at Doncaster not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes. En. in the Dee Stakes at Chester; in a Produce, the St. Leger, and the Gateshead or Lottery Stakes, at Newcastle; in the Liverpool July St. Leger; in the St. Leger, 200 sovs., and Park Hill Stakes, at Doncaster, and in a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each at Stockton.
- BELCŒUR** (b. c.), by Belshazzar, out of Violante; Mr. Allen's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster. En. in the Liverpool July, and Doncaster St. Legers.
- BESSY** (b. f.), by Physician, out of Y. Rantipole; Mr. Buckley's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Worcester July Meeting. En. in the Oaks.

- BIDDY, THE** (ch. f.), by Bran, out of Idalia; Mr. Dawson's. Not placed for the Stanley Stakes at Liverpool July Meeting. Beaten a neck by Florence (Mr. Meiklam's) at Lancaster; and beaten a neck at Ripon by c. by Retainer, d. by St. Patrick. Not placed for a Two-year-old Stakes at Stockton. Fourth to Miss Heathcote for the Meggernie Castle Stakes at Liverpool Autumn Meeting.
- BOREAS** (br. c.), by Muley Moloch, out of Queen Beas; Mr. Mostyn's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Chester. Not placed for the Golborne Stakes at Newton. En. in the Derby; in the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood, and a Produce Stakes at Holywell.
- BRIDAL** (b. f.), by Bay Middleton, out of Goldpin; Lord Orford's. Beaten for a Two-year-old Stakes at Gorhambury. At the Houghton Meeting not placed for the Criterion; and, 8 st. 7 lb., ran a dead heat with Topsail, 8 st. 4 lb., in a Match, first half of Ab. M. En. in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each in the First Spring Meeting.
- BRIDEGROOM** (ch. c.), by Hymen, out of Birthday; Mr. Rogers's. Newmarket Second October Meeting, 6 st. 12 lb., won an All-aged Sweepstakes by a length. En. in the Derby.
- CABLE** (b. c.), by Sheet Anchor, out of Medea; Duke of Cleveland's. Beaten a head by Skipton at Durham, and ran fourth to the Retainer colt at Ripon. Third for a Sweepstakes at Northallerton. En. in the Derby.
- CARRERA** (ch. c.), by Tomboy, out of Dirmid's dam; Mr. Ramsay's. Eglinton Park, 8 st. 3 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, cleverly. At Doncaster beaten half a neck for the Champagne Stakes. En. in the Gateshead or Lottery Stakes at Newcastle; in the Foal Stakes at Liverpool July Meeting; in the St. Leger and Foal Stakes at Doncaster, and a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each at Stockton.
- CAIRA** (ch. f.), by St. Patrick, out of Excitement; Mr. Byng's. Not placed for the Hopeful. Second October Meeting, 6 st. 11 lb., for a Handicap Sweepstakes, T. Y. C., not placed. At the Houghton Meeting, 7 st. 7 lb., beaten cleverly in a Match by Mungo Parke, 8 st. 7 lb. Carrying 6 st., beaten in a canter by King-of-the-Peak, 4 years, 9 st., in a Match. En. in the 1,000 ga. Stakes and Oaks.
- CATTONITE** (b. c.), by Muley Moloch, out of Jubilee; Mr. S. King's. Beverley, 8 st. 3 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, T. Y. C., by a neck. Third to f. by Bay Middleton, out of Miss Fanny, at Newcastle. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster. En. in the Gateshead or Lottery Stakes at Newcastle, and the Doncaster St. Leger.
- CANDIDE** (b. c.), by Voltaire, dam by Velocipede, out of Crazy Jane; Duke of Cleveland's. Not placed for the Thirk Stakes at Stockton. En. in the Gateshead or Lottery Stakes at Newcastle.
- CHATHAM** (ch. c.), by The Colonel, out of Hester; Colonel Peel's. Newmarket July, 8 st. 7 lb., after a dead heat, won the July Stakes by a length cleverly. At Goodwood beaten a head for the Ham Stakes; at the same Meeting, 8 st. 4 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each by ten lengths. Newmarket First October Meeting, 8 st. 7 lb., won the Buckenham Stakes by six lengths. Second October Meeting, 7 lb. extra, third for the Clearwell. Houghton Meeting, 9 st., won the Criterion in a canter, by two lengths; same Meeting divided a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each with Wiseacre. En. in the Tuesday's Riddleworth, and the Column, in the Craven Meeting; in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, and Newmarket Palace Stakes, in the First Spring Meeting; in the Derby, and in the Doncaster St. Leger.
- COLT**, by Ascot, dam by Confederate; Mr. Lamplugh's. At Lincoln, 6 st. 10 lb., third to Image for an All-aged Stakes.
- COLT** (bay), by Bay Middleton, out of Rochana; Lord Stanley's. A bad third to Misdeal for the Mersey Stakes at the Liverpool July Meeting. En. in the Dee and Palatine Stakes at Chester; in the Bickerstaffe, St. Leger, and Knowsley Dinner Stakes, at Liverpool July Meeting, and in the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood.

- COLT** (bay), by Bay Middleton, out of Her Highness; Mr. Mostyn's. Holywell Hunt Meeting beaten easily by Valentina. En. in the Dee Stakes at Chester; the Derby; the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood; the Knowsley Dinner Stakes at Liverpool July Meeting; the St. Leger, and a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each at Doncaster; a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each at Wrexham, and the Produce and Chieftain Stakes at Holywell.
- COLT** (br.), by Bay Middleton, out of Zillah, by Whisker; Lord Lichfield's. Not placed for the Ham Stakes at Goodwood. En. in the Vacillation Stakes in the Craven Meeting; in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each at Ascot, and in the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood.
- COLT** (ch.), brother to Susanetta, by Battledore, dam by Catton, out of Melrose; Sir T. Stanley's. Third for the Two-year-old Stakes at Chester; and not placed for the Mersey Stakes at Liverpool July Meeting.
- COLT** (br.), by Camel, out of Jason's dam; Colonel Peel's. Not placed for the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes. A bad third to Rostrum at Ascot; and broke down in a Sweepstakes at Huntingdon. En. in the Derby.
- COLT** (ch.), by Camel, out of Pandora; Mr. W. Ongley's. Not placed for the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes.
- COLT** (ro.), by Camel, out of Miss Craven's dam; Duke of Beaufort's. Was beaten by a head for the 500 sovs. Stakes at Goodwood, by Johnny Faa. En. in the Drawing-room and Racing Stakes at Goodwood, and in the Derby.
- COLT** (bay), by Glaucus, out of Malibran; Colonel Peel's. Not placed for the Chesterfield Stakes. En. in the Derby.
- COLT** (bay), by Jerry, out of Petulance; Lord Orford's. Not placed for the July Stakes. En. in the Coffee-room Stakes in the Craven Meeting, and in the 2,000 gs. Stakes.
- COLT** (ch.), brother to Vulture, by Langar, out of Kite; Colonel Peel's. Fifth for a Selling Stakes at the Second October Meeting. At the Houghton a middling third to f. by Camel, out of Citron, two years. En. in the Newmarket Stakes, and Derby.
- COLT** (bay), by Langar, dam by Filho, out of Twinkle; Sir C. Monck's. Not placed for the Mersey Stakes at Liverpool July Meeting; a bad third for the Knowsley Stakes at Liverpool Autumn Meeting. En. in a Produce Stakes at Newcastle.
- COLT** (ch.), by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam; Mr. Worthington's. Not placed for the Golborne Stakes at Newton. En. in the Dee Stakes at Chester; the Derby; and St. Legers at Newcastle and Doncaster.
- COLT** (bay), brother to Garland, by Langar, dam by Whisker; Sir C. Monck's. A bad second to Idolatry at York August Meeting. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster. En. in the Gateshead or Lottery Stakes; and St. Legers at Newcastle and Doncaster.
- COLT** (bl.), by Muley Moloch, out of Lady Fanny; Mr. Mitchell's. At Stockton not placed in the Two-year-old Stakes.
- COLT** (bay), by Physician, out of Johanna Southcote; Mr. Worthington's. A good second to Temptation at Manchester; and second to Florence at Lancaster. En. in the Derby.
- COLT** (bay), by Plenipotentiary, out of Antiope; Lord Albemarle's. Newmarket July Meeting, 6 st. 11 lb., last for a Sweepstakes for two and three-year-olds. Houghton Meeting, a feather, a bad second to Mosque, three years, 7 st. 2 lb., for the last three miles of B. C. En. in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes at Newmarket.
- COLT** (ch.), by Retainer, dam by St. Patrick, out of Blue Stocking; Lord Kerburne's. Fifth to f. by Bay Middleton, out of Miss Fanny, at Newcastle. At Ripon, 8 st. 7 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each by a neck. En. in the Gateshead or Lottery Stakes at Newcastle, and the Doncaster St. Leger.
- COLT** (bk.), by Sheet Anchor, out of Lady Fulford; Mr. Payne's. Not placed for the T. Y. C. Plate Second October Meeting. En. in the Derby; the Drawing-room, and Racing Stakes, and the St. Leger.
- COLT** (br.), by Shrigley, out of Fenelia; Mr. John Thompson's. Third to Ernestine at Holywell Hunt. En. in a Sweepstakes at Newton.

- COLT** (bay), by Touchstone, out of Joanna; Lord Jersey's. Houghton Meeting, 6 st. 7 lb., won a plate of £50 by a head. En. in the Derby.
- COLT** (br.), by Velocipede, out of Queen Bathsheba; Lord Eglinton's. Second to Cabrera at Eglinton Park; a bad third for the Produce Stakes at Newcastle; a bad second to Whistle Binkie at the Western Meeting. At Liverpool Autumn Meeting, 7 st. 4 lb., won the Wilton Stakes by a length. En. in a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. at Stockton.
- COLT** (ch.), by Wiseacre, out of Bupta; Mr. B. Greene's. Not placed for the Chesterfield; third for the T. Y. C. Plate in the Second October Meeting; same Meeting last for the Prendergast; Houghton Meeting not placed for a Plate for two and three-year-olds. En. in the 2,000 gs. Stakes, and Derby.
- COMBERMERE** (b. c.), by Bran, out of Wastrel; Mr. Copeland's. Not placed for the Champagne Stakes at the Pottery. En. in the Dee Stakes at Chester; the Derby, and Newcastle and Doncaster St. Legers.
- CONJUGATION** (br. f.), by Dr. Syntax, out of Zinc; Mr. Worley's. Not placed for a Two-year-old Stakes at Gorbambury; not placed for the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes. En. in the St. Leger and Sefton Stakes at Liverpool July Meeting.
- CORAL** (b. f.), sister to Coronation; Mr. Rawlinson's. Carrying 7 st. beaten a neck for the Two and Three-year-old Stakes at Oxford. En. in the Oaks, and in a Produce Stakes at Abingdon.
- CROYDON** (b. c.), by Rockingham, dam by Cydnus, out of Datura's dam; Mr. Price's. Holywell Hunt won a Match, even weights, T. Y. C., beating Archduke Charles. En. in the Dee Stakes at Chester, and the St. Leger.
- CRUSADE** (b. c.), by Ascot, out of Octaviana; Lord G. Bentinck's. Last for the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood; Newmarket Second October Meeting beaten a neck for a Selling Stakes; Houghton Meeting a moderate second to f. by Camel, out of Citron, two years. En. in the Derby.
- DANDY, THE** (b. c.), by Sarpedon, out of Gaiety; Mr. Balchin's. Not placed for the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes. En. in the Derby.
- DARLING** (ch. c.), by Plenipotentiary, out of Destiny; Mr. Houldsworth's. Not placed for the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes; not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at the same Meeting, won by Mule; a bad third for the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood. En. in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, and the Column Stakes, at Newmarket; in the Derby, and the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood.
- DARK SUSAN**, by Glaucus, out of Lady Sarah; Sir G. Heathcote's. A bad second to Rostrum at Ascot. En. in the Oaks, and in a Sweepstakes of 100 each at Ascot.
- DAVID** (b. c.), by Physician, out of Rosalia; Mr. Buckley's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Manchester; not placed for the Golborne Stakes at Newton; a moderate second to Harroldston at Wolverhampton. En. in the Derby.
- DEVIL-AMONG-THE-TAILORS, THE**, by the Saddler, out of Fickle; Mr. Osbaldeston's. Catterick Bridge, 8 st. 3 lb., won the Champagne Stakes by a neck; a good fourth for the Two-year-old Stakes at York Spring Meeting; a good second to Arcanus at Stockton; same Meeting not placed for the Cleveland Stakes. En. in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each in the First Spring Meeting, and the Derby; in the Hyde Park Derby, and St. Leger.
- DR. ALLEN**, by Abbas Mirza, out of Sister to Brocade; Mr. Bird's. Beaten half a neck at Nottingham by Elopement. En. in the Dee Stakes at Chester, and the Derby.
- EAGLESFIELD** (b. c.), by Hindoo, out of Otis; Duke of Richmond's. A good second to Passion for the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood; beaten cleverly by Barrier for the Molecomb. En. in the Derby; in a 50 sovs. Stakes at Bibury, and in the Drawing-room and Racing Stakes at Goodwood.
- EBORACUM** (b. c.), by St. Nicholas, out of Vermillion's dam; Mr. Bell's. Not placed for the Thirk Stakes at Stockton. En. in the Liverpool and Doncaster St. Legers.

- ELOPEMENT** (ch. f.), by Velocipede, out of Scandal; Colonel Anson's. A bad second to Mule for a Two-year-old Stakes at the Hippodrome; and beaten for the Ham Stakes at Goodwood. At Nottingham, 8 st. 4 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each by half a neck; Newmarket Houghton Meeting, 6 st., won a Match, 100, beating King of the Peak, four years, 10 st., lost by a neck. En. in the Hyde Park Oaks at the Hippodrome, and in the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood.
- ENDYMION** (b. c.), by Emilius, out of Miss Mary Ann; Mr. Portman's. Last for the Rutland Stakes at the Newmarket First October Meeting. En. in the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood.
- ENVOY** (ch. c.), by Plenipotentiary, out of Ayesha; Duke of Bedford's. Fifth for the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood. Houghton Meeting, 7 st. 2 lb., ran a dead heat for, and divided the Nursery Stakes. En. in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. in the Craven Meeting; in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each the First Spring; in the Ascot Derby, and in the Drawing-room Stakes.
- ERNESTINE** (ch. f.), by Bran, out of Sketch; Mr. F. Price's. Holywell Hunt, 6 st. 12 lb., won a Two and Three-year-old Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each. En. in the Produce Stakes at Newton, Wolverhampton, and Wrexham.
- EUSEBIA** (ch. f.), sister to Egeria; Mr. Thornhill's. A moderate second to Rostrum for the Hopeful. Not placed for the Criterion. Houghton Meeting, 7 st. 2 lb., beaten ten lengths in a Match by Benedetta, three years, 8 st. 7 lb. En. in the Riddlesworth, Grillion, and Column Stakes, in the Craven Meeting; in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each in the First Spring; in the Oaks; in the Hyde Park Oaks at the Hippodrome, and in the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood.
- EVASION** (ch. f.), sister to Elphine; Mr. Thornhill's. Newmarket July Meeting, 6 st. 11 lb., a bad second to Hawk's-eye, three years, 9 st., for a Two and Three-year-old Stakes. En. in the Column Stakes; in the Oaks, and in the Gratwicke Stakes.
- FILLY** (bay), by Bay Middleton, out of Adriana; Mr. Foljambe's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at York Spring Meeting. En. in the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster.
- FILLY** (bay), by Bay Middleton, out of Miss Fanny; Mr. T. O. Powlett's. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 8 st. 4 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each by two lengths. Not placed for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes same Meeting. En. in the Oaks; in the Gateshead or Lottery Stakes at Newcastle, and in the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster.
- FILLY** (bay), by Beiram, out of Dahlia; Lord Exeter's. Last for the 50 sovs. Stakes at Ascot. Not placed for the Chesterfield Stakes; same Meeting, 6 st. 11 lb., fifth for a Two and Three-year-old Stakes. A bad third to Michaelmas-day for a Handicap in the First October. Second October, 7 st., won a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each by a neck. En. in the Oaks.
- FILLY** (bay), by Bizarre, out of Flambeau's dam; Duke of Rutland's. A bad third for the Rutland Stakes. Houghton Meeting not placed for the Nursery Stakes. En. in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, and in another of 60 sovs. each, in the Craven Meeting; in the 1,000 gs. Stakes, and Oaks.
- FILLY** (bay), by Camel, out of Albania; Captain Williamson's. Fourth to Rostrum at Ascot. En. in the Riddlesworth, and a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, in the Craven Meeting; in two Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each in the Oaks; in the Coronation and Coburg Stakes at Ascot; in the Gratwicke and Racing Stakes at Goodwood, and a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each at Blandford.
- FILLY** (bay), by Camel, out of Citron; Mr. Theobald's. Third for a Selling Stakes in the Second October Meeting. Houghton Meeting, 6 st. 7 lb., won an All-aged Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each by a length. En. in the Oaks.
- FILLY** (grey), by Clearwell, out of Chapeau de Paille; Lord Orford's. Not placed for the Hopeful. A good third to Michaelmas-day for a Stakes in the Second October. Houghton Meeting, 8 st. 1 lb., won a Match for 50 sovs.,

- beating Proof Print, 8 st. 7 lb., by a length and a half. Not placed for a Two and Three-year-old Stakes. En. in the Column Stakes.
- FILLY** (br.), by Colwick, out of Game Lass; Lord Chesterfield's. Not placed for the T. Y. C. Plate in the Second October. Not placed for the Nursery.
- FILLY** (bay), by Elis, out of Baleine; Duke of Richmond's. Third for the Ham Stakes at Goodwood. En. in the Oaks; in the Produce and 50 sovs. Stakes at Bibury; in a 50 sovs. Stakes at Stockbridge, &c.; the Gratwicke and Nassau Stakes at Goodwood.
- FILLY** (ch.), sister to Perseus; Mr. Thornhill's. A bad second for the Rutland Stakes. A moderate second to Nuncio for the T. Y. C. Plate in the Second October. En. in the Oaks.
- FILLY** (ch.), by Ishmael, out of Dewdrop; Mr. Aplin's. Not placed for a Sweepstakes at the Hippodrome.
- FILLY** (bay), by Jerry, out of Fanchon; Mr. Newton's. Fourth for a Selling Stakes in the Second October Meeting. En. in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each in the First Spring Meeting, and in the Oaks.
- FILLY** (br.), by Langar, out of Mermaid; Colonel Craufurd's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster. Liverpool Autumn Meeting, 8 st. 4 lb., won the Knowsley Stakes by three lengths. En. in the Produce Stakes and St. Leger at Newcastle; in the St. Leger and Sefton Stakes at Liverpool July Meeting, and in the St. Leger and Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster.
- FILLY** (bay), by Muley Moloch, out of Silvertail; Mr. Wilson's. Newmarket July Meeting, 6 st. 11 lb., was a bad third for a Two and Three-year-old Sweepstakes, won by Hawk's-eye. En. in the Oaks.
- FILLY** (bay), by The Magnet, out of Lady Berners; Colonel Craufurd's. Third to the Devil-among-the-Tailors at Catterick. En. in the St. Leger and Sefton Stakes at Liverpool July Meeting, and in the St. Leger and Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster.
- FILLY** (br.), by The Mole, out of Mary, by Figaro; Mr. Clarke's. Liverpool Autumn Meeting, 6 st. 2 lb., was fifth for the Meggernie Castle Stakes.
- FILLY** (ch.), by Muley Moloch, out of Tigress; Mr. Watson's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Stamford. En. in the Oaks and St. Leger.
- FILLY** (br.), by Muley Moloch, out of Lillah; Mr. Worthington's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Chester. Newton, 6 st. 7 lb., was a bad second to Portrait for the St. Helen's Purse. En. in the Oaks.
- FILLY** (bay), by Muley Moloch, out of Young Petuaris; Lord Chesterfield's. Nottingham was last for the Two-year old Stakes. En. in the Column Stakes; in a Match with the Duke of Portland's Ruth filly, in the First Spring; in the Oaks, and in the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood.
- FILLY** (grey), by The Saddler, out of Don John's dam; Mr. Garforth's. At Doncaster was beaten in a canter by Auckland. En. in the Oaks, and the Foal and Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster.
- FILLY** (bay), by The Saddler, out of Ebberston's dam; Mr. Osbaldeston's. Third to Idolatry for a Two-year-old Stakes at Stockton; fifth for an All-aged Stakes at York October Meeting. At the Houghton, 6 st. 11 lb., ran a dead heat for, and divided the Nursery Stakes with Envoy. En. in the Oaks, and the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster.
- FILLY** (bay), by Sheet Anchor, dam by Brutandorf, grandam by Remembrancer, out of Loom; Captain Gardnor's. Not placed for the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes. Not placed for the Nursery Stakes. En. in the Oaks.
- FILLY** (bay), by Sir Hercules, out of Octina; Mr. Withy's. Houghton Meeting was a bad third to Rochester.
- FILLY** (bay), by Voltaire, out of Trinket; Mr. J. Wood's. Third to Harroldston at Wolverhampton.
- FILLY** (bay), by Voltaire, out of Yorkshire Lass; Mr. Wilson's. Beaten a neck for the Chesterfield Stakes. At the Second October was second for the Prendergast. En. in the Oaks.
- FIREBRAND** (ch. f.), by Lanplighter, out of Camarine's dam; Lord G. Ben-

