

THE SPORTING REVIEW,

A Monthly Chronicle

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

AND

Rural Sports in All their Varieties.

Edited by "Craven".



Vol. VIII.

July

London:

John Mitchell, Sporting Review Office.

33, Old Bond Street.

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JULY, 1842.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

STUDIES OF CELEBRATED JOCKEYS. WILLIAM ARNULL AND THOMAS GOODISON; PAINTED BY THE LATE BENJAMIN MARSHALL; ENGRAVED BY J. W. COOK:

AND

RACING IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE—AS IT WAS; DESIGNED AND ETCHED BY LEECH.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

IN consequence of the Derby having been run so late in the month, we are compelled to postpone the portrait of the winner, Attila, till our next number.

The coaching suggestion is a good one, and shall not be lost sight of.

Should the writer of the article "Life in a Village," given among the Memorabilia in the present number, see, or become aware of this notice, will he favour the Editor with his address?

Doctor Dew's proposal is declined.

Laudator temporis acti.—"You do entreat us past all saying nay."

☞ Try again, and let not your paper be whitey-brown.

Foreign Sports, from Foreign Sources—anon.

Vols. I. to VII., bound in fancy cloth boards, and lettered, are now ready.

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

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH :—THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

“Horses they ride without remorse or ruth.”—BYRON.

HORSE-RACING is not a resource to which a people may turn in the dearth of amusement, as to carnivals or stage plays. A taste for the turf is the essence of the spirit that spurs men on to the love of field sports. The chances of its adoption and favour are not alone contingent upon the bias for them as popular pleasures, but they are limited by it. With us, sporting constitutes an important parcel of the social scheme. Our national sports have been purged of their early grossness, and kept upon equal terms with the general progress of refinement. At their head stands the turf; and let such as desire to learn how English gentlemen make provision for their favourite recreation, visit Newmarket, and examine its economy there. Next to England ranks America, as a racing country: next—but with what an interval! It must be admitted that our republican brother is no sportsman. Jonathan fisheth little, shooteth less, and hunteth not at all. Hence it is that, notwithstanding the “tracks” in the United States do a “pretty particularly awful” stroke of business, their exhibitions sadly lack the true flavour. The dash, the fervour, the brilliancy that make racing the fitting pastime of those who court stirring scenes for the flow of soul that waits upon them, are unknown to such tardy devices as four-mile heats. With its advancement, as a State, will, no doubt, improve the style of its social festivities, but it will be long ere the *races* of the New World shall resemble those of this speck of the Old.

In various parts of Europe, racing contests form items in the entertainments got up for popular purposes, as well as to encourage the breed of horses. Of late years France has energetically adopted such a policy:—would that the quality of the grain held out any hope of repaying the skill with which the seed has been selected, and the harvest cared for. My design is surely not to offend those to whom I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life; but as an honest retailer of the fruits of experience, I am bound to say that, until they can revolutionize the French character, those who seek to ingraft

sporting tastes upon it, will have their labour alone to recompense their pains. How often have I seen a *chasseur* sally forth, his musket hanging behind him, as if to guard the spot where human honour is said to abide, waited on haply by one or more libels upon doghood—tripeds with which an English cur would scorn to lift a leg in company? How often have I gazed in wonderment, too intense for mirth, upon such a turn-out as this, and thought—will any hare that is *compos*, or partridge in its senses, be circumvented by such “a weak invention of the enemy?” and if our neighbours of the light heart take the field after no more orthodox fashion than this, how deem ye they go abroad to forest and flood? They hunt in cocked hats, with swords girt upon their thighs, and instruments of music round about their middles: this I know from my own knowledge. Of their fishing I cannot speak. If I may hazard an opinion, however, I should suggest that the art of capturing the inhabitants of the waters is not yet practised as a sport among them; and that, probably, the only line which a *preux chevalier* has as yet disposed of in pond or river, has been his “mortal coil.”

Sporting, as an abstract influence, is unknown to any portion of the world but England; here it is an instinct. This it is that affects the whole character of our rural pastimes; we pursue them “for the love we have in them;” elsewhere they are followed for gain, pomp, or the accident of temporary circumstance. If thus it be with hunting, shooting, fishing, any of the allurements to field or flood—beyond all, racing is our own. The nations of the earth may come to us for our unrivalled blood. They may make the cultivation of the horse the especial business of the state. Governments may lavish treasures to promote that which here is effected by private enterprise, but before they can make their materials available, even should they succeed in obtaining them, they must acquire the means of their application. I have seen the natives of almost all the countries of Europe—I have had opportunities of observing Arabs, Tartars, and individuals of the most celebrated equestrian districts of the world, on horseback, but I never discovered one who displayed a knowledge of the true principles of riding—of the philosophy of horsemanship. Therefore, shall the turf be the reproach of all other lands, and the pride and privilege of our own, so long as the stranger shall ride as if he were a part of his saddle—the Englishman, as though he were a portion of his horse.

Let it not be supposed that the perpetrations of the *Champ de Mars*, or the *Bois de Boulogne*, twenty years ago, were caricatures of the Olympian revels now held at those places. Look on any picture of French racing, and, with slight allowance for the vista of years, you look on that of to-day. Here and there the modern affair may, indeed, possess a more characteristic feature, but the expression of the scene is





Racing in the Bois de Boulogne - as it was.

the same. A French race-course still exhibits a company as little at home as if essaying to imbibe their soup with chopsticks, or to waltz to the music of the tom-tom. On the afternoon of a bright autumnal Sunday I was led to mingle among the strange fish that had left their proper element for the *courses aux chevaux*. The difference between a negro from the Senegal, and a "flaxen-headed ploughboy" from the Severn, is not more manifest than that which distinguishes the equestrian orders of England and France. As I loitered about, a mounted party passed; they were conversing emphatically in French, but there was more than one Englishman among them. A business-like air, so wholly out of keeping with the burlesque that prevailed around, first drew my attention to the party, and then followed a vague idea that either the voices or persons of some members of it were not unknown to me. One don't, however, stop to analyze impressions on such occasions, and I had already ceased to remember that anything beyond the most ordinary had occurred (intent upon the ingenuity of a certain Oriental magician, who was relieving his intestines of vast volumes of flame), when a hand, lightly laid upon my arm, solicited my notice. I turned, and at my elbow stood my companion of the previous night. I dare say I regarded him as a cockney is wont to recognise a pickpocket; but his manner was the perfection of the ultra "cool." The "to kalon" of civilization is assurance! I flatter myself that my youth was remarkable for no lack of bronze, and yet there I stood, undeniably worsted in a stare by a fellow got up in the extravagance of evil taste. Sweet reader!—the boyhood baptised in floods of bishop, unknown previously to the annals of Alma Mater—the manhood it had delighted Stultz and Hoby to decorate and define, shrunk at the presence of a caitiff who encased the image of his Maker in green silk net pantaloons and top boots!

"Well met again, brother," he began, accosting me as he might one whom he had known in swaddling clothes; "well met: a more agreeable rendezvous than the last, ah?"

Although he spoke with a somewhat foreign accent, his English was perfect, and manifestly not that of a Frenchman. There was an elaborate effrontery in his bearing, intended, no doubt, for a fashionable carriage: his look was even offensively vulgar, and yet you at once discovered that his life had not been passed among vulgar people. Still nothing about him betokened the dependant of persons of condition: had we met a couple of centuries sooner, I should have set him down for one of those roistering gallants whose want of conscience and principle stood them, in the good old times, in lieu of everything else. As it was, who he might be, and wherefore he took occasion to throw himself in my way, were questions it seemed I might no

longer blink. To be seen on apparently confidential terms with a member of a secret society, ill-favoured and worse appointed, was not a distinction that I particularly affected. While pausing to contrive means for accomplishing my purpose, the speaker, whose attitude was "stand at ease" in the superlative, continued—"Didn't the bird of paradise croak like a raven?—did her office though—quieted the Count—and that was no easy affair. Smooth as he seems, and loving as a dove, the fellow has the heart of a tiger, and I feared for *his* safety between them. However, as I said last night, on my return from the house, the danger I apprehended is at an end. He is better, and recovering fast. I told him whom I have enlisted in his service, and he seemed little pleased with the ally I had selected. But let that pass; he has some private cause, probably, for not caring to owe an obligation to you; that's not my affair: I have nothing to do with people's caprices. He did me a service when I could scarce have needed a friend more, and so long as I live he shall never want one. Monsieur, I thank ye for your kindness last night, and I hope for an opportunity of returning it. This will not be the last time we shall meet; on that you may rely." Thus saying, and tapping his boot with a riding-whip he had been flourishing very artistically during his speech, the frère D'Argus departed.

The shouts with which the grotesque exhibitions, supposed by the good Parisians to represent the *courses des chevaux à l'Anglais*, were hailed, had ceased, and the *Bois de Boulogne* was fast parting with its merry-hearted populace, when beneath some trees, in a secluded part of the wood, I observed two horses led round a circle, and carefully watched by a group that stood hard by. The professional air about the arrangements, so unlike that of the early portion of the day, attracted me, and as it was yet too soon to think of dining, I persuaded uncle Tom (he had breakfasted à *la fourchette* but two hours before) to order his carriage towards that which seemed to promise something worth the exertion of looking at.

Under the shade of some noble elms, two magnificent thoroughbred horses were being walked in their clothes by a couple of grooms, followed by a pair of shrewd-looking men, on ponies; the whole as English a *morçeau* as ever found its way into a French landscape. A little beyond them stood a *calèche*, with some half dozen horsemen around, with whom its occupants were engaged in very animated conversation. As we drew nearer, a small tent appeared in the rear of the carriage, and from the manner of those who formed the mounted group, it was evident that *calèche*, cavaliers, and canvass, belonged to one party. Whether the approach of a chariot, whence an elderly gentleman was taking an observation with a telescope, alarmed the fair tenant

or tenants of the *calèche* (I distinctly saw that there *was* a lady in it) I cannot say; I only know it is far from improbable that it might. Few women, in a state of civilization, save those born and bred in Paris, can stand an ogling through a four-foot tube, furnished with concave and convex glasses. However that might have been, no sooner was our intended intrusion discovered, than the blinds of the *calèche* aforesaid were as hermetically closed as those of the Sultan's harem.

At this moment two figures issued from the marquee, in silk jackets, caps, leathers, and boots of the most orthodox character. The first was a tall stripling who, despite a forward growth of moustaches, and a most confident swagger, was obviously raw. The other, in attire, gait, make, and demeanour, was the ideal of a Newmarket jockey. Perfection of any kind has, with me, magnetic influence. Twenty years ago, as now, a horse, or his rider, finished at all points, was, and is, a sight to rivet my notice. At any time I should have been struck with such a representation of a most picturesque object; but, after the horrible illusions of the morning, it was like an oasis to the eye of the desert wanderer.

I looked at him from head to foot; canvassed the artistical tie of his cap; the spurs, graceful as the wires of a lute; the jacket of sheen that so well became his lusty outline of shoulder, and gracefully tapering waist; the snowy leathers, and boots that Vestris might have worn in a *pirouette*: all these I scanned, and pronounced the wearer a mirror of modern chivalry. And now the anxious process of preparation has commenced. The pawing courser is stripped of hood, sheet, and breastplate. The tiny saddle that the trainer poises on his wrist, is gently laid clear of his withers, carefully fitted and girthed, and the jockey lightly tossed upon it.

With steps that scarcely seem to feel the ground on which they tread, the eager steeds draw to the starting-post; the word is spoken—"Go!"—they are away like the flight of thought! Surely a race, bedight in all its pride and circumstance, is a thing to make the blood glow! David! David! had there been a Derby or a Leger in thy day, how far more efficacious wouldst thou have found them than a kingdom of Shunamitish maidens! . . . The pair ran together, stride for stride, the course being indicated by small white wands set up at about a hundred yards apart, the winning-post surmounted by a silken flag. Half the distance is accomplished, and the tall stripling is leading, his horse going well together, victory within his grasp. The last turn is made, and they strain for the goal, like falcons stooping on their prey. The distance lessens between them: does not the leader seem distressed? By heaven he falters!—reels from his stroke—heeds not

the rider's hand or heel—stops as his adversary springs before him, and yields like a craven, when another stride had been a triumph. . . .

Solitary as the scene was whereon this trial was enacted, there were strong evidences both of the anxiety that watched, and the exultation that hailed its issue. No sooner had the result been ascertained, than the *calèche* left the ground at the best haste of the Norman horses by which it was drawn. The horsemen, too, were in busy conclave, ere the speed of the racers could be checked; and as they returned to weigh, the meeting between those engaged in the contest and their friends was as slack of courtesy as regarded one, as it was cordial and joyous in the case of the other. The loser rode alone, with a dejected and sullen air. The noble animal on which he sat stumbled forward, every pore steaming like a fountain, every nerve flaccid and powerless; the very emblem of suffering and impotence. He was not, however, left to indulge his ill humour alone. While one half of the party attached itself to the victor, the other surrounded his less fortunate opponent. These offered the recipes for philosophy usual on such occasions. But the patient was indifferent to consolation. "I know it all," said he, in a marked Irish accent; "I'm done, and tolerably you've cooked me; but there's a little left to hash; take care how ye get your fingers into that dish."

Pity that so few were present to hear so ominous a warning! He who spoke it, ere twelve moons had filled their horns, became the most desperate of all those who, in our time, had set their lives upon the hazard of a die. At the hour when first I met him, he was a part of all that was gallant and gay in the most brilliant circle in the world; at the present he is a manacled felon in the penal colony of Norfolk Island. But come with me to the tent, where the conquering hero is weighed, and found of honest balance. He throws aside its folds, and steps forward to receive the congratulation of his friends. And who is he on whose tact and talent thousands depended, and by whom thousands were realized? The victorious rider of the *Bois de Boulogne*—the mirror of modern chivalry is the man of questionable appearance—the frère d'Argus of the green silk net pantaloons and top boots.

THE SPORTING LIFE OF ENGLAND.

BY J. W. CARLETON, ESQ.

THE CHASE: ITS POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

"Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprehendes;
Nec, cum venari volet ille, poemata panges."

HORAT. Epist. Liber. i. 18.

How comes it that the liberal Flaccus, with such a sentiment on the nib of his *stylus*, is regarded as a respectable classic, instead of having been kicked out of our Universities centuries ago, seeing that "pinks" and leathers are as mortal an abomination in the eyes of the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge, as a painter on a three-legged stool to the bulls of Bashan? I am a great believer in the efficacy of persecution; and if the opposition to fox-hunting operate upon the sires as it doth on the sons, *courage, mes amis*, the good cause shall prosper to the end of the dean and the chapter. When Mr. Delmé Radcliffe published his clever and amusing volume, "The Noble Science," he predicted that the best days of hunting were numbered, now that merry England was about being converted into one vast grid-iron. I wish it had no worse difficulties to contend with than those arising from *iron railing*. The railing of pamphlets, small journals, and provincial coteries, has done more to blast the prospects of that most manly and national sport, than all the fiery furnaces which a foolish generation hath set up. "Bad times," says Smelfungus, "are giving it *coup de grâce*." Why has nobody shown its perils in consequence of the times being too good? Might not, here, a country be pointed out, given up because the Duke of A—— had become a load for an elephant instead of a hunter; and there, another vacant on account of the Marquis of B—— being doubtful of the policy of any longer exposing his toes to the pressure of boot-leather? I say might not instances such as the above be discovered, and what have they to do with the poverty of the land?

I am not one of those who love to look on the reverse of the medal, and yet I admit that the last two or three years have been far from the most brilliant in the annals of fox-hunting. Independent of the alterations that time has effected in the taste for that sport (I do not say that it is less popular, but differently pursued), temporary influences have, during that period, severely acted upon it. Political discord was never more generally or more bitterly called into operation; and the quarrel between Whig and Tory literally became the battle of "Town and Country." Like all questions that address themselves to the passions, the contest between the advocates for an oligarchical and a democratical form of government was distorted into a personal feud between the bread-producers and the bread-consumers. Presently some ultra aristocrat saw the evil that might come to the state, did he permit his covers to be drawn by a "destructive" pack, and forthwith he gives them notice to quit. Herein, no doubt, he imagined he was doing good

service to his cause—but he was wrong, as the over-zealous generally are. In the effort to assimilate the divisions of the country to the divisions of the House, more cruel butcheries have been done upon foxes than are written in the chronicles of the Book of Martyrs. Not a hundred miles from the Speaker's chair, there dwells a M. F. H., who, during the last season, hardly had the courage to draw the curtain of his chamber window, so certain was he that the first sight to salute his waking eyes would be a fox, "hung by the neck until he was dead." Now here is one of the good old Squirearchy, with twenty thousand a-year, which he spends—upon himself—who keeps a pack of fox-hounds for his own gratification—sticks to the line like a bloodhound, and d—s away like a bo'sun's mate—here is the pattern of a fine old English gentleman, whose value this generation of vipers cannot estimate!!

Save the temporary inconvenience to which, as I have said, fox-hunting has been subjected by the exasperation of political clique-ism, no change has occurred likely to affect its interests. As every other social institution, it has been, and will continue to be, acted upon by the march of refinement, or "over-civilization," as some persons have been pleased to call it. Our great grandfathers went a hunting at six o'clock in the morning, and at two p. m. to a comedy in five acts. If Roscius and Garrick were announced for the same piece, would any one go to see them now-a-days before sunset? To the chase, as to all else, applies—as fitting it should—the hacknied

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

Undoubtedly a heavy blow was given to the chase by those with whom originated the system of making a hunting establishment five times as expensive an affair as there was any necessity for. The pace at Melton was quite good enough, Dian knows, from the commencement of the present century; but when Lord Suffield took the reins he put a steam-engine before the bars.

A stable of fifty hunters and twenty hacks—a kennel with ninety couples of hounds, and a servant's hall with a hundred pair of jaws at work, are all very well here and there; but because one man in a million can afford it, is that any reason that another should ape it, not being that ten-hundred-thousandth? It is this passion for taking the field *en prince* that is fast making the field so select. It is bad enough that a man, to do the thing in a Christian style, must go out six days a-week, upon two horses on each occasion; but it is a thousand times worse it should be a sort of tacit understanding that if he takes to a country for the purpose of promoting its enjoyment and good fellowship, he does it with a contingent flight to the continent as a part of his compact.

Why should the chase be the only one of our rural sports towards which the wise indifference to shew and idle ostentation, that the present era is so honourably distinguished for, should not apply? On our turf there are now no matches for thousands as in former days: this is one of the modern features of promise in racing. So soon as heavy betting shall cease to be a portion of its economy—a result we shall not long wait for—its prosperity will be ensured. Look at the fashion of modern equipage; we no longer see the extravagant display com-

mon to the early part of the present century: Hyde Park is not now a raree-show of gilded panels, gorgeous trappings, and human nature hired by the yard to exhibit embroidery, silks, satins, and *bouquets* upon. People are content, if their ease and comfort are administered to, that the appliances should be such as become the gentle, and not on the scale adopted by eastern monarchs. The fashion of equipage in our time is the perfection of that most pure and true taste, the "*simplex munditiis*."

So let it be with the *materiel* of hunting. Let the man who intends hunting three days a week—and few rural districts, in England, will now conveniently allow of more—provide an establishment fitted for such a demand. If he hunt his own hounds he will require five horses for himself, to allow for casualties, and three a-piece for his whips. If he employ a huntsman, three hunters for himself, and four for his huntsman, will be enough. I cannot but regard the custom of keeping up two packs, one of dogs and another of bitches, as a useless as well as an unwise extravagance. Thirty couples of hunting hounds are enough for the majority of countries, at three days a week. Eighteen couples are a fair average to take into the field. Let those eighteen be selected from the whole, the soundest and most fit for hunting being drafted, without any reference to sex. I am so satisfied that dogs and bitches run closer and faster to the head, together, than when they are separated, that I will lay the odds on the mixed pack against the plain, with any master of foxhounds who chooses to try the experiment; of course, allowing me an honest average of good hunters.

Thus far for theory and advice—two commodities for which the demand by no means equals the supply . . . How fared the good cause in its stronghold during the past season? The spring of 1842 was one of the most brilliant, beyond all doubt, ever known in Leicestershire. Scarcely a day occurred, when hunting was possible, without a good account being rendered of it in the evening, and many of the runs were first rate. Mr. Greene has been a most popular master, and it is a subject of congratulation for the frequenters of the metropolitan county that he continues at the head of the Quorn. The annual dinner at the Crowns, at Leicester, on the 28th of March, was replete with good omens. It evinced the cordial co-operation that Mr. Greene may count upon receiving from the gentry and yeomanry of the districts over which he hunts, as well as their entire approbation of his management. Mr. Greene, I believe, is very liberally supported in the matter of exchequer—Lord Cranstoun was a volunteer to the tune of £200, although he never saw the pack during the season: let no one impute a sweeping censure to absentees after that.

I regret that all portions of Leicestershire are not in so united a state as the district of the Quorn. It is, at length, decided that Sir Richard Sutton is to hunt the Cottesmore country, and excellent a sportsman as it will thus gain, it loses one of the best features of fox-hunting—a neighbourhood hunted by a neighbour. What is to be the fate of the Pytchley hereafter appears very doubtful. Mr. Smith—Craven Smith—after hunting it for two seasons, I believe with very indifferent success, has been obliged to whip off from want of the *sinews*. They say he only killed eight and twenty brace of foxes in his

two years, which, considering his great talent for blood, was bad enough certainly. Although the Duke of Grafton's hounds have passed into the possession of Mr. Assheton Smith, his Grace's country will continue to be hunted by Lord Southampton, who has purchased the celebrated old Berkeley pack for that purpose.

I forgot to say, that the Pytchley country is given, by report, either to Lord Ducie or Lord Cardigan; but nothing definitive, I believe, has yet been decided in the matter. Will Derry, they say, has been showing good sport in what he calls his "slice of a country." After Northamptonshire, certes, the Hundred of Worrall is short of elbow-room; but it is an *uncommon* place for scent, and well stocked with foxes—two items that might reconcile a real lover of the sport to Finsbury-square.

They have been keeping things very snug in the vicinity of London; so much so, that I don't think I saw a regular puff of the Surry, the Puckeridge, or the Hertford, in a single paper during the season. Not that I mean to say, those hunts ever were in the habit of doing their own trumpeting; but, somehow, there used to be records of remarkable runs with them, that have not appeared lately. An enemy, indeed, of the Puckeridge published reflections on Mr. Parry's notions of fair play in the field, that I trust were ill-founded. Some recent innovations in woodcraft are bad enough; for instance, that which has plunged an English gentleman up to his ears in his boots, like a French postilion; but to introduce the plan of attaching a whipper-in to a fox's brush as it were, is only a remove from the cockney practice of catching sparrows by putting salt upon their tails. The following account of a few days with them, in the beginning of the year, I received from a friend, on whose fidelity, as a sporting character, I can rely.

"Monday, January 31st. The first day of the thaw, they met at the kennel, at one o'clock; found at Plashes, and had a very good hunting run of one hour and twenty minutes, killing their fox very handsomely in the open.

"Wednesday, February 2nd.—Met at Asenham; the first fox gave them fifty minutes' best pace, and a good kill at the end. The second fox, an hour and three quarters, over a very good country, with blood.

"Friday, 4th.—Met at Blakesware; found at Eamer Park; gave him two or three rattling turns through the woodlands, with a good scent, and lots of music; then finished by forcing him across the country, and killing him in good style in about twenty minutes. Drew on to Waddaws, where they found one of the right sort, which, after showing one of the best runs of the season, shared the fate of his predecessor.

"Saturday, 5th.—Met at Capons; found a leash of foxes; got away with one across the Throcking country, and ran into him at Broadfield, after a very fast half hour, in which Mr. Parry, on Columbine, particularly distinguished himself; in fact, he might almost be said to have had the best part of the run to himself. It ought, however, to be observed, that Simpson, who is rarely away from his hounds, got a hard fall at the commencement, and the pace was too rich to catch them. A regular "Artful Dodger" was then found at Friars, who gave them two hours in that difficult woodland country; there was, however, a good holding scent, and the quickness and perseverance of Simpson, and the patience

and steadiness of the hounds, were more than a match for him; his nose was added to the score. Thus ended a week scarcely equalled in the quality of the sport, and almost without precedent in point of success, as it seldom happens that a huntsman can boast of killing seven foxes in four days, all after runs across country."

The Duke of Beaufort has had noble sport, and so he ought, for he goes about it nobly. His stud consists of fifty-two first-class hunters; six for his own riding, and eight for that of his huntsman, Long. He is equally strong in the kennels, but—for there is always a but—not himself as strong as his friends, that is, all the world, would have him. His Grace had several ugly blows last season, besides that

"Some awkward fits of gout
Had knocked his hull about."

Still he goes like an English gentleman, as he is from top to toe, and may a long career of happiness be before him.