- tinck's. Not placed for the Ham Stakes at Goodwood. En. in the 2,000 gs., and 1,000 gs., at Newmarket; in the Derby and Oaks; in a Sweepstakes of 200 each at Ascot; in the Hyde Park Derby and Oaks at the Hippodrome; in the July St. Leger, and the Knowsley Dinner Stakes, at Liverpool; the Gratwicke, Drawing-room, Racing, and Nassau Stakes at Goodwood; the St. Leger and Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster, and the Grand Duke Michael Stakes.
- FLAMINGO** (br. c.), by Bustard, dam by Mulev, out of Rosanne; Mr. Thompson's. Liverpool Autumn Meeting was fourth for the Knowsley Stakes. En. in the Derby, and in the Liverpool July St. Leger.
- FLORENCE** (ch. f.), by Velocipede, out of Margareta; Mr. Meiklam's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Eglinton Park; nor for the Golborne Stakes at Newton. Lancaster, 5 st. 5 lb., won the Ashton All-aged Stakes by a neck; same Meeting, 6 st. 11 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each. En. in a Produce Sweepstakes at the Western Meeting, and at the Sefton Stakes at Liverpool.
- FLYTRAP** (b. c.), by Bay Middleton, out of Flycatcher; Lord G. Bentinck's. A bad third for the 500 sovs. Stakes at Goodwood. En. in the Column, Vacillation, and a 200 sovs. Stakes, in the Craven Meeting; in the Derby; in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each at Ascot; in a Produce Stakes at Stockbridge; ditto at Winchester; ditto at Blandford; the Gratwicke, Drawing-room, and Racing Stakes, at Goodwood; the Foal Stakes at Warwick; the St. Leger, and the Grand Duke Michael Stakes.
- FOXERRY** (b. c.), by Voltaire, out of Matilda, by Comus; Duke of Cleveland's. Catterick Bridge, 8 st. 3 lb., won a Two-year-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each by a length, cleverly. York Spring Meeting was third to Skipton. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 8 st. 7 lb., won the Tyro Stakes by a head. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster. En. in the York Derby.
- FREA** (b. f.), by Romulus, out of Selina; Mr. Bell's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Beverley.
- FREEMINGTON** (b. c.), by Memnon Junior, dam by Actæon, out of Giglet; Mr. Metcalfe's. Third to Foxberry at Catterick.
- GISSY GIRL** (half-bred), by Dr. Syntax, or St. Patrick; Mr. E. Dyson's. Beaten by Windsor at Marlow.
- GISSY QUEEN, THE**, by Dr. Syntax, out of Malibran, by Rubens; Mr. J. Osborne's. Second to Marion at Chester; a bad second for the Mersey; and a bad second for the Stanley Stakes at Liverpool. Beaten by Attila at the Pottery. A bad second to the colt by Velocipede, out of Queen Bathsheba, for a Two-year-old Stakes at Liverpool Autumnal Meeting. En. in the Sefton Stakes at Liverpool July Meeting; the Newcastle St. Leger, and the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster.
- GUZ BEG**, by Beagle, out of Circassian; Mr. T. Walters. Third to Happy-go-lucky at Ludlow. En. in the Derby; in the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood; a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each at Wolverhampton, and ditto at Oswestry.
- GUZELLE** (br. f.), by Jerry, out of Brocard; Mr. T. Coleman's. Gorhambury, 8 st. 7 lb., won the Park Stakes by half a neck. Not placed for the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes same Meeting. Brighton, 5 lb. extra, beaten by Iole. Newmarket Second October last for the Clearwell. En. in the 1000 gs. and Newmarket Stakes; the Oaks; in the Hyde Park Oaks at the Hippodrome; Nassau Stakes at Goodwood, and the St. Leger.
- HAITOE** (ch. f.), by Sir Hercules, out of Apparition; Mr. Bateman's. Fourth for a Handicap First October Meeting. Not placed for the T. Y. C. Plate Second October. Houghton Meeting not placed for the Nursery Stakes. Same Meeting was beaten in a Match by Topsail; and paid forfeit to Sister to Glencoe. En. in the Foal Stakes at Winchester.
- HAPPY-GO-LUCKY**, by Young Emilius, out of Catherina; Mr. Owley's. Not placed for the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes. Ludlow, 8 st. 4 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each. Beaten in a canter at Lincoln, by Idolstry. Not placed at Stamford. En. in the Derby and the St. Leger.

- HARROLDSTON** (b. c.), by Dr. Faustus, out of Mary, by Friday; Mr. Bristow's. Worcester, 8 st. 5 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each. Wolverhampton, 8 st. 7 lb., won the Chillington Stakes.
- HAVANNAH** (br. c.), by Colwick, dam by Woldsmen; Mr. Woodhouse's. Not placed for the Mersey Stakes at Liverpool. En. in the St. Leger.
- HEADS OR TAILS** (b. c.), by Toss-up, dam by Rowton, out of Pigmy; Mr. Ford's. Not placed for a Two and Three-year-old Plate at the Houghton Meeting. En. in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each in the First Spring Meeting.
- HOKAH** (b. c.), by Cardinal Puff, out of Puff; Lord Westminster's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Chester. Not placed for the Golborne Stakes at Newton. En. in the Liverpool July Meeting, and the St. Leger.
- HOPE** (b. f.), by Sheet Anchor, dam by Cerberus, out of Diana; Mr. Orton's. Third to the colt by Retainer, at Ripon. Not placed for a Two-year-old Stakes at Stockton. Liverpool Autumn Meeting, 6 st. 2 lb., was a bad third for the Meggernie Castle Stakes. Third for the Hokee Pokee Stakes at Holywell.
- IDOLATRY** (br. f.), by Muley Moloch, out of Lunatic; Mr. Brookes's. Beaten by Skipton at York Spring Meeting. York August, 8 st. 4 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each by two lengths. Not placed for the Champagne at Doncaster. Lincoln, 8 st. 5 lb., won the Blankney Stakes in a canter. Third for the Two-year-old Stakes at Nottingham. En. in the Oaks; the St. Leger, and Park Hill Stakes.
- INDOLENCE** (ch. f.), by Rococo, dam (1839), by Swiss, out of Wilful; Mr. Beresford's. Third for the Two-year-old Stakes at Bedford. Second for a Two and Three-year-old Stakes at the Houghton Meeting.
- IOLÉ** (br. f.), by Sir Hercules, out of a sister to Green Mantle, foaled 1832; Mr. Shelley's. Beaten by Robert de Gorham, at Gorhambury, and beaten by Guzelle at same Meeting. Brighton, 8 st. 1 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each by a length. Bedford, 8 st. 4 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each by a length. Newmarket Second October, 8 st. 4 lb., ran a dead heat with Rosalind, 8 st. 7 lb. En. in the Oaks, and in a Match at Lewes, with Junius.
- JOHNNY FAA** (b. c.), by Bay Middleton, out of Charity; Lord Chesterfield's. Goodwood, 8 st. 7 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 500 sovs. each by a head. En. in a Sweepstakes of 200 each in the Craven Meeting; in the Newmarket Stakes; the Derby; the St. James's Palace Stakes, and a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, at Ascot; the Gratwicke, Drawing-room, and Racing Stakes, at Goodwood; and the St. Leger, and 200 sovs. Stakes, at Doncaster.
- JOHN O' GAUNT** (b. c.), by Rockingham, out of Purity; Lord Dorchester's. Not placed for the Champagne Stakes at the Pottery. Walked over for a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each at Lichfield. En. in the Derby.
- JUNIUS** (ch. c.), by Rockingham, out of My Cousin; Mr. Verrall's. Not placed for a Two and Three-year-old Plate at the Houghton. En. in the Derby; a Match with Iole at Brighton, and the St. Leger.
- LADY OF THE LUNE** (bl. f.), by Amurath, dam (1833), by Longwaist, out of Young Mignonette; Lord Stanley's. Beaten for the Golborne Stakes by Valentine. Second to Master Thomas for the Chesterfield at Liverpool July. Third to Misdeal for the Stanley Stakes same Meeting. Fourth for a Two-year-old Stakes at Liverpool Autumn Meeting. En. in the Bickerstaffe Stakes at Liverpool July Meeting.
- LAMPEDO** (b. f.), by Glaucus, out of Bonnet Pet; Mr. Lawrence's. Beaten in the false heat at Bedford, and afterwards drawn. En. in the Oaks.
- LITTLE JOHNNY** (ch. c.), by Dr. Syntax, out of Nameless; Mr. Connop's. Not placed for the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes; and same Meeting beaten easily in a Match. En. in the Hyde Park Derby at the Hippodrome, and in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes at Newmarket.
- LISBURN** (b. f.), by Jerry, out of Dublin; Duke of Grafton's. Not placed for the Chesterfield. A bad second in both heats for the Two-year-old Stakes at

- Bedford.** Houghton Meeting not placed for the Nursery Stakes. En. in the Oaks.
- LUCY BANKS** (ch. f.), by Elis, out of Walfruna; Mr. Dixon's. Second to the Hester colt at Goodwood. En. in the Derby and Oaks.
- MARIA** (b. f.), by Belshazzar, out of Melbourne's dam, by Cervantes. Third to Cattonite at Beverley.
- MARION** (br. f.), by The Mole, out of Agnes, by Battledore; Mr. Price's. At Chester, 8 st. 5 lb., won the Two-year-old Stakes of 25 sovs. each by a length; same Meeting, 6 st. 9 lb., won the Wirral Stakes by two lengths. At the Pottery for the Champagne Stakes was third. En. in the Dee Stakes at Chester; in the St. Leger, and in a Produce Stakes at Holywell.
- MASTER THOMAS** (b. c.), by Tomboy, out of Mamsel Otz; Mr. G. Clarke's. Liverpool July, 8 st. 5 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each by six lengths. En. in the Derby and St. Legers at Newcastle and Doncaster.
- MAY DAY** (gr. f.), by the Colonel, out of Grisi; Mr. Connop's. Not placed for a Sweepstakes at the Hippodrome. En. in the Hyde Park Oaks at same place.
- MEAL** (ch. f.), by Bran, out of Tintoretto; Mr. Shackel's. Ascot, walked over for a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each. Houghton Meeting, 2 lb. extra, not placed for the Criterion. En. in the Oaks.
- MICHAELMAS DAY** (b. f.), by St. Patrick, out of Erica; Mr. Thornhill's. Newmarket First October Meeting, 8 st. 4 lb., won a Handicap of 15 sovs. each by a length. Second to Bridegroom for a Selling All-aged Stake at the Second October; same Meeting, 8 st. 5 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, T.Y.C., by half a length.
- MISDEAL** (b. c.), by Camel, out of The Odd Trick; Lord G. Bentinck's. Liverpool July Meeting, 8 st. 5 lb., won the Mersey Stakes by four lengths; same Meeting, 6 st. 12 lb., won the Stanley Stakes by a length. Was a bad third for the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood. En. in the 2000 ga. Stakes; in the Derby; in the Hyde Park Stakes at the Hippodrome; St. James's Palace and Windsor Castle Stakes; in the Knowsley Dinner and St. Leger at Liverpool; in the Drawing-room and Racing Stakes, and the St. Leger.
- MISS EATON** (b. f.), by Necromancer, out of Sylph; Mr. Griffiths's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Worcester July Meeting.
- MISS WICKED** (ch. f.), by St. Patrick, out of Bucephalia; Mr. Connop's. Newmarket Second October not placed for a Selling All-aged Stakes.
- MONARCH** (b. c.), by Valparaiso, out of Leda; Sir J. Boswell's. Second to Whistle Binkie at Kelso Spring Meeting; and third to the same horse at the Western Meeting. En. in a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each at Newton; in the Gateshead or Lottery Stakes at Newcastle, and a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each at Stockton.
- MONSIEUR JABOT** (ch. c.), by Langar, out of Miss Frill; Duke of Rutland's. Newmarket First October, 8 st. 7 lb., second to Michaelmas Day for a Handicap Sweepstakes. En. in the Derby.
- MULE** (bl. c.), by Camel, out of Temper; Mr. Sadler's. Hippodrome, June, beaten for the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes; same Meeting, 8 st. 7 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added, by a length. Third for the July Stakes. En. in the Derby; in the Hyde Park Stakes at the Hippodrome, and in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each at Blandford.
- Nessus** (br. c.), by Sir Hercules, out of Nanine; Mr. S. Herbert's. For a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each at Goodwood was not placed. En. in the Derby; in a Produce Stakes at Bath, ditto at Bibury, ditto at Stockbridge; in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, and Produce Stakes, at Salisbury; in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each at Blandford; in the Produce and Foal Stakes at Winchester, and in the Foal and Produce Stakes at Abingdon.
- NUN, THE** (ch. f.), by Bran, dam by Humphrey Clinker, out of Gadabout; Mr. Edmonstone's. Not placed for the Mersey Stakes at Liverpool. En. in the Dee Stakes at Chester; in the St. Leger and Sefton Stakes at Liverpool July Meeting, and in the St. Leger and Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster.

- NUNCIO** (br. c.), by Plenipotentiary, out of Ally; Lord Albemarle's. Not placed for the Chesterfield Stakes. Third for the Hopeful. Second October, 8 st. 7 lb., won the T. Y. C. Plate by a length; same Meeting was third for the Prendergast. Houghton Meeting won a Match, 100, h. ft., T. Y. C., beating Albion by half a length, even weights. En. in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each in the First Spring Meeting; and in the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood.
- PACHA, THE** (ch. g.), by Bran, out of Minikin; Mr. Fowler's. At Stafford walked over for a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each. Second to Happy-go-lucky at Ludlow. En. in a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each at Newton, and the Foal Stakes at Warwick.
- PALLADIUM** (b. c.), by Defence, out of Mantilla; Mr. Ettwall's. Carrying 8 st. 6 lb., won the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 100 added, by a head. At Stockbridge walked over for a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each. Beaten half a length for the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood. Walked over for the Winton Stakes of 30 sovs. each at Winchester. En. in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each in the First Spring Meeting; in the Derby; in the Produce, and 50 sovs. Sweepstakes, at Bibury; in the Produce Stakes at Stockbridge; in the Produce Stakes at Salisbury; in the Drawing-room Stakes; the Produce and Foal Stakes at Winchester; in the 50 sovs. Stakes at Blandford; the Foal Stakes at Abingdon, and the St. Leger.
- PANNAKEEN** (ch. c.), by Muley Moloch, dam by Partisan, out of Elizabeth; Sir G. Heathcote's. Brighton, was third for the Two-year-old Stakes.
- PASSION** (ch. f.), by Elis, out of Pet; Mr. Sadler's. Newmarket July, 8 st. 4 lb., won the Chesterfield Stakes by a neck. Goodwood, 8 st. 8 lb., won the Lavant Stakes by a neck. En. in the 1000 gs. Stakes; Derby; Oaks; the Hyde Park Oaks; the Racing and Nassau Stakes at Goodwood; the Foal Stakes at Winchester; ditto at Abingdon, and the St. Leger.
- PHAROLD** (bl. c.), by Velocipede, out of Gipsy; Duke of Cleveland's. Not placed for the Mersey Stakes at Liverpool. Stockton, 6 st. 10 lb., won the Cleveland. En. in the Derby; Liverpool July and Doncaster St. Leger.
- PLAYFELLOW** (b. c.), by Tomboy, out of Galena; Mr. Jaques's. Catterick Bridge was beaten a length by Foxberry, and beaten a neck by the Devil-among-the-Tailors. York Spring not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes. Newcastle, 8 st. 1 lb., won the Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each by three lengths; same Meeting was a bad fourth for the Sweepstakes, won by f. by Bay Middleton, out of Miss Fanny. Not placed for the Champagne at Doncaster. A bad third for the Wilton Stakes at Liverpool; and a bad second to f. by Langar, out of Mermaid, for the Knowsley Stakes. En. in the Derby; in the St. Leger, and Gateshead or Lottery Stakes, at Newcastle; the Liverpool July St. Leger; the 20 sovs. Stakes at Stockton, and the St. Leger.
- PRECURSOR** (ch. c.), by Curtius, out of Myrrha; Gen. Sharpe's. Liverpool July was last for the Chesterfield Stakes. En. in the St. Leger.
- PRINCESS ROYAL** (b. f.), by Voltaire, out of Wagtail; Mr. Johnstone's. Beaten a length by Whistle Binkie at Paisley.
- PRIOR, THE** (b. c.), by Muley Moloch, out of Rebecca; Colonel Cradock's. Last for the Two-year-old Stakes at York August Meeting. En. in the Derby and St. Leger.
- PRISCILLA TOMBOY** (br. f.), by Tomboy, out of Catalina; Mr. Kitching's. A bad second to the f. by Bay Middleton, out of Miss Fanny, at Newcastle. A bad second to Skipton for the Thirsk Stakes at Stockton. Second to Sally at Northallerton; and same Meeting third to Temptation for a Two and Three-year-old Stakes. En. in the St. Leger.
- PROOF PRINT** (b. c.), by Birdcatcher, dam (1829) by Master Henry, out of Elizabeth; Mr. Berrington's—now Lord George Bentinck's. Not placed for the Hopeful. At Stamford, 8 st. 6 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each by two lengths. Second October was a good second to Michaelmas Day for a Selling Stakes. Houghton Meeting, 7 st., beaten by Sister to Glencoe, three years, 8 st. 7 lb., in a Match for 100; same Meeting, carrying a feather,

- won a Match for 100 sovs., T. Y. C., beating Garryowen, four years, 9 st. 7 lb., by six lengths; same Meeting, 8 st. 7 lb., was beaten easily in a Match by f. by Clearwell, 8 st. 4 lb. En. in the St. Leger.
- PROSODY** (bl. c.), by Dr. Syntax, out of Lady Day, by St. Hubert; Mr. Rogers's. Not placed for the T. Y. C. Plate in the Newmarket Second October Meeting. En. in the Derby.
- REVISION** (b. c.), by Reveller, out of Palais Royal; Lord Exeter's. Houghton Meeting not placed for the Criterion. Not placed for a Two and Three-year-old Plate at same Meeting. En. in the Derby.
- ROBERT DE GORHAM** (br. c.), by Sir Hercules, out of Duvernay; Lord Verulam's. Gorhambury, 8 st. 5 lb., won the Sir Hercules Stakes by three lengths. En. in the Newmarket Palace Stakes in the First Spring Meeting; in the Derby, and Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood.
- ROBIN** (ch. c.), bro. to Ralph; Lord Albemarle's. Second October Meeting was fourth for the Clearwell. Houghton Meeting not placed for the Criterion. En. in the Tavistock and Coffee-room Stakes in the Craven Meeting; in the 2000 gs. Stakes; the Derby, and Racing Stakes at Goodwood.
- ROCHESTER** (br. c.), by Rockingham, out of Rosabel, by Shakespeare; Colonel Peel's. Not placed for the T. Y. C. Plate at the Second October Meeting. Houghton Meeting, 7 st. 2 lb., won a Two and Three-year-old Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each. En. in the Derby.
- ROSALIND** (b. f.), by Touchstone, out of Harmony; Mr. Combe's. Ran in the first heat at Bedford, and won, but on its being decided to be a false start, was drawn. Newmarket Second October, 8 st. 7 lb., ran a dead heat with Iole, 8 st. 4 lb., in a Match for 50, T. Y. C. En. in a Sweepstakes of 50 each at the First Spring Meeting, and the St. Leger.
- ROSTRUM** (b. c.), by Glaucus, out of Rosalie; Lord Bruce's. Ascot, 8 st. 7 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each by three lengths. Newmarket ran a dead heat for the July Stakes; and in the deciding one beaten a length; same Meeting, 4 lb. extra, was third for the Chesterfield. First October, 8 st. 10 lb., won the Hopeful by a length; same Meeting, 8 st. 10 lb., won the Rutland Stakes by half a length. En. in the Derby; in the Buckingham Palace Stakes at Ascot; in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each at Bath; in the Derby; in the Drawing-room and Racing Stakes at Bath; in a Produce Stakes at Salisbury; in the St. Leger at Doncaster, and the Grand Duke Michael Stakes.
- ROYAL CHARLEY** (b. c.), by Liverpool, out of Aminto; Mr. Watson's. Third to Skipton at Durham. Third to Skipton for the Thirsk Stakes at Stockton; and same Meeting a bad third to Pharold for the Cleveland Stakes.
- ST. JEAN D'ACRE** (b. c.), by Bizarre, out of Problem; Mr. Booth's. Not placed for the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes; same Meeting won a Match for 50 sovs. Huntingdon, 8 st. 7 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each. Bedford beaten in the false heat, and third in the actual one.
- SALLY** (b. f.), by Sheet Anchor, out of Fanny; Colonel Cradock's. Third for the Tyro Stakes at Newcastle. Third to Attila for the Champagne at Doncaster; and a bad second to him for the Two-year-old Stakes same Meeting. Northallerton, 8 st. 2 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each by half a length. En. in the Newmarket St. Leger, and the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster.
- SIDEBOARD** (b. c.), by Plenipotentiary, out of Sontag; Mr. Ford's. Not placed for the T. Y. C. Plate Second October Meeting. En. in the 2000 gs. Stakes; the Derby, and Gratwicke Stakes.
- SIR ROBERT** (br. c.), by Sheet Anchor, out of Miss Parkinson, by Swiss; Mr. Hogg's. Fourth for the Two-year-old Stakes at York August Meeting. En. in the Derby and St. Leger.
- SKIPTON** (b. c.), by Stockport, dam by Swiss, grandam by Partisan, out of Pawn; Mr. J. Osborne's. Durham, 8 st. 3 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 10 gs. each by a head. York Spring, 8 st. 7 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each by a head. Stockton, 8 st. 3 lb., won the Thirsk Stakes by two lengths.