Lord Fitzhardinge has also had a brilliant season; 141 noses nailed to his kennel doors are tolerably eloquent in favour of "men, horses, dogs." His return of killed for the year was seventy brace and a half, I believe the greatest number on record as having been killed by any one pack in a single season.

After much diplomacy it is announced that the Cheshire have been accepted by John White, Esq., of Pack Hall, Derbyshire. The best days of the Cheshire were certainly those in which Sir Harry Mainwaring was at their head. Though no horseman, and not the best sportsman in the world (I mean no disrespect to the worthy baronet, but truth compels me to state my honest opinion), he contrived to show excellent sport, and preserve a general popularity. Will Head certainly was his great card, and an indefatigable servant he was. Many a dark and dismal evening have I been his companion, while he has crept after his fox through the weary wastes of Delamere Forest, and added his scalp to his trophies at last. About the hardest man I ever saw to beat over a hard country was Head, on his roan horse, afterwards purchased by Lord Wilton: at that time the stamp of horse, rode by the servants of the Cheshire Hunt, was as near perfection as possible. I believe Sir Harry was what is technically called "a good buyer,"—he certainly was a good possessor.

Talking of superior hunting studs naturally brings before me the style of horses with which General Wyndham takes the field in so rough a country as the woodlands of West Sussex. If there still be among the readers of this work any who hug the antediluvian idea that heavy steeds are required for heavy lands, let them go to Sladeland, and be for ever disabused of their folly. Almost without exception, the General's hunters are thorough-bred; and if ever a superlative for "dirtiest" should be devised, that is the term for the districts in which they are required to occupy their business. A scavenger's cart is a Turkey carpet in comparison with a Sussex lane about Christmas, and as the General's studs do not go upon velvet, neither, I regret to write it, does the sport of their liberal lord. As if a master of hounds had not, in the ordinary course of his engagements, quite enough to annoy him, in Sussex, politics, polemics, and personal prejudices are playing the fiend with the hopes of the chase. General Wyndham, in consequence of the most unwarrantable vexations to which he was

exposed, contemplated abandoning his country several times during the late season, and Mr. Lee Steere has actually thrown up his hounds. Let the neighbourhood of Petworth look to it, if they allow such a man as the General to slip between their fingers. It will be some time, I can assure them, before they will "look upon his like again."

When I spoke of the prospects and position of the chase in the vicinity of London, I said nothing about the royal hounds, because, a few months ago, I attempted a short account of their season's operations.

It gives me great pleasure to say that their entries this year are very full of promise, and that all the materials for the approaching campaign are of the right sort. The unbecoming spirit that some time since discovered itself among the farmers and small occupiers in the Harrow country, has taken a favourable turn, and there is said to be no danger of a relapse.

In Scotland, fox-hunting pursued the even tenor of its way, and closed a capital season with every prospect of a worthy successor: it is cheering to find that in the land of the mountain and the flood the sylvan craft is upheld as it should be. I had few opportunities of learning how fox-hunting fared generally in the soil of the shamrock. The only anecdote I was enabled to glean, having reference to the Irish chase, was, that, during the whole of the last season, Mr. Ferguson hunted Harkaway with the Kildare hounds, with a leg as thick as a lamp-post!

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

BETTINGS FOR JUNE.

☞ The state of the racing-market, during the past month, was infinitely worse than that for any other species of industrious traffic—bad as the times are. The subjoined quotations speak for themselves; they show the utter want of spirit that existed at Hyde Park Corner—"ex uno disce omnes."

On Monday the 6th there were a few questions asked about Ascot and Goodwood, but hardly a bet made. Attila had friends who would have taken 7 to 4 he won the Leger, but there were no layers. The only business done was—

ST. LEGER.			
Cabrera	10 to 1 agst. (tk.)	Meteor (taken and afterwards offered)	18 to 1 agst. —
<hr/>			
MONDAY, June 13.			
ST. LEGER.			
Scott's lot	6 to 5 on —	Cabrera	10 to 1 agst. —
Attila	2 to 1 agst. —	DERBY, 1843.	
		Offers to take 40 to 1 about A. British Yeoman.	

GOODWOOD STAKES.

15

MONDAY, June 20.

GOODWOOD CUP.

Bee's-wing.....	5 to 1	agst. —
Middleham	7 to 1	(tk.)
Nautilus	8 to 1	— —

GOODWOOD STAKES.

On the field	8 to 1	on —
Welfare	9 to 1	agst. (tk.)

Daddy Longlegs	15 to 1	agst. —
Viola	50 to 1	— —

OAKS, 1843.

Lord Westminster's Maria Day.....	8 to 1	agst. (off.)
Filly out of Flambeau's dam.....	25 to 1	— —
Filly out of Legend	25 to 1	— —

MONDAY, June 27.

NEWMARKET JULY STAKES.

Mr. Rogers's The Syrian (tk. and afterwards off.)	6 to 1	agst. —
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LIVERPOOL CUP.

Major Yarburgh's Heslington	6 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Mr. Watt's Forester	8 to 1	— —
Lord Chesterfield's Rhodanthe.....	12 to 1	(tk.)
Mr. Mostyn's Prince Caradoc	13 to 1	— —

GOODWOOD CUP.

Mr. Bell's The Squire ...	6 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing (no backers)	7 to 1	— —
Mr. Ramsay's Middleham (tk. and afterwards off.)	8 to 1	— —

Duke of Orleans' Nautilus (tk. and afterwards off.)	8 to 1	agst. —
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THE GOODWOOD STAKES.

Scott's two.....	7 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Lord Chesterfield's Knight of-the-Whistle (tk. and afterwards offered)	8 to 1	— —
Mr. Greville's Welfare ...	9 to 1	(tk.)
Mr. Treen's Una	13 to 1	(tk.)
Capt. Harcourt's Arnagill	15 to 1	(tk.)
Mr. Griffith's Tupley.....	18 to 1	(tk.)

ST. LEGER.

Colonel Anson's Attila ...	6 to 4	agst. (off.)
Mr. Ramsay's Cabrera (tk. and afterwards offered)	1000 to 50	— —

GOODWOOD STAKES.

ACCEPTANCES for the Goodwood Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; the winner of any class of the Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, or Tradesmen's Cup at the Liverpool July Meeting, to carry 5 lb. extra, of any two of those stakes, 7 lb. extra; the second horse to receive 50 sovs. from the stakes; three to remain in or no race; Cup Course; 151 subscribers.

	age	st.	lb.		age	st.	lb.
Hyllus	6	10	2	Belgrade	4	7	13
Satirist	4	9	2	Bellissima (h.-b.)	a	7	13
The Squire	4	9	0	Tubalcain	6	7	11
Van Amburgh	4	8	11	Zelmyra	5	7	9
The Corsair	6	8	9	Fieschi	a	7	7
Galaor	4	8	9	Arnagill	4	7	4
Cruiskeen	a	8	9	Bro. to Plenipotentiary	6	7	4
Fitzroy	5	8	9	Knight-of-the-Whistle	4	7	4
Bellona	a	8	9	Studley Royal	4	7	2
St. Lawrence	5	8	9	Stork	6	7	1
Alice Hawthorne	4	8	6	Rhodanthe	5	7	0
Muley Hamet	4	8	4	Seahorse	3	7	0
Welfare	5	8	4	Helpmate	6	6	13
Millepede	4	8	3	Una	4	6	11
Johnny	5	8	2	Bosphorus	6	6	11

STUDIES OF CELEBRATED JOCKEYS.

	age	st.	lb.		age	st.	lb.
Tupsley	5	6	11	Vakeel	3	6	4
The Pocket Viper	4	6	9	Lucy Banks	3	6	4
Bracelet	a	6	9	Daddy Longlegs	3	6	0
Pharold	3	6	9	Iole	3	5	11
B. c. by M. Moloch, d. by				Eboracum	3	5	11
Actæon	4	6	9	Albion	3	5	11
Arcanus	3	6	7	Sister to Alexandrina	3	5	4
Fidhawn	4	6	7	Proof Print	3	5	3
The Golden Rule	3	6	6	Haitoe	3	5	1
Brother to Garland	3	6	4	Norma	3	5	1

The following are the weights for the Goodwood Cup: they are of course subject to changes that may be occasioned by the running of the various nominations previous to the day.

	age	st.	lb.		age	st.	lb.
Lanercost	a	9	11	Bangtail gelding	4	7	8
Bee's-wing	a	9	8	Monœda	6	7	8
Charles XII.	6	9	9	Brother to Plenipotentiary	6	7	5
Wardan	5	9	9	Ch. g. by St. Nicholas, d.			
Mus	a	9	7	by Don Cossack, out of			
Sleight-of-hand	6	9	2	Marciana	6	7	5
Satirist	4	9	0	Albion	3	7	4
Confusionée	6	8	12	Canadian	3	7	4
St. Lawrence	5	9	2	Meteor	3	7	4
Galaor. f.	4	8	10	Eaglesfield	3	7	4
Van Amburgh	4	8	10	Seahorse	3	6	13
Prince Caradoc	4	8	10	Ballinkeele	3	6	13
Bulwark	6	8	10	Pharold	3	6	13
Tubalcain	6	8	9	Jack	3	6	13
Thistle Whipper	4	8	5	Nautilus	a	6	12
Mustapha Muley	4	8	5	Policy	3	6	10
The Squire	4	8	5	The Golden Rule	3	6	10
Fieschi	a	8	3	Belcœur	3	6	10
Middleham	4	8	3	Brother to Garland	3	6	10
Zelmyra	5	8	3	The Oneida Chief	3	6	10
Arnagill	4	8	2	The Yorkshire Lady	3	6	6
Muley Hamet	4	8	1	Fireaway	3	6	6
Galen	5	8	0	Filly by Touchstone, out of			
H. by Priam, out of Sea-mew	6	7	12	Adela	3	6	6
Marshal Soult	4	7	12	Moss Trooper	3	6	5
Attila	3	7	12	Martyr	3	6	3
Marius	4	7	8				

STUDIES OF CELEBRATED JOCKEYS.

THOMAS GOODISON AND WILLIAM ARNULL.

THESE studies were made by Mr. Marshall for his celebrated picture of the match between Filho and Sir Joshua. This race took place at Newmarket on the 15th of April, 1816, across the flat, for 1,000 guineas, when Mr. Neville's Sir Joshua, by Rubens, out of a sister to Haphazard, carrying 8 st. 2 lb., beat Mr. Houldsworth's Filho da Puta, by Haphazard, dam by Waxy, 8 st. 9 lb. Our sketch represents Arnulf and Goodison bringing up their horses to start, and "setting to" for the finish. There is an engraving extant of the race for which it was made—a clever production, and very characteristic. Copies of it may still be found in the collection of Messrs. Fores, of Piccadilly.



J.W. Cooke and Co.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD

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FRENCH HUNTING.—ROMAN AND MALTESE RACING.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

EACH country has its national sport: England her racing, steeple-chasing, hunting, coursing, shooting, fishing, and a few *et cetera* of fighting. Spain has her bull-fights—sanguinary, but noble spectacles, bequeathed by the Moors. In Russia the arena of sporting exhibitions is the frozen surface of the lakes and rivers, where splendid sledging and graceful skating are seen in their perfection. In Germany they waltz and sledge. In Africa they hunt the lion. In Bengal, the tiger. In Northern India, particularly at Cabool, according to Sir Alexander Burnes, horse-racing is a favourite amusement, and the horses for the purpose are generally trained for a fortnight or three weeks preceding; and they require this, for a race there is not a matter of one or two mile heats, but a continued run for twenty or thirty kos (forty or fifty miles) across the country, sometimes through morasses and rivers. The scene on those occasions is highly animated, as not only the racers (generally about twenty in number) set off, but the whole of the sporting assembly, perhaps 100 or 500, accompany them at least for the first three or four miles. A judge has been sent on in advance, and the competitors seldom return until the next day. The prizes are, certainly, worth some exertions; and in one case, when the donor was a man of good substance, they were as follow:—The first and most classical was a *young maiden* (generally a Haryarah, or Chitralli, both prized for their personal attractions); the second, fifty sheep; the third, a boy; the fourth, a horse; the fifth, a camel; the sixth, a cow; and the seventh, a water-melon, the winner of which becomes an object of ridicule and banter for the rest of the meeting.

In France they have now adopted our system of rearing and training horses, and have followed our racing regulations. The Duke of Orleans' establishment, both on the turf and in the field, is admirably managed. The Prince de Wagram, M. Henry Greffulhe, the Duke D'Aremberg, the Marquis de Vogne, and the Prince de Chalais, are inferior to none in science and spirit.

At the restoration, the hunting establishment of the royal family was considerably decreased. From the 1st of April until the end of July, "the chase" (as all sport in France is called) terminated, with the exception of the Princes dedicating their spare time to the destruction of fallow-deer, wild boars, and hinds. May and June having thus ran out, the first days of July were devoted to rabbit-shooting at St. Cloud, in which Monsieur and his son, the Duke D'Angoulême, took the greatest delight, and at which they were crack shots. But the sound of the horn was heard again, the hounds took their way gaily to Rambouillet, where already were assembled a numerous party of huntsmen, *piqueurs*, *valets de limier*, and *valets de chiens à cheval et à pied*.

These three months of rest for the "antlered monarch of the woods," were most scrupulously observed by all the royal family.

The stag and bloodhounds never crossed the threshold of their kennel except for exercise.

The present hunting establishment of his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans is that of a thorough sportsman; there is none of the "pomp and circumstance" of foreign royalty about it. Leaving Paris at half-past nine, one morning, by the Corbeil railway, accompanied alone by the Count de Cambis, and General Marbeau, *aide-de-camp* to the Duke of Orleans, their Highnesses the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, found themselves, at half-past eleven, at the rendezvous, or "meet," à la *Croix-du-Grand-Veneur*. There the Princes met a small field; Monsieur Ampère, Monsieur D'Este, and the Baron de la Rochette, being among the number. Understanding from Lombardin, the huntsman, that a stag of ten years old (*cerf dix cors*) was harboured in the wood *Des Seigneurs*, on the Orleans road, about two leagues from the rendezvous, they proceeded to the seat of action. The hounds were now laid on, and a favourite of the pack, Venus, was heard to challenge in the cover, and, in a moment after, a noble stag was seen to enter a small thicket of larch, crossing an open plain in the presence of the field. The welcome "tally-ho!" echoed through the woods, and away we went, men, hounds, and horses, at a tremendous pace, through a beautiful open country in the *Valley de la Sole*. The red coats now poured in on all sides, and were pressing too close to the hounds, who had hardly settled on their scent. "Hold hard, gentleman!" exclaimed a right good English sportsman: "give them room, and they will soon return you the compliment;" and so it turned out, for the deer put his head straight for the forest of Villefermoy, the best country the hunt has, with the river Seine to cross. The "ould" ones predicted a run and a clipper to boot. Passing the farm of Courbisson, we had a fine gallop over the plain of Sermaye. Here tailing was visible enough, and, in the words of the city article, "settling day was at hand," when suddenly the whole affair was at a stand-still. It was in vain the hounds were cast, circle after circle, and we were about to "give in," when a sporting farmer whispered to the huntsman that he had viewed the deer into a small wood. Without losing a moment, bidding him show the way, we followed closely on his horse's heels, and the secret was explained by his telling us that a sheep-dog had coursed the deer into the place he had mentioned.

After lifting the pack nearly two miles, we got on the line again, and, hammering our way on, found ourselves near the banks of the Seine. Here a fine sight presented itself, the deer taking the water, followed, at no very great distance, by his eager pursuers. They gain on him; at first he seems inclined to meet his enemies; then, not liking the odds of nearly forty to one against him, he—

"Collects his strength, and, with a sudden bound,
Quits the swift flood, and gains the solid ground."

"And there he goes for Villefermoy, fresh as ever," cried the Duke of Orleans, half mad with excitement. And now we must clap on, or we shall be behind ourselves. Down the Rabbit Mount, a short but steep declivity, full of holes, and covered with brushwood—up a rise of deep ground—then down the hill, on which there were several stumps of felled trees, to cross the river, with its deep and steep banks

closely studded with willows, we rushed; and then came a scene worthy of the pen of Boz and pencil of Cruikshank—the rush at the river. The royal Dukes and their staff got well over, while the rest were plunging and wading through it, looking like water-rats, and delivering themselves of sundry oaths and execrations at this *impracticable* river. No sooner had we crossed it, than “Tally-ho! he’s dead beat!” was echoed around; from scent to view was beautiful, and there the deer was to be seen, looking for water to plunge into. On the nearer approach of his pursuers, he again took a small cover, and, as if to show what blood can do, he came rushing through it, thickly matted as it was, with the pack at his heels, and flung himself amongst twenty horsemen. After insinuating his horns into one dog’s bowels, and nearly knocking one of the *piqueurs* off his horse, he was, with some danger, secured. The run was five hours and a quarter; and all, with the exception of one right good sportsman, who was trying a young horse, were well up throughout.

It was now seven o’clock, and the royal party found themselves more than six leagues from Fontainebleau, somewhat tired and hungry (both man and horse), for in every respect it had been a *fast* day. Riding up to a small farm-house, where they were less well treated than the great Henri IV. at the miller Michaud’s, they found nothing but stale rye bread, some eggs, and some sour cider. Nevertheless, this little rest was not the least amusing episode of the day. “A moment, gentlemen,” said the Duke of Orleans, in a serious tone, to his brother sportsmen, as they were about to attack their meagre fare;—“forbear, and eat no more,” as the love sick Orlando says; or, rather, before we begin our repast, let us see the state of our purses.” Each put their hands into their pockets, and, upon joining funds, found that their whole resources did not amount to a hundred francs. Thanks to the foresight of the Duke de Nemours, who, more rich than the rest, pulled out a purse of five napoleons. “Now, gentlemen,” said the prince, “we may set to work: we’ve enough to pay the bill; otherwise, I should have been obliged,” continued he, gaily, “to have drawn on the royal bank for funds wherewith to pay for this splendid luncheon.”

Horse-racing forms one of the principal amusements of the carnival at Rome. The humbler classes, perhaps, do not take so much delight in another pastime of that gay season. A Roman horse-race is, however, a very different thing from an English one. Instead of a contest, in which the skill of the horseman is as much to be admired as the speed, vigour, and courage of the noble animal he rides, the Roman course presents nothing but the horse which runs without any rider. It is not, however, left entirely to its own spirit of emulation: if it were, the sight would be more interesting, as it would show the natural character of the animal; but it is started by noise, and goaded on by contrivances as cruel as the spur of the jockey.

I remember, at Goodwood, a horse—one of Lord Exeter’s, I think—after having thrown its rider, continuing the race, actually collecting its strength, and, making a Robinson rush, winning on the post.

The barberi (barbs), when brought to the starting-post, are gaily ornamented in the front of the head and down the neck with gaudy ribands and plumes of peacock and other feathers. To a girth, which

goes round the body of each, are attached several loose straps, which have at their ends small balls of lead, from which issue sharp steel rowels; the motion imparted to these straps, by the animals running, keeps up a continual spurring. Small pieces of tin and stiff paper are also fastened to the horse's back, which keep up a rattling and rustling noise. The rearing, picking, pawing, and snorting they make, when brought to the post, may be easily conceived. A very strong rope, secured on each side, is drawn across the street of the Corso, and up to this each man brings his horse, holding him fast by the head. The Trasteverini, and many of the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Rome, are fine muscular men, and are employed to manage these fiery steeds. Though there are no riders, human life is often endangered. Sometimes the Pegasus masters his groom, and breaks away before the course (or rather Corso) is cleared, in which and in several other cases, serious accidents are almost sure to happen. When all is ready, a troop of dragoons set off from the extreme end of the Corso, and go at full gallop towards the starting-post, clearing the way; and woe to the luckless wight who comes within the reach of their swords: the soldiers then retire, and soon after the signal is given for the start, by an officer blowing a trumpet from a balcony erected near the spot where the race is to begin. At the sound of the trumpet, the rope across the street drops—the grooms let go their holds, and off start the horses like arrows from a bow. No false start, so fatal to our English sport, can occur. Away, and, by a meteor's strange contrariety, the harder they run, the more they are goaded. Some horses have been known to have been wise enough to stop, when the motion of the weighted rowels would cease; but few have showed that discretion is the better part of valour, for they generally run on at a mad career, occasionally showing spite by catching and biting at each other. The Mr. Lockwood, of Rome, is no less a personage than the governor, who stands at a window of his palace, at which building is the winning post, or, as the Romans call it, "*la ripresa de barberi*." A little beyond the goal, the street is shut in with a screen of strong canvass, through which the horses occasionally dash, though to their eyes it must look like a wall. The prize given to the owner of the winning horse is merely an ornamental flag—a trophy highly prized. During the first six days of the carnival, which at Rome is limited to eight, matches are run between barbs, mares, &c.; but, during the last two days, the classes all run together, and appear more like a charge of cavalry.

Some of the *Rosses*, though small, being mostly under fourteen hands high, are well formed, compact and spirited creatures, showing good blood; but, taking the Roman "high-mettled racers" generally, they are a sorry lot.

Though betting, which gives such a deep interest to our race-course, is by no means common, and, except for the honour of the thing, the prize contended for is of so little worth, nothing can exceed the excitement and eagerness of the Italians on these occasions. During the heats, the populace honour, with deafening "bravos," the horse that runs well, and hiss and groan those that lag behind in a manner that would do credit to a Dublin audience.

The Maltese have a curious mode of horse-racing. The horses

are, indeed, mounted, but they are not furnished with saddle or bridle; the jockeys sit on the bare back, and have no reins in their hands. Each is armed with a small pointed instrument, not unlike a cobbler's awl. These races are held, in the month of June, at Cetta Vechia, in the interior of the island. The horses are generally barbs, imported from the neighbouring coast of Africa—small, good-tempered, but awfully slow. With an animal of anything like the springy action and velocity of the English race-horse, it would be impossible to do without the bridle or stirrup; and nothing but the run being up hill would stop the Maltese flyers. It is a curious contrast to the Epsom and Newmarket doings—to the hand, seat, and judgment of a Robinson—the steadiness of a Day—the wonderful talent of Howlett—to see a naked legged, naked armed, slovenly set of fellows rolling about on their steeds like peas on a parchment, flourishing their awls, and bellowing out sounds as wild as the war-whoop of the Cherokee Indians. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the Maltese races certainly offer a novel and amusing scene; and the inhabitants talk of their turf with as much pride as we do of ours.

ASCOT HEATH RACES.

BY "CRAVEN."

"Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes."

HORAT. EPIST., Lib. xi. 2.

NINETEEN hundred years ago, the people of the pen were excellent of taste,—may they so continue for 19,000 years to come, having the means and appliances wherewith to indulge it. As Horace wrote and John Braham sang, they are wont to leave "the gay throng for the shade;" even thus did I, of these presents, on the 7th day of June last, what time I turned myself towards the classic shades of Windsor, quitting the gay throng for

"The painted populace who dwell in fields,
And lead ambrosial lives."

Beneath a sky, blue and brilliant as a sapphire, screened by a canopy of waving emeralds, I whiled away, in the alleys of the forest, the hours between breakfast and that appointed for the business of the day. In such a solitude one becomes (if it may be so said) the disposer of one's own opinions. In the world, every man is more or less influenced by conventional forms of sophistry. Alone with nature, he thinks and decides from the impulses of his heart. It was here, then, that, despite all I had previously written on the subject, I, perhaps for the first time, was in a condition fairly to weigh the events arising out of the recent Epsom meeting. "You might have employed yourself better," haply grumbles out some vinegar-visaged curmudgeon. "Don't

trouble your bile about another man's matter, Sir Knight of the colicky countenance."

"Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam."

With those who, during the last six or seven months, came to Tattersall's to win, and, failing in their object, did not remain to pay, I have done. It is a farce to affect to believe that liabilities incurred by betting round are regarded in the spirit of obligations of honour. No gentleman plays at whist, ecarte, or hazard, without an immediately available capital to the amount of the stake at issue. Does any one suppose that such is the case on the turf? Look at the persons of mark and station who this year made their £20,000 books; could *they* have paid, if losers, to those who won from them, save by the contingency of being paid sums whose receipt depended upon many and doubtful chances? Away, then (while this system is notoriously acted upon by those in authority), with the cry against such as bet beyond their means of payment. Could any one of the *great* book-makers have discharged the obligations which they *might* have been called on to meet? Not one of them, at the moment;—very few by the sale of all their worldly chattels. There have been heavy defalcations on the late Derby; could these have been averted? Among the most approved turf "systems" introduced, or at least become popular, during the last ten or a dozen years, is that of buying good favourites for great races,—of course to win with them. This phrase being, however, a comprehensive one, may mean either that the horse is to win or the owner, issues by no means identical. It is all very fine to talk about integrity, condition, situation in society, and the like, but so long as a pailful of water shall decide the question whether a gentleman who makes a £20,000 book shall dine with Crockford or Duke Humphrey, I shall retain my notion of the course he would adopt in hydraulics. Does anybody recollect the row there once was at Doncaster about Ludlow? Buyers have recently gone farther a-field, "and no questions asked." Until there shall be some radical reform effected in the principle and *principles* of horse-racing, all who choose to bet about it must adopt the plan recommended by the donkey when he began to dance among the chickens—they have no alternative. So much for the past; now for fresh fields.