- Third for the Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster. Houghton Meeting won a Match for 50. En. in the Dee Stakes at Chester; the Newcastle St. Leger; the St. Leger, and a Match with Mr. Prince's Rookwith at Doncaster.
- SMIKE** (ch. c.), by St. Nicholas, out of Sally Snooks; Mr. Singleton's. Beaten by Cattonite at Beverley.
- SOPWELL NUN, THE** (b. f.), by Rockingham, out of Brazil, by Ivanhoe; General Wyndham's. Newmarket Second October last for a Selling Stakes, won by f. by Beiram, out of Dahlia. En. in the Oaks.
- SPRITE** (br. f.), by The Mole, out of Amiable; Mr. J. Tallentire's. Not placed for the Golborne Stakes at Newton. En. in the Oaks.
- STRAW HAT** (br. c.), by Bay Middleton, out of Chapeau de Paille; Lord G' Bentinck's. Goodwood, 7 st., was third to Benedetta for the Cowdray Stakes; same Meeting a bad third to the c. by The Colonel, out of Hester, for a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. En. in the Derby.
- TAFILET** (ch. f.), by Muley Moloch, dam (Mulberry Wine's dam), by Chateau Margaux; Sir W. Scott's. Third to Whistle Binkie at Kelso Spring Meeting.
- TEAPOT** (b. c.), by Rockingham, out of Dandelion; Lord March's. Not placed for the T. Y. C. Plate in the Second October Meeting. En. in the St. Leger.
- TEMPTATION** (br. f.), sister to The Young-un; Mr. Dawson's. Manchester, 8 st. 2 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. by a head. Last for the Two-year-old Stakes at Newcastle. Not placed for the Cleveland Stakes at Stockton. Northallerton, 6 st. 5 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each. En. in the Oaks.
- TIMOLEON** (br. c.), by Sheet Anchor, dam by Blucher, out of Rebecca, by Soothsayer; Mr. F. Wood's. Houghton Meeting not placed for the Criterion. En. in the 2,000 gs.; in the Derby, and St. Leger.
- TIPTOE** (b. c.), by Bay Middleton, dam (Gallopade's dam); Mr. Rogers's. Newmarket Second October, 7 st. 10 lb., not placed for a Handicap, T. Y. C., won by Langolee. En. in the Derby; 50 sovs. Stakes at Bibury, and Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood.
- TOM NODDY** (b. c.), by Bedlamite, out of Fidalma; Mr. Byng's. Newmarket July received forfeit in a Match, 200. En. in the Derby, and in a Match with Mr. Greville's Edgeworth Bess in the First October Meeting.
- TRIPOLI** (gr. c.), by Sheet Anchor, dam by Young Phantom, out of Jack Spigot's dam; Lord G. Bentinck's. Houghton Meeting, a feather, was seventh for the last three miles of B. C. Plate. En. in the Derby.
- TOMMY** (b. c.), by Touchstone, out of Zenana; Mr. King's. Not placed for the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes. At Goodwood, 7 st., was beaten by Benedetta for the Cowdray Strkes.
- TOPSAIL** (b. f.), by Sheet Anchor, out of Valencia; Lord G. Bentinck's. Not placed for the T. Y. C. Plate at Second October Meeting; same Meeting, 6 st. 9 lb., was third for a Handicap, T. Y. C., won by Langolee. Houghton Meeting, receiving 3 lb., ran a dead heat with Bridal in a Match; and, 6 st. 2 lb., won a Match for 50, T. Y. C., beating Haitoe, 6 st. 7 lb., by half a length. En. in the Oaks.
- TRAITOR, THE** (br. c.), by The Mummy, out of Tittle Tattle, Mr. Lucas's. Not placed for the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes. En. in the Derby, and a 50 sovs. Stakes at Ascot.
- VALENTINA** (gr. f.), by Speculator, out of Valve; Mr. F. R. Price's. Newton, 8 st. 2 lb., won the Golborne Stakes by a head. Not placed for the Champagne at the Pottery. Holywell, 8 st. 5 lb., won the Champagne Stakes in a canter. En. in the Dee and Palatine Stakes at Chester, and in the Produce Stakes at Holywell and Oswestry.
- VIBRATION** (b. f.), by Sir Hercules, out of Echo; Mr. Forth's. Not placed for the T. Y. C. Plate at the Second October Meeting. Not placed for a Two and Three-year-old Plate at the Houghton. En. in the Derby and Oaks.
- VIGO** (ch. c.), by Ishmael, out of Laodice; Mr. Higgins's. Second October Meeting last for a Selling Stakes. En. in the Derby.

- WESTPHALIAN, THE** (b. c.), by Elis, out of Cestus; Mr. Gratwicke's. Last for the Ham Stakes at Goodwood. En. in the Derby, and the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood.
- WIDE-AWAKE** (ch. f.), by Recovery, out of Miss Patrick; Sir R. Bulkeley's. Not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Manchester; not placed for the Golborne Stakes at Newton.
- WILTONA** (ch. f.), by Elis or Carnaby, out of Odessa, sister to Ishmael. Lieutenant Gambier's. Woolwich, 9 st. 6 lb., beaten for a Sweepstakes; the same Meeting, 8 st. 7 lb., won a Sweepstakes by a neck.
- WILTON BROWN** (b. c.), by Bran, dam (1825) by Skim, out of Jessy; Mr. Foster's. Not placed for the Golborne Stakes at Newton; not placed for the Two-year-old Stakes at Worcester.
- WISEACRE** (ch. c.), by Taurus, out of Victoria; Mr. Wreford's. Goodwood, 8 st. 10 lb., won the Ham Stakes by a head. Second October Meeting second for the Clearwell; same Meeting, 8 st. 7 lb., won the Prendergast by half a length; same Meeting divided a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each with c. by The Colonel, out of Hester. En. in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each in the Craven Meeting; in the 2,000 gs. Stakes; in the Derby; in a Produce Stakes at Bath; ditto at Stockbridge; in the Gratwicke and Racing Stakes at Goodwood; in the Produce and Foal Stakes at Winchester; in the Foal Stakes at Warwick; in the St. Leger, and in the 50 sovs. Stakes at Blandford.
- WHISTLE BINKIE** (br. c.), by Round Robin, out of Lady Easy; Mr. Ramsay's. Kelso Spring, 8 st. 6 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each; beaten a head by Foxberry, for the Tyro Stakes at Newcastle; walked over for the Corby Castle Stakes at Carlisle. Paisley, 8 st. 5 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each. At the Western Meeting, 8 st. 3 lb., won a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each by two lengths. En. in the St. Leger, and Gateshead or Lottery Stakes at Newcastle.

THE SPORTING LIFE OF ENGLAND.

BY JOHN MILLS, ESQ.,

Author of the "Old English Gentleman."

SKETCH THE FIRST:—"THE BEAUFORT HUNT."

SIXTY-FIVE couples of hounds; forty-six hunters; old Job, the padgroom; Long, the huntsman; Stansby, the first whip; Charley, the second, and a second horseman to each, form the princely establishment of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort.

On Saturday, the 21st of the dreary cut-throat month of November, the meet was at Yate Turnpike, and, although a fog hung like a frown upon nature's face, accompanied by a cold north-east wind and drizzling rain, there were many of those present who never turn to the weather's beckon. Among them were the Duke, the Earl of Wilton, Lord Andover, Captain Codrington, John Bayley, Esq., Mr. Hobson, and several Bristol men.

With the bitch pack, consisting of twenty-one couples and a half, Long drew a little covert to the right of Yate Common; but no *long* brushed varmint lurked therein. Then the common was tried with the same result, while the rain came down in torrents. Old Job, ever

careful of his master's health, unshelled a mackintosh and waterproof gloves, and, after assisting in their arrangement, looked defiance at the clouds spouting forth their overcharged contents. Cold and saturated, we trotted off to Wapley Bushes, where not a minute elapsed before the merry note of Dahlia sent a warm glow to our chilled extremities. "Hark to Dahlia!" halloed Long. "Tally-ho!" cried Stansby. "Hold hard! let 'em get at it;" and away we went, happier than butterflies in a July noon. The fox broke in the direction of Beanwood; but turned short to the left, towards Sodbury. Twisting to the left again, he took across Yate Common, where, thank heaven, there was a short check; for 'bellows to mend' was the roaring appeal from my strong-limbed steed; nor was he a solitary exception. The land could not be in worse condition. At each stride the horses took, they sank nearly to their hocks and knees, and not unfrequently above them. Often, when they attempted to lift at their leaps, they stuck fast in the mud, and into the fences they pitched head-foremost. "Over!" cried Mr. Fisher to his finely-bred and well-shaped mare, as they arrived at a stiffish fence; but across the bank she fell, and her rider found himself biting the sod.

"There's a better place," said Charley to me. "If your horse takes it first, mine would follow, sir," continued he. But a bad example had been set, and the roan declined. Again his head was turned to it, and the persuaders administered; but a negative was the only reply. His Grace now came up, and crammed his horse gallantly at it. Over he flew, and the decliners followed him. We were now with the pack just as they hit off the scent. The varmint stretched away towards Nibley; but turned short back again, making for the lower woods. But, alas! poor pug! after doing his best to get away for twenty-two minutes, the swift pack ran into him under the Ridings, and "woo-whoop!" echoed o'er hill and valley.

"Do you draw any more, my Lord?" inquired a farmer.

"Certainly," was the reply, and to Doddington Grove we made a direct course. In the merry pack crashed, and out whirred the gay plumed pheasants, like bees from a hive.

"There are too many long-tails for a fox to be found here," observed somebody. "Indeed!" replied Captain Codrington, "we shall test that presently. There was a litter bred here in the summer, and I am much mistaken if we don't find them to-day."

The last word was scarcely from his lips, when Levy's deep-toned note rang through the copse.

"A find for a hundred!" offered Mr. Bayley; but there were no takers. "I'll bet five—ten to one that it's a find," continued he; still no acceptors appeared.

Patience now joined in the cry, and out a fox broke like a meteor. Farmer, farmer, why are you there? His quick eye catches you, and he is headed back into a hound's willing jaws like a netted trout. Chopped, killed upon his own hearth, without a struggle for his life. Before the victim could be scalped, another met with a like despicable destiny, within twenty yards of the spot, and a third was "tally-hoed" away.

"For'ard! for'ard!" shouted the old padgroom. "Here, here, here!" and clapping the hounds on, they were well away after the fourth fox,

before their appetites had been whetted with the brace preceding. Straight into the yard of Doddington House, Reynard bolted, flattering himself, perhaps, like a suitor in Chancery, that it was as easy to get out as to get in, and to be as ruinously disappointed. The gate admitting him stood invitingly open; that by which he doubtlessly hoped to effect an egress was closed. The walls were much too high for a jump, and, ere a rescuing hand could lift the latch of mercy, the hounds had rendered all aid unavailing.

"Woo-whoop!" cried Stansby, lifting a fine dog fox, in the last gasp of death, and then hurling him to the impatient pack for a little more innocent recreation.

Immediately after this, we found in Doddington Plantations; but, after running once round them, a storm came on from the east, which threatened to amputate our nasal organs, and completely annihilated the scent; thus verifying the old proverb, "that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good." The artful dodge was given to us, and we then wended our way towards Badminton. On our road, His Grace remarked upon the likelihood of my catching cold if I did not change my clothes quickly; and when I told him such an affliction had never, to my memory, been visited upon me, he rejoined, "You must consider yourself most fortunate." And so I do, in this particular; but, notwithstanding, it might be dangerous if the world were a powder magazine, and I held a box of lucifers.

On the Monday following this day of slaughter, we met at Castle Coombe. The gentle wind fanned us from the warm south, and his breath felt as soft as the zephyr from Italy's cloudless clime. The sun was "but the daylight sick." His pale rays stole between heavy floating clouds, and fell in patches upon "the mountain, moor, and mead." The swollen stream swept on, murmuring in its course; but scarcely a beam was flashed in the rippling wave. Now and then a distant roll was heard, and black, frowning masses continued to gather and hang threateningly around.

How I love anything old! even an old woman is an object of my sincere admiration. For might she not be a ruin of beauty? Ay, and generally is, too, if we may credit the assertion of nine-tenths of those whose locks are frosted by the sneaping hand of time.

"Is not this a beautiful place?" said the Duke.

I believe that I was sufficiently attentive to return a brief affirmative; but my eyes were gloating so with the enjoyment of the scene, that I scarcely knew if my tongue slipped a sound. An ivy-clad, grey-mossed house stands on a lawn studded with beds of evergreen plants and choice exotics. Within sixty yards of its stone walls, a wide and deep stream rushes past, over which a light bridge is thrown. Behind and before, right and left, steep hills tower to the clouds, on whose sides luxuriant oaks stretch forth their time-mossed limbs. On the right, the remains of an ancient castle rear themselves proudly among clustering trees, and at the base of the steep declivity, the traces of the fosse are easily distinguished—the monuments of ages long since passed and swept away.

On the brow of the hill behind the house, the veteran huntsman of countless hunts cheered his merry pack. A minute—no, not a minute—was thrown into the yawning abyss of time, when "Hark to

Launcelot!" was echoed from hill to hill. "Hark to Launcelot, Flyer, Charon!" and away they went like a flash of light.

It is the *dash* of the foxhound which shows the genuineness of his breed: and where can be seen such a dash as in this splendid pack? It *may* be seen; but my eyes have not been favoured with a glimpse. (Masters of hounds, invite me to the sight, and accompany the invitation by an offer of "a mount.")

"If he only gets away," said Lord Wilton, "we shall be all right," and gingerly he took his horse over a stone wall into a lane, and rattled him down it. But it was a useless expenditure of wind, for an earth, which had been stopped by the spade, found a ready opener in the flood, and pug dived into the crevice, to all appearance not much too large for a rat, and escaped his ardent pursuers.

The threatening storm now burst in all its violence. A stream of water bubbled upon the earth, and the thunder reverberated from hill to hill, like the explosion of continued parks of artillery. The slumbering wind now rose like a lion from his lair, and roared in gusts, as if he would rend the rock-ribbed hills from their foundations.

"We shall have no sport to-day," observed His Grace.

"Between the storms we shall, Duke, if we can get away," replied Lord Wilton, congratulating his stars that he had had his bit of pink dipped and made waterproof, although the bath "damaged the colour."

After a beautiful soaking, the storm lifted, and we tried West Kington Wood, where we found immediately. To the left we went bending for Burton, at a splitting pace—stone walls innumerable, and the country as deep as——; but metaphors must be barred. Lord Wilton dashed at a five-foot wall, and cleared it beautifully; I turned "the old chestnut" at it; Lord George Paget resolved upon the same spot at the same moment. Together we went; but, weight being on my side, his Lordship met with a swerve, which momentarily ruffled the feathers. However, true blood was never soured, although it may be "turned," and in a handful of seconds as merry a laugh rattled from his lips at the wayward rub, as ever burst from the heart of "a fine young English gentleman." From Burton we went to the right, towards the Faggot Covert, at a streaking rate. I followed in the wake of Captain Codrington, who rode as if his horse and himself knew the country. We were well up, when a fox showed himself back under a wall. "Hold hard!" was the halloo; but, God of my forefathers! the hounds continued on. It was a fresh fox in view. The discovery was too late. "We must lift hard!" cried the gallant Captain; and lift us he did for miles, until, with judgment I never saw surpassed, we were again with the merry pack.

His Grace was well up the whole of the time; but, from that arch-fiend, the gout, he is compelled to ride with care; even a bruise from the stirrup would cause an attack. His heart and nerves are as fresh as when he was a round-faced "chubby" boy; but he dare not brush a rasper as he formerly did, from the certainty of a visit from his enemy, should the least accident occur.

Mr. Bayley and Dr. Grace now showed themselves well in the foreground, but Lord Wilton continued to be pioneer. Mr. Castle Jenkins, remember you are fifteen stone, and a little over, with saddle

and bridle ; but he heeds not my mental warning. Straight as a winged arrow from a yew-bow, he steers for an ugly "blind un," while Lord Wilton is trying to swing open a neighbouring gate. Second thoughts are best—he comes to a check, and waits impatiently for the result of the Earl's attempt. Now ambition, vaulting as a roebuck, led me to try the fence ; the rise was great, the dip was deep, the near stirrup-leather broke, and down I went to mother earth in a style that, unquestionably, might be called perfect. Fortune sometimes smiles on the unlucky. Here a momentary check ensued, and enabled me to botch the damage, just as the scent was hit off again. A full hour rolled by, still the chase went on. From the Faggot Covert we went in a curve to Badminton, where the fox was viewed dead beaten, just before the hounds ; but a cold storm of wind and rain came on, which prevented them hunting him a yard farther, and reynard lived to give, I hope, another as bold a run.

The number of foxes killed last season by this unrivalled pack, was forty-six brace ; and seventeen brace and a half have been killed thus early in the present one.

THE CARDINGTON CLUB.

THE members of this coursing club held their first meeting for the season on the 24th, 25th, and 26th ult. ; fine weather, abundance of hares, and excellent sport. On the morning of the 26th, the frost was severe, and it was late before the last ties could be run off. The cup was won by Mr. Purser's blue bitch, Picotee, by Mr. Inskip's Ivanhoe, out of Holiday ; and the Harrowden Hill Stakes for puppies, by Mr. Inskip's dun dog, Irishman, by his Ivanhoe, out of Mr. Purser's Primrose.