Ascot races in 1842 began, continued, and ended in old-fashioned summer weather. How the temperature must have astonished the modern thermometers! As Parson Smith says, if people were not actually roasted, they were very considerably browned. Still, though it was warm work, and no mistake, they were not *done* there, which is more than can be said of other places that might be named. Tuesday, with its ultra good company and good sport, was a gala befitting the occasion of its celebration. Brilliant as the attendance was, however, I cannot but think, since grand stands and terraces have become so fashionable, that Ascot has lost one of its best features. The promenade on the course between the races, once as striking a scene as could be witnessed in Europe, now grows "small by degrees," and is all but annihilated. As usual, the Sovereign and the Court graced the first and third days of the meeting. Her Majesty entered the course at the usual hour, attended by the accustomed *cortège*, and was most

enthusiastically received. When the loud and universal greeting which followed the Queen's appearance at the windows of the royal stand had partially subsided, the first race of the day was run for. This was the Trial Plate, won by Satirist, with Robinson, in the yellow uniform, on him, beating a very middling field of six. The 200 sovs. Sweepstakes, three to go out of six nominations, Robinson on Auckland won from Firebrand and Puncher. Let people keep their eyes on this Auckland, there is a great deal of running in him. Unless I mistake the animal greatly, he is one that will improve as he goes on, even with his doubtful legs.

The Ascot Stakes, handicap, brought out eleven of the original fifty-one, for which the veteran Forth ran first and second with Vibration and Hyllus, beating everything else in the race to fits. Then came the Vase, a singularly beautiful racing trophy, mustering seven to contend for it, old Bee's-wing backed at even against the lot. As fine a race as ever was seen between the three placed, ended in St. Francis being first by a head, and The Nob winning the second place from the favourite by the same length. Misdeal won the St. James's Palace Stakes by two liberal lengths, beating Gunter, Jeremy Diddler, and Espartero: Sir Gilbert Heathcote's colt, by Glaucus, out of Cantatrice, the Two-year-old 50 sovs. Sweepstakes, beating Bother'em: the Duke of Bedford's Envoy, finely ridden by Robinson, the Ascot Derby, beating Sir Harry (3 to 1 on him) and Arkansas; and Espartero, for a 50 sovs. Sweepstakes, for three-year-olds, walked over, thus closing a capital day's racing.

Wednesday was "an exceeding pleasant style of day," as it was pronounced by a gentleman who was winding it up by transferring to his own coat a similar garment of paint from the rails of the human pen at the Slough station. It should be a "*mem.*" in racing people's tablets, that fresh paint and whitewash are things of course at all race meetings. The Royal Hotel, at the Slough *terminus*, is a place to which you *may* go—if you like it; the Railway Station is a place to which you *must* go—whether you like it or not. The arrangements are regulated by the social scale for such cases made and provided. For the Swinley, Iole walked over—the pace in which she is most likely to win. The Coronation Stakes produced a match between the Amima filly and Dilbar, the latter losing by half a length—it was only *half* a race. The Sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns, for three-year-olds, nine subscribers, brought four to the post: Auckland, backed at odds on him. It was a very honestly won race—the pace being made by Barrier, who led to the Grand Stand, where the favourite contrived just to get his nose in front. Thus they ran till almost on the post, when Robinson galvanized Barrier by a cut of his whip, and won by a head. The next event—a Plate of fifty sovereigns, for three-year-olds, and upwards, terminated in a *bonâ fide* dead heat between Mr. Wreford's Escape filly and Dromedary—the former winning the first heat cleverly. Seven others started. Her Majesty's Plate of 100 sovereigns, for three-year-olds, and upwards, had a field of three—Satirist, the favourite, at all sorts of odds on him, from 3 to 12 to 1. Ajax, who ran so well at Epsom, went off in front, with E. O. next, and the favourite last. Thus they came to the distance, Ajax holding his own handsomely, when Satirist made his effort, failed in getting up, and was

beaten nearly a length. The winner is the property of a farmer, who has trained him without any professional assistance. He is a race-horse all over, with good speed—rare game and temper—and legs like iron pillars. He will be a dangerous country customer.

The sun had scarcely risen (and when he did rise it was in earnest), ere signs and tokens of no ordinary preparation were to be seen in almost every quarter of London. Such an anniversary of the Cup day I never remember. The road, as early as nine o'clock, was like the noonday glut of Cheapside; and, long before the Heath confirmed the fact, there was evidence enough that Thursday was *the day, par excellence*. For one who travelled by Mac Adam, moreover, fifty went by rail; and the question seemed to be, "where will they contrive to pack themselves, when they reach their destination?" The Queen and her splendid *cortège* arrived soon after one, and her reception was, if possible, more enthusiastic than on Tuesday. Nothing could be more courteous, and full of feeling, than her Majesty's deportment;—but it struck me, that her manner, and that of her Royal Consort, were pensive, if not anxious. I imagined, too, that a greater degree of formality appeared to influence the intercourse of the Royal Party than mere courtly etiquette demanded; but I may have been mistaken.

As soon as the preliminaries of giving and receiving courtesies were adjusted, the first race on the list came off—the Windsor Castle Stakes, for three-year-old colts and fillies, which Lord Exeter's Amima filly won, after a bad race, from Misdeal. The Buckingham Palace Stakes, out of eleven subscribers, brought three to the post—(were all the others dead, or in *articulo mortis*?)—Gunter, in a canter, beating Flytrap and Albion! The Windsor Town Plate brought out half a score of tag-rag, the winner being Miss Heathcote: she was claimed for £100 by Lord George Bentinck, who, one would think, scarcely wanted any more of her sort. This affair, like a discord in music, preluded the great event of the meeting—the Cup. Such slight speculation as the interval since Epsom had given existence to, was centred in it; and though it was, in my recorded opinion, neither wisely nor well done—still there was excitement in it, and that was better than nothing. The field had dwindled down to Lanercost, Bee's-wing, St. Francis, The Nob, and Eringo—but they were probably the best five, for such a race, that England could have contributed. It was, indeed, a sight of extraordinary interest—the saddling and approach to the post of these noble creatures. In point of condition, there was not a jot to choose between them—all were bright as load-stars, and "full of promise as the spring of prime." At the last moment they laid 6 to 5 on Lanercost—7 to 2 against St. Francis—9 to 2 against The Nob—7 to 1 against Bee's-wing—and 20 to 1 against Eringo: a sad state of the market for the bettors round.

As soon as they had settled on their legs, Bee's-wing (who might very conveniently be ridden in a curb, to my thinking) ran away with Cartwright, and thereby upset the tactics of Eringo's jockey, whose game it was to cut out the work. Thus they passed the stand—Bee's-wing first, then Eringo, Lanercost, The Nob, and last, St. Francis. I did not think the speed good; neither did it seem to mend much as they dipped the Swinley Post hill. In these places they continued to the turn into the straight ground, where The Nob ran up, and lay second,

hanging on the old mare's quarter. At the stand, both he and St. Francis challenged as with one will, but made their efforts without effect; Bee's-wing beating The Nob by half a length, and St. Francis, for third place, who was not much more than a length from The Nob. Eringo was three or four lengths behind the third, and Lanercost last—beaten off. As I anticipated, in my notice of this race in the "Morning Herald" of the 9th ult., his legs did not stand the severity of the ground, and he pulled up lame of his suspicious foot. It was a fine race, and served as an appropriate climax to the sport selected for the royal eye. Immediately on its conclusion, the Queen and her *cortège* left the Heath.

A Sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, for three-year-olds, again brought out Auckland against a lot of three, whom he beat in a canter. He certainly likes running on; and, should he stand, he will be far from a bad one in the Leger field. For a Sweepstakes of 30 sovereigns, after a dead heat with Mr. Ford's Spiteful, Jamal was victorious. In the conquering heat Nat rode; in the first, Mr. Coleman himself, who did not set-to till after he had passed the post. The knowledge of the exact position of the winning-chair is most essential for a rider. How often is a jockey looking out *where* he is to finish, when the question is *how*? The Grand Stand Plate—a little Derby field of eleven, was a slashing race, won by Argos by a neck, Monops and Rosalind running a dead heat for second. The whole lot might have been covered with a sheet. For the Coburg Stakes, Barrier walked over, and thus terminated a day well suited to the distinguished occasion of which it was the anniversary.

Friday, another gorgeous morning, sent forth many a pleasure-seeking party to Ascot that shunned the crowd and turmoil of the Cup day. The attendance was very good, and the sport was of the same character. It opened with the first class of the Wokingham Stakes, for which fourteen started. The winner was Monops, who received 3 lbs. from Johnny, second—nothing being near these two. As the whole lot was backed, it was a very pretty plaything for the bettors round. A Sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each, with 50 added, was won by Valkeel, beating Iole, Lasso, Rover, and Solomon, in a canter. This is the colt, by Plenipo, out of Acacia, bought by Mr. F. Clarke, at Newmarket. He was claimed by Sir W. M. Stanley for £500. For the second class of the Wokingham, thirteen showed—the winner almost the only one of the lot not named in the ring. This was Lord Stradbroke's Jeremy Diddler, whose pipes were probably more clear than ordinary, for he made all the running, and won in a canter by three lengths. As every horse in this race but Diddler was backed, here again was a nice thing for the industrious. The Members' £50 was won by St. Jean D'Acre, beating five others in a canter, and claimed by Lord G. Bentinck. The Selling Stakes by Rochester, beating half-a-dozen. The Dinner Produce Stakes was walked over for by Gunter—and so ended the most brilliant meeting, in every sense of the term, ever held upon Ascot Heath.

GROUSE SHOOTING.

FROM "THE MODERN SHOOTER."

BY CAPTAIN LACY.

" Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
 And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
 The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
 Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
 And life, which bloated ease can never hope to share."—BYRON.

THE Editor does not think it necessary to offer any excuse for transferring to the pages of the SPORTING REVIEW the following chapter. In the first place, it relates to a sport for which preparation should be made at least as soon as the present number shall see the light. In the second, it may be the means of inducing many who read it, to place within their libraries the volume whence it is taken, and to accord to him their gratitude for so early an introduction to this valuable work; and, finally, he believes that its appearance in this periodical will not be displeasing to the author, of whose talents, as a thorough practical sportsman, he has the highest opinion.

In the general estimation of British sportsmen, if the pursuit of the grouse be not deemed the very fox-hunting of shooting, it indisputably occupies a very high place, and most deservedly so; for, whether we consider the extreme beauty, elegance, and gameness of this truly British bird itself,* its deep rich plumage, so charmingly in harmony with the lovely heather it dwells among, whose tender tops it crops for support, and under whose friendly fringed shade it cowers for protection; or whether we turn to its native haunts, whose dreariness it enlivens and ennobles—the isolated majestic heights in some of the most romantic parts of our highly-favoured isle—we are alike induced to regard it with esteem and admiration. Besides, grouse-shooting is not only the most laborious of all shooting, but is a science in itself.

The moors are always difficult to traverse, even where they are not boggy, or very steep. Nothing fags a man sooner in walking, than a constant uneven bearing of his feet, and he seldom has any other when treading high ling, whose stems, moreover, when very wet, or very dry, are always slippery; hence the advantage of nails in your shoes, or boots, particularly if those nails be genuine steel sparables. A thin coating of soft soap, applied outside your stocking feet, particularly at the heels and balls of your great toes, renders travelling on the moors, or anywhere else, much less irksome, especially in dry, sultry weather.

It is universally admitted that grouse are becoming generally more scarce every year in the northern counties of England, where, formerly, they were wont to abound. This may be attributed to various causes, among which the following are some of the principal:—the increased

* "The red grouse is exclusively confined to the British Islands, and has never been found on any part of the continent."—*Naturalist's Library*, vol. iv. p. 145.

facility of reaching the moors, and of forwarding game thence, afforded by steamers and railroad conveyance; the improvements in guns and shooting; the increased daring maraudings of those wholesale annihilators—the poachers in the mining districts, who, at early dawn, kill numbers of the birds by calling, and then, during the day, proceeding in large bodies, march in line, a gun-shot apart from each other, scouring the whole country, and destroying all before them, some days* previous to, and often after, the twelfth; the multiplication of stone walls, as fences, which, in various ways, aids the poacher, especially in calling during that most killing of all times—a misty morning in October—for every moor-side fellow calls, now-a-days, and prides himself upon his vocal, or, rather, his guttural powers—his “crawling” as “crouselly” as the “cootie muircocks;” the increased numbers, skill, and daring of poachers in general—together with their new modes of taking grouse, especially that of the * * *; the increased number of sheep kept on the moors, which disturb the old birds, and tread on their eggs; and the consequent increased number of shepherd’s dogs, also, many of which chop the *cheepers* with surprising, and, it is sometimes to be feared, owner-profiting dexterity; nay, even the bare-breasted old hen herself—ah! wilful murder!—is now and then colley-chopped on her very nest; the increased number of licensed shooters, and of unlicensed dog-breakers; the “carting” † and the “driving” systems; the raking the birds in the stubbles, during severe weather, and as they sit in rows on the walls, drying their beautiful feathers; the increased annual burning of the heather, or, as it is called in Scotland, moor-burn—which, whilst it certainly promotes the growth of the young and tender heather-tops, eaten with such avidity both by the sheep and birds, alarms the latter, prevents laying, destroys eggs, and even the birds themselves, when sitting hard; and a grouse rarely, if ever, lays more than ten eggs, more frequently seven, and not seldom only five. Add to these, the facts that, in February and the early parts of March, many braces of grouse are shot to order by poachers, as they are then in best feather for stuffing; and that no game is more poached out of season, particularly during the first three months of the year, than grouse.

The vigilance of keepers and watchers over grouse moors ought to be incessant, though it is often most relaxed when the most demanded.

If a shooter do not possess moors of his own—and but few do—there are four ways of getting grouse-shooting; namely, by obtaining permission to shoot on reputed good moors; by renting a moor in England at one’s own exclusive cost, or in conjunction with others; taking a ten-pound ticket in a subscription moor, as at Bowes in Westmoreland, or Bradfield in Yorkshire—all of which I have myself done in my day—and, lastly, “hiring a hill” to one’s own cheek, or joining a party to take a vast tract of shooting ground in Scotland.

* Some years ago, on the 11th of August, an accomplished artist favoured me with a peep at sixty brace of moor game, very tastefully disposed in detached braces, and very judiciously placed in a dark, cool room, in the very centre of the good town of Bowes. I was then told that “those were what were left, and that not a brace of them would be there by to-morrow’s evening.”

† The “carting” is worse even than the “calling” system, as so many hens are thus killed. Sometimes a pack is composed exclusively of hens, whilst at others the whole are cocks.

there be a brood, you must fire, as the birds are meeting you, with the first barrel, and immediately afterwards take a cross shot, keeping your gun to the shoulder all the time ; by this means you bag a brace instead of one. It is not easy—indeed, very much the reverse ; but “for a’ that” I have frequently seen it done. This sort of shooting may be compared to “flight shooting” at wild fowl ; indeed, it is flight shooting, though neither sporting nor sportsmanlike.

On approaching a wall, be ready with your gun, for it often happens that birds, and especially a single bird, will rise pretty close to it on one side or the other ; it is best, therefore, to let your attendant get over before you, as the noise he makes will raise the birds, if any be near.

Always keep a sharp look-out on subscription moors, when many shooters besides yourself are on the ground, for the packs being soon completely broken, the birds keep dropping by odd ones, and often in those spots which would be deservedly passed as unlikely at other times, when the ground was in an undisturbed state. In some instances these single birds will “lie like stones ;” in others, they are particularly wild. But, in fact, you must ever be on your guard, as a bird may now rise anywhere at any time.

It often happens that there are small detached enclosures of ling (sometimes a quarter of a mile or more distant) at the sides and extremities of large moors, whither birds on such platooning occasions are wont to fly, and as they generally lie very well in such places, and are seldom molested by other shooters, two or three brace may occasionally be picked up in pretty quick time. These, also, are the last spots the shooter should contrive to pay a visit to on his way home in the evening, as they are often favourite places of resort, and the birds, being then a little on the feed, are less wary, and are both slower in rising and in flying away.

In regard to dogs for the moors, as “a very little wet,” as Mr. Lascelles justly remarks, “causes grouse to become wild and unassailable, and the chance of pursuing them to any advantage very uncertain,” it is absolutely improper to hunt more than one dog whilst the heather is in a wet state ; but when it is dry, and a few hours’ morning sun in August will effect that, then two or three dogs may be run together with advantage, as in high ling the dispersed birds, on a subscription moor, having been so much harassed, will generally lie to be almost trodden on, and, if there be but little or no wind, a dog must come close upon a bird before he can find it, and even then will often spring it.

All dogs for grouse-shooting should, at all times, be particularly steady ; not a syllable should be required to be spoken to them ; but all done by hand work, unless the whistle be occasionally used as a signal for them to turn, grouse being the most sensitive and the soonest disturbed of all game.

On subscription moors, grouse-shooters should always range singly, with a silent, intelligent, sharp-sighted follower in attendance, who, at the least, knows the nature of such shooting, and if he be acquainted with that particular locality so much the better ; and both should be on the ground not later than half-past four o’clock, unless there be a rule absolute against firing a gun before eight o’clock in the morning ;

when, as clocks *will* vary a little in the country, some few "random and distant guns" will be heard about ten minutes before the appointed hour.

A true sportsman never shoots at any but well-grown birds. But worse even than the habit of shooting birds of immature growth, is that of shooting the old ones; for if the brood consist of *cheepers* they perish outright, and if of birds of somewhat larger growth, this loss of their natural protectors renders them not only far more open to future danger, but is extremely injurious to them in every other way. And here it may be remarked that the usual weight of an old grouse may be twenty-two or twenty-three ounces; but I knew one instance, in Yorkshire, where a cock grouse weighed twenty-eight ounces, and an old cock grouse, which I shot and sent into Yorkshire from the lowlands of Scotland, weighed twenty-nine ounces; nearly a wine glass full of small, white, sparry stones were taken from its crop. I have heard of a grouse weighing as much as thirty ounces.

Grouse roost on the ground, and, about daybreak, leave their russet couch, and begin to call; soon after which they run or fly to their open feeding grounds, where they are chiefly to be found before eleven o'clock in the morning. These are, for the most part, those patches of young, green ling, of two years' growth from the burning, and where the stalk is sufficiently high to conceal the birds. To ground of this kind it is that the poachers resort; the heather there being even at the top, and the stalks not having yet become stubborn from age, yield to the net. On this account, on some moors in the north, these plots of feeding-ground are stubbed as regularly, and with as much care, as the grass enclosures are for the protection of partridges. About noon the grouse go to water, and then, retiring to the sunny side of some brow, or into hollows sheltered by hillocks, or masses of rock, under cover of the tallest heather, trim their feathers, bask, or sleep, "in all the delight of imagined security." Though the scenting at mid-day is notoriously bad, yet you may, now and then, in such situations, stumble suddenly upon them, and catch them napping, when they will often rise in confusion, separate in different directions, and afterwards afford you good single shots. On these occasions you should hunt closely and slowly, and give your dogs the benefit of the wind.

Like other game, grouse have their favourite haunts, according to the kind of locality they are in, the time of the day, the state of the season and the weather, &c.; and, as these vary, it follows that, universally, a thorough previous knowledge of the ground to be shot over gives one shooter, at all times, an extraordinary advantage over another who is wholly ignorant in this respect.

From the unvaried sameness and frequently apparent interminability of moorland districts, as well as from the similarity of their shades of colour to the plumage of the birds themselves, grouse especially, in certain states of the atmosphere, are much more difficult to mark down than partridges. Generally speaking, the nearer a man's eye is to the ground the farther he will mark grouse, just as a man, when sitting or lying down in a canoe, will mark wild-fowl farther than one who stands erect. Always follow the course of the birds carefully with your eye, and, immediately on losing sight of them, stare well

forwards, in a lineal direction with the spot where you were last able to distinguish them, when you will often be agreeably surprised (just when about to say farewell) to catch a sudden sight of them again, in the act of flapping their wings to alight, as they are then not only stationary in the air for the moment, but often turn, and are thus rendered the larger and more conspicuous.

Whenever you loose sight of a covey, just as they are whipping over the summit of a hill, keep your eye on the hindermost, or tail birds, because if the leaders turn, after they have topped the hill, the rest are sure to follow, and thus you will know the line of direction the whole have taken. Grouse have longer wings, and, being stronger birds, usually fly farther and with much more rapidity than partridges.

If the birds divide and take different courses, your attendant marks one division, and you the other, and when one is out of sight, you both endeavour to mark the remaining one. The hand placed edgewise above the eyebrows—or both hands (where both are at liberty) placed winker fashion—by concentrating the view, and shading your eyes from the wind, are considerable aids in marking.

A telescope, with a large field of view, and which draws out but once, when in expert hands, will often be found far superior to the naked eye in marking grouse; of course, it should always be carried by a friend, or your follower, regulated to the proper focus, say—as the best distance—for three-quarters of a mile; it will be thus at all times ready to be applied to the eye in a moment. Were any one disposed to shoot for a wager, on a moor not very numerously stocked with game, I should be inclined to back, against any other plan, good markers, in heather-coloured caps, placed in *flight shooting-boxes*, sunk on the loftiest heights. The markers, of course, to be duly posted before the beating commences. Each marker might have two flags—one a red, and the other a black one—as distant signals.

As regards the best mode of ranging on the moors, it is an invariable rule, with many, to select a particular tract of ground, often lengthwise of a sloping ridge, or the steep side of a mountain, under the wind, and within gun-shot of the summit, and to beat *that* backwards and forwards, from end to end, all day long. This may be a very good plan where the plots of ling are generally luxuriant, and when there is a platooning carrying on in different parts of the moor; but at other periods, to my fancy at least, there is a sameness and a dull monotony in it but ill comporting with that wild and romantic scenery, and those boundless prospects which the moors usually present to the eye, and seem to woo the contemplative man to partake of and to enjoy. A little departure “in bold disorder” from rigid or formal rules—a little roaming on the moors—add zest to the sport, albeit, at times, the bag may be somewhat the lighter for it. That man who, enjoying the cool elasticity of the mountain breeze, and walking on a carpet of purple heather, is yet withal bent on slaughter only, may be a good shot, but he is a tasteless sportsman.

When you commence ranging a grouse mountain, always take the leeward side of the hill, and give your dogs the wind; such I believe to be the usual plan with experienced sportsmen. Nevertheless, I frequently range down wind for grouse, and invariably so in boisterous weather, for then the birds often lie closer, and keep their heads down,

and, therefore, can neither see nor hear you so well; you also have a much more distinct sight of them, with the wind at your back, than when it is blowing a moorland blast full in your face and eyes.

Many sportsmen never think of going on the moors after August, or September at the latest; whereas, if the birds have had a tolerable respite, as frequently is the case, they are much more easily found by the dogs in October, than during dry, sultry weather; will often lie as well on a fine day, especially one succeeding a black frost; and in point of size, fulness, and beauty of plumage, and excellence of flavour, are incomparably superior to the birds of earlier date. Besides, all game are now well afoot, and occasionally seek the seclusion of the mountain dell, and the friendly shelter of the heather; green and golden plover, too, are also plentiful now on some moors, the latter deservedly in high estimation as a dainty; duck and teal, too, at times, are no strangers to moorland districts, which now and then supply the ornithologist, also, with "fine specimens" of rare birds (not game).

Towards the end of October, it is very well known that grouse, especially when much disturbed, become so wild and wary, that, to pursue them with any chance of success, the shooter must have recourse to stratagem of some sort. Most of these ingenious contrivances—such as circumventing and heading them—are but too well known; and some of them bear a close relationship to the occult science. The cut at the close of this article exhibits a somewhat novel mode of obtaining elevation when a wall is otherwise too high to allow the shooter, when properly concealed, to fire over it. "A good stout-barreled gun, that carries a large charge, and one steady old dog, will be the most effective." So says Lascelles, with whom I perfectly concur, being confident that, take one time with another, a stout, single-barreled gun, with a large bore, is infinitely preferable, at this late period of the season, to any double whatever, except on very strictly preserved moors, where the birds are comparatively tame; and if the shooter renew the sport after an early dinner, I should, for the afternoon, strenuously recommend a single, a pound or two lighter than the one used in the morning; partly because he will be by so much the worse than he was at first starting, and partly because the birds are always tamer as evening approaches. On these occasions, loose shot should never be thought of. Eley's cartridges must invariably be the order of the day, containing shot never smaller than No. 3, nor larger than B. I generally prefer the latter to any other size for this sort of shooting. Many sportsmen use No. 6 at the early part of the season; but, in my opinion, grouse should never be fired at with shot less than No. 5, either when loose, or in Eley's cartridge. A light gun is of but little use in grouse-shooting.