There was a good attendance of members, considering the Louth Meeting fell on the same days, and some of the most distinguished supporters of the Cardington Club are members of the Louth. The meetings are held on the estate of William Whitbread, Esq., of Southill Park (Beds.), whose liberality cannot be too highly appreciated ; for he preserves the hares free from all cost to the club, and allows two days for their sport, in each week, throughout the season, one at Cardington, the other at Elstowe. Both these manors are within two miles of Bedford, which affords an opportunity to all the admirers of this favourite sport, in that populous town, to enjoy it to its full extent.

Having been accustomed to the fine ground at Ashdown Park, and the Deptford Inn, I confess I thought I should not see first-rate sport on the Cardington ground, but, to my surprise, it was quite the best. Out of thirteen courses, run off on Harrowden Hill, on the 24th, twelve were as good as the most ardent admirer of coursing could wish ; and the ties on the 25th, run off on Fenlake Flat, were equally satisfactory.

W. MISSING.

*• The returns will be given in the Coursing Register.

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

To the Editor of the Sporting Review.

Beacon Lodge, November 16th, 1841.

SIR,—After carefully perusing the plain, matter-of-fact pamphlet, published by Mr. Drax, of Charborough Park, and addressed “to the Sportsmen of England,” I, as an individual of that body, can but come to one conclusion, when, without entering more fully into the controversy, in homely phrase I am bound to declare that “what is good for the one, is good for the other ;” and that, as Mr. Farquharson, by withholding covers from the Charborough country, upon the “*wish*” of proprietors, *contrary to that courtesy which is the law of fox-hunting*, neither he nor the committee, of which Lord Ilchester was chairman, had any right to expect from Mr. Drax an unqualified admission that, by drawing the Vale covers, hitherto in the possession of Mr. Farquharson, he had placed himself in the wrong. The original agreement, signed by Mr. Drax Grosvenor, and Mr. Farquharson, in 1808, in my mind, is conclusive ; and if Mr. Farquharson, *in the first instance*, discards that courtesy, by which a Master of Hounds should be guided in these matters, and is ill-advised enough to draw the sword of the common law in defence of sporting pursuits, why no unprejudiced person can hold Mr. Drax to blame, if he resort to similar weapons. Mr. Compton, or any other gentleman, may withhold his covers from a master of hounds if he pleases to do so, but *in courtesy he cannot transfer them to an adjoining hunt*. So strictly have I known these rules of courtesy to have been kept, that personal references from man to man have passed, when one master of hounds has contemplated the infringement of the rights of another in an adjoining country, on individual invitation. I hold that, with the express permission of a proprietor, one master of hounds *cannot infringe upon the limits of another's country*, if the master in possession of the sport *refuse to permit it* ; and I firmly believe this fact of sporting legislature to be one of the most wholesome rules of field law, for it entirely puts on one side individual hostility, at all times liable to be personally or politically aroused, and leaves a public interest unassailable to petty jealousy.

As the matter rests at present, *both Mr. Farquharson and Mr. Drax have broken the laws of fox-hunting*, with only this difference, that *the onus of being the first to resort to that unhappy line of conduct, lies with Mr. Farquharson*, for, under the agreement of 1808, he has *no right to retain any portion of the Charborough country therein declared*, whatever be the extent of individual permission. As a sportsman unconnected with the countries in question, I would urge upon the general notice of gentlemen, that a war of this sort, if waged in the extreme, is the worst thing that can happen to them all, collectively, and individually : the bruit of such horrors is ruin to the general interests of other hunting countries, and in many places it is the death-warrant of the fox. This mischief should be stopped by firm and fair referees : Mr. Drax declares that he is open to arrangement, and *the countries should take him at his word*.—Yours,

GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

THE VALUE OF A DERBY LOTTERY TICKET.—*Watling v. Dewey*.—In this case, which was tried in the Court of Exchequer, before Lord Abinger, at the London sittings after last term, when a verdict for £75 was had for the plaintiff, Mr. Compton moved to set aside the verdict, and have a new trial, or, in the event of that being refused, to have the verdict reduced to one shilling.

The learned counsel stated that this was a case arising out of the transactions of a Derby Club, of which the plaintiff and defendant were members, the former being a clerk in the employment of Messrs. Sewell and Cross, and the latter the proprietor of a tavern called the Swan with Two Necks, where the club was held. It appeared that there was a sort of lottery, by which the names of the horses entered for the Derby were apportioned to the several members, and that the plaintiff had drawn the horse called Van Amburgh, and that, afterwards, a loan or sale of a ticket, by which this was declared, had taken place between plaintiff and defendant. Upon the trial, the Chief Baron reserved the points, whether there was any legal property arising out of this transaction, and whether the parties should not have put the rules of the club in evidence. Now he (Mr. Compton) contended that the transaction was rendered altogether illegal by reason of the Lottery Act, and also by the Act as regarded gaming. By the 10th and 11th of William III., chap. 17, sec. 1, all lotteries were declared common and public nuisances, and a penalty of £20 was imposed on any one throwing, playing, or drawing at any such lottery. There were several other acts applying to this part of the question, but he thought it unnecessary to refer to them. He assumed, therefore, that the whole of this transaction was illegal, and that no property could arise out of it. The plaintiff, it appeared, had drawn the ticket, and afterwards delivered it to the defendant, who had lent him £5 upon it.

Lord Abinger said, the defendant alleged at the trial that the plaintiff promised to give him the ticket for the £5, but the plaintiff called evidence to prove that he had been offered £80 for it, and it was upon this ground the jury had given their verdict.

Baron Parke said, it appeared to him that the ticket having been delivered, the transaction of the lottery was over. He would put a case to the learned counsel. Suppose a person won an article at a raffle, at a watering-place (which was a very common thing), and took that article home, or left it with a person for safe custody, and that another person came and took it away, could he not sustain an action for trover?—Mr. Compton apprehended that would be a very different thing. *Here the tickets, or bits of cards, on which the names of the members and horses were written, were of no value. They could give no title whatever to the stake, and were quite worthless. It was clear that, in an action of trover, they must be of some value, but, unlike a piece of parchment, which was held to be of the value of twopence, these were of no value at all.* (Can any one furnish an illegal reading of this passage? ED.) These cards were like dice; they were the things that were drawn, and their possession did not alter or affect the rights of the party. They were not a negotiable security, and therefore they could not be worth the value of £5.

Lord Abinger said, the defendant having possession of the ticket,

might claim the stake.—Mr. Compton differed from his Lordship ; it was not assignable.

Baron Parke asked how the defendant came to lend £5 upon the ticket, if it was of no value?—Lord Abinger said, it was entirely a question for the jury to decide, *whether the ticket was of the value of twopence or one farthing.*

Mr. Compton said, he held the documents in his hand. [*The tickets were here handed in, and examined with much curiosity by the learned barons.*]

Lord Abinger : Has the stakeholder paid the money?—Mr. Compton : No, my Lord. I understand the plaintiff has also sued the stakeholder. The stakes were not of the value of £80, as Van Amburgh came in only second or third.

Baron Parke : Oh ! I thought he was first. [No learned baron or gentleman is supposed to know the difference between a mare and a horse.—ED.]

After a brief consultation between the learned barons, Lord Abinger said the learned counsel might take a rule to show cause that the verdict might be reduced, but not for a new trial.—Rule accordingly.

THE CHASE.—The past month was very favourable for hunting, as far as hounds were concerned ; but, probably, the riding was never worse, so early in the season, within the memory of man. Many of the best districts in England were wholly under water, and everywhere the state of the country was of unparalleled severity. We do not purpose, for the present, going into any of the details of sport, but we cannot permit an opportunity to escape without testifying to the good omens with which the season has opened. The cause of foxhunting is as popular, and as liberally supported, as it ever was, since first it became a national sport of our land. The impression, so general a few years ago, that the increase of railroads would be ruinous to the chase, if it has not been altogether removed, has at least been proved to have far exceeded the results. A few casualties, no doubt, have occurred from them, but no injury bearing any comparison to the extent of the fears at first entertained : *Floret, et floreat.*

Up to the 13th of November, Earl Fitzhardinge's hounds had been out forty-five days, and killed sixty-seven foxes, having had a succession of the most brilliant sport. In the middle of the month, on a Thursday, they had, perhaps, the finest day's sport ever known, forcing one of Lord Ducie's wandering foxes from their own, into the heart of his Lordship's country, and killing him triumphantly. The sport which these hounds show in a rough and uneven country, proves the care and attention which the noble Earl has bestowed upon them for so many years. As a proof of the estimation in which the blood of this pack is held, every draft on each succeeding season is bespoke, over and over again ; and had the huntsman, Harry Ayris, double the number to dispose of, he would not lack customers.

COURSING.—Many meetings, of great interest to the patrons of the leash, took place in November. The results of these will be given in our Coursing Calendar ; but a brief allusion to the most influential of

them will be found convenient in this place. The Clydesdale was held on the 4th and 5th ult., and was very numerously attended. The Cup was won by Lord Eglinton's Johnny Cope; the Cadogan Stakes by Mr. Geddes's Charlie; and the Champion Collar by Lord Eglinton's invincible Waterloo. Lord Douglas's Kent won the East Kilbride Stakes; his Lordship's Ardoch the Hamilton; and his Calderwood the Clyde Stakes. There were also some good matches for sporting sums. The Mid-Lothian Club Meeting, on its most interesting trysting ground, was distinguished for favourable weather and choice coursing. The stakes were, however, not of sufficient importance to require the details being given here. At Altcar the weather was fine, the hares very plentiful, and the sport of a fair average. Mr. Lamb's Lanercost won the Cup. At Swaffham, after an undecided course between Lord Stradbroke's Minerva and Mr. Gurney's Admiral, the Cup was divided: the list, besides, containing six stakes of considerable value, and thirty-six matches. The Cup at Harewood was won by Mr. Harrison's Tendril; and The Great Fleetwood Cup, at the Union Club Meeting, by Mr. Houghton's Tygant.

STEEPLE-CHASING.—The great opening event of this popular sport, for the season, took place at Newport Pagnel, on Friday, the 19th ult. The nature and result of the race were as follows:—

A Handicap of 25 sovs. each, 15 and 5 ft., with 100 added by the town and neighbourhood; thirty-two entered, and fourteen declared forfeit; four miles:—

Mr. R. Ekins's Luck's All, 11 st. 5 lb. (Goddard) 1
Mr. Elmore's Lottery, 13 st. 6 lb. (Mason) 2
Sir H. Bruce's The Merchant, 11 st. (Bretherton) 3
Baron Rothschild's Consul, 12 st. 3 lb. (Oldaker) 4
Mr. W. Saddler's Danebury, 10 st. 7 lb. (Oliver) 5

The following also started, but were not placed by the judge:—Mr. G. Mason's Gay Lad, 12 st. 12 lb. (Barker); Mr. J. Anderson's b. g. Croyby, 12 st. 12 lb. (Wm. M'Donogh); Mr. G. H. Moore's Anonymous, 12 st. 8 lb. (owner); Mr. Wesley's White Stockings, 11 st. 7 lb. (Patrick); Earl of Cassilis's b. g. Triumph, 11 st. 5 lb. (A. M'Donogh); Mr. Theobald's Susan, 11 st. 2 lb. (Coleman).

It will be seen that this was a Handicap, wherein there was 2 st. 1 lb. difference in weight between the first and second. We presume it is hardly necessary to say which was the winner. The handicapper was Mr. Frank Clarke; and, as the worst horse won, there can be no question as to the success that attended his efforts. The man who now "goes to Smithfield, gives fifteen shillings, and buys a right good one at once," is upon the same footing (as regards the majority of the great All-aged Stakes of the year) with him who pays his three or four thousands for a Lanercost or a Charles the Twelfth. However, this is from our present purpose. The Newport Pagnel Steeple-chase Course, on the occasion of this race, was just the place to have tested the qualities of a field of amphibii—it was *not to be crossed without swimming*. Think of that, ye happy shades of the hard riders of yore—think of putting on silk jackets, to ride a swimming-match on the 19th of November—and *this is called a degenerate age!* It was a close affair at the finish, Lottery, with a

good load for an elephant on him, being only beaten by a length. Of the appearance of the gentlemen jockeys who arrived at the post, it may be enough to say, we should expose ourselves to an action for libel, did we compare a respectable scavenger to the least begrimed of them.

NOVEL MATCH.—In the month of October last, the following curious match was decided between Cootes, the well-known pedestrian, and a hunter called Towit, the property of a Captain Lloyd. The man and the horse were to start together, run a distance of six miles, and during the course to leap over a hundred hurdles; the time of performance not to exceed fifty minutes, and the first in to win. According to the size of the field, Cootes and his opponent would have to travel round it twenty-five times, jumping four hurdles each round. The state of the betting at the commencement of the afternoon, was about even, but the weather becoming wet, the odds were in favour of the man, it being thought that Towit could not get through the heavy ground. The word "off" was at length given, and Cootes cleared two hurdles and half one circle, before the jockey of the horse urged his steed to follow him. The progress of each was as follows:—First round, horse, two leaps behind; third, two leaps; fourth, three leaps; fifth, three leaps. At the conclusion of the fifth round, the horse appeared distressed, and the jockey dismounted, Cootes continuing his running and leaping. When the pedestrian had made his thirty-second leap, the horse had completed only his twentieth; man, thirty-sixth, horse, twenty-fourth; man, fortieth, horse, twenty-eighth; man, forty-fourth, horse, thirty-second. At this point the horse was again distressed, and was relieved by the rider dismounting. When the horse recommenced, the man had made his forty-eighth leap; man, fifty-second leap, horse, thirty-sixth; man, sixtieth leap, horse, fortieth. In this proportion both continued, till at length "Towit" fell over one of his hurdles, and throwing his rider, rolled over him, happily inflicting no great injury, as he remounted and continued the race until the seventeenth round, when he gave in. Cootes completed his hundredth hurdle in forty-two minutes, and threw a sun-set immediately afterwards, being not at all exhausted.

We copy the following paragraph from the *Miramichi Gleaner* of the 5th of October last. The honourable connexion that has so long subsisted between the gentleman to whom it relates, and this work, and the distinguished position he occupied, during his residence in this country, in the circles among which he moved, will ensure it a welcome in these pages:

"**INDIAN AFFAIRS.**—On Saturday last, Mr. Perley, the Commissioner for Indian Affairs, returned to this place from Restigouche, and left again yesterday for Richibucto, in pursuance of his mission. Mr. Perley has visited and examined the whole of the Indian Reserves in this quarter, and enumerated all the Micmacs, as well in New Brunswick, as on the Canada side of the Bay of Chaleur, having for that purpose crossed the Bay from Grand Ance, to Paspébiac, and thence proceeded up the Gaspé shore to Mission Point, on the Restigouche.

"Mr. Perley, with Capt. O'Halloran, and Lieut. Rolland, met a

large number of the Micmacs, at Burnt Church Point, to whom the objects of the mission were fully explained, and the information was received with great rejoicings. Mr. Perley was formally elected Grand Chief of the Micmac nation, and Capt. O'Halloran, and Lieut. Rolland, were appointed second and third in rank. The election, the delivery of the several commissions, by strings of wampum, and the installation into office, we are told, were all interesting ceremonies. In one of the processions, the Indians exhibited a number of very splendid dresses, and displayed not less than two hundred banners. A broad belt of wampum, which has been worn by the Julian chiefs upwards of sixty years, was delivered to Mr. Perley, also the despatch, in the French language, which accompanied it when first sent by the Governor-General of Canada to the Micmac nation, and a number of very ancient documents, which furnish very curious and valuable information as to the early history of this part of the province."

On the 5th ult., the Editor received a letter from Mr. Perley, dated St. John, New Brunswick, October the 13th, which thus alludes to his excursion to the Indian Reserves, in the provinces of New Brunswick and Canada.

"My mission to the Micmac Indians is just finished, after a fatiguing journey of 1200 miles, and I am obliged to leave again to-night for Fredericton, the seat of government, to report myself, and receive further instructions. I have had an endless variety of sport and adventure on this expedition, in a very wild country, abounding with game of every description. It was chiefly sea-coast work, occasionally ascending rivers to examine the Indian lands; and the abundance and variety of food were so great, we were puzzled at times to know what we should eat. Think of salmon, bass, trout, eels, cod, haddock, mackerel, lobsters, oysters, blue-wing duck, black duck, teal, wild goose, snipe, plover, curlew, &c. &c., all tumbled together in heaps! I was accompanied by Capt. O'Halloran, of the 69th regiment, and Lieut. Stuart Erskine Rolland, of the same, who tells me he knows you, having met you at Brighton Races. He is an out-and-out good fellow, and stands "roughing it" famously, and, what is better than all, never loses temper.

"My official reports will occupy some time, and must be attended to immediately. When those are finished, I shall be able to write you something new and perfectly genuine. I have been elected Grand Chief (Wunjeet Sachem) of the whole Micmac nation, and received wampum without end. The ceremonies were highly interesting, and very striking. As chief of the Micmacs, her Majesty has been graciously pleased to send me a silver medal, with an excellent likeness of herself on one side, and the royal arms on the other. It *only* weighs half-a-pound! Silver must be abundant with you in England."

SPORTING LAW. THE LEGALITY OF STEEPLE-CHASING.—In the Court of Common Pleas, on Tuesday, the 2nd ult., in the case of *Evans v. Pratt*, an action tried at the Shrewsbury Assizes, by which the plaintiff sought to recover £100, the amount of a wager alleged to have been won on a steeple-chase "across the country," between the plaintiff's mare, *Matilda*, and a mare belonging to the defendant, in which *Thomas Holyoake, Esq.*, who was appointed umpire, decided in

favour of the plaintiff, on the ground that the defendant's mare, instead of taking the fence, passed through an open gate, and thereby violated the terms of agreement on the principles of steeple-chasing. The verdict was in favour of the plaintiff, and this verdict Mr. Sergeant Ludlow now moved to set aside; and to enter a verdict for the defendant, or to have the judgment arrested, first, on the ground of the inefficiency of the stamp attached to the agreement; secondly, on the decision in favour of the plaintiff being in opposition to the terms of the agreement; and thirdly, *that it was an illegal wager, as the steeple-chase was not protected by the statute regulating racing, &c.* The court was of opinion that the first objection relative to the stamp was not tenable, and that the question as to the mode in which a steeple-chase was to be performed, must be matter of evidence. Besides, in this case, the parties had agreed to abide by the decision of Mr. Holyoake, the umpire, who, both in his decision on the question being raised, and in evidence, had decided in favour of the plaintiff. The rule was refused, therefore, on the two first grounds; *but in respect of the last objection, as there might be a question raised on it relative to the statutes, the rule was granted in arrest of judgment.*—Rule granted accordingly.

A COURSING SUBTILTY.—In the Common Pleas, on Thursday, the 4th ult., in the case of Daintry against Hutchinson, Mr. Kelly moved, on the part of the plaintiff, for a new trial in this case, which was tried before Baron Alderson, at the last assizes for Cambridgeshire, when a verdict was found for the defendant. The action was brought to recover £100, alleged to be won on a dog-race, or coursing-match. The question turned chiefly on the language of a written agreement between the parties. Mr. Hutchinson, the defendant, challenged Capt. Daintry, the plaintiff, to run his dog Rasper against a dog of Captain Daintry's, which was also named, three courses for £100, and the parties agreed as to the persons to be judges, who were empowered to call in an umpire. So far nothing arose on the agreement; but it was specified in this agreement, that "the said match was to be run on the Wednesday during the Newmarket February Meeting, in the year 1841." Now, there were two of those coursing meetings held at Newmarket, one in November, and the other in February. In November it was always settled when the meeting should take place in February, and it was usually commenced either on the first or second Tuesday in February, but the appointment was always made "weather permitting," for in case of severe frost no coursing could take place. At the November meeting, last year, the February meeting was fixed for the first Tuesday in February, 1841 (weather permitting); but on that day the weather was not such as would enable the parties to enjoy the sport, and as there was no probability of a change, it was agreed to postpone the meeting until the third Tuesday in February, which happened to fall on the 16th of February. The plaintiff and defendant were both present on the first Tuesday in February, and informed of the postponement to the third Tuesday. On the 16th of February, the plaintiff, with his dog, was at Newmarket, and ready to run, but the defendant did not appear. On the next day (Wednesday), when the race was to have been actually run, the plaintiff also appeared with his dog, and, the defendant not having appeared, claimed the stakes, which

were paid over, however, by the stakeholders to the defendant, and the present action brought. The learned Baron who tried the case, seemed to think that, as the first Wednesday in February was the day on which the parties contemplated running when the agreement was made, another day could not be substituted without consent; but he (Mr. Kelly) contended that the true question was, whether the 16th of February, the day to which the meeting was postponed, was not "the First Newmarket February Meeting," and, therefore, falling precisely within the terms of the agreement.—Lord Abinger: If the meeting was to be held, "weather permitting," I think there is some doubt.—Rule *nisi* granted.