You have your attendant either three or four yards, or at a considerable distance behind you, as may be. A single knowing dog, accustomed to the moors, for the morning, and another, of a similar stamp, for the afternoon, are now sufficient; the man leading one of them, clothed in a brown coloured sheet, or stripping him and letting him loose at your signal. If the dog be up to the trick of heading the birds, it will sometimes be found advantageous.

Unless you chance to come upon a reposing covey, huddled together in the middle of the day, nearly all your shots now will be snap

shots. You must, generally, walk rather slowly, and have your gun full cocked, and in readiness to whip up to the shoulder as quick as thought. During the morning, the birds usually rise very wildly, especially if in packs; on these occasions never shoot at random, for it is neither sportsmanlike nor good policy. Small broods and single birds afford the best shots. Being now very strong on the wing, and their flight rapid, you must be extremely vigilant, and keep your eye well forward, as they rise at long distances, often in silence, and frequently steal away, barely clearing the top of the heather, so that, before you have fairly caught sight of them, they have flown at the least ten yards. Rise as they may, however, so long as they be within shot, take them quick, and shoot high enough, and, if a cross shot, forward enough as well; but, above all things, I repeat, fire quickly; for the error of an inch or two in aim is of far less consequence here than half a second's delay, as it frequently happens now, that a bird which rises within shot, is out of shot by the time he has flown five yards. In fact, none but a real good and quick shot has any business to follow this kind of shooting.

Grouse should always be closely watched on being fired at, as they are so apt to fly long distances after having been mortally wounded. At no time, perhaps, and certainly not under peculiar states of atmosphere, can you so clearly distinguish the momentary flinching (on being struck) of a grouse as of a partridge. Again and again have I seen a grouse to all appearance untouched, after having been fired at, fly as far as the eye could carry one, though at no time a yard from the ground, and then suddenly drop; but, when picked up, the florid beak has told, alas! of recent death—the cause, a single blue pill. Perhaps the best way to destroy a wounded grouse, is to press the thumb upon the higher part of the back, until you feel the separation of the vertebræ.

The grand time for making sure of grouse, at this late season of the year, is towards evening, when, as has been already remarked, birds being on the feed are less wary, and are both slower in rising and in flying off than during the day. Small, detached, walled enclosures of ling; low, steep hills, well clothed with heather; and such parts of a moor as abound in concavities, with fragments of rock and overhanging banks here and there, are the places for getting shots, as you may sometimes come upon the birds unawares. I would seldom use a dog now, except to recover a wounded bird: let, therefore, him and the follower keep aloof. You will find your account in having your own private marks as guides to the nearest points of approach to the birds. If, on being compelled to show yourself, you expect them to rise at some distance from you, proceed stooping, and with stealthy caution, and put your gun to your shoulder before you rise; but if you look for them springing just under you, as from the side or foot of a hillock, then, having silently advanced to the top of it, introduce yourself suddenly to their notice, or pop upon them, when they will be more likely to rise perpendicularly, like mallards or pheasants, than to skim away, and, consequently, to present a nearer and a fairer shot; and if they be too near for a cartridge, which will rarely happen, you have only to give them a little time before you fire, and very little will be found sufficient, as they make very good use of it.

From the very nature of the moors, their boundaries cannot be so palpably defined as those of cultivated districts; it behoves the shooter, therefore, to be particular in ascertaining the prescribed limits of his range, as in the event of trespassing he may not always come off so well as did a relation of mine, whose Christian name is Tom. Early one twelfth morn, this worthy gent., who is remarkable for the large size and protuberance of his visual organs, made one of a shooting party on a friend's moors; but, having a natural taste for rambling, being an ardent admirer of the picturesque, and a little addicted to absenteeism withal, had not paid the attention he might have done to the boundary posts, and accordingly became a trespasser upon an adjoining and very strictly preserved moor. Here he met with capital sport, that is to say, got many shots in quick succession; for he is the very worst shot I ever saw, excepting none; when shortly afterwards up came a watcher, who lost no time in requesting his name, and in giving him to understand that "he must immediately inform of him as a wilful trespasser, he being then upon Mr. * * * 's Liberty." "It's a liberty I've taken," said Tom, gravely, inflicting his goggles the while upon the fellow. "O! indeed, sur," replied the astonished and unconscious guardian of the preserves, doffing his catskin, and making his most submissive bow, "I humbly begs your pardon, sur, but I really did not know, as how, that you was the gentleman as had taken this here Liberty, but you'll find plenty of burds, sur, on that there broo side, sur."



THOUGHTS ON RACING STOCK.

BY CHIRON.

IN breeding for the turf, three main considerations are requisite; namely, Shape; Soundness, both as regards constitution and freedom from actual disease; and Pedigree, under which head may be included the performances, not only of sire and dam, but likewise of their progenitors. These last should likewise be known, if possible, to have possessed all those good qualities for which a brood-mare and stallion should be selected; as defects which do not make their appearance in the first generation, may, nevertheless, become manifest in the second or third, and thus defeat the object of the breeder. It is not my intention to enter at length into the consideration of all these subjects, inasmuch as the majority of my readers, no doubt, have, at various periods, been sated with disquisitions on the diseases of the horse. Accordingly, I content myself simply with glancing at those imperfections, for a more elaborate detail of which I refer such as are curious in these matters to those works on veterinary science of which so many of acknowledged excellence are extant.

The proper shape of the racer is, however, a matter of too great importance to be passed over heedlessly; and I venture to dilate somewhat upon this portion of my subject the more readily, because, first, I am not cognizant of any veterinary treatise which contains a proper examination of this matter; and, secondly, that much diversity of opinion exists respecting it.

In choosing a brood-mare, see that she possess, if possible, all, or, at any rate, most of the following qualifications for the object she is intended to fulfil. Let her head be broad between the eyes, which denotes the possession of a large mass of nervous matter within the cranium, giving energy to the system generally, and, consequently, in all probability, a power and a will to struggle through difficulty, and to run honestly. Anatomists will tell you that the nerves of motion, arising only from a portion of the cerebral mass, and the remainder being devoted to other purposes, it is of no consequence that the quantity of brain be large in an animal from which we do not look for intellectual properties—if such an expression may be used—and require only physical power. But the truth is, that we are totally ignorant of the original formation of the nerves; and it is but fair to conclude, that the greater the amount of cerebral matter in an animal, the more perfect will be its nervous energy. True, in man we very frequently observe that the greatest intellect is not always accompanied by the most perfect physical organization. But are the cases similar? The quantity of intellect bestowed upon a human being, at birth, may be great; but it is subsequently either largely developed, by assiduous application to studies of various kinds, which, of themselves, if carried to excess, are prejudicial to any considerable evolution of muscular power, or the latter by exercise obtains the pre-eminence; and that portion of the brain which, if cultivated, would have made its possessor a learned

man, becomes, in process of time, less disproportioned to that which is termed the animal portion in the person whom chance has placed in a station of life calculated to call forth his corporeal, more than his mental faculties. In the brute creation, nature has probably shown, in most instances, a bias towards perfecting physical organization; and, therefore, I repeat, breed when you can from animals that have a large share of brain, and not from such as are defective in that portion of the animal economy.

While, however, I recommend, *generally*, such stallions and mares as have a good share of brain, I am far from insisting that all big-headed horses must, in all likelihood, be of a good sort. I have been grievously misunderstood if I am supposed to entertain any such idea. I am partial to a good, wide forehead, and care not, indeed, except for the sake of appearance, if it bow a *little* outwards, but below the eyes the head should gradually become finer towards the nostril, which should be capable of considerable dilatation when required by exercise. The jaws should be flattish laterally, and well separated from each other, so as to admit the upper part of the windpipe freely between them, and the space not so occupied should be unencumbered by fat or glandular swellings. The under part of the throat should gradually merge into the space between the jaws by a gentle curve, thus affording free ingress and egress to the air. The eye should be full, clear, and sprightly, which is a symptom of courage and vivacity; if much of the white portion be generally visible—more especially in the light chestnut and light grey—it will frequently be found to be an indication of vice. The ear should be long, thin, tapering, and pointed forwards, elastic when handled, and endowed with a sharp motion backwards and forwards, betokening, in some measure, quick sensibility, fire, and spirit. The neck, carried well above the withers, should rise gradually with a gentle curve, and be in just proportion to the body, neither long nor short, free from glandular enlargements, or even grossness, especially where it approaches the jaws; firm in the crest, if the mare be in good condition, and well developed in that portion which gives passage to the trachea, or windpipe. Many mares have necks like stallions, and this formation, although, perhaps, not absolutely desirable, is far preferable to the long and thin neck, which is usually accompanied by a weedy carcass, limbs long between the joints, and a narrow forehead; where this is not the case, which is rare, it evinces, at all events, a disposition to weakness of the respiratory organs. I have many times remarked, also, that mares and horses, even if well formed, that have a long, silky mane, which may be pulled out with very little difficulty, are not unfrequently of weak and delicate constitutions, unable to endure great fatigue, and though, perhaps, fast for a short distance, and full of fire and life, are incapable of long-continued exertion. I throw out this hint because I have never yet seen the peculiarity referred to noticed by any one; and, if true, it demonstrates on what trifling bases a correct opinion of a horse's constitution may be formed, and how minute should be the scrutiny of those who purchase stallions or mares for the purpose of procreating a healthy and a hardy progeny.

The forehead of the mare should be roomy, so as to allow of plenty of space for the free play of the lungs and heart, and the girth

of the body, behind the shoulders, considerable. The loins should be broad and somewhat arched, which form should, however, not be caused by a hollowness behind the withers, which, of itself, is a great fault. The shoulders should slope well backwards towards the withers; indeed, they can scarcely be too oblique, unless their slanting position beget very high action, which is undesirable in the racer, inasmuch as it diminishes the length of stride in galloping. Mares are seldom so well ribbed-up in the carcass as horses, nor, indeed, is it absolutely necessary that they should be so for the purposes of breeding, but rather the reverse, as room and extensibility are required for the enlargement of the uterus during the progress of gestation; moreover, trussy, close-built mares are seldom fleet—although the same remark does not invariably hold good with respect to horses—and we must remember that the natural difference of form in the sexes generally displays more of what may approximate to the term *gaunt* in a mare than in a horse: a brood mare, however, should never be flat-sided.

It is essentially necessary that the hind quarters of both stallion and mare show a considerable degree of strength, and for this purpose the hips should be wide, the thighs long, the muscles laterally prominent and extremely well developed, and, at the same time, clean and wiry down to the hock; the quarters should be wide posteriorly, if not round, which latter form some trainers object to, and call *rabbit-rumped*; if, however, they dislike width of quarter, they do not show any great degree of discrimination, however much they may be opposed to roundness, which, in most parts of the body, is produced by the deposition of fat, by which the beauty of the form is preserved. Above the insertion of the hips let there be no transverse depression of the back, as this is, in every case, a token of great weakness of the hinder parts.

Both horses and mares should always be what is called “well let down in the hocks,” an expression that many people use without understanding its real meaning, which is, that the point, or cap, of the hock should extend considerably downwards, until it be, at least, perpendicular to the lower part of the leg. Where this is not the case, and the whole of the hock slopes gradually downwards and backwards, the action of the hind legs is seldom strengthly, and frequently contracted. Below the hock to the fetlock, and below the knee to the pastern, the legs should be short, clean, wiry, and flattish, which latter appearance should depend more upon the position of the back sinews and ligaments, and the space between them and the bone, than upon the formation of the bone itself. Large, starting muscles should cover the leg from the shoulder to the knee, gradually diminishing from above downwards, and having that well-marked and whipcord-like appearance which denotes the possession of power to a remarkable degree. The knees, pasterns, hocks, and fetlocks, should be large; a small-jointed horse is ever a weak one, as the ligamentous expansions which cover those parts, and the sinews which play over, or are inserted into them, or the parts in their immediate vicinity, should be of considerable size, if proportioned to the muscles of the limbs of large horses. Below the knees and hocks, the bone should be of considerable circumference, and at the back and lower part of the former there should be no contrac-

tion, otherwise the sinews of the leg will be crippled in their motions. The pasterns should neither be upright nor very long, but sloping forwards with a gentle curve, and expanding in width to meet the hoof.

The best feet are those, the horn of which is black, supple, of a uniform circular shape in front, without flattening, indentations, or cracks, and increasing in width from the coronet to the sole. The rim or crust of the sole should form, as nearly as may be, four-fifths of a circle; the heel should not be very deep, and well expanded, so as to admit a good sized frog between the bars, which latter should be of considerable strength. The sole itself should be concave and elastic, to admit of its natural motion in yielding to the pressure of the coffin-bone, when the weight of the horse is thrown upon the leg.

The general appearance of a brood mare should indicate health, sprightliness, strength, activity, and roominess, at the same time that she should be gentle and not hot-tempered, and *altogether* compact, so far as this formation is compatible with her sex. Her body should not appear an encumbrance to her legs; the firmness, muscularity, position, and action of which should give tokens of power, stride, and quickness. She should stand upon a deal of ground, but her length should principally be apparent underneath the belly and between the fore and hind legs, and should never be occasioned by a lanky back, or loose flanks, but rather by the oblique position of the shoulder, and by the length of the thighs and bend of the hams. In her gallop, she should, while going at a moderate pace, seem to skim the ground without apparent effort, and, when forced to greater speed, should lay herself down to her work like a greyhound, stretching her fore legs freely out, and throwing the hind legs well under her, with quickness and power. Such a mare will not have been put to the stud because she is past her work, and has seen her best days; but, should she have met with any accident which prevents a trial of her speed and strength, she must be known to have possessed them in a remarkable degree, if her progeny be expected to excel in those qualities which constitute a first-rate, thorough-bred horse.

It is almost superfluous to add, that, in breeding, it is absolutely necessary that both sire and dam be perfectly sound. The greater number of the diseases of the horse are hereditary, and although I do not purpose to give instructions for ascertaining whether a horse be entirely free from disease, I should never recommend any one to breed from either a horse or mare that was known to be unsound, except from accident, in the expectation that a similar infirmity may not be propagated to the offspring. A horse that has broken down on the turf, and whose racing career has thus been put a stop to, through accident, will not, of course, beget foals with rupture of the back sinews of the leg, or of the sheaths of these tendons; but it may be a question whether he did not himself break down through a natural weakness of those parts, and whether his offspring may not inherit from him a similar defect. In many cases of this description, however, the accident arises not from any unnatural debility of the ruptured part, but is caused by the majority of our blood-horses being put in training and raced before nature has had time to perfect her work, and the various parts of the frame have acquired that degree of strength which increases with age up to a certain period. A horse,

then, that has broken down at two or three years old, from the undue exertion he is compelled to undergo at that tender age, may, nevertheless, become firmly knit in all his parts at seven or eight, and be perfectly adapted for begetting strong and healthy stock. Again, a one-eyed horse that has lost his eye from the prick of a thorn, or any other similar accident, must not be supposed likely to beget one-eyed foals. The case, however, would be different had he lost the eye from natural disease of that organ; such a disease, and likely to terminate similarly, would then probably appear in his stock. Where accident, however, produces disease of any part, and it be not arrested and cured, but slowly assumes a chronic state—say, for instance, pricks of the feet in shoeing, inducing inflammation—which is allowed to run on until actual “fever of the foot,” as it is termed, ensue, or constant bad shoeing, which may terminate in chronic inflammation of the internal structure of the hoof, resulting in gradual contraction of the quarters, and pumiced feet—the disease, after it has existed for a certain time, may be propagated to the foal. But even in this case the foot at birth may be perfectly well formed, and subsequently manifest a disposition to contraction, in the same manner that the one-eyed stallion, who has lost his eye from disease, will beget foals with two eyes, in either or both of which some one of the different disorders to which they are subject may, at a future period, become apparent.

At first, it may appear difficult to reconcile the fact of an abnormal state of the back sinews, produced by accident, not becoming visible in the stock of a horse or mare whose legs are unsound from having broken down, while an accident happening to the foot, not of a graver character than rupture of a tendon, should lead to results which may re-appear in the next generation. In the first place, however, it may be remarked that the efforts of nature have been directed towards *repairing* the evil, and they have succeeded, the horse becoming after a time sound; while, in the second, the result of the accident is actual disease, which destroys the organization of the part it attacks, and leaves it ever after in a crippled and defective state. There is much, however, to be said upon this point; and as a stallion that has broken down may beget stock with relaxed sinews, it were better, if possible, to select such horses and mares for the purposes of breeding as have never met with any accidents which have destroyed, or at all altered the natural functions of any portion of the body; and, perhaps, the number of second-rate blood horses that we see in every part of the kingdom arises from inattention to this important point, and from putting both stallions and mares to the stud only because they are not in a fit state to run, and are consequently most erroneously deemed fit to breed from.

The ways of nature are so inscrutable that it would be useless to endeavour to explain that law by which acquired disease, from whatever cause, may, in many instances, appear in subsequent generations; but it is an undoubted fact that there are few maladies and malformations, however induced, in the equine race, which will not descend from the sire and dam to their progeny, whether they have been hereditary or not.

Inexplicable as this may appear, it is not more so than many other well-authenticated facts relating to the subject of generation. It is well

known that men who, while actively employed in business, have had families who have, through life, manifested no tendency to disease; having amassed a fortune, retired from active occupation, and given themselves up to an indolent and luxurious course of life, have become the victims of gout and rheumatism, to which the offspring born to them, while in this state, have subsequently become martyrs. I would beg the reader to take notice of this fact, as it is one to which I may have occasion to refer, when noticing the mode in which brood mares and stallions are generally kept, while retained solely for the purposes of breeding.

While speaking of the propagation of most of the diseases of horses from the parents to their offspring, I cannot refrain from noticing one in particular, which most veterinary surgeons concur in affirming to be hereditary, but of the accuracy of which opinion, I confess I am, to a certain extent, sceptical:—I allude to roaring. If I am not mistaken, Taurus and Humphrey Clinker are roarers, but I have, as yet, met with but one horse—a son of the latter stallion—that inherited the disease. Neither am I aware that their stock descendants have propagated this disease, for I have seen several of Rockingham's stock, and have not discovered a roarer among them, neither have I, to my recollection, heard of any of his get on the turf that inherit this malady; and it seems but rational to conclude that no one at all conversant with the common principles of breeding, would have continued to send mares to any of these horses, had they been found to beget roarers. I may be in error to doubt the probability of roaring descending from generation to generation, and therefore merely venture to express uncertainty upon this point, in order that it may be confirmed or disproved by those who have had better opportunities of ascertaining its more or less frequent occurrence. I confess, at the same time, that I should hesitate to breed from a roarer, inasmuch as though his or her stock may not inherit the actual disease itself, they may still possess that predisposition to such maladies as may eventually terminate in its production. Equally necessary is the precaution to select for the purposes of breeding, those horses and mares whose progenitors have been free from this, or, indeed, any other disease, as the predisposition of certain parts of the body to become morbidly affected may lie dormant in one generation, or be successfully combated by remedial means, but may, nevertheless, be apparent even at birth, or soon after, in the next, and that, probably, to a degree greater than was manifested in the grandsire or grandam, inasmuch as the vice may be considered to have increased during two generations. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that some diseases and many imperfections may be totally eradicated by a happy admixture of blood; but where this is expected, it is necessary that the best specimens of the descendants of any horse or mare be selected for the stud, and such as show, at all events, in a minor degree, a tendency to those maladies or defects for which the sire or dam may have been noted. And as it is a well known fact that many diseases are particularly prone to reappear in the second generation, it is particularly desirable that the sire selected be entirely free from all taint of the disease apprehended, and *vice versa*.

(To be continued.)

THE YACHTING AND ROWING SEASON.

THE aquatic season never had a more propitious commencement than that of the past month. The weather was delicious, and the sport afforded by the various sailing and rowing contests, first-rate. The mass of materials which the last four weeks have contributed must excuse so brief an introduction to our narrative, on the principle that "good wine needs no bush."

The following is a list of the movements of the Royal Yacht Squadron:—

ARRIVALS:—Coves, June 1.—Fanny cutter, Sir E. Scott, Bart., from Southampton, and proceeded to Calais, Ostend, and Antwerp.

June 11.—Ganymede cutter, J. H. W. P. S. Pigott, Esq., from London.

June 14.—Alarin cutter, Joseph Weld, Esq., from Lymington, and proceeded to Southampton. Iris cutter, Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, Bart., from Southampton and Portsmouth, and sailed next day for London.

June 15.—Brilliant schooner, G. H. Ackers, Esq., from London river.

June 16.—Flirt Schooner, Sir B. R. Graham, Bart., from London.

June 19.—Resolution schooner, Duke of Rutland, from Lymington, and proceeded to Southampton river.

June 20.—Petrel cutter, Earl of Ilchester, from Southampton.

June 21.—Arrow cutter, Lord Godolphin, from Southampton; Intrepid cutter, Earl of Tyrconnel, from Plymouth and other western ports; Sapphire cutter, Lord Henry Cholmondeley, from Southampton.

June 22.—Alarm cutter, Joseph Weld, Esq., from London.

SAILINGS.—June 1.—Columbine yawl, J. H. Smith Barry, Esq., for Cork.

June 2.—Camilla schooner, Thomas Hallifax, Esq., for Dartmouth.

June 13.—Intrepid cutter, Earl of Tyrconnel, for Plymouth. Flower of Yarrow schooner, Viscount Exmouth, for Cherbourg.

June 15.—Medina cutter, Captain F. Holcombe, R.H.A., for Jersey.

June 18.—Witch cutter, Henry Ogländer, Esq., for Guernsey.

June 20.—Petrel cutter, Earl of Ilchester, for Weymouth.

Brilliant schooner, G. H. Ackers, Esq., on a cruise to the westward.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT MATCH.

THIS match was re-sailed on Friday, the 10th ult., from Greenwich to below Gravesend, and back, the yachts, on the 4th, not being enabled to get farther than Grays, owing to the want of wind. The following yachts were entered to contend, but the Spray did not start.

FIRST AND SECOND CLASSES.

Station	Yacht	Tons	Owner's Name	Distinguishing Colours
1.	Lady Louisa	13	T. Smith, Esq.	Blue
2.	Phantom	20	Jas. F. Silby, Esq.	White and blue
3.	Mystery	25	Lord Alfred Paget	Blue, white Maltese cross
4.	Mary	25	G. Keene, Esq.	White quartered with red
5.	Spray	14	G. Taylor, Esq.	Red, white Maltese cross

THIRD CLASS.

1.	Brilliant	8	H. Fowler, Esq.	Blue, white vertical stripe
2.	Sea Nymph	10	C. Wheeler, Esq.	White before blue
3.	Rival	10	W. Sawyer, Esq.	Red and white quartered

The wind was E. by N., and about half-past ten the start was effected. The *Mystery* rounded the flag-buoy at Gravesend, fifteen minutes in advance of the *Phantom*, the second boat; the *Mary* was the third, *Sea Nymph* fourth, *Rival* fifth, *Brilliant* sixth, and the *Lady Louisa* seventh. The *Mystery* arrived at Greenwich four minutes to five o'clock, the *Phantom* nine minutes after five, the *Mary* twenty-four minutes past, and the *Sea Nymph* some few minutes later (she taking the second prize), the *Rival* and the *Brilliant* some time after. The *Lady Louisa* did not complete the distance until seven o'clock, full two hours later than the first boat; she, however, got the third prize.

The first prize, a silver breakfast service, was presented to Lord Alfred Paget, the owner of the *Mystery*, by the Commodore. The second, a silver salver, was, in a like manner, handed to Mr. C. Wheeler, of the *Sea Nymph*. The third, a claret jug, was awarded to the *Lady Louisa*.

ROWING.—THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MATCH.

ON Saturday, the 11th ult., the match between the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge was rowed, from Westminster to Putney, with the tide. The following were the crews:—

OXFORD.		st. lb.	CAMBRIDGE.		st. lb.		
Macdougall . . .	Magdalen Hall . . .	9	8	Tower	John's	10	2
R. Menzies . . .	University	11	3	L. Denman . . .	Magdalen	10	11
Breedon	Trinity	12	4	Watson	Jesus	10	13
Brewster	St. John's	12	10	Penrose	Magdalen	11	10
Bourne	Oriel	13	12	Cobbold	Peterhouse	12	6
Coxe	Trinity	11	8	Royds	Christ's	11	7
Hughes	Oriel	11	6	G. Denman . . .	Trinity	10	9
F. N. Menzies . .	University	10	12	Ridley	Jesus	12	0
Coxswain, J. Shadwell, Baliol . .		10	4	Coxswain, A. Pallack, Trinity . .		9	7

On approaching Vauxhall Bridge, both boats had to be steered out, to pass through the second arch from the shore, the Oxford crew still leading; and, at the Spread Eagle, they were about a length and a half in advance. When off the Red House, the Oxonians were three boats' lengths a-head; here the Cantabs began to overhaul them a little, but, soon tiring, they dropped farther astern than they had been before. At Cadogan Pier the Oxonians added to their advantage by five lengths. Their adversaries, however, tried their utmost, kept at their work in a resolute manner, and continued to row in gallant style, until the cheers at Putney told them that all was over. The winners did the distance in thirty minutes and forty-five seconds, beating the Cantabs by about thirteen seconds.

HENLEY REGATTA.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7th.—This most popular meeting, rich in every other attraction, commenced under lowering skies. In both meanings of the phrase, there were storms above, and very considerable breezes below. However, things mended as they proceeded, and all looked cheerful when the preparations were completed for the first trial heat for the 100 Guineas Cup.

KING'S COLLEGE CLUB.		CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.	
	st. lb.		st. lb.
Stock	9 6	Tower	John's
Harrison	10 8	Hon. L. Denman	Magdalen
Snell	9 7	Watson	Jesus
Coulson	11 0	Vialls	Trinity
D. Lambe	10 7	Cobbold	Peterhouse
Kennedy	10 12	Royds	Christ's
Lee	11 0	Hon. G. Denman	Trinity
James Lambe (stroke)	10 0	Ridley (stroke)	Jesus
Soanes (coxswain)	9 1	T. Egan (coxswain)	Caius

Won by the Cantabs. Time, nine minutes.

SECOND TRIAL RACE FOR THE GRAND CUP.

OXFORD AQUATIC CLUB, LONDON.		ETONIAN BOAT CLUB, OXFORD.	
	st. lb.		st. lb.
D. Stuart	University	10 0	Stapleton
J. E. Cox	University	10 4	Oddie
C. Lempriere	St. John's	11 0	Lambert
C. W. Lovesy	Queen's	12 4	Walter
J. Welch	Queen's	11 0	Rogers
J. T. T. Pocock	Merton	11 0	Shadwell
P. L. Powys	Baliol	11 7	Belfield
S. E. Maberly (stroke)	Ch. Ch.	11 0	Bethell (stroke)
H. Churchill (coxswain)	Trinity	9 4	Shadwell (coxswain)

Won by The Aquatic Club. It was an admirable race. Time, eight minutes, fifty seconds.

FIRST RACE FOR THE STEWARDS' CUP.

DREADNOUGHT CLUB, HENLEY.		ST. GEORGE'S CLUB, LONDON.	
	st. lb.		st. lb.
Ive	8 8	George Bannister	10 2
Forest	9 10	W. M. Burke	10 5
Owthwaite	10 9	F. Thackeray	9 12
Page (stroke)	10 2	J. Hodding (stroke)	10 9
Tagg (coxswain)	9 3	Athol Johnson (coxswain)	

Won by Dreadnought. Time, ten minutes.

THIRD RACE FOR THE GRAND CUP.

OXFORD AQUATIC CLUB AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

This heat was rowed by the Cambridge University and Oxford Aquatic Club, the winners of the preceding races, the victorious crew in this being entitled to row with the holders of the cup on the following day.

This was one of the finest exhibitions of game and skill ever witnessed. Even after the winning-post was passed, it was very uncertain who had won. At last it was announced that Cambridge was first past the goal by a yard. It was a brilliant finish of a fine day's sport.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8th.—Nothing could be finer than the weather throughout the second day's races. The towing-path from the island to the bridge was crowded, and punctually at three o'clock, the challengers (*Dreadnought*, the Henley four-oared Club), and the challenged (*Midge*, of Oxford University), spun down to the Temple for the purpose of contending in the final heat for the Stewards' Cup.

THE MIDGE, OXFORD UNIVERSITY, LONDON CLUB.

	st. lb.		st. lb.
D. Stuart . . . University	10 0	S. E. Maberly (stroke)	Ch. Ch. 11 0
J. T. T. Pocock . . Merton	11 0	H. Churchill (coxswain)	Trinity 9 4
P. L. Powys . . . Baliol	11 7		

The Oxonians good and comparatively easy winners. Time, nine minutes, sixteen seconds.

THE RACE FOR THE DISTRICT CUP.

WINDSOR AND ETON.	DOLPHIN, OXFORD.	ISIS, OXFORD.
George W. Dodd	Thomas Ashley	W. Sherratt
G. H. Long	John Bossom	John Wadlow
J. Monkhouse	Charles Leech	W. Venables
W. Long (stroke)	James Buckett (stroke)	H. Williams (stroke)
S. Long (coxswain)	J. Jackman (coxswain)	C. Chamberlain (coxsw.)

The *Windsor* succeeded in carrying off the District Cup and Medals by more than a boat's length.

FINAL HEAT FOR THE GRAND CUP.

At half-past four o'clock the antagonists appeared who had to row for the Grand Challenge Cup, value 100 guineas.

CAMBRIDGE ROOMS, LONDON.	CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CLUB.
Yatman, Caius	Tower, St. John's
Shadwell, St. John's	Hon. L. Denman, Magdalen
Uppleby, Magdalen	Watson, Jesus
Lonsdale, Trinity	Vialls, Trinity
Ritchie, Trinity	Cobbold, Peterhouse
Jones, Caius	Royds, Christ Church
Selwyn, Trinity	Hon. G. Denman, Trinity
Beresford (stroke), St. Peter's	Ridley (stroke), Jesus
T. Egan (coxswain), Caius	John Pollock (coxswain), Caius.

The Cambridge Subscription Room's boat went down the reach first, quickly followed by the University and the umpire's eight. The University had the worst station of the two, their opponents being inside. On approaching the Stewards' Stand, the three boats, holders of the cup, challengers, and umpire, were stem and stem: the shouting was deafening, and the London Cambridge Subscription Room Club won;—never were crews in a more distressed condition.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY SUBSCRIPTION ROOMS, LONDON.

On Friday, the 10th ult., the annual boat race from Westminster to Putney, between the members of this club, for the silver medals, took place. The following is a list of the crews and stations, commencing at the second arch on the Surry side of Westminster bridge:—

LILAC.—Mr. Beresford, St. Peter's (stroke), Mr. Fenwick, Emmanuel; Mr. A. Pollock, Trinity; Mr. Ogier, Trinity; Mr. A. Shadwell (steerer).

GREEN.—Mr. Ridley, Jesus (stroke); Mr. Uppleby, Magdalen; Mr. Ro-maine, Trinity; Mr. Nicholls, Trinity; Mr. Olive, Trinity Hall (steerer).

PURPLE.—Mr. Jones, Caius (stroke); Mr. Yatman, Caius; the Hon. L. Denman, Magdalene; Mr. Shadwell, St. John's; Mr. Johnson, Caius (steerer).

PINK.—Mr. Massey, Trinity (stroke); Mr. Selwyn, Trinity; Mr. Solly, Trinity; Mr. Collier, Caius; Mr. J. Pollock (steerer).

LIGHT BLUE.—Mr. Ritchie, Trinity (stroke); Mr. Cobbold, St. Peter's; Mr. Philipps, Christ; the Hon. G. Denman, Trinity; Mr. Egan, Caius (steerer).

Light Blue did not give the others a chance, and won by ten boats' length. *Purple* second, *Green* third, *Pink* fourth, and *Lilac* fifth.

CRICKETING.

SEVERAL matches of great interest were played during the month of June. Our limits only allow notices of the most important, and those in an epitomised form. The great popularity of this manly game is every day bringing into existence new clubs, formed for its enjoyment all over the kingdom. Cricket stands unquestionably at the head of British manly exercises.

MARYLEBONE CLUB AND UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.—The match between the Marylebone Club with Hillyer, and the Gentlemen of the University of Cambridge, was played on Monday and Tuesday, the 6th and 7th ult., on Lord's Ground. Marylebone having won the toss were the first to commence batting. The following is the score :—

MARYLEBONE.

G. Tuck, Esq., bowled by Blaker..... 3	T. Lambart, Esq., c. Anson, b. St. Croix 11
Hon. Col. Lowther, bowled by Blaker... 3	W. Balland, Esq., run out 10
C. Taylor, Esq., bowled by Pickering... 38	— Massey, Esq., bowled by St. Croix .. 0
E. Bayley, Esq., ct. Morse, b. Blaker... 50	W. A. Bennett, Esq., not out 1
R. Kynaston, Esq., b. by Pickering.... 36	Byes 21, wide 14 35
Hillyer, bowled by Blaker..... 15	
W. Nicholson, Esq., c. Hartopp, b. Mills 4	206

CAMBRIDGE.		1st inn.	2nd do.
W. Mills, run out	3 bowled by Taylor 9
T. French, Esq., bowled by Hillyer ..	32 leg before wicket, b. by Taylor 8
W. Pickering, Esq., bowled by Hillyer ..	0 ct. by Nicholson, b. by Taylor.. 17
T. A. Anson, Esq., c. Taylor, b. Hillyer	1 bowled by Hillyer 3
E. M. Dewing, Esq., bowled by Taylor ..	18 bowled by Hillyer 1
C. Morse, Esq., bowled by Hillyer ..	1 bowled by Hillyer 2
W. De St. Croix, Esq., bowled by Hillyer..	2 ct. by Nicholson, b. by Taylor.. 12
A. Hume, Esq., bowled by Hillyer ..	1 bowled by Taylor 0
B. Blaker, Esq., not out	1 bowled by Taylor 0
— Hartopp, Esq., bowled by Hillyer ..	5 bowled by Hillyer 6
— Druce, Esq., bowled by Hillyer.. ..	0 not out 5
Byes 14, wide 1, no balls 2	17		Byes 18, wide 1, no balls 2 .. 21
Total	—80		Total —83

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.—On Thursday and Friday, the 9th and 10th ult., at Lord's, the Gentlemen of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge played a match. Cambridge commenced the game. The following is the score :—

CAMBRIDGE.		1st inn.	2nd do.
W. Mills, Esq., bowled by Mills	13 bowled by Mills 7
T. French, Esq., ct. Cherry, b. Curteis	9 bowled by Curteis 10
T. A. Anson, Esq., ct. Dryden, b. Rashleigh.	41 bowled by Lord Ward.. .. 34
W. Pickering, Esq., bowled by Mills ..	5 bowled by Mills 22
W. Trevelyan, Esq., c. Dryden, b. Ld. Ward	1 bowled by Curteis 19
E. Dewing, Esq., run out	16 run out 12
A. Hume, Esq., bowled by Mills	1 bowled by Mills 1
C. Morse, Esq., bowled by Mills	0 bowled by Lord Ward 19
R. Blaker, Esq., bowled by Lord Ward ..	4 bowled by Curteis 22
W. De St. Croix, Esq., b. by Lord Ward	6 caught by Lord Ward 12
E. Hartopp, Esq., bowled by Mills.. ..	1 not out 0
Byes 24, wide 17, no ball 1	42		Byes 20, wide 14, no balls 5 .. 39
Total	—139		Total —180

OXFORD.		1st inn.	2nd do.
H. Townsend, Esq., bowled by Mills	.. 1	.. bowled by Mills	.. 5
A. E. Dryden, run out	.. 0	.. ct. by Anson, b. by St. Croix	.. 12
J. Rashleigh, Esq., bowled by St. Croix	.. 0	.. ct. by Anson, bowled by Mills	.. 2
G. C. Cherry, Esq., bowled by St. Croix	0	.. bowled by St. Croix	.. 6
J. Coker, Esq., ct. by Morse, b. by St. Croix	21	.. bowled by Mills	.. 5
H.M. Curteis, Esq., c. Trevelyan, b. St. Croix	5	.. bowled by St. Croix	.. 5
T. Hughes, Esq., bowled by St. Croix	.. 0	.. not out	.. 15
H. E. Moberly, Esq., ct. Morse, b. St. Croix	0	.. bowled by St. Croix	.. 5
Lord Ward, ct. by Anson, b. by Mills	..11	.. run out	.. 10
R. Ker, Esq., run out	.. 8	.. bowled by Mills	.. 0
B. S. T. Mills, Esq., not out	.. 5	.. bowled by St. Croix	.. 13
Byes 7, wide balls 5	.. 12	Byes 10, wide balls 6	.. 16
Total	.. 63	Total	.. 94

MARYLEBONE AND UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.—On Monday, the 7th ult., at Lord's, the Marylebone Club and Gentlemen of the Oxford University played their match. Score:—

OXFORD.		1st inn.	2nd do.
Townsend, Esq., b. by Sir F. Bathurst	.. 6	.. bowled by Craven	.. 10
Coker, Esq., bowled by Craven	.. 23	.. bowled by Sir F. Bathurst	.. 2
Garth, Esq., run out	.. 4	.. bowled by Sir F. Bathurst	.. 0
Cherry, Esq., leg b. w., bowled by Craven	0	.. bowled by Mills	.. 13
Curteis, Esq., ct. Sir F. Bathurst, b. Craven	7	.. bowled by Craven	.. 0
Rashleigh, Esq., bowled by Craven	.. 2	.. bowled by Craven	.. 20
Moberly, Esq., bowled by Sir F. Bathurst	.. 1	.. not out	.. 33
Randolph, Esq., run out	.. 0	.. caught by Brown, b. Mills	.. 0
Ker, Esq., ct. by Brown, b. by Craven	.. 2	.. ct. by Sir F. Bathurst, b. Craven	.. 6
Mills, bowled by Craven	.. 9	.. caught by Hartopp, b. Mills	.. 3
Foole, Esq., not out	.. 2	.. bowled by Sir F. Bathurst	.. 2
Byes 5, wide balls 2	.. 7	Byes 17, wide b. 3, no b. 1	.. 21
Total	.. 54	Total	.. 110

MARYLEBONE.		1st inn.	2nd do.
Tuck, Esq., ct. Moberly, bowled by Curteis	4
Brown, Esq., bowled by Curteis	.. 6
Hon. Col. Lowther, bowled by Curteis	.. 2
Craven, Esq., ct. Randolph, b. Mills	.. 41	.. not out	.. 13
Mills, Esq., bowled by Mills	.. 0
Sir F. Bathurst, bowled by Townsend	.. 16
Bentinck, Esq., hit w., b. by Townsend	.. 1
Lord E. Hill, bowled by Townsend	.. 2	.. not out	.. 0
Hartopp, Esq., bowled by Townsend	.. 0
Bennett, Esq., not out	.. 5	.. run out	.. 37
Capt. Freer, run out	.. 0	.. bowled by Mills	.. 6
Byes 6, wide balls 10	.. 16	Byes 12, wide balls 5	.. 17
Total	.. 93	Total	.. 73

MARYLEBONE CLUB AND RUGBY SCHOOL.—This match was played on Thursday, the 10th, at Lord's. The following is the score:—

MARYLEBONE.		1st inn.	2nd do.
F. Thackeray, Esq., bowled by Wrottesley	14	.. bowled by Wrottesley	.. 30
Hon. Col. Lowther, ct. Orlebar, b. Wrottesley	7	.. bowled by Wrottesley	.. 4
W. H. Hay, Esq., bowled by Wrottesley	0	.. ran out	.. 23
Curteis, Esq. ct. and bowled by Wrottesley	3	.. ct. by Hulme, b. by Parry	.. 28
G. Ascell, Esq., ct. Thornhill, b. Wrottesley	2	.. bowled by Wrottesley	.. 12
Ibbertson, Esq., ct. Hulme, b. Parry	.. 23	.. bowled by Wrottesley	.. 0
Ince, Esq., run out	.. 10	.. not out	.. 6
R. Kynaston, Esq., ct. Fraser, b. Wrottesley	2	.. bowled by Wrottesley	.. 8
R. Peel, Esq., not out	.. 3	.. absent	.. 0
Garner, Esq., run out	.. 0	.. bowled by Wrottesley	.. 5
Lord Edw. Hill, absent	.. 0	.. bowled by Wrottesley	.. 33
Bye 1, wide ball 1	.. 2	Byes 3, wide balls 5	.. 8
Total	.. 66	Total	.. 151

RUGBY SCHOOL.		1st inn.	2nd do.		
Rippinghall, Esq., bowled by Curteis	..	3	ct. by Hay, bowled by Curteis. 2		
Oriebar, Esq., bowled by Curteis	..	5	bowled by Thackeray 0		
Wrottesly, Esq., bowled by Curteis	..	0	run out 5		
Pell, Esq., bowled by Hay	..	1	bowled by Curteis 7		
Unwin, Esq., run out	..	7	run out 6		
Fraser, Esq., ct. Ibbertson, bowled by Hay	18	..	bowled by Curteis 0		
Parry, Esq., bowled by Curteis	..	0	bowled by ditto 0		
Hulme, Esq., bowled by Curteis	..	11	caught Astell, bowled Curteis. 0		
Dacre, Esq., not out	..	19	ct. by Hay, b. by Col. Lowther 15		
Thornhill, Esq., bowled by Curteis	..	1	bowled by Col. Lowther . . . 7		
Rennie, Esq., bowled by Curteis	..	0	not out 2		
Byes 9, wide balls 20	..	29	Byes 18, wide balls 9 . . . 27		
Total	..	-94	Total	..	-71

SOUTH HANTS CLUB.—The contemplated single-wicket match in which A. Mynn, Esq., and Fuller Pilch were to play against Barker, Guy, and Day, will not take place.

MARYLEBONE CLUB, &c., v. NORTHERN COUNTIES.—The grand match between the Marylebone Club and Ground with Pilch and the Northern Counties, was played on Monday and Tuesday, the 13th and 14th ult., at Lord's, but not in accordance with the list sent from Nottingham. It appears that the gentlemen of the Marylebone Club were of opinion that Mr. Clarke, with whom arrangements were made for the match, had not entered sufficiently into the spirit of this annual contest, and had not selected the best eleven from the Counties to contend against them. Mr. Barker, of Leicester, was consequently sent for to make arrangements for the match to be played for him instead of Mr. Clarke, which was agreed to, and the return game will, therefore, take place on the Leicester ground, on the 15th of August, and not at Nottingham, as was originally intended. The ground was in the best possible condition, and, notwithstanding the stormy state of the weather, was numerously attended. Score :—

NORTHERN COUNTIES.		1st inn.	2nd do.		
F. Noyes, Esq., bowled by Bayley	..	3	bowled by Hillyer 1		
Sampson, bowled by Bayley	..	2	ct. by Hawkins, b. by Hillyer 0		
Garratt, hit wicket, bowled by Bayley	..	8	ct. by Bayley, bow. by Bayley 1		
Guy, caught by Taylor, bowled by Hillyer	7	..	bowled by Bayley 14		
G. Kettle, Esq., bowled by Hillyer	..	9	ct. by Garth, bow. by Bayley 3		
Barker, bowled by Hillyer	..	1	bowled by Bayley 24		
Good, bowled by Bayley	..	21	ct. by Hillyer, bow. by Bayley 9		
P. Mundy, Esq., bowled by Hillyer	..	0	ct. by Taylor, bow. by Bayley 0		
Redgate, bowled by Hillyer	..	0	bowled by Bayley 1		
F. Thackeray, Esq., bowled by Hillyer	..	0	caught out 0		
C. Cresswell, Esq., not out	..	4	bowled by Hillyer 5		
Byes	..	2	Byes	..	3
Total	..	-57	Total	..	-61
MARYLEBONE.		1st inn.	2nd do.		
Hillyer, bowled by Barker	..	18	run out 3		
T. A. Anson, Esq., ct. Sampson, b. Barker	3	..	bowled by Redgate 20		
W. Pickering, Esq., bowled by Redgate	6	..	ct. by Redgate, b. by Barker 0		
Pilch, bowled by Barker	..	0	not out 18		
C. Taylor, Esq., ct. by Garratt, b. Redgate	7	..	ct. by Thackeray, b. by Redgate 15		
Hawkins, ct. by Barker, bow. by Redgate	4	..	bowled by Barker 0		
R. Nicholson, Esq., ct. Garratt, b. Barker	0	..	ct. by Barker, bow. by Redgate 1		
Bayley, bowled by Redgate	..	9	bowled by Barker 1		
R. Kynaston, Esq., bowled by Barker	16	..	bowled by Barker 2		
Hon. — Ponsoby, not out	..	2	bowled by Barker 2		
R. Garth, Esq., bowled by Redgate	..	1	ct. by Sampson, b. by Redgate 6		
Byes 5, wide balls 3	..	8	Byes 13, w. balls 2, no balls 4 19		
Total	..	-74	Total	..	-87

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

"LIFE" IN A VILLAGE. It is a monstrously stale quotation in which we are so continually assured that

"Many a flower is born to bloom unseen;"

but still it is not the less true. That one fresh and pleasant specimen of the literary anthology may not meet the fate of too many of its ephemeral family, we here cull the following sketch from a late number of a Cambridge paper. The writer has good stuff in him, which he moulds with a young master's hand of no common capacity. He hails from Trin. Col., Cambridge.

"If you walk down Jesus-lane, and pass the gate of the college from which this street derives its name, you will come in a few seconds upon an open common, across which, at the distance of a mile or so, may be seen issuing from the trees and roofs by which it is surrounded, the tall decorated steeple of a village-church—this village is Chesterton. From the point I allude to, and at this season of the year, Chesterton seems to be a quiet little suburban village, buried in blossoms and leaves, where you would expect to find cottages overrun with vines and rose-trees,

'And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands that offer early flowers,'

with all the other accessories of rural felicity, pure, unsophisticated nature. If, however, you cross the river and enter its precincts, the illusion is very quickly dispelled, and you find the place more noisy, and its inhabitants less bucolic in their habits and occupations than its distant aspect would lead you to imagine. Putting a few good houses out of the consideration, which are walled in and separated from the rest of the habitations about them, the entire village seems to be made up of cottages that have a semi-aquatic and fish-like appearance, and public-houses with the usual heraldic devices of roebucks, dragons, lions, dogs, cats, fiddles, goats, and compasses, with which such hospitable abodes are commonly distinguished; with this difference, that on almost every inn at Chesterton, in addition to the artistical representation of the aforesaid beasts, with the quaint legend underwritten informing the wayfarer that he is at perfect liberty to get 'drunk on the premises,' there is usually an external board, upon which, in fat gilt letters, upon a green ground, the word

'BILLIARDS'

shines most conspicuous. The extra-proctorial distance of Chesterton from *Alma Mater*, causes it to be much frequented by the undergraduate members of the University, who resort thither at all times and seasons to study the laws of force and motion upon Thurston's green baize parallelograms, to which their attention is directed by questions occasionally inserted in the Senate House examination papers, and mathematical conundrums propounded in the lecture rooms bearing direct reference to the game in question, and giving a hint to the possible means of solving them. And here may be heard,

from noonday till midnight, and often long past the latter time, the incessant click of the balls, which, by their various angles of incidence or reflection, and occasional disappearance in the pockets, produce the interest and excitement that always attends the progress of the game, the animal spirits of the players being kept up by the administration of 'ale, wine, beer, cider, spirituous liquors, and tobacco,' all of which, by leave and license obtained from her Sovereign Majesty the Queen, are permitted to be sold in the house, and imbibed in whatever shape or quantity may please the taste or capacity of the customers.

"One of these rooms will serve as a specimen of the whole class. The table occupies the centre, and generally takes up so much of the entire space that there is little room left for the introduction of other furniture. The rules of the game are framed and suspended against the wall, and over the fire-place you see the marking-board flanked on either side by placards announcing 'Lemonade' or 'Cigars,' or something of that kind. The mantel-piece has usually a box of spills bristling upon its centre, with two or three pieces of chalk, which a novice at the game makes a parade of applying to the end of his cue at every second stroke, to the great amusement of any old hand who may chance to be present. A few benches, and, perhaps, half-a-dozen plain and uncomfortable chairs are placed round the room, and the corner is occupied by an eight-day clock, with a very tipsy-looking moon painted on the face thereof, and resembling the phiz of a town-councillor, or alderman of the old school, when he has finished his third bottle, and begins to talk about his money.

"It is a pleasing spectacle, and full of moral instruction, to see a billiard-room between the hours of eight and ten o'clock in the evening. Two players, stripped to their shirt sleeves, are moving round the table, communicating an impulse to the balls in succession, and after every good stroke, taking a long pull at the pewter flagon, or ejecting a volume of smoke from their mouths, in which a half-burnt cigar, or an exceedingly brief clay pipe filled with 'short cut' or 'returns' is lending its influence to improve the surrounding atmosphere, already fragrant with the compound aroma of lamp-oil, beer, and saw-dust. The spectators, if any, are at this time of year clad in green cutaways, with a row of buttons on each side like a file of dandelions, russia-duck continuations, and varmint boating hats stuck upon their heads, all smoking like furnaces, and occasionally convincing the floor that an American habit of peculiar freedom and independence may be indulged in to an extent even in England that ranges beyond the limitations of the fire-place and the coal-box. William Lilly, the astrologer, says, in his *Autobiography*, 'that, when he was committed to the guard-room in Whitehall, he thought himself in hell; for some were sleeping, others swearing, others smoking tobacco; and in the chimney of the room there were two bushels of broken tobacco-pipes, and almost half a load of ashes.' This is hardly a fair quotation, for, although in a billiard-room there are frequently smoking men, and swearing men, and sleeping men, and men that patronise pipes and talk so loud that, if they were charged, as travellers in the old Dutch taverns used to be, for the noise they made, a long bill would sometimes be presented; yet the interior of a genuine room of the class I am describing, is rather better than the guard-room in White-

hall, inasmuch as its guests are gentlemen in disguise, whereas the soldiers who offended the senses of the star-gazer were blackguard^s in reality. It is not often that you see a billiard-room occupied by more than two persons; when it is, however, and late in the evening, and men are engaged at 'pool,' the place becomes very odious, and one is rather surprised that the sixpenny or shilling gambling of this play should excite so much interest as it does.