SPORTING ASSAULT.—In the early part of last month, John Travis, a farmer residing on his own freehold estate at Raghill, in Butterworth, was brought before Messrs. Royds and Chadwick, at Rochdale, charged with having, the day previous, stabbed, with a potato-fork, three hounds and a horse, the latter ridden by J. Entwhistle, Esq., as they passed across defendant's fields, in which he was at work. Travis did not deny the charge, but held himself to be justified, Mr. Entwhistle being on trespass, and refusing to go back. The magistrates took a different view of the case, and he was committed to Kirkdale for trial.

SOMETHING LIKE AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—Old T—— was well known, several years since, on the Yazoo River, no less for his peculiar stutter than as a skilful player at "old sledge." He once managed to induce a gentleman to play with him, who, on sitting down, pulled out two hundred dollars. It was not long before T—— was the owner of half of them, when his adversary rose for the purpose of leaving off. "Oh, don't g-g-g-go," said T——, "g-g-give me a c-c-c-chance." "Chance the devil!" shouted the gentleman: "haven't you won a hundred dollars of me?" "Y-y-y-yes," replied T——, "but I want a ch-ch-ch-chance for t-t-t-t'other hundred."

The following paragraph we copy from the "Somerset Gazette" of the 13th ult. :—"Three fine specimens of the bull-trout (*salmo ferox* of Linnæus) have been taken in the Axe during the present autumn; their weight was, severally, 16 lbs., 9 lbs., and 6 lbs. The largest was caught last week, near Whitford, in a net, and was offered for sale at one shilling per pound. It is known but to few, that this species of salmonidæ exists in our streams. It is more peculiarly a northern fish, and but rarely met with in the southern rivers of our island. The individuals now under notice are the only ones that have been found in this neighbourhood for many years. The bull-trout bears close resemblance in colour and markings to the sea trout (*salmo trutta*), but it may be instantly distinguished by its tail, which, after the fish is twelve months old, becomes perfectly *convex*, instead of either forked or square, like all others of the salmonidæ. Like them, of course, it ascends rivers from the sea, for the purpose of depositing its spawn. The bull-trout is supposed, by Mr. Yarrell (from whose description we have mainly condensed our account), to be identical with the *salmo hucho* of English authors.—See his elaborate work on British Fishes, vol. ii., p. 31."

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

BETTINGS FOR NOVEMBER.

 **THE DERBY**—the only race in the market, is not likely to be in any force this side Christmas. Betting is not in the ascendant; the lesson in book-making, which the past season afforded, is rather too recent for its scholars to have felt, as yet, the influence of time. The spring may bring forth new buds of confidence; all is flat and unprofitable just now.

THE DERBY.

MONDAY, November 1.

Scott's lot	3	to	1	agst. (tk.)	Colt by Muley Moloch, out				
Attila	10	to	1	—	of Dirce	40	to	1	agst. (tk.)
Chatham (Hester colt).....	11	to	1	—	Brother to Potentia.....	40	to	1	— (tk.)
Robert de Gorham	23	to	1	— (tk.)	Curator	40	to	1	— (tk.)
Lord of Holderness	25	to	1	—	William de Fortibus	40	to	1	—
Ballinkeele (Perdita colt).....	30	to	1	— (tk.)	William le Gros	40	to	1	—
Auckland	32	to	1	— (tk.)	Moss Trooper.....	50	to	1	— (tk.)
Meteor (Dido colt)	33	to	1	—	Scalteen	50	to	1	— (tk.)
Palinurus	40	to	1	— (tk.)	Colt by Agreeable.....	3000	to	45	— (tk.)

THURSDAY, November 4.

Attila	10	to	1	agst. (tk.)	Moss Trooper	40	to	1	agst. —
Auckland	33	to	1	— (tk.)	Scalteen	40	to	1	—
Palinurus	40	to	1	— (tk.)	Colt by Agreeable	50	to	1	— (tk.)
William de Fortibus	40	to	1	—	Colt by Medoro (named by				
William le Gros	50	to	1	—	Mr. Lumley).....	1000	to	10	— (tk.)

MONDAY, November 8.

Attila	10	to	1	agst. (tk.)	Palinurus	40	to	1	agst. (tk.)
Chatham	12	to	1	— (tk.)	Meteor	40	to	1	— (tk.)
Robert de Gorham	20	to	1	—	Dirce colt	40	to	1	—
The Lord of Holderness.....	30	to	1	— (tk.)	Moss Trooper	40	to	1	—
Ballinkeele	30	to	1	—	Brother to Potentia.....	40	to	1	— (tk.)
Auckland	35	to	1	—	Scalteen	45	to	1	— (tk.)
Nessus	33	to	1	—	Master Thomas	50	to	1	— (tk.)

THURSDAY, November 11.

Robert de Gorham	30	to	1	agst. —	Palinurus	40	to	1	agst. (tk.)
Ballinkeele	30	to	1	—	Meteor	35	to	1	—
Auckland	33	to	1	—	Dirce colt	40	to	1	— (tk.)
Nessus	33	to	1	— (tk.)	Canadian	1000	to	10	— (tk.)

MONDAY, November 15.

Attila	9½	to	1	agst. —	Palinurus	40	to	1	agst. (tk.)
Robert de Gorham	22	to	1	— (tk.)	Moss Trooper	50	to	1	—
Ballinkeele	30	to	1	—	Scalteen	50	to	1	— (tk.)
Nessus	33	to	1	— (tk.)	The Rover	50	to	1	—
Dirce colt	35	to	1	—	Canadian	1000	to	15	— (tk.)
Meteor	40	to	1	—	Agreeable colt	100	to	1	—

THURSDAY, November 18.

Clarke's lot.....	12	to	1	agst. (tk.)	Colt out of Hatfield's dam	12	to	1	agst. (tk.)
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MONDAY, November 22.

DERBY.					
Scott's lot	3 to 1	agst. —	William de Fortibus	40 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Attila	9½ to 1	— (tk.)	Agreeable colt	2000 to 25	— —
Chatham	14 to 1	— (tk.)	Canadian (take 1000 to 15)	50 to 1	— —
Robert de Gorham	22 to 1	— (tk.)	Rosalie colt	1000 to 10	— (tk.)
Lord of Holderness	26 to 1	— (tk.)	Fireaway	1000 to 10	— (tk.)
Diree colt	36 to 1	— (tk.)	Dorothy	1000 to 6	— (tk.)
Wisacre	2000 to 55	— (tk.)	OAKS.		
Palinurus	40 to 1	— (tk.)	Passion	8 to 1	agst. (tk.)
			Topsall	20 to 1	— (tk.)

THURSDAY, November 25.

DERBY.					
Scott's lot	13 to 4	agst. —	Brother to Phoenix	50 to 1	agst. —
Mr. G. Clarke's lot	12 to 1	— (tk.)	Scalteen	50 to 1	— —
Attila	9 to 1	— —	Mule	50 to 1	— —
Chatham	14 to 1	— —	Canadian	50 to 1	— —
Robert de Gorham	20 to 1	— —	Seahorse (take 1000 to 15)	50 to 1	— —
Lord of Holderness	25 to 1	— (tk.)	Dr. Allen	1000 to 12	— —
Wisacre	33 to 1	— —	Agreeable colt	1000 to 10	— (tk.)
Nassus	40 to 1	— —	OAKS.		
Palinurus	40 to 1	— —	Passion closed with layers of 7 to 1 agst.		

LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS.

CÆCIL A PEER: a Sequel to Cecil; or, the Adventures of a Coxcomb. By the same Author. Three vols. London: Boone, New Bondstreet. 1841.

CÆCIL was the most popular novel of the last season. True, we make this statement at second-hand, because, by some stupidity of the publisher's people, it was not sent to us. For this reason, however, our praise comes of no mercenary motives: it was not purchased for three volumes, post octavo; our readers cannot complain that "we betrayed them for a bribe," as Flood said of Grattan. But we are here to speak of its "sequel"—our opinion is to be recorded of "Cæcil a Peer." We have owned our ignorance of the hero during his commonalty; of a verity, if he were one jot more of a coxcomb in that state than we have him in his present chrysalis, he was a dainty monster. The tone of this work is not to our taste—it is forced and unnatural. "So," it may be urged, "is the condition of the society to which it relates." Very likely; but because we are fond of strawberries at Christmas, it does not follow that we desire to live in a hothouse. Still, in venturing our impression of the autobiography of the Honourable Cecil Danby, it behoves us to use caution, inasmuch as he shows us the need, in the following passage of a letter from the late Earl of Dudley to the Bishop of Llandaff:—"If any branch of the public administration were so infamously jobbed as the reviews, it must soon fall a victim to the just indignation of the world." Our Peer shall speak for himself, therefore. He writes thus of and from Paris:—"The mo-

rality of either court or city was no affair of mine—I was not the royal confessor, or archbishop of Paris; all I saw in the *coterie du petit châtea* was a group of pretty, witty, gracious, graceful women, whose cavaliers exhibited a happy admixture of the manly habits of Englishmen, and the polished manners of Frenchmen: addicted to hunting and shooting, whist, and the Italian opera, steeple chases, and *bals de l'opéra*; and after a brilliant *soirée* or two, spent in their society, I no longer wondered at the multitudes of my fair countrywomen, and dark countrymen, who annually mark their preference for the sparkling coteries of Paris, over the heavy machinery of the social system of Great Britain." We esteem this as "*signifying nothing*." Here is a paragraph of more truth, and excellence of fancy:—"No wonder the fable of the little princess, who dropped pearls and diamonds from her lips, had its origin in France: every thing that fell from her lips was either sparkling with liveliness, or *bien arrondi, bien perlé*, by its polite and gracious form. After talking with her a whole evening, it would have been difficult to recall a single sentence she had uttered; yet, at the time, every phrase seemed so distinct, every sentiment so graceful, that one fancied one must remember them for ever. She was, in short, a creation of four centuries of civilization—one of those fleet, sleek, slender products of the racing stud of refinement—the Newmarket founded by Francis I., with a king's plate for elegance of costume, manners, and conversation." How jump his conclusions in morals? "'We do not choose our fortunes,' was Danby's mild reply; 'as far as I have seen of human life, the compensations of Providence are so nicely balanced, that, even in *this world*, a more equal measure of good and evil is bestowed than we care to admit.'" "Happiness is a good thing after forty—till then, pleasure is a pleasanter——." The reader would have a spice of his political economy? "In foreign countries the populace rose in many cities where the cholera prevailed, protesting that the authorities had poisoned the cisterns, and wanted to kill off the superfluous population. In England the *rich* arose (in England it is always the rich who rise, in parliament or elsewhere), and protested that the lower classes wanted to cholera them in cold blood; but, with the aid of the magistracy, they were luckily enabled to put down this diabolical attempt, as 'The Times' used to call such things, when it was in the habit of calling names; they whitewashed the cottages; they flannel-petticoated the old women; they inflicted worsted stockings over the barelegged; they drenched the starving poor with mutton-broth; they filled the hungry with good things; blankets were forced upon the inmates of hovels by picquets of dragoons; and the Riot Act was read, whenever some wretched hamlet refused to be clothed and fed." Perhaps his political bias is required? "I must say *that*, for the Tories, they *did* make it a point of conscience to support their aged and infirm; *their* Anchises was not left to be roasted alive—they were pious sons to a superannuated father. The Whigs are very gentlemanly gentlemen, but one never saw them play the stork with their political grandpapas." With his sentiments upon the physical and moral, as they have reference to the life of a man of the world, we close our extracts. "Though I own I hate English country visiting, the system has its advantages for an idle younger brother. It was some time, moreover,

since I had enjoyed any tolerable shooting or hunting. The make-believe of the staghounds had somewhat spoiled me [for Leicestershire, and, if ever I intended to enter again into the tortures of a hard day's sport, now was my time." But for the *physique*. "Good Lord! how one *does* hate an ugly woman, to whom one has been guilty of the baseness of making interested love, when once the effort is over, and repented." Immortal be thy *morale*, oh, Cecil! it needs no monument of brass—its record will exist so long as hearts shall beat. With or without a coronet, "Cecil" is, in every sense of the term, the gentleman; he is the polished citizen of the world, formed to shine in all its circles; there are few, we think, into which he will not be received.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS.
By Professor Low. Part XI. London: Longman and Co.

THE present number of this distinguished work contains the following varieties of the cow, exquisitely illustrated:—"The Ayrshire Breed," "The Alderney Breed," "The Fifeshire Breed," and "The Sheeted Breed of Somersetshire." It is very difficult to offer an extract from the copious materials with which the author so lavishly supplies his readers, so as to do him any justice. As, however, it may be imagined that his details are confined to the mere practical matter that his subjects relate to, we copy the subjoined passage, as a sample of the vein of general information that pervades his style, and makes it as amusing as it is instructive:—

"At the limits, and beyond them, of the region of the goat and the sheep, exists a creature fitted by a bounteous Providence to subsist on the herbs of the arctic zone, and yield its milk for human support in lands of ice and snow. The reindeer inhabits the glacial regions of Europe and Asia, migrating along the snowy mountains of the interior almost to the line of the Caucasus. In America, too, it is found, but apparently of species proper to that continent; and there it is the subject of persecution by savage hunters, who seem incapable of rising even to the pastoral state. But in Europe the reindeer has been reduced to servitude by a race of men seemingly placed beyond the limits of humanized society, but possessed of arts which tribes of barbarous hunters do not acquire. The Laplanders, in scanty numbers, are spread over the extreme north of Europe, occupying a country of 800 miles by 500, on the Arctic Ocean. Distinct in aspect, character, and speech, from the Scandinavian people in contact with them—their swarthy colour, their dark eyes, and black hair, indicate a southern origin; and their simple and expressive language exhibits a striking affinity with those of the countries of the East. They are a remnant, it may be believed, of pristine settlers in Europe, driven by stronger enemies into regions of almost perpetual winter. They have tamed the wild deer of their country, and rendered it a substitute for the sheep, the ox—nay, for the horse of happier climes. They derive from it milk, and know how to fabricate butter and cheese. They separate the butter by agitating the milk with their hands, and employ herbs to coagulate the curd. They prepare, likewise, from the milk many simple delicacies, which they use with the wild fruits of

their brief summer. In the season of their dreary winter the milk of the doe freezes as soon as it is drawn from the teats, and in this state it is preserved to be thawed when required for use. The doe yields about the same quantity of milk as the goat, and it is rich in caseous matter. Some of the wealthier Laplanders have as many as a thousand head of those fleet and powerful deers; the less affluent have herds of 300, or less.

“The milk of the mare is used only in those boundless plains of Central Asia, where the horse can be reared in numerous herds. It contains a larger proportion of sugar than that of the ruminating quadrupeds, but less of albumen and oil. It yields curd, but the cream is in small quantity. From the abundance of the saccharine principle, it readily undergoes the vinous fermentation, and the wandering tribes have long learned to convert it into a fermented liquor, which they use in excess. They had even attained the art of separating the alcohol by distillation, long, it is probable, before the alchemists of the West had discovered that *aqua vitæ*, which they fancied was to confer upon them immortality. The Western Asiatics, or true Tartars, still use the milk of their mares; but, from the diminished number of horses, in less quantity than in former ages; for these tribes, now controlled by the powerful sway of a vigorous government, have become less predatory, and cultivate the ruminating animals more than the horse; but the Kalmuks and other Eastern Asiatics still make considerable use of the milk of their numerous mares.

“The milk of the ass possesses nearly the same properties as that of the mare, but it contains still less of oil and cheese. It has been used from early times as a medicament. It is sweet and wholesome, and, from the small quantity of oil which it contains, it is the most easily assimilated by the digestive organs of any kind of milk. The butter which may be obtained from it by long agitation, is soft and insipid, and possesses the property of mixing again with the whey.”

THE SPORTING ALMANACK, AND ORACLE OF RURAL LIFE. 1842.
London: Baily, Cornhill; and Churton, Holles-street.

It was reserved for the periodical press to solve the problem of the *table d'hôte à vingt sous*, the keeper of which suffered a dead loss on each particular guest, but realized a handsome profit in the aggregate. Here, for instance, in this little book, your buyer has material with which, were it not for the principle of the *compound discount* resulting from a large sale, he could not be supplied for a guinea, at the sum of two-and-sixpence. Here are “twelve highly-finished illustrations, beautifully engraved on steel, from pictures painted expressly for the work by R. B. Davis, Animal Painter to the Queen,” and all possible chronological information for the sportsman and agriculturist, for the charge of half-a-crown. In the matter of getting-up, and general arrangement, the *Sporting Almanack*, in its *present form*, has our unqualified praise. Perhaps we do not quite entertain the editor's opinions on particular subjects; but we are not so unreasonable as to expect a literary “complete and perfect chrysolite,” at the cost of a small handful of halfpence. For instance, his “Rule of Health” might have been a trifle more intellectual, *e. g.*:—

“ Rise early, and take exercise in plenty,
 But always take it with your stomach empty.
 After your meals, sit still and rest awhile,
 And with your pipe a careless hour beguile.
 To rise at light, or five, breakfast at nine,
Lounge till eleven, and at five to dine ;
To drink and smoke till seven (the time of tea),
 And then to dance, or walk, two hours away
 Till ten o'clock—good hour to go to nest,
 Till the next cock shall wake you from your rest.”

Also, as touching the instant condition of the turf, we really think he is *nimis acer*, albeit our estimate of racing morals is by no means a particularly flattering one :—

“ *Racing, as a speculative concern.*—Gambling, unfortunately, is now the universal idol : it is a favoured guest in the hazard clubs of the titled, and it revels in the hells of the profligate. The cockpit owns it as its president, and the turf as its life's blood. Without doubt there are many noblemen and gentlemen of high honour yet on the turf ; but the great preponderating number of mere adventurers, and regular ‘legs,’ has driven almost all chance of success by fair betting off the course ; and, in the language of trade, has brought the best judgment to a discount. Desperate characters, without money, and void of principle, bet largely on a concocted race. If fortune favours the nefarious transaction, so much the better for them ; if they lose, they are still safe, for they become *levanters* ; *i. e.*, they bolt. There is little dependence now to be placed on the goodness of any horse, or on the fair conducting of our modern races. The horse may be drugged, the jockey may be bribed, or the owner may be induced to sell his horse on the eve of a great ‘play or pay’ race, for a large sum of money, advanced by a set of villains, who have laid heavily against him, and who wish, therefore, to place him beyond the possibility of winning ; so innumerable are the tricks practised in racing to deceive the incautious, and to mislead them in their bettings. It has been asserted by a well-known rider and owner of race-horses, deep in turf secrets, ‘that if Eclipse were now here, and in his very best form, but heavily backed to lose by certain influential bettors, he would have no more chance to win than if he had but the use of three of his legs.’”

A TREATISE ON FRESH WATER FISH. By Gottlieb Boccus. London : Van Voorst, Paternoster-row. 1841.

THIS is a treatise by a gentleman, whose name we will not put our readers to the inconvenience of repeating, although we have much pleasure in making them acquainted with him. Mr. — (we beg pardon), the author's object in his little treatise is not to state how these delicate morsels are to be captured, but how they are to be reared for consumption ; and, when so reared, how they may best be made—

— “ a proper dish
 To set before a king.”