"In a modern topographical dictionary, remarkable for its extremely high price, and exceeding veracity, this interesting village is described as 'pleasantly situate on the left bank of the river Cam, one mile N.E. of Cambridge. Its inhabitants are of a singularly fierce and predatory disposition, much addicted to pugilism and the robbing of hen-roosts and gardens. It possesses one church, an indefinite number of inns and billiard-rooms: is distant fifty-eight miles from London, and annually returns members to the county jail, the precise amount of which depends on the decision of the Cambridge magistrates.' It is supposed to have been the birthplace of Autolycus, described by Shakspeare as 'littered under Mercury, and a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles:' his descendants are still to be found in the adjoining University, although they have discontinued the use of the family name."

THE following passages from Mr. Paget's agreeable book on Hungary and Transylvania, serve to prove that a sporting instinct extends beyond the little island whereto we are apt to imagine it confined.

"One of the first objects to which Széchenyi drew the attention of his countrymen was the improvement of the breed of horses—a subject particularly suited to their taste, and likely to attract their notice. A large stud, often from one to two hundred horses, forms almost a necessary part of a nobleman's establishment; and yet they rarely bred anything but a cross of the common country horse with the large, slow, high-actioned Spanish horse, a race of little use but for the pomp of ceremony. Széchenyi introduced the English race-horse and hunter, and, to show their superiority, he instituted races and kept a pack of hounds; in short, he succeeded in making English horses a fashion, which is now generally followed.

"The races take place twice a year at Pest, about the end of May, and in autumn at Parendorf, near Presburg, and are so well attended, that it is evident they suit the taste of the people, and it is highly probable that they will one day form a part of the national amusements.

* * * * *

"It would be ungrateful, while lauding the music, were we to keep silence as to those who made it. The Fűred band was really a very good one, and it surprised us not a little to hear that it was composed entirely of gipsies; yes, that same thieving, lying, music-loving race, of whom we so often see a stray member in our own villages scraping a jig on a three-stringed fiddle, is found here too, and busy in the same idleness. But instead of strumming at village wakes, with country bumpkins for their auditors, we found them here in stately festivals, ministering to the pleasures of the nobles of the land; and, instead of

a crazy fiddle, a well-conditioned orchestra might have been formed out of the gipsy band.

“The leader was not the least remarkable of the party, for, though not more than fourteen years of age, he was a most accomplished violinist. He had studied for some months under Strauss in Vienna, and had received high commendations from his master; but what Strauss certainly had not intended to teach, though it was no slight element of his pupil's success, was a most perfect imitation of those extraordinary movements by which the body of the great waltz-player seems convulsed during his performance, and which our little Czigány took off so admirably as to keep his audience in a roar of laughter. I have seen the gipsies—Czigány, as the Hungarians called them—as actors also, and they are not very much worse than the generality of strolling players in other lands.

“A great bustle was heard next morning in the quiet streets of Füred; horns were sounding, horses neighing, and wheels rattling to and fro at an unaccustomed rate. It appeared that all this was in preparation for a driving party. There were not less than twenty fours-in-hand here, and the greater part of them were on this day to turn out. But, oh! what erroneous ideas are conveyed by words. Twenty fours-in-hand! Glorious reminiscences of the palmy days of the old club torment one's fancy at the very sound; alas! the sight of them was quite enough to banish any such visions. The common Hungarian four-in-hand is a low britchska, or calèche, ill painted, ill cleaned, and drawn by four long-tailed horses about fourteen hands and a half high, with thin legs, bare bones, and devoid of any one point of beauty.

“The harness, though of the worst quality and in the worst state, is often ornamented with ribbons, and has generally long thongs of leather hanging loosely from the head, shoulders, and croup, as low as the knees. The reins are all mixed together in what appeared to us a most incomprehensible jumble, and those of the fore-horse are often fixed to the wheelers; yet, in spite of these disadvantages, they drive at full gallop, and turn very suddenly and very adroitly. The whole secret lies in the whip, and the horses commonly bear very evident marks of their drivers' skill in its application.

“When a first-rate Hungarian coachman starts for a drive, before he takes up his master he blows a horn, flogs his horses well into spirits, gallops them half a dozen times round the court, throws them on their haunches, and, when he has worked them into a foam, dashes up to the door at full speed, to the applause and admiration of surrounding Jehus. The dress of the coachman—of course I speak of the servants—was singular enough to our eyes; he generally wears a dirty hussar uniform—the jacket off, however, in summer, and hanging over one shoulder—hessian boots, and spurs, with a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat ornamented with a bunch of flowers or feathers.

“Except for this driving party, I do not remember to have seen the gentlemen at Füred engaged in any one amusement, save that of lounging about in groups and smoking their meerschaums. The pipe is rarely out of their mouths, and appears to supply the place of those athletic exercises in which we so much delight.

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"Our host was a great admirer of England, and had acquired many of our tastes, as his establishment sufficiently manifested: but there are so many of the present generation in Hungary who show the same inclination, that he can scarcely be regarded as an exception. In the stables we found six or seven English blood-mares, and several running-horses, under the management of a first-rate English trainer. One colt, bred in Hungary, and already a winner at Pest and Vienna, was very promising. He stood sixteen hands at least, was lengthy in the quarter, clean and strong in the bone, in fact, a racer all over.

"From the stables we adjourned to the kennels, where we found eight couple of young harriers, besides a brace or two of pointers. Count S — had formerly a pack of foxhounds; but the woods are so extensive, and a large bog so near, that the foxes almost always took refuge in the one or the other. The length of the winter, too, which commonly lasts four months, is a great impediment to hunting; but, in spite of this, two subscription packs are kept,—one at Parendorf, near the north end of the Neusiedler Lake, and another at Fót, near Pest. I heard that one might almost fancy one's self in Leicestershire, when among the smart English grooms, top-boots, and scarlet coats, which are exhibited at a throw-off in the neighbourhood of Pest; but, alas! the large enclosures and the springy turf are wanting; and, though the sands are tolerably sound galloping ground, bogs and woods are very awkward interruptions. For the rest, Count S — has good sporting on his own estates. His woods are well stocked with pheasants, hares, and rabbits, and at certain seasons of the year with woodcocks; his corn-fields with partridge and quail; and the bogs with hosts of duck and snipe. I think I hear an old English squire exclaim—'Hem! I do believe a man might live in Hungary.'"

THE MILTON STAKES. — The following decision deserves the earnest consideration of all who are concerned in racing, not for the mere matter to which it relates, but on its general merits. The condition of our turf code of laws is a disgrace to the common sense of our time. First, we have the Jockey Club *coda*, regularly cut and dried, and then that pleasant variation which, after reciting that the rules as established at Newmarket are to apply to such and such a meeting, declares that "in the event of any dispute arising, it is to be referred to the stewards, and their decision to be final." In a case that intimately concerned ourselves, which occurred not long ago, a few hours before a race came off, and after the stakes were made, the conditions for them were wholly changed by the order of the stewards. They would listen to no remonstrance from the party who ran his horse under protest—was second, and, according to the original articles, had *won*, but went to the wall by the regulation that declared the decision of the stewards to be final. In the case before us we find, upon a former occasion, the verdict given for the defendant by a steward of the Jockey Club, and in this instance for the plaintiff by an ex-steward.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Some short time ago an arbitration was held *in re* Bainbridge, Esq., v. Booth, Esq.

The arbitrators upon that occasion (Thomas Crommelin, Esq., and Lord Charles Russell) were unable to agree; they accordingly left the case to the Hon. Captain Rous, M.P., who had been mutually chosen by them previously to their proceeding in the reference. The umpire appointed Wednesday, the 22nd ult., for the hearing of the case, and the parties met at the new subscription room at Tattersall's, at eleven o'clock.

Mr. Bisgood, of Carey-street, and Mr. Dyson, of Bedford, appeared for the plaintiff; and Mr. Sharman, of Bedford, for the defendant.

Before any witnesses were examined, Mr. Sharman made application for a fresh hearing, in consequence of the absence of the Duke of Bedford, who was a most material witness on behalf of his client.

Captain Rous said it appeared to him that the case laid in a nutshell. The real question was, whether the parties who entered horses for the race were acquainted with the conditions; if so, then they were most decidedly bound by them. But if any alterations were made in the conditions, without the knowledge of the parties, of course they could not be considered binding. As far, therefore, as he could see it, the Duke of Bedford's attendance was not necessary.

Mr. Sharman added that there was another point on which Mr. Booth rested his case; viz., that the question had already been decided. The plaintiff and defendant mutually agreed to refer the case to Colonel Anson and Mr. George Payne, and these gentlemen decided in favour of the defendant, and gave it as their opinion that he was not bound to give up the cup.

Captain Rous replied that the case was now submitted to him for his adjudication, and upon the facts of the case he should decide, without reference to the opinions of any other gentlemen, however much he might respect them.

Mr. J. Browne, clerk of the course, Bedford, was then called, and he produced the original conditions of the Welter Stakes, to which Mr. Booth added a silver cup, and they were then called the Milton Stakes. Mr. Booth's stipulations about the ownership of horses were added after three gentlemen had subscribed to the stakes. When the name of the stakes was first altered, there was merely the addition of the cup, but no stipulations were then inserted in the conditions beyond those of the Welter Stakes. He (witness) did not prepare the stake-paper; he was ill at the time, and his son prepared it.

The Hon. G. Ongley was examined, and stated he was a subscriber to the Welter Stakes, and Mr. Browne afterwards asked him to take his name from that stake and put it to the Milton Stakes, as it had just been called. He consented, as there was no alteration except the addition of the cup. He objected afterwards, not to the original stakes, but to a condition written on a slip of paper, and affixed afterwards to the stake paper, by Mr. Browne.

Captain Rous said the law of racing was quite clear on this subject. There might be fifty memorandums made afterwards, but unless they were fully assented to by all the subscribers to the original stakes they were not valid; and parties running horses could only be bound by the original conditions. If a stake were drawn out, and a gen-

leman afterwards added a cup, and made any extra condition, it could not be held binding. If there were even only one subscriber to the stake previously, no steward nor any other person had a right to make any alteration.

Mr. Sharman thought Captain Rous and he were agreed upon this subject; but he would just explain this case. Mr. Booth added a cup to the stake, and, therefore, had clearly a right to make what conditions he chose respecting it, perfectly independent of the stake. He might even say it should only be given to a chestnut horse. Suppose he wished to encourage the breed of north country horses, and added two thousand guineas to the Derby Stakes to be given to the winner, provided it were a north country horse. Then if a Cornish horse happened to win the stake, would it be said that he was also entitled to the two thousand guineas? Such a decision would be contrary to law, and contrary to common sense.

Captain Rous observed, that this did not affect the present case. Conditions were added after the original stake had been subscribed to, and therefore could not be allowed to take effect.

Mr. Sharman: But Mr. Booth added his cup to be run for upon certain conditions, and those only; and as they were not complied with, he very properly withheld the cup.

Mr. Browne, jun., was then called, and he stated that Mr. Booth called on him, and told him to add a cup to the stakes; he accordingly made a draft, merely adding the cup. He took the draft to the Oakley Hunt dinner, where it was read over in the presence of Mr. Booth, who made no objection to it. There were then three subscribers to the stakes. Mr. Booth, however, called on him two or three days after, and told him to add the extra condition, which he (witness) wrote on the slip of paper now produced. The draft was read at the Oakley Hunt dinner without this condition; but Mr. Bainbridge and all the other parties concerned were afterwards told of it.

Captain Rous: When the stake was read at the dinner, it was merely the stake and the cup added.

Mr. Sharman: Yes, but Mr. Booth is ready to make oath that he told Mr. Browne to add his condition, and that Mr. Browne neglected to do so; and when it was read at the dinner, Mr. Booth did not hear it.

Lord Charles Russell: Mr. Booth asserts that he did add all these conditions when he told Mr. Browne to add the cup.

Mr. Bisgood replied, that the original stake, with the cup added, and with no extra conditions, was read openly at the dinner in the presence of Mr. Booth, who had the paper handed to him, and he made no objection to it, and made no complaint that certain conditions were not added. After this period it was duly advertized in the newspaper called the "Northampton Herald," and no conditions were affixed beyond those of the original stake. He also produced the "Racing Calendar," which was also silent as to Mr. Booth's extra condition, and was simply the insertion of the original conditions unaltered. Mr. Bainbridge entered a horse, fulfilled all the original conditions, ran, and won, and was, therefore, fully entitled to the cup as well as to the stake, which was paid over to him immediately.

Captain Rous said, if those were the facts, it appeared perfectly clear to him that parties running horses in this race could only be called upon to fulfil the original conditions of the stake. It is admitted that these conditions were openly read in Mr. Booth's presence, when he made no objection; they were afterwards advertised, and bore (as he saw by the paper) the names of the stewards and clerk of the course. They, therefore, became a binding document, which no person, whether steward or otherwise, had any right to alter, and all parties concerned must stand or fall by it.

Mr. Sharman replied that the omission was a mistake of Mr. Browne's clerk, and surely Mr. Booth would not be held responsible for the errors of another person. A man might be bound by the acts of his general agent, but not by a particular agent, as in this case.

Mr. Bisgood denied that Mr. Sharman's proposition was correct, and, moreover, that the clerk of the course had previously sworn that Mr. Booth did not give him any directions whatever about the extra conditions; viz., that horses should have been the property of the subscribers two months before starting until two or three days after the Oakley Hunt dinner, at which the original conditions were read out and approved of.

Mr. Booth: I did not say I would give the cup to be run for subject to the original conditions alone, but that it should be subject to my own conditions.

Captain Rous: But you made no objection when the conditions were publicly read in your presence. If this memorandum had been added in the first instance, and accepted by the original subscribers, and duly advertised, it would have been binding; but such a course not having been taken, I am of opinion that Mr. Bainbridge, the winner of the stake, is entitled to the cup, and decide so accordingly.

Mr. Sharman addressed some other observations to Captain Rous, but he repeated his former opinion, and decided that the plaintiff was entitled to the cup.

The value of the cup in question is 50 guineas, and it is said that the costs on both sides will be something like £1,000.

A gentleman of the name of Baker has taken out a patent for boots and shoes made on a new principle, and which he has termed the *Impilia Patent*—an invention that does credit to his head, and (we speak from experience) affords great comfort to the feet. Those of our readers, both equestrian and pedestrian, who study comfort as well as appearance, will find in these boots all that they desire. We should not omit to mention one great recommendation, that the leather never creaks. During this melting weather there is not anything that we can more strongly prescribe for the tender *understanding* than the *Impilia Boots*, which are to be had only of T. Gullick, the maker, 44, Warwick-street, Regent-street.

THE OAKLEY HOUNDS.—These hounds are now under the direction of a committee consisting of their late master, H. Magniac, Esq., of Colworth, Lord Alford, Philip Booth, Esq., of Milton Hall, and William Higgins, Esq. Under such management, we think we may venture to predict satisfaction cannot fail to be given.

LITERATURE.

THE FARMER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. By Cuthbert W. Johnson. London: Longman and Co. Part X.

EARLY last month was published the completion of this excellent work upon a subject the most generally interesting of any that claims the consideration of the rural classes of this country. The copious extracts we made from the different numbers, as they came out, afforded our readers ample means of judging for themselves of the character of each part. We cordially recommend the volumes to all by whom our opinion is valued, and who may meet this our tribute to their high merit.

THE HORSE AND THE HOUND, WITH A TREATISE ON HORSE-DEALING. By Nimrod. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1842.

THE nature of this volume cannot be better detailed than by the publisher's preface, which is to this effect:—

"It is complimentary to the pen of Nimrod—at all events to the subjects on which it has been employed—that nearly all the serial papers he has written, in the various periodicals to which he has contributed, have been subsequently published in volumes.

"The proprietors of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" see no reason why the articles on the horse, horsemanship, hound, and hunting, which appeared in the last edition of that work, should form an exception to the hitherto nearly general practice of their craft, of re-publishing Nimrod's contributions, conceiving, as they do, that they are not only amusing and *instructive* to one class of readers, but interesting to all. They are here, then, given to the public in a carefully-revised form, with such alterations and additions as the interval of time between the first and second publication of them have rendered necessary.

"The treatise on horse-dealing, with which the volume concludes, is now published for the first time. In this part of the work the author has enforced the necessity for *caveat emptor*, and given a recital of some of the first legal and veterinary authorities on the question of soundness and unsoundness of horses. With this addition, it is believed the volume will be found to form an acceptable manual of information in all that relates to the horse and the hound."

"The Horse and the Hound" are two good treatises, which appeared, several years ago, in early numbers of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." We give them the praise they merit, but not being original articles, they are out of date as far as regards a critical examination in a periodical whose literary notices are confined to such works as are contemporary with its publication. The treatise on Horse-dealing, however, as it now appears for the first time, is not in such a category, and, therefore, we shall enable the reader to judge for himself how far the author, who has been resident in France for the last ten or twelve years, is *au courant* to the policy of the modern dealer's stable. We take him up where he is treating of WARRANTY:—

"We will now proceed to the most important part of this subject, and state what constitutes a sound, and what an unsound horse. Mr. Stewart, Veterinary Surgeon, and Professor of Veterinary Surgery in the Andersonian

University, Glasgow, says ('Advice to Purchasers of Horses,' p. 16), 'At first view, it seems easy enough to define a sound horse. It may be said a horse is sound when every part of him is in perfect health; but, upon further consideration, it will appear that such a definition would be of little or no practical utility, for scarcely a seven-year-old in the kingdom could be fairly said to answer to it. The most trifling splent, or even a wart, no matter how small, or where placed, are deviations from health, and would make a horse unfit to be warranted, if such a definition of the term 'sound' were to be adopted. It must, therefore, be qualified in order to be useful, and that the buyer and seller may be placed upon something like an equal footing. This, however, is not so easily done, for a horse is liable to several trifling diseases, which do not in the least incapacitate him; and yet it is difficult, I think I may almost say impossible, to define soundness in such a way as to admit those, without, at the same time, admitting others of greater consequence; and, on the other hand, it is as difficult to define unsoundness, so as to embrace all those diseases or faults which deteriorate the animal, without likewise including many that do not. Under such circumstances, a middle course is the most advisable; and though there must be some outstanding points, yet they are so seldom met with, that they may be left to the decision of the lawyer or the veterinary surgeon, according to circumstances. It is evident, however, that natural defects in the conformation, temper, or action of the animal, must not be considered as unsoundness. There is difference of opinion and strife enough in horse-dealing already; and to introduce the doctrine that a natural defect is an unsoundness, would not diminish it. Nothing but the existence of disease of one kind or another can in justice be so considered. I think the definition most likely to be generally useful, and most impartial to both buyer and seller, is this:—A horse is sound when there is no disease about any part of him that renders, or is likely, in future, to render, him less useful than he would be without it; and, of course, a horse must be unsound when he *has* any disease about him that renders, or is likely, in future, to render, him less useful than he would be without it.'

"On the question, What do you consider constitutes a sound horse? being put to Mr. Mavor, of New Bond Street, London, a veterinary surgeon of great practical experience (see 'Horseman's Manual,' p. 9), his answer was, 'I consider a horse to be sound which is perfect in structure, and perfect in function.

"I also consider a horse to be sound, though with alteration in the structure, provided he has never been either lame or incapacitated (and is not likely to become lame and incapacitated) from performing the ordinary duties to which he may be subjected in consequence of such alteration, and can perform them with equal facility as if there had been no such alteration of structure.'"

It will be seen that Mr. Apperley is not over nice in the matter of borrowing; but as there is judgment in his conveyancing, we have no quarrel with him on that account. We will go farther, and admit that, on such a question as traffic in horseflesh, the opinions of many are far better and more desirable than the opinion of one, and that, as sources of practical information, works carefully compiled by persons skilled in the matter to be collated, are infinitely more valuable than such volumes as are confined to the mere experience of one man. As, however, there may be those who will not agree with us in our position, we may be permitted to relate an anecdote to show that they are not singular in their views. A short time ago a popular writer in a branch of literature requiring great practical knowledge, and but little cultivated, was applied to for an article involving a vast variety of information (principally of a technical character), for a work regarded as a leading authority on subjects of a general nature. After consulting the best authors who had touched the inquiry, he completed his task, con-

firming, in all instances, the opinions he advanced, and the statements he made, by quotations from their works. Having forwarded his MS., in a few days he was favoured with a letter to the effect that "the publisher had expected a communication altogether original, and not one interlarded with quotations, and that, as the one received did not come up to his expectation, *he should write the article himself.*" Now this is a fact; and having given it as the most exquisite specimen of the modern style of book-making, we proceed with Mr. Apperley's inditings:—

"But unsoundness is a term, the exact limits of which are not very clearly defined. For example, crib-biting, in its incipient state, has been held to be no unsoundness; but when inveterate, and interfering with the health of the animal, which it does by impairing his digestion, it then has been held to fall within the meaning of the term. But how many thousand first-rate hunters and race-horses have been and are crib-biters; and, with the common precaution of the neck-strap, not in the least the worse for it. Thus it appears that the doctrine laid down by Lord Ellenborough is right—namely, 'that any infirmity which renders a horse less fit for present use or convenience, is an unsoundness:' to which we may add, in the spirit of controversy, that any infirmity which does *not* render a horse less fit for present use or convenience, is not an unsoundness. Nevertheless, we think it is not justifiable in a person to sell a horse which is a crib-biter, how good soever he may be, without previously mentioning the fact to the buyer, although the act is generally self-evident, from the mark made on the neck by the preventive strap.

"How many thousand first-rate hunters (and it was frequently the case with race-horses when they were kept in training for any considerable time beyond the period of their colthood) are subject to chronic cough! Now, chronic cough does not render a horse 'less fit for present use and convenience;' and yet, in the case of *Shillitæ v. Claridge*, it was held by Lord Ellenborough to be unsoundness, although the buyer was told that the horse in question had a cough, and there was no evidence of any mismanagement by the buyer. 'If it had a cough,' said his Lordship, 'and it was of a permanent nature, I have always held that it was a breach of warranty; and such has, I believe, been the understanding both in the profession and among veterinary surgeons. On that understanding I have always acted, and think it quite right. Knowledge makes no difference. There was a case before Mr. J. Lawrence, in which it was held, and it was there said, that the plaintiff might rely upon the warranty only, and not choose to trust to his own knowledge. I have always understood that a cough is an unsoundness. The horse was then unsound when he was bought; and there is no proof of any discontinuance of that unsoundness, or that he would have got well if he had not been hunted.' Now as it is held that 'no length of time elapsed after the sale will alter the nature of a contract originally false,' it would appear that a person purchasing a hunter with chronic cough, warranted sound, may have his season's hunting out of him, and then return him as unsound.'

"It appears to be going great lengths in warranting the temper and abilities of any animal; nevertheless, the warranty of 'free from vice' in a horse we know nothing of, is by no means an unnecessary precaution; for we know that, in the London Repositories, horses are sold over and over again (which is called, amongst the fraternity of low horse-dealers, 'going round the mill'), which will neither draw nor carry, and are consequently perfectly unserviceable.

"Although anatomical knowledge would be wanting to discover the various causes of diseases in the following various parts of a horse, still the following directions for examining the seat of them, as given by Professor Stewart, may be very useful to a purchaser:—

"*The head.* For the eyes; for cataract, glass-eyes, and specks. The nos-

trils; for glanders, tumours, and cold. The glands between the brooches of the lower jaw, for enlargement. The throat; for mark of crib-biting strap, and the tenderness which accompanies cold. The teeth; for the age, and marks of crib-biting. The veins of the neck; to see that both are entire.

“*The fore-leg and shoulder.* The seat of the collar; for tumours. The point of the elbow; for tumours. The knee; for blemishes and stiffness of that joint. The shank; for speedy-cut, splent, and strain. The fetlock-joint; for enlargement, windgalls, unnerving, and marks of cutting. The pastern; for ring-bone.

“*The foot;* for side-bones, sandcrack, contraction, thrush, corns, and flat-soles. The shoe; for signs of cutting.

“*The trunk and quarters.* Each side of the chest; for marks of blisters and rowels. The space between the fore-legs; for the same. The stiffl; for enlargement. The groin; for rupture.

“*The hock;* for capped hock, curb, thorough-pin, bone spavin, and bog spavin (no blood spavin). Then the horse should be mounted, and ridden a few hundred yards at a gallop, in order to quicken his breathing, and thereby display the presence or absence of roaring, thick-wind, or broken-wind.