To be sure, some of his recipes look droll enough, as, for instance, “*Jack*, with Polish sauce” (*Jack* has, generally, native sauce enough for his occasions) ; “*Jack*, baked with anchovies ;” “*Jack*, stuffed or forced” (the former suits him much the best of the two) ; *Jack Cotelettes* ; “*Jack*, salted, with mustard sauce,” and the like. The volume, nevertheless, is a good practical volume, whether it treats of stew-ponds or stew-pans.

THE FARMER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Part III. London: Longman and Co. 1841.

WE have already had occasion to speak well of the arrangement of this work. In style it is at once plain and perspicuous, full of honest substance, divested of all foreign grace or decoration, like the class for whose learning it is written. As a sample of the manner in which Mr. Cuthbert Johnson, the clever and practical editor, treats his subjects, we take the following article, without an attempt at selection, as the best chance of conveying the fairest estimate of its general merit:—

"THE GREAT BUSTARD. (*Otis tarda*).—This is a bird of such interest, as well as magnitude, that every individual capture becomes a subject for ornithological record. Dr. Turner, who wrote in 1544, includes it among his English birds. In the printed catalogue of the contents of the Tradescant Museum, preserved at South Lambeth in 1656, is 'the bustard, as big as a turkey, usually taken by greyhounds on Newmarket Heath;' and Merrett, in 1667, includes the bustard as taken on Newmarket Heath, and about Salisbury. Although now seldom met with in England, the bustard is too great an honour to the country to be passed over without notice. We need hardly say, that it is the largest of our land birds, being as much as four feet long, and from twenty-five to thirty pounds in weight. The bustard was, within thirty or forty years, to be met with on many of the large plains of England. The female lays two or three eggs in a depression on the bare ground; olive-brown in colour, sparingly and indistinctly blotched with greenish broccoli-brown; length two inches eleven lines, by two inches two lines in breadth. The birds feed on green corn, grasses, trefoil, and other vegetables; are said to kill and eat small mammalia; and from their partiality to marshy ground, it is probable they also devour small reptiles. Like the ostrich, the bustard swallows small stones, bits of metal, &c.; and Buffon relates that, in the stomach of one which was opened, no less than *ninety doubloons* were found. Adult male has a strong beak, clay-brown, the under mandible palest, head and upper part of neck greyish white; from chin, passing backwards and downwards on each side, there is a tuft or plume, about seven inches long, directed across, and partly concealing a vertically elongated strip of bare skin, of a bluish grey colour; lower part of neck behind, the back, and tail feathers, of an ochrous yellow, or pale chestnut, barred transversely with black; tail feathers tipped with white; neck, breast, and under surface of the body, thighs, &c., white; legs, toes, and claws, brown. The whole length of the male bird is forty-five inches. The gular pouch of the great bustard is so large as to be capable of containing two quarts of water. It probably serves the same purpose to this bird on its dreary plains, as the water-bag to the camel in the desert; but there is a doubt on the subject. The bustard rarely takes to the wing, thence it is coursed by the dogs. The female is only one-third the size of the male, and differs from it chiefly in the want of the moustaches, and the gular pouch."

FINE ARTS.

IN our number for January we announced, that a portrait of the late John Mytton, Esq., of Halston, on Sir Oliver, with his hounds, and well-known whipper-in, Edward Evans, on "Ned's Grey," was preparing for publication, engraved by Mr. William Giller, from the original picture by Webb. We have recently received a proof, with the autograph, of this engraving, and cannot but express our satisfaction

at the success that has attended the undertaking. As a work of art, it is entitled to every countenance; and surely, as a memorial of one who, whatever might have been his failings, practised an hospitality "open as day," none who were his associates but will hasten to give it a welcome among the most cherished of their household gods. Will one of the hundreds to whom he was well and honourably known, hesitate to give a negative to that honest interrogatory, "Should old acquaintance be forgot?"—not if they be sons of this land, where grateful memories are sacred things! Far and wide, then, should this record of John Mytton find cordial reception. "Take him for all in all, we scarce shall look upon his like again."

LADY LANGFORD, Winner of the Great Irish Military Steeple-chase, at Maynooth, April 12th, 1841, ridden by the Honourable Charles Forester, of the 12th Royal Lancers, beating a field of ten.

"Gaudet equo, jamque hos cursu, jam præterit illos."

THIS smart-looking Irish mare is by Sir Hercules (her dam a celebrated native, half-bred trotter): she has started for *nine* steeple-chases, and won *eight*, a performance almost without a precedent. Having, as became us, given the lady precedence, we proceed (first stating that the artist was the Count D'Orsay) to speak of the cavalier. So characteristic and admirable a likeness of the "very perfect, gentle knight," it purports to represent, no professional painter, of whom we have knowledge, do we conceive capable of producing. From the tassel of the cap to the toe of the boot, it is Charlie Forester; and we tell the Society of Antiquarians that they know not their duty unless they cause an impression of the plate to be preserved in a glass-case, and handed down to generation upon generation as a sample of the "degenerate aristocracy" of the nineteenth century! Thus much for our opinion of the items of the picture—consisting of a fine, slapping huntress, eager for the sylvan war, and a stalwart youth, a thoroughbred English gentleman from top to toe. What, then, will be thought of our judgment, when we advisedly declare that we could not, at first, for the editorial souls of us, get rid of the impression that the *ensemble* was a French sporting subject!! The rider, a member of the "Jockois" Club—one "*qui ne saute jamais les doubles fossés*:" the scene, the environs of Paris, on a Sunday afternoon. Let those who would not condemn without informing themselves of the merits of the case, forthwith provide themselves with the engraving. It is published by Maclean, of the Haymarket, and, however they may decide, they will not pronounce against its claim to a place in their collection.

. As we were going to press, we received a splendid sporting volume, entitled, "The Old Forest Ranger," by Walter Campbell, Esq., of Skipness. The same of "Koondah," one of the most popular of the contributors to the "New Monthly Magazine," would have secured the success of any work by Mr. Campbell, without the appliances that distinguish this gorgeous book. In our next, we will give an ample review of it—in the meanwhile, we have to state that the publishers are Messrs. How and Parsons, of Fleet-street.

TURF REGISTER.

•• It is not thought convenient to give the details of the running at the Minor Meetings.

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS RACES.

Steward: J. C. Strode, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, August 18th.—The Bridge Stakes (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added; one mile and three quarters (nine subscribers.)

Mr. Stirling's b. c. The Pocket Viper, by Actæon, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Cohen)	1
Mr. Hornsby's b. m. Revoke, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb.	2
Mr. Balchin's b. m. Slang, aged, 8 st.	3
Mr. Corbett's br. m. Jenny Jones, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	4

The Visitors' Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile and a half (five subscribers.)

Mr. Balchin's b. m. Slang, by Young Grimaldi, aged, 9 st. 3 lb. (Balchin)	5	2	1	1
Mr. J. Sandiland's b. g. Easingwold, five years old, 8 st. 13 lb.	4	1	2	2
Mr. Hornsby's ch. g. Whalebone, aged, 9 st. 3 lb.	1	4	dr.	
Mr. Thrale's b. f. Affection, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.	2	3	dr.	
Mr. Dickson's br. f. Maid of the Moor, four years old, 7 st. 13 lb.	3	5	dr.	

THURSDAY.—The Manor Plate of 50 sovs; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. King's b. f. Dahlia, by Sarmacand, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Balchin, jun.)	1	1
Mr. Dockeray's b. h. Lyster, five years old, 9 st. 1 lb. (Buckle)	2	2
Mr. Codrington na. ch. g. Negus, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	dis.	

The Town Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile and a half (five subscribers.)

Mr. G. Clifton's ch. g. Whalebone, by Merchant, aged, 8 st. 13 lb. (Hornsby)	5	1	1
The Hon. J. Sandiland's br. g. Easingwold, five years old, 8 st. 9 lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Codrington na. ch. g. Negus, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	2	3	3
Mr. Armstrong's ch. g. Bonnet Rouge, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	4	4	4
Mr. J. Brown na. Vixen, by Negotiator, out of a half-bred mare, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	3	dr.	

WEYMOUTH RACES.

Steward: G. Bankes, Esq., M.P.

WEDNESDAY, August 18th.—The Weymouth Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 30 added; the second to save his Stake if not less than three start; twice round, about two miles (five subscribers, three of whom did not name, and paid 5 sovs. each).

Lord Villiers's b. f. Snowdrop, by Percy, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	1
Mr. Galpine's Blemish, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	2

The Hunters' Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added; heats, a mile and a distance, with three leaps over hurdles; won in two heats by Mr. Richards's ch. m. Maid of the Vale, five years old, 11 st.

A Free Handicap of 2 sovs. each, with 20 added; one mile and a distance; won in two heats by Mr. Richards's Maid of the Vale, five years old, 9 st.

A Free Handicap of 1 sov. each, and 10 added; won in two heats by Mr. Gregory's Grey Leg, 6 st.

THURSDAY.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs; heats, two miles.

Mr. Treen's ch. m. Una, by Glaucus, three years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Treen)	1	1
Sir Sidney Herbert's b. g. Arctic, aged, 10 st. 3 lb.	2	2
Lord Villiers's b. f. Snowdrop, three years old, 8 st. 2 lb.	bolted.	

A Handicap of 3 sovs. each, 20 added; heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Carlisle's ch. g. Single Peeper, by Merman, aged, 9 st. (T. Carlisle)	4	2	1	1
Mr. Vincent's b. g. Tom Moody, six years old, 8 st.	5	1	dr.	
Mr. Galpin's b. m. Blemish, four years old, 9 st. 8 lb.	1	3	dr.	
Mr. Richards's ch. m. Maid of the Vale, five years old, 9 st.	2	4	dis.	
Mr. Gregory's b. m. Grey Leg, aged, 6 st. 10 lb.	3	dr.		

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The Lodmoor Stakes of 2 sovs., with 20 added; heats, one mile and a distance, with three leaps over hurdles; won in two heats by Mr. Richards's ch. m. Maid of the Vale, five years old, 9 st. 3 lb.

DEVON AND EXETER RACES.

Stewards: Sir W. W. Follett, Knt., and Lawrence Palk, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, August 18th.—The Devonshire Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared; the second to save his Stake; once round the Old Course (twenty subscribers, eleven of whom paid 5 sovs. each).

Gen. Gilbert's b. h. Stork, by Longwaist, five years old, 8 st. 11 lb.	1
Mr. C. Trelawny na. b. m. Cerito, four years old, 6 st. 8 lb.	2
Mr. J. B. Swete na. b. h. Cracksman, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	0
Mr. Roe's b. g. Stickler, half-bred, aged, 8 st. 8 lb.	0
Mr. W. Sadler na. b. g. Master Tommy, half-bred, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb.	0

Stork the favourite.

The Ladies' Purse of 25 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., for horses of all denominations; gentlemen riders; heats, one mile over the New Course (five subscribers).

Mr. Downe's b. h. Cracksman, by Pickpocket, five years old, 12 st. (Gen. Gilbert)	1	0	1
Mr. P. Kingsland's ch. c. by Hindostan—Nancy Dawson, half-bred, three years old, 8 st.	3	0	2
Mr. A. H. Arundell's b. c. by Rajah—Termagant, three years old, 9 st. 3 lb.	2	3	3

A Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Tradesmen of Exeter; heats, T. Y. C. (five subscribers).

Mr. Taunton's bk. f. The Jewess, four years old, 9 st. 5 lb. (Cowley)	0	1	1
Mr. J. Kingsland's b. m. Cerito, four years old, 9 st. 5 lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Budd's ch. g. Adrian, aged, 10 st.	0	3	3
Mr. Bailey's b. g. Master Tommy, half-bred, four years old, 9 st. 5 lb.	4	4	dr.

THURSDAY.—The Home Plate of 50 sovs., given by the Members for the county of Devon, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 each, 3 ft., to go to the second horse.

Gen. Gilbert's b. h. Stork, by Longwaist, five years old, 11 st. 9 lb. walked over.

The City Members' Plate of 50 sovs.; heats, one mile over the New Course.

Mr. Budd's ch. g. Adrian, by Sultan, aged, 9 st. 1 lb. (Barnett)	...	4	2	1	1
Mr. Taunton's bk. f. The Jewess, four years old, 8 st. 1 lb.	...	1	3	2	2
Mr. Roe's b. g. Stickler, aged, 9 st. 1 lb.	...	3	1	3	3
Mr. Kingsland's b. h. Harmodius, five years old, 9 st.	...	3	4	dr.	

A Handicap Purse of 30 sovs. (in lieu of a Piece of Plate), added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, for those that accept; free for all horses; heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Downe's b. h. Cracksman, by Pickpocket, five years old, 10 st. 9 lb. (Cowley)	1	0	1
Mr. P. Kingsland's ch. c. by Hindostan, out of Nancy Dawson, half-bred, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb.	2	0	2
Mr. Ley's b. c. Abracadabra, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	0	3	dr.
Mr. Budd's ch. g. Adrian, aged, 10 st. 7 lb.	3	dr.	

The County Members' Plate of 50 sovs.; Handicap weights; heats, three quarters of a mile.

Gen. Gilbert's b. h. Stork, by Longwaist, 9 st. 5 lb. (Cowley)	1	1
Mr. Budd's ch. g. Adrian, 8 st. 13 lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Arundell's b. c. by Rajah—Termagant, 7 st. (carried 7 st. 4 lb.)	3	dr.

ABERYSTWITH RACES.

Steward: J. B. Lloyd Phillipa, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, August 18th.—The Johnny Raw Stakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 20 added, for horses that never started before the 1st of April; two miles (eleven subscribers).

Mr. P. Pryse's gr. c. by Firman, out of Cheop's dam, three years old (Tandy)	...	1
Mr. Green's b. f. by Jack Tar, dam by Muley, three years old (Buckle)	...	2

Match for £50; 12 st. each; one mile.

Mr. W. Lewes's br. h. Tally-ho, by Cardinal Puff (Mr. John Boulbee)	...	1
Mr. J. P. Pryse's b. g. Saltish, by Cardinal Puff (owner)	...	2

The Cardiganshire Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; two miles (eleven subscribers, 5 of whom declared).

Mr. P. Pryse's ch. g. Chaos, brother to Confusionée, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Tandy)	1
Mr. Bowen Davies's b. m. Merry Lass, aged, 8 st. 13 lb. (Harris)	2
Mr. Gough's b. h. Bay Hampton, aged, 9 st. (John Ennis)	3

Hurdle Race of 7 sovs. each, 3 ft. ; three miles ; six leaps (eight subscribers).

Mr. W. Lewes's br. h. Tally-ho, 12 st. (Mr. Boulton)	1
Mr. J. P. Pryse's b. g. Salfish, 12 st. (owner)	2

The Town Plate of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each ; heats, a mile and a half (three subscribers).

Mr. Parr's ch. g. Aimwell, by Actæon, six years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (owner)	1	1
Mr. Gough's b. g. Greenfinch, four years old, 7 st. 13 lb. (J. Ennis)	2	dr.

THURSDAY.—The Gogerrdan Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added ; the winner of the Cardiganshire Stakes, 3 lb. extra (two miles).

Mr. Parr's ch. g. Aimwell, six years old, 9 st. (owner)	1
Mr. P. Pryse's ch. g. Chaos, four years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Tandy)	2

The Hunters' Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added, for horses that have been regularly hunted with any established pack of hounds ; 12 st. each ; to be ridden by Members of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club, or Officers in the Army or Navy ; four miles (five subscribers).

Mr. Bowen Davies's b. m. Merry Lass (Mr. Parr)	0	1
Mr. W. Lewes's br. h. Tally-ho (Mr. Boulton)	0	2

The Members' Plate of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each ; heats, two miles (four subscribers).

Mr. Parr's ch. g. Aimwell, six years old, 9 st. (owner)	0	1	1
Mr. Gough's br. f. Fausta, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (King)	0	2	dr.
Mr. Parry's b. g. by Jupiter, dam by Comus, five years old (Lewis)	3	3	beaten.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with a Purse added, forced for winners on the first day, and free for any other horse ; heats, one mile (seven subscribers).

Mr. Gough's b. g. Greenfinch, four years old, 9 st. (John Ennis)	1	1
Mr. Green's b. f. by Jack Tar, three years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Buckle)	3	2
Mr. P. Pryse's gr. c. by Firman, three years old, 8 st. (Tandy)	4	3
Mr. Parr's b. g. Bullbridge, aged, 9 st. 6 lb. (owner)	2	4

PAISLEY RACES.

Stewards: Lord Belhaven and Stenton, Mr. Campbell, of Blythwood, and Mr. T. Spier, of Burnbrae. Secretary: Mr. John Auld.

THURSDAY, August 19th.—The Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 20 added ; three-year-olds, 6 st. 8 lb. ; four, 8 st. 2 lb. ; five, 8 st. 9 lb. ; six and aged, 9 st. ; one mile and a distance (four subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's ch. g. Nubian, by Sultan, six years old (Noble)	1
Lord Eglinton's ch. g. Zoroaster, six years old (Lye)	2
Mr. Redfern's b. g. Slashing Harry, half-bred, aged (Holloway)	3
Mr. W. M. Alexander's b. f. Camilla, by Jerry—Littlego, three years old (a lad)	4

Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 on Nubian.

The Burgh Members' Plate of 50 sovs., given by Archibald Hastie, Esq., M.P. ; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb. ; four, 8 st. 2 lb. ; five, 8 st. 10 lb. ; six and aged, 9 st. ; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb. ; heats, two miles.

Mr. Ramsay's ch. m. Sunbeam, by Vanish, aged (Noble)	1	1
Lord Eglinton's ch. g. Zoroaster, six years old (Lye)	2	2

The Glasgow Cup, in specie, value 100 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c. ; the winner of this Cup to pay 10 sovs. to the Judge ; two miles (ten subscribers, six of whom declared).

Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, by Langar, aged, 8 st. 8 lb. (Lye)	1
Mr. Robertson's The Rejected, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Cartwright)	2

Betting: 5 to 1 on Potentate.

A Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund, for two-year-olds ; colts, 8 st. 5 lb. ; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb. ; three quarters of a mile (four subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's b. c. Whistle-Binkie, by Round Robin (Noble)	1
Mr. Johnstone's b. f. Princess Royal, by Voltaire, out of Wagtail (Lye)	2

Betting: 3 to 1 on Binkie.

The Paisley Cup, value 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 each, h. ft. ; to start at the North-east Corner, and go once round ; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb. ; four, 8 st. 7 lb. ; five, 9 st. 1 lb. ; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb. ; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb. ; heats (three subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Caius, by Physician, four years old (Lye) ... walked over.

FRIDAY.—The Silver Bells, given by the Town Council of Paisley, with 50 sovs. added ; the winner to have possession of the Bells (dated 1620) during the following year, under certain conditions ; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb. ; four, 8 st. 2 lb. ; five, 8 st. 10 lb. ; six and aged, 9 st. ; mares and geldings allowed 2 lb. ; the winner of the Glasgow Cup, 5 lb. extra ; two miles and a distance.

Lord Eglinton's b. g. Potentate, by Langar, aged (Lye) 1
 Mr. Cook's ch. g. Suleiman, six years old (Noble) 2

Betting: 5 to 1 on Potentate, who took the lead, closely followed by Suleiman all the way, till near the Winning-post, when the latter made a strong effort, but was defeated after a fine race by half a neck.

Match, 120 sovs.; 12 st. 5 lb. each; one mile and a half.

Mr. H. Johnstone's ch. g. The Returned, aged (owner) 1
 Mr. Redfern's b. g. Slashing Harry, aged (owner) 2

Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 on The Returned, who took the lead and kept it, winning by about four lengths.

A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added by the Committee, for foals of 1838; colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; mile and three quarters (six subscribers).

Mr. C. Alexander's br. c. Archer, by Jerry (Cartwright) 1
 Mr. W. M. Alexander's b. f. Camilla, by Jerry, out of Littlego 2
 Mr. Ramsay's bk. f. Martyrdom, by Retriever 3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Archer, who took the lead, and won by half a length.