“This brief summary will assist the memory, bringing, as it does, the seat and causes of unsoundness into one point of view. It includes, however, some *objectionables*, which, properly speaking, do not constitute unsoundness; such as windgalls, thorough-pin, capped hock, and string halt. The first two are objectionable, as indicating that the horse has been severely exerted, and may be otherwise more seriously injured. The two last are eye-sores, and only to be avoided as such.”

“We will remark on a few of the points here specified, which relate to fraud and warranty. The eye is a point difficult to decide upon, and often a subject for fraud, particularly amongst the lower orders of dealers, who used formerly to have very bright *white* walls, against which they showed their horses, when the reflection concealed cataracts, which are in themselves white. But this important organ is difficult to judge of, even in its healthy state, by reason of the varieties in its organization; and still more so to detect the extent of disease which may have, at some time or another, attached to it. Even the best judges of horseflesh have purchased horses without having detected deeply-seated cataracts, which shows the necessity of caution; and the best security is the inspection of a professional man, who is alone equal to form a correct opinion on the subject, which will be at once apparent on perusal of Mr. Percival's sixty-first lecture ‘on the eye.’ Part III., p. 131.”

“‘The foot’ is now so generally understood, that it may be needless to say more than to remind the buyer of the proverb—‘No foot, no horse.’ ‘The hock’ is the most complicated, therefore most difficult joint for the uninitiated to form a judgment upon. It is not in every person's power to detect the absolute presence of disease in this part, still more so to foretel the probability of it in future; but there is a certain conformation of this joint which almost ensures disease, and consequently it should be most minutely examined as to its shape, substance, &c.

“‘Broken wind’ is easily discoverable; and it is only amongst the most disreputable of the fraternity that it is ever attempted to be concealed, which can be done for a few hours, by administering a certain quantity of lead, which, by its pressure, checks the violent action of the abdominal muscles, or what is called heaving of the flanks. But ‘roaring,’ ‘wheezing,’ and ‘thick wind,’ are by no means always discoverable in a common trial of a horse, such as a dealer is disposed to give, on a good sound road. Nothing but a gallop over soft ground, or against a hill, can be depended upon in certain stages and degrees of either of these complaints.

“The interior of a dealer's yard during the hours of business is by no means an uninteresting sight; at all events an entertaining one, especially in London. The anxious stare of the by-standers, whilst listening to the insinuating oratory of the dealer—interrupted only by a parenthetical exclamation to his man to

'keep his whip still,' an admonition which he knows better than to attend to— together with the alternate workings of doubt and confidence in the customer, exhibit human nature in somewhat more than her every-day costume. Horse-dealing, however, like the game of whist, requires a partner, and it often happens that there is some one in hearing of the customer to confirm what the dealer has advanced, and *caveat emptor* should be always present to his mind. Shameful misrepresentations of the merits and qualifications of horses are made on those occasions, and although there may be several honourable exceptions amongst the higher order of dealers, we may quote the words of an old writer, who says that 'as mortar sticketh between stones, so sticketh fraud between buyers and sellers of horses.'

"A large horse fair is the scene not only of amusement, but those who think with Pope, that the best study of mankind is man, and take his axiom in its literal sense, may here indulge in the observance of character in its various grades, from the best bred gentleman to the lowest vagabond in the community, whose 'slang' must amuse although it may fail to edify. Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, boasts the largest in England; but that held at Preston, in Lancashire, which continues for a week, combines pleasure with business, being attended by the neighbouring gentry and their families, whose attraction is a splendid ball, and various other gaieties.

"But there is a good deal to be said in mitigation of the general opinion that an honest horse-dealer is a character written in the dust; and there is a saying amongst the fraternity that helps to bear them out. 'If we buy the devil,' say they, 'we must sell the devil.' Now, it was the advice of a quaint writer, some hundred years back, that 'if you have fallen on a bargain not for your turn, make the market your chapman, rather than a friend;' and such we know to be the general practice amongst gentlemen. If they have a horse they do not like—perhaps vicious, perhaps a tumble-down, *perhaps unsound*—they send him to a fair to be sold for what he will fetch. It too often happens that even the scrutinizing eye of a dealer fails to discover either of these objections, and having purchased him, he must sell him. Again, dealers are not always to blame in cases of horses sold by them not turning out well, or even becoming unsound. Their warranty of soundness should not be made responsible—though it often is—for what may happen to a horse for a certain time after he has been sold, whereas it may be the consequence of mismanagement by the purchaser, particularly in putting him to work too soon, when in what is called 'dealer's condition,'—namely, all fat and no muscle. Moreover, they are entitled, perhaps, to some advantage over the buyer, as also over the seller, from the price at which they must have purchased their experience; for our common judgment of figure, animate or inanimate, is by no means an inherent faculty, but a practical result of experience, and often-repeated experiments. Indeed, a great moral philosopher says, in allusion to games of chance—that the position that one side ought not to have any advantage over the other, is neither practicable nor true; not practicable, because that perfect equality of skill and judgment which this rule requires, is seldom to be met with. And as to that rule of justice which the same writer requires to be inculcated,—namely, 'that the seller is bound in conscience to disclose the faults of what he offers for sale,' we are not to expect so much virtue in horse-dealers, whom it would be difficult to convince by the same rule of ethics (actions being the same, as to all moral purposes, which proceed from the same motives and produce the same effects), that it is making a distinction without a difference, to esteem it a fraud to magnify beyond the truth the virtues of what they have to sell, but none to conceal its faults. It would, however, greatly add to the value of this kind of honesty that it should pass current amongst all persons who sell horses, inasmuch as their faults are often of a nature known only to themselves, in which case the purchaser has no security from imposition but in the ingenuousness and integrity of the seller.

"Then, another argument in favour of the horse-dealer, is the fact of there being no law or rule to define his profit. No one horse forms a criterion for

the value of another, and the circumstances under which horses are sold are so different that the better horse is oftentimes purchased for the smaller price. The value of a race-horse, for example, has never been defined, and hunters vary much in price, depending as much, perhaps, on the whim of the purchaser, and the independence of the seller, as on the character of the horse itself. But this is not the case with the tradesman who opens a shop, who, although the goods are his own, and it might be imagined he had a right to prescribe the terms upon which he would consent to part with them, yet by the very act of exposing them to public sale, he virtually engages to deal with his customers at a market price. This, it is true, is an implied, and not an absolute contract; nevertheless, the breach of it constitutes fraud. The horse-dealer, however, disclaims any such engagement in his traffic with the public, and, therefore, sets what value he pleases upon his articles, and obtains the highest price within his reach.

“But a horse-dealer, on his defence, goes into a court of justice, like a dog with a bad name, by the influence of which, coupled with the want of practical knowledge in the jury, and, perhaps, the prejudice of all parties, he does not always obtain justice. It is generally taken for granted that he must have known of the unsoundness or vice of the horse in dispute, which circumstance, coupled with those before mentioned, and the contradictory statements of ignorant and incompetent witnesses, operate strongly against him. It too often happens, however, that a mass of perjury, on one side or another, is produced in court, disgusting to all persons of decent character, and such as could not well be surpassed under the dispensations of the dark ages, which assumed to deprive oaths of their validity, and sin of its guilt. But horse-dealers are averse to appear in court at all, which is a proof of their good judgment; and if they would exercise a little more candour in their dealings, so as to prevent the frequent necessity they are under of taking back horses which they have sold, they would find it much to their advantage, and bring many good customers to their stables. ‘Have a regard to thy name,’ saith the son of Sirach, ‘for that will continue with thee above a thousand great treasures of gold;’ but the winged Mercury is the horse-dealer’s god, and he rightly interprets his emblematic appendage, for he seldom lets an opportunity fly away of taking hold of a good offer, lest it should never come within his reach again.”

HERALDRY OF FISH. By Thomas Moule. London: Van Voorst, Paternoster Row. 1842.

THERE appears to be no chance of an end to the industry that prompts the publication of books suited to all manner of men. What a fish dinner at Blackwall is to the physically curious in ichthyology, Mr. Moule’s book, no doubt, is to the scaly moralist. We are by no means “dabs” at the subject, and, therefore, leave the author to tell his own tale:—

“Tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior.”—VIRGIL.

“The prevailing desire for information on heraldry does not appear to have been encouraged by the production of books in proportion to the interest the subject excites, as, amidst the vast range of modern publications very few indeed are found to relate to heraldry. A sufficient reason may, perhaps, be found in the fear of encountering its boundlessness without the probability of incurring a serious charge of prolixity, by venturing to grasp at once the whole of this extensive subject; another more obvious cause preventing the attempt from being rashly made, is the number of engravings required for its support and illustration, few publishers being willing to risk the great expense attending this very necessary part of the undertaking. It is not to be denied, that the research which unfolds the progress of heraldry in the days of chivalric enterprise, and supplies the means of tracing its history through the different

periods of time, would prove a most attractive and entertaining employment of leisure; but the knowledge of its origin, and of the importance it began to acquire at an early epoch, its improvement, and its perfection, with all the circumstances to which heraldry owes its power of pleasing, is only to be found in books very rarely met with in modern libraries.

"The present attempt was suggested by the author's desire to compress the opinions advanced into a reasonable compass, and bring within a single volume the various illustrations required. Great facility has been afforded for its prosecution by the liberality of the publisher, and by the additional satisfaction of having all the drawings with which the work is embellished, made upon the wood under the author's own inspection, by his daughter, Sophia Barbara Moule, an advantage which will be best appreciated by those who know the great difficulty of obtaining heraldic drawings correctly executed, in which the beauty, in a great measure, depends on the character of the different periods of art.

A HISTORY OF BRITISH FOREST TREES, INDIGENOUS AND INTRODUCED. By P. J. Selby. Parts VII. to X. London: Van Voorst, 1, Paternoster Row.

WE have just received the above parts of this entertaining work—a work which speaks volumes for the admirable taste displayed by Mr. Selby. We give, as an extract, the following description of common or Norway Spruce Fir, from Part X.

"COMMON OR NORWAY SPRUCE FIR.—As a species, the common spruce is distinguished by having the leaves scattered upon the branches, quadrangular; cones terminal, cylindrical, and pendent; scales naked and flat, their summits truncate; cones from five to seven inches in length, and from one and a half to two inches broad. Seeds winged, small. Cotyledons from seven to nine.

"This stately and elegant fir, for such it must be generally acknowledged, when seen in full and vigorous health, and in a soil and situation congenial to its habit, is amongst the loftiest of the European coniferæ, yielding only, in this respect, to the *A. (pinea) pectinata*, silver fir, which, to a superior height, adds also a greater bulk and vastness of trunk. In its native districts, and in favourable situations, it attains a height varying from 120 to 160 feet, and even instances have been met with, in which it has reached the enormous altitude of 180 feet. It grows in a spire-like pyramidal form, the trunk being perfectly straight and continuous from the base to the very summit, furnished on all sides with numerous spreading branches, disposed in regular whorls, which spring each year successively from the base of the terminal bud, or leading shoot. These branches, where the tree has had sufficient air and room, are retained during life, except it may be a few of the lowermost, and those smaller shoots or abortive branches which occasionally appear between the regular whorls. In young trees the branches grow in an horizontal, or a slightly upward direction, but as they increase in size and age they become partially pendent, the extremities, however, always continuing to turn upwards, a disposition or form which gives a graceful and feathery appearance to the general contour of the tree. This pendent, or drooping character, depends, however, greatly on the habit of the individual, as it is carried to a much greater extent in some trees than in others, although they may be similarly situated both as to soil and situation. The trunk is covered with a thin bark, of a reddish colour and scaly surface, with occasional warts, or small excrescences, distributed over its surface; and the roots, which spread on all sides of the tree, run horizontally near the surface of the ground, and are so superficial, as to be partly exposed to view for some distance from the bottom of the trunk.

"Though a native of northern countries, and found in similar parallels of

latitude, the spruce fir is not considered indigenous to Britain, as no remains of ancient forests of this species are recorded as having existed in any of the mountainous districts of this island, nor have its remains been recognised amongst the other trees deposited in the peat mosses, beneath whose surfaces the common pine is so frequently and profusely met with. Its introduction, however, must have taken place at an early period, as it is mentioned by some of our earliest writers upon arboriculture. Turner, who published his work, entitled "Names of Herbes," in 1548, includes it in his list; Gerard, also, and Parkinson, figure and speak of it in their works.

"Upon continental Europe it occupies a surface, in some of the more northern countries, scarcely inferior to that covered by the forests of the common pine. Thus in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland, it is the prevailing species upon all the moister description of soil, extending as high as 69° and 70° north latitude. It grows in the south of Norway at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and on the Lapland mountains as high as 1,000 feet, showing it to be a tree of a hardier constitution than the *Pinus sylvestris*, and capable of growing in a more elevated zone. It is also common in the north of Germany, on the Alps of Switzerland, the Tyrol, &c., and extends to Siberia and the north of Russia, even within the arctic circle, and is also indigenous on the mountains of the north of Asia. In all these different localities it affects a moister and softer description of soil than the *Pinus sylvestris*, growing most luxuriantly in what may be called springy ground, such as is frequently met with on the declivities of hilly regions, or in the deep valleys and rocky glens which intersect and abound in districts of this description. In England, though its introduction may be traced to a distant period, few attempts to cultivate it upon an extensive scale, or in great masses like the Scotch pine, appear to have been made, its use having mostly been restricted to that of an ornamental, or expected ornamental, appendage to parks and pleasure-ground scenery, as an evergreen. This effect, however, it is but ill calculated to produce throughout the greater portion of the champaign and southern parts of England, where neither the soil nor climate suits its nature, and where, to those who have seen its luxuriant growth and rich green colour, when growing in localities suited to its habit, so far from being ornamental, it invariably presents a sickly aspect and unsightly appearance. It is, therefore, a matter of surprise that it should still continue to be a principal ingredient in all the pleasure-grounds, whether large or small, in the vicinity of London, as well as in Kent, Sussex, and other districts, to the exclusion of other evergreens much more appropriate to the situation, and where, from the nature of the soil and climate it can never attain a healthy or imposing development, a clayey tenacious soil being no less unsuitable than a chalky stratum to its free and vigorous growth. Advancing northwards, and in soils suitable to its nature, the spruce increases in the vigour and beauty of its growth. In Yorkshire, at Studley, Loudon mentions a spruce which, at the time his valuable work was published, measured 132 feet in height, and was supposed to be the largest and loftiest in England; the diameter of its trunk near the ground was then between six and seven feet, and it was regularly clothed with branches from the base to the summit. At this time it is supposed to be about 100 years old, as it is said to have been planted by Eugene Aram towards the middle of the last century. Farther to the north, and in Scotland, it delights in the moister soils of upland districts, more particularly in those deep ravines and narrow valleys which diversify the romantic scenery of the highlands. By the late Duke of Athol, distinguished as the greatest planter of his day, the spruce was extensively cultivated and liberally introduced, wherever the soil and situation seemed favourable to its growth, as he considered it not only in the light of a nurse-plant, or secondary, in mixed plantations, but as a tree of national importance for the qualities of its timber, as it was satisfactorily proved that several of the older trees cut down upon his estate at Blair, and used as spars and topmasts, were equal in quality to those imported from Norway and the ports of the Baltic.

TURF REGISTER.

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

ABERGAVENNY.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30th.—The Monmouthshire Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses that have never won the value of £50; heats, a mile and a half (eight subscribers).

Mr. Langley's br. g. Rancour, by Revenge, four years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Bradley)	6	1	1
Mr. Edwards's b. m. Victoria, half-bred, 10 st.	5	6	2
Mr. Lucas's b. c. Traitor, three years old, 7 st.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Gough's b. f. Fausta, four years old, 3 st. 8 lb.	3	0	dr.
Mr. Skerratt's br. g. Sidrophel, four years old, 8 st. 8 lb.	4	4	dr.
Mr. Croften's b. h. Muleteer, five years old, 9 st. 7 lb., 3 lb. extra	2	5	dr.
Capt. Jones na. b. h. Fitzwilliam, six years old, 10 st. 3 lb., 3 lb. extra, ran on the wrong side of a post			dis.
Mr. Arthur's br. g. Star, four years old, 8 st. 8 lb., ran on the wrong side of a post			dis.

The Llandilo Stakes of 3 sovs. each, 1 ft., with 20 added; heats, a mile and a half, over four hurdles, was won by Mr. G. Herbert's b. g. Tommy, aged, 11 st. 7 lb., beating six others.

The Havannah Hurdle Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, 2 ft., &c., with 1,000 Havannah cigars, a silver cigar case, and £10 added, was won by Mr. Jones's b. m. Forty-two, aged, 11 st. 3 lb. beating two others.

THURSDAY.—The Beaten Handicap of 3 sovs. each, with £15 added; one mile and a half.

Mr. Jones's b. h. Fitzwilliam, by Sandbeck, six years old, half bred, 10 st. 7 lb. (Harris)	1
Mr. Arthur's b. c. The Star, four years old, 9 st. 2 lb.	2
Mr. Herbert's b. g. by Shrimp, six years old, 7 st. 12 lb.	3
Mr. Trotter's b. m. Nell, six years old, half bred, 8 st. 4 lb.	4

CATTERICK BRIDGE.

WEDNESDAY, March 30th.—Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb., one mile (three subscribers).

Mr. Jaques's b. f. Colocynth, by Physician, out of Camelina, by Whalebone (J. Holmes)	1
Captain V. Harcourt's br. c. Sir Abstrupus, by Liverpool, out of Marsala, by Jerry	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Colocynth.

The Claret Stakes of 10 sovs. each; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; two miles (five subscribers).

Mr. Bell's b. c. Eboracum, by St. Nicholas, out of Vermillion's dam, by Blacklock (R. Heselstine)	1
Col. Cradock's b. c. The Prior, by Muley Moloch, out of Rebecca, by Lottery	2
Mr. Gill na. b. c. by Liverpool, out of The Maid of Avenel, by Waverley	3

Betting: even on Eboracum.

THURSDAY.—The Champagne Stakes of 20 sovs. each; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; three quarters of a mile (seven subscribers).

Mr. Jaques's br. f. Semisera, by Voltaire, out of Comedy (J. Holmes)	1
Mr. Powlet's br. f. by Sheet Anchor, out of Miss Letty, by Priam	2
Mr. Goodman's bl. c. Bother'em, by Voltaire, out of Salterella, by Stumps	3
Capt. Ramsden's br. c. by The Mole, out of Theresa, by Langar	4

The Gold Cup Stakes of 10 sovs. each; for three-year-olds, 6 st. 6 lb.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; two miles (eight subscribers).

Col. Cradock's b. h. The Provost, by The Saddler, six years old (S. Templeman)	1
Mr. Bell's gr. c. The Squire, four years old	2
Mr. J. Smith's br. c. Candide, by Voltaire, three years old	3
Lord Zetland's ch. f. Diavolina, four years old	4

The Squire the favourite.

DURHAM.

THURSDAY, April 7th.—Sweepstakes of 10 gs. each, with 20 sovs. added from the Fund; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; and fillies, 8 st.; three quarters of a mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Bell's ch. c. Winesour, by Velocipede, out of Thirak's dam, by Whisker (R. Heseltine)	1
Mr. Russell's br. f. Inheritress, by The Saddler, out of Executrix	2
Lord Eglinton's br. c. by Emilius, out of Variation	3

The Maiden Plate of £50, given by the Members for the Northern Division of the County of Durham, for horses that never won £50 at any one time, in Plate or Stake, before the day of naming; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five and upwards, 8 st. 10 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; two-mile heats.

Mr. Bell's b. c. Eboracum, by St. Nicholas, three years old (Bumby)	0	0	1	1
Mr. Harrison's b. m. Oakbranch, five years old	0	1	2	3
Mr. Dawson's ch. f. The Biddy, three years old	0	0	0	2
Mr. Allen's ch. f. The Wasp, by Muley Moloch, dam by Emilius, out of Bee-in-a-Bonnet, three years old	0	0	3	dr.
Mr. Jackson's b. c. Hard Bargain, four years old	0	0	0	dr.
Mr. Smith's br. c. Smallhopes (late Candide), three years old	0	2	dr.	1
Col. Cradock's b. c. The Prior, three years old	0	3	dr.	
Captain Potts's br. c. The Viewer, by Liverpool, three years old	0	0	dr.	

FRIDAY.—The Cup Stakes of 10 gs. each, for horses of all ages; two miles (ten subscribers).

Col. Cradock's br. h. The Provost, by The Saddler, six years old, 9 st. 5 lb. walked over.

Hunters' Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with £50 added by William Russell, Esq., and John Bowes, Esq., M.P., for horses *bond fide* the property of Gentlemen or Farmers possessing land, or resident in the County of Durham, and that have been regularly hunted during the last season with the Brancepeth, Wynyard, or Hurworth Hounds; three-year-olds, 10 st.; four, 11 st. 2 lb.; five, 11 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 12 st. 4 lb.; through-bred horses, 14 lb. extra; gentlemen riders; two miles (eight subscribers).

Mr. J. Davison's br. h. Shiraz, by Malek, dam by Dr. Syntax, grandam by Shuttle, aged (Mr. G. Gregson)	1
Lord Londonderry's Claret, by Turksman, aged, half bred	2
Mr. Lister's br. m. Eliza, aged	3

BATH AND BRISTOL RACES.

Stewards: The Duke of Beaufort, and Sir Edward D. Scott, Bart.

TUESDAY, April 19th.—The Lansdowne Trial Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 20 added by the Committee; three-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; mile and a quarter (five subscribers).

Mr. Wreford's Warden, by Glencoe, five years old walked over.

A Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; untried horses and mares allowed 3 lb.; if both, 5 lb.; one mile (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Gregory's bk. c. Barrier, by Defence, out of Europa (Treen)	1
Mr. Bristow's br. f. by Uncle Toby, out of Dinah, 3 lb. (Chapple)	2

Betting: 20 to 1 on Barrier.

The Somersetshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added by the Committee; the winner to pay 10 sovs. to the Judge, and the second save his Stake; all other conditions the same as in the "Book" and "Sheet Calendars;" two miles and a distance (forty-seven subscribers, thirty-three of whom declared, &c.)

Lord G. Bentinck's gr. c. Tripoli, by Sheet Anchor, three years old, a feather (Sharpe)	1
Mr. Maley's Bellissima, aged, 7 st. 13 lb. (W. Day)	2
Mr. Gregory's Fitzroy, five years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (Treen)	0
Mr. Isaac Day's ch. h. Tamburini, six years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Wakefield)	0
Mr. E. Hobson's b. h. Picotee, five years old, 8 st., half-bred (Mann)	0
Mr. Toke's br. f. Ermengardis, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Stagg)	0
Gen. Gilbert's b. h. Stork, six years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Chapple)	0
Mr. Collett's ch. f. Moonbeam, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb., 4 lb. over weight (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Day's m. by Nimrod, out of Buak, five years old, 6 st. 1 lb. (Howlett)	0
Sir C. Cockerell's Bugle, four years old, 6 st. (Darling, jun.)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Tripoli, and 3 to 1 agst. Bellissima.

The County Members' Plate of 50 sovs., given by Colonel Gore Langton and William Miles, Esq., Members for the Eastern Division of Somerset, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 6 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; and maiden horses at the time of starting, 3 lb.; a winner of any race this year before starting (matches excepted), 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; and thrice, or more, 7 lb. extra; heats, one mile and a half (five subscribers).

Mr. Treen's ch. f. Una, by Glancus, four years old (Mann)	5	1	1
Mr. De Mosher's b. f. Wiltonia, three years old	1	4	2
Mr. Jones's gr. c. Ferwid, by Firman, four years old	3	3	3
Mr. I. Day's ch. h. Tamburini, six years old	4	2	dr.
Mr. Foster's Combat, aged, half-bred	2		dis.

WEDNESDAY.—The Ladies' Silver Cup of 50 sovs. in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., for horses not thorough-bred; three-year-olds to carry 9 st. 7 lb.; four, 11 st. 2 lb.; five, 11 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb. Horses having won the value of 50 sovs. to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; thrice, 7 lb. extra; and a winner of 100 sovs. at any one time, 5 lb. in addition to the above extra weights; gentlemen riders, members of a racing or fox-hunting club; the second horse to save his Stake; once round and a distance (fourteen subscribers).

Gen. Gilbert na. The Tiger, by Lottery, aged, 12 st. 5 lb. (Gen. Gilbert)	...	1
Mr. S. Scott na. b. g. Greenfinch, by Tamworth, five years old, 11 st. 6 lb. (Mr. Farr)	...	2
Mr. W. Sadler's b. c. The Conqueror, brother to Combat, three years old, 10 st. 1 lb. (owner)	...	3
Mr. Balchin's Gog, four years old, 10 st. 13 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	...	4
Mr. Watson's ch. f. Virtue, by The Tulip, out of Hamilton's dam, three years old, 9 st. 4 lb. (Mr. Long)	...	5

Betting: 6 to 4 on Conqueror, and 7 to 2 agst. Tiger.