A Plate of 50 gs., given by George Houston, Esq., late M. P. for the County; three year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 6 lb.; five, 8 st. 13 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Ramsay's ch. g. Nubian, by Sultan, six years old (Noble) 1 1
 Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Caius, four years old 2 2
 Mr. J. Knox's ch. m. The Lily, by Corinthian, five years old 3 dr.

First heat: betting, 5 to 1 on Dr. Caius. Lily took the lead, closely followed by Dr. Caius and Nubian, till near home, when the latter went up, and won by half a length. Second heat: Dr. Caius made the running, but was defeated after a severe struggle by a neck.

The Blythwood Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added by Mr. Campbell, of Blythwood; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; the winners of the Glasgow Cup and Silver Bells, 5 lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 2 lb.; two miles and a distance.

Mr. Ramsay's ch. m. Sunbeam, by Vanish, aged (Noble) walked over.

The Aftershots (Free Handicap) Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added.

Lord Eglinton's ch. g. Zoroaster, by Priam, six years old, 9 st. (Lye) 1
 Mr. J. Knox's ch. m. The Lily, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Halloway) 2
 Mr. Cook's ch. g. Suleiman, six years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Noble) fell.

YORK AUGUST MEETING.

Stewards: J. H. Lowther, Esq., M.P., and H. R. Yorke, Esq., M.P.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. Lockwood.

MONDAY, August 23rd.—The Yorkshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; one mile and three quarters (three subscribers).

Mr. Brook's ch. f. Moonbeam, by Tomboy, out of Lunatic, by Prime Minister (J. Marson) 1
 Lord Zetland's ch. f. Diavolina, by Satan (Heseltine) 2

Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 on Moonbeam.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1837; colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; those got by untried stallions, or out of mares whose produce never won, or those bred in Ireland, allowed 3 lb., but only one allowance; two miles (eight subscribers).

Major Yarburgh's b. c. Heslington, by Voltaire, out of Laurel's dam, by Prime Minister, 8 st. 5 lb. (Holmes) 1
 Mr. Heseltine's b. f. Betty Baylock, by Worlabay Baylock, out of Slashing Harry's dam, 7 st. 13 lb. (Heseltine) 2

Betting: 5 to 1 on Heslington.

The Queen's Plate of 100 gs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 9 lb.; four, 8 st. 13 lb.; five, 9 st. 4 lb.; six, 9 st. 7 lb.; and aged, 9 st. 9 lb.; two miles.

Mr. Heseltine's b. m. The Shadow, by the Saddler, out of Slashing Harry's dam, five years old (Heseltine) 1
 Col. Cradock's br. h. The Provost, five years old (Templeman) 2
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Jack Sheppard, three years old (W. Oates) 3
 Mr. Vansittart's ch. h. Smollett, six years old (Weatherill) 4

Betting: 5 to 4 on The Provost, 3 to 1 agst. The Shadow, and 5 to 1 agst. Jack Sheppard.

TUESDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each; for two-year-olds, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; T.Y.C. (nine subscribers).

Mr. Brook's br. f. Idolatry, by Muley Moloch, out of Lunatic, by Prime Minister (J. Marson)	1
Sir C. Monck's b. c. brother to Garland, by Langar (Lye)	2
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. by The Saddler—Eberston's dam (Heseltine)	3
Mr. Hogg's br. c. Sir Robert, by Sheet Anchor, out of Miss Parkinson, by Swiss (Weatherill)	4
Colonel Cradock's b. c. The Prior, by Muley Moloch, out of The Provost's dam (Templeman)	5

Betting: 6 to 4 on Idolatry, and 4 to 1 agst. brother to Garland.

A Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.; three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; one mile and a quarter (six subscribers).

Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. Quilt Arnold, by Langar, dam by Blacklock, out of Louisa, by Orville (S. Templeman)	1
Mr. Brook's ch. f. Moonbeam, by Tomboy (J. Marson)	2

Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 on Quilt Arnold.

Fifty Pounds, given by J. H. Lowther, and H. R. Yorke, Esqrs., Members of Parliament for the City of York; three-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; four, 7 st. 9 lb.; five, 8 st. 5 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 10 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner of 50 sovs. in the present year to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; thrice, 6 lb. extra; heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Heseltine's b. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, out of Arinette, five years old (Heseltine)	1	1
Sir C. Monck's b. m. Garland, by Langar, six years old (Lye)	4	2
Mr. Winn's b. c. Dwarf, by The Saddler, out of Donaton, four years old (C. Cartwright)	3	3
Mr. Allen's b. c. Phaon, by Humphrey Clinker Junior, or Belshazzar, out of Madame Felicine, three years old (J. Gray)	2	dr!

EGHAM RACES.

Stewards: the Earl of Erroll, and J. Trotter, Esq., M.P. Judge: Mr. Clark, of Newmarket.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. Hibbard.

TUESDAY, August 24th.—The Gold Cup of 50 sovs. value, the winner to be paid in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 600 sovs. if demanded, &c.; two miles (five subscribers).

Mr. Isaac Day's Tamburini, by Rubini, five years old (J. Day, jun.)	1
Sir G. Heathcote's Argos, four years old (Chapple)	2

Betting: 11 to 5 on Tamburini.

A Plate of 40 sovs., given by the Members of the Western Division of the County of Surry, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, two miles (three subscribers).

Mr. J. Kingsley's Jessica, by St. Nicholas, three years old (Bartholomew)	1	1
Mr. Goodman's Isabella, six years old (Crouch)	3	2
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. by Defence—Nannette, three years old (Howlett)	2	3

The Runnymede Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 6 lb.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, three quarters of a mile (nine subscribers).

Mr. Drage's sister to Glencoe, by Sultan, three years old (Howlett)	1	0	1
Mr. Payne's Australia, three years old (Nat)	5	1	2
Mr. Sadler's The Drone, six years old (J. Day, jun.)	7	2	3
Capt. Gardnor's bk. c. Æthon, three years old (Mann)	2	0	dr.
Mr. Bishop's ch. g. Ferryman, five years old (Higgins)	4	0	dr.
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. by Emilius, out of Jane, three years old (Chapple)	6	0	dr.
Mr. Scott's b. g. Abel, five years old (Butler)	8	0	dr.
Mr. Balchin's Clematis, four years old (Balchin)	9	0	dr.
Mr. Hervey's Saracena, three years old (Cotton)	3	dr.	

WEDNESDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 6 lb.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.; three quarters of a mile (eight subscribers).

Capt. Gardnor's Æthon, by St. Nicholas, three years old (Nat)	1	4	1
Mr. Drage's sister to Glencoe, three years old (Crouch)	5	1	2
Mr. Balchin's Clematis, four years old (Balchin)	6	3	3
Mr. Cassidy's br. f. Fama, three years old (Cassidy)	3	2	4
Mr. Scott's b. g. Abel, five years old (Butler)	2	dr.	
Mr. Wright's Wanton, four years old (Cotton)	4	dr.	

The Surrey and Middlesex Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 if declared, &c.; the winner of the Goodwood or Brighton Stakes, 7 lb.; if both, 10 lb. extra; the winner to pay 15 sovs. to the Judge; two miles and a distance (thirty-four subscribers, twenty-three of whom declared, &c.)

Mr. Goodman's Remnant, by Cain, four years old, 7 st. (Crouch) ...	1
Capt. Gardner's Monops, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Nat) ...	2
Mr. Rush's c. by Plenipo, out of Obellak's dam, three years old, 5 st. (Howlett) ...	3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Remnant.

The Ankerwycke Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 35 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 6 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 1 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile (seven subscribers).

Mr. Sadler's Diversion, by Defence, three years old (Howlett) ...	1	1
Mr. Balchin's Dromedary, four years old (Balchin) ...	5	2
Mr. Goodman's Isabella, six years old (Mann) ...	4	8
Capt. Gardner's Dismal Jemmy, four years old (Nat) ...	3	4
Mr. S. Scott's Windsor, three years old (Mann) ...	2	5

THURSDAY.—The Sunninghill (Handicap) Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for three-year-olds and upwards; three quarters of a mile (four subscribers).

Mr. Pettit's Langolee, by Langar, three years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Pettit) ...	1
Gen. Wyndham's Aspatria, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Bartholomew) ...	2
Mr. Oliver's b. g. Diplomatist, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Cotton) ...	3
Mr. Goodman's Remnant, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Crouch) ...	4

Betting: 5 to 2 on Remnant.

Match, 50 sovs., h. ft.; 11 st. 7 lb. each; one mile.

Mr. Harrison's b. g. Billy (Capt. Forrest) ...	1
Mr. Robertson's b. m. Miss Chatterbox ...	2

The Queen's Plate of 100 gs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 9 st. 1 lb.; five, 9 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 2 lb.; two miles and a distance.

Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick, six years old (Pettit) ...	1
Mr. Goodman's Orella, five years old (Crouch) ...	2
Mr. I. Day's Tamburini, five years old (J. Day, jun.) ...	3

Betting: 3 and 4 to 1 on St. Francis.

Match, 50, h. ft.; 11 st. 7 lb. each; one mile.

Mr. Harrison's b. g. Billy received from Capt. Levett's br. g. Mamaluke.

The Egham Stakes did not fill.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

MONDAY, October 25th.—Match, 50; last three miles of B.C.

Mr. Goodman's Isabella, by Medoro, six years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Crouch) ...	1
Mr. Booth's Colchicum, five years old, 9 st. (Sly) ...	2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Colchicum. The winner did as she pleased with the race, and cantered in first by four or five lengths.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each; D.M. (four subscribers, one of whom paid 10 ft., which was divided between the first and second horses).

Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, by Taurus, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb., carried 7 st. (Whitehouse) ...	1
Duke of Rutland's The Genius, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Robinson) ...	2
Lord Exeter's Scarf, three years old, 6 st. 3 lb. (Percy) ...	3

Mr. Osbaldeston's Mountain Sylph, four years old, 9 st., paid 10 sovs.

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Scarf, 7 to 4 agst. Buffalo, and 3 to 1 agst. Genius. Scarf made the running till close to the cords, where Buffalo caught her, and, accompanied by The Genius, ran a severe race home, winning on the Chair by a neck. Scarf was well up.

Match, 50; T.Y.C.

Mr. Goodman's Mungo Parke, by Belzoni, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Crouch) ...	1
Mr. Byng's Ca Ira, sister to Garryowen, two years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Nat) ...	2

Betting: 10 to 6 on the horse, who made running all through, and won by a poor length.

Match, 50; T.Y.C.

Mr. Byng's Garryowen, by St. Patrick, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Nat) ...	1
Mr. Goodman's sister to Glencoe, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Crouch) ...	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Garryowen, who waited till within a distance of home, where he came away, and won with all ease by three lengths.

The Criterion Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft.; for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; a winner of the July, Clearwell, or Prudergate Stakes, 7 lb.; of any two of these Stakes, 9 lb. extra; all other winners previously to the day of running, 3 lb. extra; the owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake; from the Turn of the Lands in (forty subscribers).

Col. Peel's ch. c. by The Colonel, out of Hester, 7 lb. extra (Nat)	1
Mr. Treen's Barrier, by Defence, 2 lb. extra (Robinson)	2
Mr. Wreford's, (jun.) ch. c. Wiseacre, by Taurus, 7 lb. extra (J. Day)	3
Mr. Thornhill's Eusebia, sister to Egeria, by Emilius (Connelly)	0
Lord Albemarle's Robin, brother to Ralph, by Dr. Syntax (Whitehouse)	0
Lord Exeter's Revision, by Reveller (Darling)	0
Mr. Shackel's ch. f. Meal, by Bran, 2 lb. extra (Buckle)	0
Mr. F. Wood's Timoleon, by Sheet Anchor (Holmes)	0
Lord Orford's b. f. Bridal, by Bay Middleton (Rogers)	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Barrier, the same offered agst. Wiseacre, 3 to 1 agst. the winner, 5 to 1 agst. Eusebia, and 10 to 1 each offered agst. Meal and Robin. On the second attempt (when the start was effected), the three best favourites occupied the worst places, Timoleon taking off, at strong running. Bridal soon drew upon the leader, and these two ran in front to the Duke's Stand, Meal and Robin being third and fourth to them. At this point the rear rank began to creep up, and as they entered the ropes the Hester colt was in front, with the race evidently in hand. The second and third made a resolute set-to to save their Stakes, Barrier winning the gratuity by a length. The Hester colt was first by two lengths, which he could have made six. The three placed were the three that carried penalties, which sufficiently denotes the character of their running as regards the field. It is right to say that Barrier ran a very lazy horse, and that the whip seems to agree with him particularly.

The Cambridgeshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 100 added by the Inhabitants of Newmarket and the neighbourhood; the winner of the Cesarewitch Stakes, 1841, 7 lb. extra (eighty-two subscribers, thirty of whom paid 5 sovs. each); last mile and a distance of B.C.

Mr. Holmes's Vulcan, by Verulam, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Nat)	1
Mr. Etwall's c. by Mulatto, out of Melody, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (J. Day)	2
Mr. Denham's b. g. Compensation, six years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Whitehouse)	3
Col. Peel's I-am-not-aware, six years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Chapple)	4
Mr. Wreford's (jun.) Warden, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (J. Day, jun.)	0
Lord Miltown's Cruiskeen, aged, 8 st. 3 lb. (Connelly)	0
Mr. Clark's The Corsair, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Butler)	0
Major Hay's Retriever, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Sly)	0
Mr. Theobald's Pocahontas, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Wakefield)	0
Mr. Meiklam's b. c. Broadwath, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Cartwright)	0
Mr. Porth's Miss Stilton, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Bell)	0
Lord Miltown's Zelmyra, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Stagg)	0
Mr. Wigram's Teleta, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Ludlam)	0
Lord Palmerston's Iliona, four years old, 6 st. 13 lb., 7 lb. extra (Mann)	0
Mr. Crockford's c. by Bentley—Emma, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Bartholomew)	0
Lord Exeter's Sillistria, four years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (a lad)	0
Lord Eglinton's The Young-un, four years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Percy)	0
Mr. Garrard's Dromedary, four years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (Cohen)	0
Lord Miltown's Wirestrew, five years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (W. Farr)	0
Col. Craufurd's Ermengardis, three years old, 6 st. 6 lb.	0
Mr. Thornhill's St. Colomb, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb., carried 6 st. 7 lb. (Pettat)	0
Lord Chesterfield's Henri Quatre, three years old, 6 st. 2 lb. (Foster)	0
Mr. Negus's Portoken, three years old, 5 st. 11 lb. (Hall)	0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. the Melody colt (tk.), 7 to 1 agst. The Young-un, 11 to 1 agst. Henri Quatre, 12 to 1 agst. Compensation, 17 to 1 agst. The Corsair (tk.), 20 to 1 agst. Cruiskeen, 25 to 1 agst. Miss Stilton, 25 to 1 agst. Broadwath, 25 to 1 agst. I-am-not-aware, 30 to 1 agst. Vulcan (100 to 3 laid three or four times), 30 to one agst. Dromedary, 30 to 1 agst. Emma colt, and 40 to 1 agst. Warden. After three false attempts this fine field came away, charging across the flat, abreast, at a very telling speed. The first that cleared the crowd was Compensation, who led to the Turn of the Lands, with the Melody colt, Warden, Ermengardis, Henri Quatre, and one or two others, well with him. As they rose the hill here, Day brought the favourite alongside Compensation, when Henri Quatre instantly ran up, took the lead, and sailed away at an awful rate. The Melody colt, however, was not thus to be shaken off, and he was first past the Duke's Stand, while one by one the field fell into the rear. At this part of the race Vulcan, next the rails, showed clearly like a winner. Stride by stride he left Compensation and the crack behind him, at the end winning very cleverly by a length. It would be useless to particularize more; the race was a fine exhibition of pace—and the science of making good horses succumb to indifferent ones.

Match, 300, h. ft.; D.I.

Lord Albemarle's Ralph, by Dr. Syntax, 7 st. 7 lb.	received.
Mr. Gregory's Fitzroy, 8 st. 7 lb.	paid.

Match, 100, h. ft., 8 st. 7 lb. each; T.Y.C.

Mr. Greville's Palæmon, by Glaucus	received.
Lord Exeter's Cesarewitch	paid.

Match, 100, h. ft.; Ab. M.

Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, by Taurus, 8 st. 5 lb.	received.
Mr. Goodman's Belgrade, 8 st.	paid.

TUESDAY, 26th.—Fifty Pounds; for two-year-olds, a feather; three, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 9 lb.; five, 9 st. 3 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; the winner to be sold for 300 gs. if demanded; last three miles of B.C.

Duke of Grafton's Mosque, by Sultan, three years old (Nat)	1
Lord Albemarle's b. c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Antiope, two years old (Sharp)	2
Mr. Eddison's The Ruler, four years old (Holmes)	3
Mr. Booth's Benjamin, four years old (Sly)	4
Mr. Stirling's The Pocket Viper, three years old (Cohen)	5
Mr. Bradford's Creole, four years old (Rogers)	6
Lord G. Bentinck's gr. c. Tripoll, by Sheet Anchor, two years old (West)	7
Mr. Sowerby's Phingari, three years old (Cotton)	8
Mr. I. Day's Viola, three years old	dr.

Betting: 5 to 4 on Mosque, and 5 to 2 each agst. Tripoll and the Antiope colt. As soon as one-third of the distance was accomplished, the favourites took up the running, with The Ruler and the Antiope colt nearest to him, and in this way finished, winning, with all ease, by a couple of lengths. The others made a wretched exhibition of it.

Match, 100, h. ft.; 8 st. 7 lb. each; T.Y.C.

Mr. Greville's Palæmon, by Glauco (Nat)	1
Lord Exeter's Abydos (Darling)	2

The betting closed at 5 to 4 on Abydos, who was last all through, and finally beaten a length.

Match, 200, h. ft.; D.M.

Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, by Taurus, 8 st. 4 lb. (Robinson)	1
Lord Exeter's Scutari, 8 st. 2 lb. (Darling)	2

Betting ended with either for choice, and the event justified it; for, after a very fine race, the winner only had the best of it by half a length.

A Handicap Plate of 100 sovs.; for three-year-olds and upwards; D.I.

Col. Peel's I-am-not-aware, by Tranby, six years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Chapple)	1
Lord Miltown's Cruiskeen, aged, 8 st. 9 lb. (Stagg)	2
Mr. I. Day's Tamburini, five years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Connelly)	3
Duke of Rutland's Flambeau, five years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Robinson)	0
Mr. Wreford's Warden, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (J. Day)	0
Mr. Treen's Fitzroy, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Darling)	0
Mr. Payne's Welfare, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Nat)	0
Mr. Graydon's Clinker, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Holmes)	0
Mr. Bradford's Vigilance, three years old, 5 st. 5 lb. (Bell)	0
Mr. Bell's Thirak, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Bumby)	0
Mr. Cooper's Alice, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb.	dr.
Mr. Beresford's Bob Peel, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	dr.
Mr. Batson's Barbara, three years old, 7 st.	dr.
Mr. Goodman's Belgrade, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb.	dr.
Col. Craufurd's Ermengardis, three years old, 6 st. 3 lb.	dr.

Betting: 7 to 2 agst. I-am-not-aware, 9 to 2 agst. Welfare, 6 to 1 agst. Flambeau, 7 to 1 agst. Fitzroy, and 8 to 1 agst. Tamburini. Up to the Duke's Stand the party were on good terms, the winner last, or therabouts, and on the waiting system. As they entered the cords a fierce contest began, of which I-am-not-aware had the best only by a head. With the exception of the third, there was nothing up at the conclusion.

Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Mr. Isaac Day's Viola, by Doctor Syntax, 8 st. 7 lb.	received.
Mr. Gardner's Æthon, 8 st. 12 lb.	paid 25 sovs.

WEDNESDAY, 27th.—Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; for two-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; three, 8 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; five, six, and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; the winner to be sold for 25 sovs. if demanded, &c.; first half of Ab. M. (five subscribers).

Mr. Theobald's f. by Camel, out of Citron, two years old (Pettit)	1
Lord G. Bentinck's Crusade, by Ascot, two years old (R. West)	2
Col. Peel's brother to Vulture, by Langar, two years old (Bartholomew)	3
Lord Exeter's Rodosto, four years old (Darling)	4
Lord Miltown's Wirrestrew, five years old	pd.

Betting: 6 to 4 each agst. brother to Vulture and Rodosto. The winner went off with the lead. was never caught, and won cleverly by a length.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; for two-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; and three, 9 st.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; T.Y.C. (seven subscribers).

Col. Peel's Rochester, by Rockingham, two years old (Chapple)	1
Mr. Beresford's ch. f. Indolence, by Rococo, two years old (Stagg)	2
Mr. Wither's b. f. by Sir Hercules, out of Ostina, two years old (Mamm)	3
Mr. Cooper's Alice, three years old (Connelly)	0
Mr. Sadler's Diversion, three years old (Rogers)	0
Mr. S. Scott's Fama, three years old (Macdonald)	0
Lord Orford's gr. f. by Clearwell—Chapeau d'Espagne's dam (Pettit)	0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Diversion (tk.), 5 to 1 agst. the Clearwell filly, and 9 to 2 agst. Rochester. Indolence led from the start, till within a few strides of the Chair, where Rochester caught her, had the best of it in a smart set-to, and won in the end, cleverly, by a length. Alice was beaten away.

Match, 50, T.Y.C.

Mr. Ives's Folly, by Nonsense, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	1
Lord Exeter's Siliustria, 8 st. 2 lb. (Darling)	2

Betting: Siliustria for choice, who made running to the cords, where Folly passed her, and won by a length.

Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Mr. Isaac Day's Benedetta, by Defence, 8 st. 7 lb. (Connelly)	1
Mr. Thornhill's Eusebia, 7 st. 2 lb. (Pettit)	2

Betting: 5 to 2 (tk.) on Benedetta, who won by ten lengths.

Match, 50, h. ft.; first half of Ab. M.

Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, by Taurus, 9 st. (Robinson)	1
Mr. Byng's Ca Ira, 6 st. (Bartholomew)	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on the horse, who won in a canter by two lengths.

Subscription Plate of 50 sovs.; two-year-olds, 9 st. 7 lb.; and three, 8 st. 10 lb.; the winner to be sold for 350 sovs., &c.; T.Y.C.

Lord Jersey's c. by Touchstone—Joanna, two years old (H. Darling)	1
Lord Chesterfield's Henri Quatre, three years old (Nat)	2
Mr. Gardnor's c. by Camel, out of Cecilia, three years old (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Ellis's f. by Buzzard, out of Maud, three years old (Rogers)	0
Duke of Portland's c. by Mundig, out of Thebes, three years old (J. Day)	0
Mr. Ford's Heads-or-tails, by Toes-up, two years old (Franklin)	0
Lord Exeter's Revision, by Reveller, two years old (Pettit)	0
Mr. Verrall's ch. c. Junius, by Rockingham, two years old (Cohen)	0
Mr. B. Greene's ch. c. by Wisacre—Zany's dam, two years old (Bartholomew)	0
Mr. Forth's Vibration, by Sir Hercules, two years old (Bell)	0
Mr. Pettit's Michaelmas Day, two years old	dr.
Mr. Cooper's Alice, three years old	dr.
Mr. Goodman's sister to Glencoe, three years old	dr.

Betting: 11 to 8 agst. Henri Quatre, 4 to 1 agst. the Cecilia colt, 9 to 2 agst. the Wisacre colt; 6 to 1 agst. Joanna, and 10 to 1 agst. Thebes. Among the rush, from the first, Lord Jersey's colt showed forward, and, at the cords, he had a lead, which he kept to the end, winning a very honest race by a head. He was claimed.

Match, 100, h. ft.; T.M.M.

Lord Exeter's Scarf, by Reveller, 7 st. 13 lb. (Mann)	1
Duke of Bedford's Taurida, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson)	2

Betting: 3 to 1 on Taurida. Scarf made the running all the way, and won a fine race, at the end, by a head.

Handicap Plate of 50 sovs., for three-year-olds and upwards; A.F.

Mr. Payne's Johnny, by Elvas, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Nat)	1
Mr. Gratwicke's Clementina, three years old, 5 st. 7 lb. (Bell)	2
Mr. Graydon's Clinker, five years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Connelly)	0
Mr. Bateman's Vapour, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Chapple)	0
Mr. Beresford's Bob Peel, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Butler)	0
Mr. Meiklam's Broadwath, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Cartwright)	0
Mr. Combe's The Nob, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Bartholomew)	0
Mr. Batson's Barbara, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Crouch)	0
Mr. Balchin's Launchaway, six years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Cotton)	0
Lord Chesterfield's Knight of the Whistle, three years old, 7 st. (Francis)	0
Colonel Craufurd's Ermengardis, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Stagg)	0
Duke of Portland's c. by Mundig, out of Thebes, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (Hall)	0
Duke of Rutland's f. by Emilius—Miss Mary Ann, three years old, 5 st. 7 lb. (R. Cotton)	0
Mr. Payne's Welfare, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	dr.
Mr. Denham's Compensation, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	dr.
Mr. Sigsworth's Muleteer, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	dr.
Mr. Goodman's Belgrade, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb.	dr.
Lord Exeter's Siliustria, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb.	dr.

Betting: 7 to 2 agst. Johnny, 4 to 1 agst. Ermengardis, 5 to 1 agst. Clinker (tk.), 6 to 1 agst. Vapour, and 8 to 1 agst. the Thebes colt. What with the mud, and rain, and crowd, it was impossible to make out the order of the running till they neared home. Here Bob Peel, Clementina, and Johnny, looked the most likely, the latter in the last hundred yards beating his horses very cleverly, and winning by a length.

Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Mr. Goodman's sister to Glencoe, 8 st. 7 lb. (Connelly)	1
Lord G. Bentinck's Proof Print, 7 st. (Chapple)	2

No ring, and consequently no betting. A waiting race, won cleverly in the last few strides by half a length.

Match, 200, h. ft.; D.M.

Mr. Byng's Garryowen, by St. Patrick, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	received.
Lord Miltown's Crusikeen, aged, 8 st. 6 lb.	paid.

THURSDAY, 28th.—Match, 100, h. ft.; 8 st. 7 lb. each; T.Y.C.

Lord Albemarle's Nuncio, by Plenipotentiary, two years old (Robinson)	...	1
Lord Exeter's Albion, two years old (Darling)	...	2

Betting: 6 to 5 on Nuncio, who made a waiting race, and won by half a length.

Match, 100, h. ft.; first half of Ab. M.

Duke of Bedford's Oakley, by Taurus, three years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Robinson)	...	1
Lord Chesterfield's All-fours, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	...	2

Betting: 5 to 4 on Oakley, who took the lead, kept it, and won in a canter by four lengths.

Match, 100, h. ft.; Ab. M.

Mr. Goodman's Belgrade, by Belshazzar, three years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Crouch)	...	1
Mr. Osbaldeston's The Mountain Sylph, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson)	...	2

Betting: 4 to 1 on Belgrade, who waited to the cords, when he went past the mare, and won in a canter by three lengths.

Subscription Handicap Plate of £50, for three-year-olds and upwards, D.I.

Mr. I. Day's Tamburini, by Rubini, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Connelly)	...	1
Mr. Lichtwald's Miss Stilton, three years old, 6 st. (Bell)	...	2
Mr. Payne's Welfare, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Nat)	...	3
Mr. Stirling's The Pocket Viper, three years old, 5 st. (Cohen)	...	4
Mr. Goodman's Isabella, six years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Crouch)	...	0
Lord Exeter's Sillistria, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Pettit)	...	0
Mr. Eddison's The Ruler, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Foister)	...	0
Mr. Bradford's Creole, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Bartholomew)	...	0
Duke of Rutland's Flambeau, five years old, 9 st. 4 lb.	...	dr.
Col. Peel's I-am-not-aware, six years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	...	dr.
Lord Miltown's Zelmyra, four years old, 7 st.	...	dr.
Mr. Graydon's Helpmate, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb.	...	dr.
Lord Eglinton's The Young-un, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb.	...	dr.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Welfare, 4 to 1 agst. The Ruler (at first only 3 to 1), 9 to 2 agst. Tamburini, 5 to 1 agst. Isabella, and 10 to 1 agst. Creole. The favourite, with Sillistria on her quarter, led to the Duke's Stand, Miss Stilton, The Ruler, Welfare, and Tamburini, also, in the front rank. As they cleared the interval between the Stand and the ropes, Tamburini got to the front, stayed there, and won cleverly by a length.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; Ab. M. (ten subscribers).

Mr. Wreford's (jun.) ch. c. Wiseacre	divided
Col. Peel's ch. c. by The Colonel, out of Heester	the forfeits.

Wiseacre walked over.

Match, 50; T.Y.C.

Captain Rous's Nicholas, 8 st. 7 lb.	off by
Lord Miltown's Zelmyra, 8 st. 1 lb.	consent.

FRIDAY, 29th.—Match, 50, h. ft.; first half of Ab. M.

Mr. Goodman's sister to Glencoe, by Sultan, 8 st. 7 lb. (Connelly)	...	1
Mr. Gardner's c. by Camel, out of Cecilia, 8 st. 3 lb. (Nat)	...	2

Betting: 4 to 1 on the colt, who made running to the fall, where the filly passed him, and won by a length.

Match, 50; first half of Ab. M.

Lord Orford's Bridal, by Bay Middleton, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	9
Lord G. Bentinck's Topsail, by Sheet Anchor, 8 st. 4 lb. (W. Day)	0

The betting varied from 6 to 4 on Topsail, to 6 to 5 on Bridal. Bridal waited till near the Chair, when she challenged and made it a dead heat.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, T.Y.C. (eleven subscribers, four of whom paid 5 sovs. forfeit, which went to the owner of the second horse).

Mr. Denham's Compensation, six years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Whitehouse)	...	1
Col. Craufurd's Ermengarda, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Cartwright)	...	2
Duke of Rutland's The Genius, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Connelly)	...	0
Lord Miltown's Wirestrew, five years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Stagg)	...	0
Duke of Portland's c. by Glencoe—Tragedy, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Pettit)	...	0
Mr. Greville's Palsson, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Bartholomew)	...	0
Lord Exeter's Abydos, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (H. Darling)	...	0

The following paid forfeit:—Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe, four years old, 8 st. 13 lb.; Mr. Gardner's Monops, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb.; Mr. Bell's Thirak, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb.; and Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Compensation, 4 to 1 agst. Tragedy colt, 9 to 2 agst. Palsson, 5 to 1 agst. The Genius, 5 to 1 agst. Ermengarda, and 12 to 1 agst. Abydos. The Tragedy colt led from the start, with the favourite close to him, and so they ran half way up the ropes, when Compensation had the best of the hard fight with Ermengarda (who beat the Tragedy about a hundred yards from home), and won by half a length.

Match, 100, h. ft.; D.M.

Lord Miltown's Vulcan, by Verulam, 8 st. 7 lb. (Connelly) 1
 Lord Exeter's Scutari, 8 st. (Darling) 2

Betting: 6 to 5 on Vulcan, who won cleverly by a length.

Match, 200, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Col. Peel's Cameleon, by Camel, 8 st. (Nat) 1
 Mr. Phillimore's Potentia, by Potentiary, 8 st. 5 lb. (Sly) 2

Betting: 5 to 4 on Potentia, who took the lead to the cords, where Cameleon went up, and won in a canter by three lengths.

The Nursery Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds; D.M. (eleven subscribers).

Duke of Bedford's Envoy, by Plenipotentiary, 7 st. 2 lb. (Whitehouse) 0 } dead
 Mr. Osbaldeston's f. by The Saddler, out of Eberston's dam, 6 st. 11 lb. (Stagg) 0 } heat

(After which the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Osbaldeston divided the Stakes.)

Duke of Rutland's f. by Bizarre, out of Flambeau's dam, 7 st. 3 lb. (Bartholomew) 0
 Duke of Grafton's Lisburn, by Jerry, 6 st. 11 lb. (Hall) 0
 Lord Exeter's Albion, by Beiram, 7 st. 7 lb. (Mann) 0
 Mr. Bateman's Haitoe, by Sir Hercules, 7 st. 6 lb. (Chapple) 0
 Mr. Gardnor's b. f. by Sheet Anchor, dam (foaled in 1832) by Brutandorf, 7 st. 4 lb. (Nat) 0
 Lord Chesterfield's f. by Colwick, out of Game Lass, 6 st. 7 lb. (H. Darling) 0
 Mr. Osbaldeston's Skipton, by Stockport, 8 st. 6 lb. pd.
 Mr. Ford's Sideboard, by Plenipotentiary, 7 st. 9 lb. pd.
 Lord G. Bentinck's Proof Print, by Birdcatcher, 7 st. 7 lb. pd.

The following did not accept:—Barrier, 8 st. 9 lb.; Heads or Tails, 8 st. 9 lb.; Meal, 7 st. 13 lb.; Rosalind, 7 st. 13 lb.; Klopement, 7 st. 9 lb.; Topsail, 7 st. 9 lb.; Vibration, 7 st. 9 lb.; Tiptoe, 7 st. 9 lb.; Revision, 7 st. 9 lb.; Rochester, 7 st. 3 lb.; Fanchan filly, 6 st. 13 lb.; and Crusade, 6 st. 4 lb.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. The Saddler filly, 3 to 1 agst. Envoy, 4 to 1 agst. The Sheet Anchor filly, 6 to 1 agst. Lisburn, 7 to 1 agst. Haitoe, 9 to 1 agst. The Bizarre filly, 12 to 1 agst. Colwick filly, and 15 to 1 agst. Albion. This lot of young ones scrambled through the dirt at a rattling pace, Haitoe leading, and all the others well up. At the ropes, however, the heavy ground and the speed had told all out save The Saddler and Bizarre fillies and Envoy, who, in the last few strides, made a rush and finished with a dead heat: the Bizarre filly was only a neck behind them.

Match, 500, h. ft.; 8 st. each; D.I.

Mr. Bell's The Squire, by the Saddler (Heseltine) 1
 Lord Albemarle's Ralph (Whitehouse) 2

Contrary to the general expectation, this match was announced to come off: Ralph backed at starting at 5 to 4 on him. The Squire made the running at a tremendous pace, the favourite sticking to him every yard till they passed the Duke's Stand, almost stride for stride. There Ralph tired, could not answer the call, and was beaten by a length: both were awfully distressed.

The Audley-end Stakes of 30 sovs. each, A.E.C. (nine subscribers, one of whom paid 10 sovs. ft.)

Mr. Isaac Day's Tamburini, by Rubini, five years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Wakefield) 1
 Lord Eglington's The Young-un, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Cartwright) 0 } dead
 Lord Chesterfield's Knight of the Thistle, three years old, 6 st. (Foster) 0 } heat
 Duke of Rutland's Flambeau, five years old, 9 st. (Robinson) 0
 Mr. Payne's Johnny, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Nat) 0
 Col. Peel's I-am-not-aware, six years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Chapple) 0
 Lord Chesterfield's All-fours, five years old, 7 st. (Francis) 0
 Mr. Goodman's Isabella, five years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Crouch) 0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Tamburini, 3 to 1 agst. Flambeau, 4 to 1 agst. Johnny, 7 to 1 agst. I-am-not-aware, 8 to 1 agst. Isabella, 10 to 1 agst. The Young-un. All-fours made the pace from the start till they rounded the Turn of the Lands, when the Knight of the Whistle rushed to the front, and led till past the Stand. There Tamburini and the Young-un took first and second places, in which form they finished, Tamburini winning cleverly by a length: Isabella broke down.

Match, 150, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, by Taurus, 7 st. 6 lb. received.
 Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe, 8 st. 1 lb. paid.

Match, 200, h. ft.; 8 st. 7 lb. each; A.F.

Duke of Rutland's Sir Hans, by Physician received.
 Lord Exeter's Cesarewitch paid.

Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Mr. Byng's Garryowen, by St. Patrick, 8 st. 7 lb. received.
 Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, 7 st. 10 lb. paid.

SATURDAY, 30th.

Lord Chesterfield's All-fours, by Augustus, five years old, 9 st. 6 lb. (Nat) 1
 Lord George Bentinck's Half-caste, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (W. Day) 2

Betting: 6 to 4 on All-fours, who waited till half way up the cords, challenged, and won cleverly by a length and a half.

Match, Yearling Course (2 furlongs and 47 yards), 100, h. ft.

Col. Anson's Elopement, by Velocipede, two years old, 6 st. (Foster)	1
Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, four years old, 10 st.	2

Even betting. A quick race, won by a neck only.

Match, T. Y. C., 100.

Lord G. Bentinck's Proof Print, two years old, a feather (Sharp)	1
Mr. Byng's Garryowen, four years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Garryowen. The feather had it all to himself, and won by six lengths.

Match, first half of Ab. M., 100, h. ft.

Mr. Gardnor's Monops, 8 st. 3 lb. (Nat)	1
Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, 8 st. 9 lb. (Robinson)	2

Betting: 5 to 4 on King of the Peak, who made running, but was collared near home, and beaten by a head.

The Houghton Handicap of 15 sovs. each; D. M. (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Payne's Johnny, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Nat)	1
Mr. Sadler's Diversion, three years old, 6 st. 2 lb. (Foster)	2
Col. Craufurd's Ermengardis, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Cartwright)	0
Mr. Bell's Thirsk, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Bumby)	0
Lord Miltown's Cruiskeen, aged, 9 st. (Connelly)	0
Mr. Isaac Day's Viola, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (H. Darling)	0
Lord Miltown's Zelmyra, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	pd.

The following paid 5 sovs. forfeit:—Mr. Denham's Compensation, six years old, 9 st. 5 lb.; Capt. Rous's The Ruler, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb.; Duke of Bedford's Taurida, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb., and Lord Verulam's Concertina, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb.

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Ermengardis, 3 to 1 agst. Thirsk, 4 to 1 agst. Viola, 5 to 1 agst. Cruiskeen (tk.), 5 to 1 agst. Diversion (tk.), and 6 to 1 agst. Johnny. Thirsk led into the cords, where Diversion passed him, Johnny taking second place. A few strides from home the latter went to the front, and won by a length.

Match, T. Y. C., 100, h. ft.

Lord Miltown's Vulcan, 8 st. 10 lb. (Connelly)	1
Col. Peel's Cameleon, 7 st. 12 lb. (Nat)	2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Cameleon. Vulcan made all the running, and won cleverly by half a length.

Match, R. M., 50; 8 st. 7 lb. each.

Mr. Osbaldeston's Skipton, two years old (Connelly)	1
Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, three years old (Robinson)	2

Even betting. Buffalo cut out the work, the young one waiting to the cords, where he went up, and won very easily by a length.

The Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for two and three-year-olds; T. Y. C. (four subscribers).

Lord Chesterfield's Henri Quatre, three years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Nat)	1
Mr. Bell's Thirsk, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Bumby)	2
Col. Anson's Elopement, two years old, 5 st. 12 lb.	pd.
Duke of Bedford's Oakley, three years old, 8 st. 12 lb.	pd.

Betting: 2 to 1 on Henri Quatre, who waited until half-way up the ropes, and won cleverly by a length.

Match, T. Y. C., 50, h. ft.

Lord Orford's gr. f. by Clearwell, out of Chapeau d'Espagne's dam, 8 st. 1 lb. (Nat)	1
Lord G. Bentinck's Proof Print, 8 st. 7 lb. (W. Day)	2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Proof Print, who made running, was challenged at the cords, and beaten in a canter by a length and a half.

Match, D. M., 50.

Lord G. Bentinck's Topsail, by Sheet Anchor, 6 st. 2 lb. (H. Darling)	1
Mr. Treen's Haitoe, 8 st. 7 lb. (Bartholomew)	2

Betting: 10 to 6 on Haitoe. A waiting race, won cleverly by half a length.

Match, D. M., 80, h. ft.

Mr. Goodman's sister to Glencoe, 8 st. 3 lb.	} off by consent.
Mr. Bateman's Haitoe, 7 st.	

Match, T. Y. C., 100, h. ft.

Duke of Bedford's Oakley, 7 st. 6 lb.	received.
Lord Chesterfield's Henri Quatre, 6 st. 12 lb.	paid.

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