The Weston Stakes, for two-year-olds, of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., with 20 added by the Committee; colts, 8 st. 9 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 6 lb.; the produce of untried horses or mares allowed 3 lb.; the straight half mile (five subscribers).

Mr. J. Dixon's b. f. Vitula, by Ellis, out of Kittums (owner)	...	1
Mr. Treen's ch. c. Young Lochinvar, by Tipple Cider (owner)	...	2
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Deciaive, sister to Protection, by Defence (W. Sadler)	...	3

A Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., for horses of all denominations; thorough-breds to carry 7 lb. extra; three-year-olds, 9 st. 7 lb.; four, 11 st. 2 lb.; five, 11 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; the last half mile; gentlemen riders, qualified as for the Anglesey Stakes at Goodwood (three subscribers).

Mr. Collett's br. c. Gammon Box, by St. Nicholas, four years old, 11 st. 9 lb. (Gen. Gilbert)	...	1
Mr. Foster's Combat, half-bred, aged, 12 st. (Capt. Pettat)	...	2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Combat.

The Original Five Sov. Stakes, with 50 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. 13 lb.; five, 9 st. 4 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; 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 (four subscribers).

Mr. Isaac Day's br. m. by Nimrod, out of Busk	...	walked over.
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The Dyrham Park Stakes (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added by the Committee, for horses of all denominations; gentlemen riders; one mile and a half and a distance (four subscribers).

Capt. Jones na. b. h. Fitzwilliam, half-bred, six years old, 10 st. (Capt. Pettat)	...	1
Lord Chesterfield's brother to Prizeflower, six years old, 11 st. 7 lb. (Gen. Gilbert)	...	2
Capt. Freestone's b. h. Rough Robin, five years old, 10 st. 13 lb. (Mr. Parr)	...	3

The Hack Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 10 added by the Committee, for any horse; four-year-olds, 10 st.; five, 10 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 11 st. 2 lb.; thorough-bred horses, 12 lb. extra; the winner to be claimed for 50 sovs.; heats, the straight half mile (six subscribers).

Capt. Pettat's ch. g. Victor, by Defence, four years old (Capt. Pettat)	...	1	4	1
Mr. Jobson's b. g. Frank, six years old	...	5	1	0
Mr. J. Dixon's Lady Georgina, five years old	...	2	6	2
Mr. Drew's b. m. The Mite, half-bred, four years old	...	3	2	0
Mr. Denton's b. g. Picton, by Antelope, half-bred, five years old	...	4	5	0
Mr. J. R. Newcombe's The Disputed, aged	...	6	3	dr.

THURSDAY.—The City Cup of 100 sovs., in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 9 st. 5 lb.; five, 9 st. 13 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 4 lb.; the winner to pay 10 sovs. to the Judge, and the second horse to save his Stake; to start at the red post, and go once round, about two miles and a half (eighteen subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's br. f. Topsall, by Sheet Anchor, three years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (W. Howlett)	...	1
Mr. Biggs's ch. c. Eleus, by Elis—Miss Badsley, three years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (J. Howlett)	...	2
Mr. G. W. Blathwayt na. gr. c. Greenham Boy, by Firman, out of Greenham Lass, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Rogers)	...	3

Betting: 3 to 1 on Eleus.

The Bath Handicap of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, with 20 sovs. added by the Committee; the winner of the Somersetshire Stakes to carry 5 lb. extra; one mile and a half and a distance (five subscribers, two of whom declared).

Mr. I. Day's Railroad, by Velocipede, aged, 8 st. walked over.

A Handicap of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., if declared within an hour after the Handicap, with 50 added (nine subscribers, four of whom declared).

Mr. Sadler's Bellissima, by Bizarre, 8 st. (J. Howlett)	1
Mr. Hobson's Picotee, 7 st. 9 lb. (Witham)	2
Hon. S. Herbert's Tee-totaler, two years old, 7 st. 1 lb. (Darling, jun.)	3
Mr. I. Day's m. by Nimrod, out of Busk, five years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Chapple)	4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Bellissima.

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

Gen. Gilbert's Stork, six years old, 7 st. 6 lb.	0	4	1	1
Mr. Sadler's Defy, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb.	0	2	4	2
Mr. Hobson's Picotee, five years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	0	3	2	dr.
Mr. Treen's Wiltonia, three years old, 7 st.	0	1	3	dr.
Mr. Treen's Grateful, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb.	0	0	0	dr.
Capt. Jones's Fitzwilliam, six years old, 7 st. 12 lb.	0	0	0	dr.

EGLINTON PARK.

TUESDAY, May 3rd.—The Trial Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Club; half a mile (eight subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's ch. g. Nubian, by Sultan, aged (Major Richardson)	1
Lord Howth's ch. h. The Augean, aged	2
Mr. Hope Johnstone's bl. h. Charlie, aged	3
Mr. Moore's b. c. Magic, four years old	4

The following also started, but were not placed: Sir J. Boswell's bl. g. Black Diamond, aged; and Mr. Alexander's ch. m. Anna, six years old.

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; and fillies, 8 st.; a mile and a half (five subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's ch. f. Patroness, by Patron, out of Fair Witherington (G. Noble)	1
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Monarch	2

The Marchmont Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by Sir Hugh Hume Campbell, for horses not thorough-bred; once round (seven subscribers).

Mr. W. H. Johnstone's ch. g. The Returned, by Monreith, aged (owner)	...	1
Mr. Villiers's b. m. Gipsy, aged	...	2
Mr. Merry's ch. g. Patriot, aged	...	3
Mr. Moore's b. g. Anonymous, aged	...	4

The Irvine Cup, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, 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.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; once round and a distance (thirteen subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's b. h. Doctor Caius, by Physician, five years old (Captain Pettat)	1
Lord Howth's br. h. St. Lawrence, five years old	2

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

Mr. Matland's ch. g. Clem-o'-the-Cleugh, by Corinthian, six years old (Major Richardson)	...	1
Mr. Alexander's br. g. Jock, five years old	...	2
Lord Howth's ch. h. The Augean, aged	...	3
Lord Cassillis's ch. g. Curtius, aged	...	4

Mr. Hope Johnstone's b. m. Crescent, six years old, 11 st. 4 lb. (Major Campbell), beat Mr. Redfern's b. g. Slashing Harry, aged, 11 st. 11 lb.; half a mile (fifty sovs.)

WEDNESDAY.—The Curraghmore Cup of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Marquis of Waterford, for hunters; 12 st. 7 lb. each; half-bred horses allowed 5 lb.; two miles (nine subscribers).

Lord Howth's ch. h. Augean, by Sir Hercules, aged (Mr. Moore)	...	1
Lord Cassillis's b. g. Roderick Random, six years old	...	2
Mr. Villiers's b. m. Gipsy, aged	...	3

The Winton Stakes, a free Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by Lord John Scott; one mile and a half (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's ch. g. The Recorder, by Langar, six years old, 12 st. (Major Richardson)	...	1
Mr. Alexander's br. g. Jock, five years old, 10 st. 7 lb.	...	2

Lord Dunmore's b. c. Cable, three years old, 9 st. 6 lb. 3
 Lord Eglington's ch. f. Patroness, three years old, 8 st. 10 lb. 4

The following also started, but were not placed: Sir W. Scott's b. g. Harrier, aged, 11 st. 6 lb.; Mr. Campbell's br. c. Hull Bank, four years old, 10 st. 9 lb.; Mr. Ramsay's b. c. Middleham, four years old, 12 st. 7 lb.; and Mr. Hope Johnstone's b. m. Crescent (half-bred), six years old, 9 st. 4 lb.

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; and fillies, 8 st.; half a mile (seven subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's br. f. Lady Skipsay, by Inheritor, out of Lady Easy, by Whisker (W. Noble) 1
 Lord Eglington's bl. f. Egidia, by Sheet Anchor, out of Tefis's dam 2
 Mr. Alexander's b. c. Beubow, by Sheet Anchor, out of Archer's dam 3

A Handicap of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Club; one mile (four subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's br. g. Oswald, by Conductor, aged, 11 st. (Major Richardson) ... 1
 Mr. Moore's b. c. Magic, four years old, 9 st. 3 lb. 2

The Arndilly Stakes of 7 sovs. each, with 50 added by W. G. Macdowell, Esq., for hunters; four-year-olds, 11 st. 3 lb.; five, 11 st. 12 lb.; six, 12 st. 4 lb.; and aged, 12 st. 7 lb.; the winner to be sold for £150 if demanded; heats, once round (four subscribers).

Lord Howth's ch. h. The Augean, aged (Mr. Moore) 1 1
 Mr. J. Merry's ch. g. Patriot, aged 2 2

THURSDAY.—The Stewards' Cup, a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5' if declared, &c., with 100 added by the Earl of Dunmore and Lord Glenlyon; one mile and a half (twenty subscribers, nine of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Ramsay's ch. g. Nubian, aged, 11 st. 4 lb. (Major Richardson) 1
 Mr. Alexander's br. c. Archer, four years old, 9 st. 4 lb. 2

The following also started, but were not placed: Lord Howth's br. h. St. Lawrence, five years old, 12 st. 5 lb.; and Lord Eglington's b. g. The Potentate, aged, 11 st. 12 lb.

A Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 50 added by Lord Saltoun, for horses that had run on the first day: the winner to be sold for £200; once round.

Mr. Moore's b. c. Magic, by Conjuror, four years old, 10 st. (owner) 1
 Mr. Maitland's ch. g. Clem-o-the-Cleugh, six years old, 12 st. 9 lb. 2
 Mr. Alexander's ch. m. Anna, six years old, 10 st. 12 lb. 3
 Lord Eglington's ch. f. Patroness, three years old, 9 st. 4
 Mr. W. M. Alexander's br. g. Jock, five years old, 11 st. 8 lb. 5
 Lord Casillis's ch. g. Curtius, aged, 11 st. 2 lb. 6

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

Lady Scott's b. g. Harrier, by Beagle, aged, 11 st. 3 lb. (Mr. Villiers) 1
 Lady Dunmore's ch. m. Homage, aged, 11 st. 3 lb. 2

The following also started, but were not placed: Lady Eglington's b. h. Pirate, aged, 10 st. 12 lb.; Mrs. Hope Johnstone's bl. h. Charlie, aged, 12 st. 10 lb.; and Miss Boswell's bl. g. The Black Diamond, aged, 12 st. 8 lb.

A free Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for the beaten horses; one mile.

Mr. Campbell's Hull Bank, by Contest, four years old, 11 st. 1 lb. (Captain Pettat) 1
 Mr. Alexander's br. c. Archer, four years old, 11 st. 6 lb. 2
 Mr. W. M. Alexander's br. g. Jock, five years old, 10 st. 5 lb. 3
 Mr. Alexander's ch. m. Anna, six years old, 9 st. 12 lb. 4
 Sir W. Scott's b. g. Harrier, aged (a feather) 5

A forced Handicap of 7 sovs. each, with 20 added, for the winners of each race, and free for any other horse; one mile and a half (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Campbell's Hull Bank, four years old, 11 st. (Captain Pettat) 1
 Mr. Moore's b. c. Magic, four years old, 10 st. 8 lb. 2
 Lord Dunmore's b. c. Cable, three years old, 10 st. 3
 Lord Casillis's b. h. Wirrestrew, aged, 9 st. 10 lb. 4

CHESTER RACES.

Stewards: Rt. Hon. Lord Stanley, and T. L. Fitzhugh, Esq.

TUESDAY, May 3rd.—A Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8 st. 4 lb.; fillies, 8 st.; 3 lb. allowed to untired stallions, or out of mares whose produce have not won, but not to both; two miles (eight subscribers).

Mr. F. R. Price's gr. f. Valentine, by Speculator, 3 lb. (Cartwright) 1
 Lord Westminster's br. f. Irony, by Pantaloon, 3 lb. (Francis) 2
 Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. f. Wide-awake, by Recovery (Darling) 3
 Lord Stanley's br. f. Fortune-teller, by Voltaire (Holmes) 4

Betting: 5 to 4 on Valentine. The lead was taken by Irony, who at the first turn gave way to Fortune-teller. When passing the Castle, Valentine, who had been third, made good running and came in first.

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 on or before the 1st of February; 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 opposite the end of the Dee Stand, run twice round, and end at the coming-in-chair (sixty-four subscribers, twenty-six of whom declared, &c.)

Mr. Plummer's br. f. Alice Hawthorne, by Muley Moloch, four years old, 6 st. (Bumby)	1
Mr. Kirby's br. h. Lanercost, by Liverpool, aged, 9 st. 9 lb. (Templeman)	2
Mr. Holmes's b. h. Vulcan, by Verulam, five years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Darling)	3
Lord Westminster's br. c. Satirist, by Pantaloon, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Marson)	0
Lord Milltown's ch. m. Cruiskeen, by Sir Hercules, aged, 8 st. (Calloway)	0
Mr. Graydon's ch. h. Clinker, by Turcoman, six years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Marlow)	0
Mr. Fowler's b. g. Cormorant, by Bustard, five years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Dodgson)	0
Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, by Recovery, six years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Wynne)	0
Mr. Newsham's b. m. Nancy Dawson, by Mulatto, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Cope-land)	0
Mr. Greville's b. g. Rory O'More, by Langar, six years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Mann)	0
Lord Eglinton's br. h. The Young-un, by Satan, five years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Lye)	0
Colonel Cradock's b. c. Pagan, by Muley Moloch, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Oates)	0
Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Marshal Soult, by Velocipede, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Francis)	0
Colonel Crauford's br. f. Ermengardis, by Langar, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (W. Jones)	0
Mr. Smith's b. m. The Maid, by Mulatto, five years old, 7 st. (Hutchinson)	0
Mr. C. St. George's ch. c. Jolly Tar, by Crescent, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Howlett)	0
Lord Milltown's b. c. Fidhawn, by Delirium or Sir E. Codrington, four years old, 5 st. (Cassidy)	0
Mr. G. Ogden's br. c. brother to Harpurhey, by Voltaire, four years old, 5 st. (Walton)	0
Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Topsall, by Sheet Anchor, three years old, feather (Sharpe)	0
Lord George Bentinck's gr. c. Tripoli, by Sheet Anchor, three years old, feather (Treen, jun.)	0
Lord George Bentinck's b. c. Proof Print, by Birdcatcher, three years old, feather (Ashfield)	0

Betting: 3½ to 1 agst. Marshal Soult, 4 to 1 agst. Alice Hawthorne, 5 to 1 agst. Vulcan, 10 to 1 agst. the "Feathers," 11 to 1 agst. Lanercost, 12 to 1 agst. Jolly Tar, 12 to 1 agst. The Young-un, 15 to 1 agst. Cruiskeen, and 16 to 1 agst. Retriever. Marshal Soult took the lead after one false start, and making good running, kept his position to the stand, where Alice Hawthorne passed him at a first rate pace, and kept the lead to the finish.

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 (five subscribers).

Mr. Meiklam's b. c. by Physician, out of Solace, three years old (Lye)	2	1	1
Mr. Collett's br. c. Heads-or-Tails, by Toss-up, three years old (White-house)	1	2	2
Mr. Walters's b. c. Wilton Brown, by Bran, three years old (Dodgson)	0	3	dr.
Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Peter the Great, by Voltaire, four years old (Darling)	3	4	dr.

First heat: betting: 6 to 4 on Heads-or-Tails.

WEDNESDAY, May 4th.—The Dee Stand Stakes of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 6 st.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six, 9 st. 2 lb.; aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; three and four-year-old fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner at any time of the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, Doncaster, Ascot, and Goodwood Cups, 5 lb., or any two of any such races, or any two of those cups, 7 lb. extra; two miles (seven subscribers).

Mr. Kirby's br. h. Lanercost, by Liverpool, aged

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

Lord Westminster's b. f. Maria Day, by Physician, out of Young Lady Ern (Marson)	1
Mr. Griffith's b. c. Newcourt, by Sir Hercules, out of Sylph (C. Hardy)	2
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Colin Clink, by Velocipede—Henrietta (Cartwright)	0
Mr. Tallentire's br. f. Flirt, by Muley Moloch, out of Polly Oliver (Thompson)	0
Mr. Mostyn's b. c. by Velocipede, out of Her Highness (Darling)	0
Lord Stanley's ch. c. by Amurath, out of Mysinda (Holmes)	0
Mr. Critchley's bk. f. Della, by Dick, out of Lady Di (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. G. Ogden's bk. c. Blacklock, by Voltaire, out of Lady Sarah (Templeman)	0
Mr. Worthington's br. c. by Despot, out of Susanetta's dam (Lye)	0
Mr. Jones's b. c. by Despot, out of Blue-bell (Mann)	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. the winner, 7 to 2 agst. Mr. Mostyn's colt, 5 to 1 agst. Newcourt, 6 to 1 agst. Colin Clink. Maria Day took the lead, and continued it all the way, winning easily by a length.

The Dee Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., with 200 added by the proprietors of the Grand Stand, for three-year-olds; Derby weights; Grosvenor Course; the owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake (twenty-eight subscribers).

Mr. Copeland's b. c. Combermere, by Bran (Marlow)	1
Lord Westminster's ch. c. William de Fortibus (Marson)	2
Lord Miltown's b. c. Master Edward, by Fusilier (Calloway)	0
Lord Stanley's b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Rochana (Holmes)	0
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c. by Beagle, out of Jemima (Darling)	0
Mr. F. R. Price's br. f. Marion, by The Mole (Cartwright)	0
Mr. Orde's b. f. Bee's-wax, by Liverpool (Oates)	0
Mr. Graydon's ch. c. St. Bernard, by Recovery, out of Clinker's dam (Lye)	0
Mr. C. Bird's br. c. Dr. Allen, by Abbas Mirza (Templeman)	0

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. William de Fortibus, 3 to 1 agst. Marion, 5 to 1 agst. Dr. Allen, 10 to 1 agst. Bee's-wax, and 10 to 1 agst. Combermere. William de Fortibus took a good lead, Master Edward being second, Marion, third, and Combermere, fourth. Near the Castle Turn Combermere gained upon William, ran a close race with him, and won by a trifle more than a head.

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.

Mr. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, four years old (M. Jones)	...	1	1
Mr. Meikiam's b. c. by Physician, out of Solace, three years old (Lye)	...	0	2
Mr. Langley's b. c. Rancour, by Revenge, four years old (Bradley)	...	0	3
Mr. Owaley's b. c. Happy-go-Lucky, by Young Emilius, three years old (Howlett)	...	2	dr.
Mr. Dawson's ch. f. The Biddy, by Bran, three years old (Hutchinson)	...	3	dr.

First heat: betting: 5 to 4 agst. Portrait, 4 to 1 agst. The Biddy, and 4 to 1 agst. the Solace colt.

Portrait won easily by a length.

THURSDAY, May 5th.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 3 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and aged, 10 st. 5 lb.; thrice round, rather more than three miles.

Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax walked over.

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 (twelve subscribers).

Mr. Heseltine's br. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old, 9 st. 4 lb. (Heseltine)	1
Lord Eglington's b. m. Bellona, by Beagle, aged, 8 st. 5 lb. (Cartwright)	2
Mr. Raworth's b. c. Cattonian, by Muley Moloeh, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Dodgson)	3
Lord Eglington's br. h. The Young-un, by Satan, five years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Lye)	0
Mr. Buckley's ch. c. Gilbert, by Muley, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Skerratt's b. f. Lydia, by Newton, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb., 3 lb. extra (Stagg)	0
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Cerito, by Birdcatcher, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Howlett)	0
Mr. F. R. Price's b. c. Croydon, by Rockingham, three years old, 5 st. (Ebdale)	0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. The Shadow, 5 to 2 agst. The Young-un, 4 to 1 agst. Lydia, and 6 to 1 agst. Bellona. The Shadow came in front near the Castle, took the lead, and kept it to the finish.

The Selling Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Racing Fund; 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 lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded; the Grosvenor Course (seven subscribers).

Mr. Price's ch. h. Prince Albert, by Langar, five years old (Cartwright)	...	1
Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Peter the Great, by Voltaire, four years old (Darling)	...	2
Mr. Dawson's ch. f. The Biddy, by Bran, three years old (Lye)	...	3
Mr. Griffith's b. f. Miss Eaton, by Sir Hercules, three years old (Arthur, jun.)	...	0
Mr. T. Walters's b. f. Miss Winney, by Sir Hercules, four years old (Marlow)	...	0
Mr. Speed's ch. c. The Emperor, by St. Nicholas, four years old (M. Jones)	...	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. The Emperor, 2 to 1 agst. Prince Albert, 3 to 1 agst. The Biddy, and 4 to 1 agst. Miss Winney.

Won cleverly.

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. Plummer's br. f. Alice Hawthorne, by Muley Moloeh, four years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (Bumby)	...	1	1
Mr. Ferguson's b. h. Humming-bird, by Skylark, five years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Jaques)	...	0	2
Mr. Skerratt's b. c. Hudibras, by Newton, four years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (Lye)	...	2	3
Mr. Thompson's br. f. Fenella, by Dr. Syntax, five years old, feather (a boy)	...	0	dr.

First heat: betting: 5 to 1 on Alice Hawthorne. Won easily by a considerable distance.

FRIDAY, May 6th.—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; to start at the two-year-olds' post, go once round and in.

Mr. Collett's b. c. Heads-or-Tails (Whitehouse)	1
Lord Westminster's b. f. Irony (Francis)	2

Betting: 7 to 4 on Heads-or-Tails. The running was made by Irony to the distance, when Heads-or-Tails took the lead, and came in winner by at least a couple of lengths.

The Palatine Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the Grosvenor Course; those out of untried mares, or got by untried stallions at the time of naming, allowed 3 lb.; those got by untried stallions, and out of untried mares, allowed 5 lb. (four subscribers).

Lord Westminster's ch. c. William de Fortibus, by Plenipotentiary (Marson)	1
Mr. F. R. Price's gr. f. Valentina, by Speculator—Valve, 3 lb. (Cartwright)	2

Betting: 3 to 1 on William de Fortibus.

The Cheshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 50 ft., and 5 sovs. only if declared on or before the 1st of February, with 50 added by the citizens of Chester; the winner of the Trade Cup to carry 5 lb. extra; the second horse to save his Stake; two miles (eighteen subscribers, eight of whom declared).

Mr. Plummer's br. f. Alice Hawthorne, by Muley Moloch, four years old, 6 st. 8 lb.	1
5 lb. extra (Bumby)	2
Lord Eglinton's b. m. Bellona, by Beagle, aged, 8 st. 5 lb. (Lye)	3
Mr. Sanders's b. m. Miss Kitty Cockle, by Cadland, aged, 7 st. (Stagg)	4
Lord Milltown's ch. m. Cruiskeen, by Sir Hercules, aged, 8 st. 3 lb. (Calloway)	4

Betting: 5 to 2 on Alice, 4 to 1 agst. Kitty Cockle, 5 to 1 agst. Bellona, and 4 to 1 agst. Cruiskeen. Won in a canter by two lengths.

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.; T.Y.C.; half a mile, second to save his Stake (nine subscribers).

Lord Westminster's b. f. Maria Day, by Physician, two years old (Francis)	1
Mr. Bird's b. c. Doctor Allen, by Abbas, three years old (Templeman)	2
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. by Bay Middleton—Adriana, three years old (Darling)	3
Mr. Owsley's b. c. Happy-go-Lucky, by young Emilius, three years old (Bradley)	0
Mr. R. J. Mostyn's ch. c. Preparation, by Bran, three years old (Lye)	0
Mr. Price's ch. f. Ernestine, by Bran, three years old (Cartwright)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 on Maria Day, 2 to 1 agst. Dr. Allen, and 4 to 1 agst. Ernestine.

Match, for £50; half a mile.

Mr. Payne's b. c. Pensive, by Despot, out of Blue-bell, two years old, 7 st.	1
Lord Maidstone's ch. f. Wide-awake, by Recovery, three years old, 9 st.	2

The winner was the favourite at the close. Won in a canter.

The Ladies' Purse, value £50, to be run for by 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 £50 clear, 2 lb. extra; of two, 5 lb.; and three or more, 8 lb.; second to receive £10; heats, twice round the course to a heat, to start at the coming-in-chair.

Mr. Dawson's ch. f. The Biddy, three years old (Lye)	3	1	1
Mr. Graydon's ch. h. Clinker, six years old (Marlow)	1	2	2
Mr. Langley's b. c. Rancour, four years old (Bradley)	2	3	3

Won in a canter.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY, May 10th.—Match, 50; T.Y.C.

Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, by Taurus, five years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Robinson)	1
Lord Exeter's Abydos, by Sultan, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Pettit)	2

Betting: 5 to 4 on Abydos. Won easily by half a length.

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

Mr. Pettit's Langolee, by Langar, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Pettit)	1
Mr. Treen's Haltoo, by Sir Hercules, three years old, 7 st. (Chapple)	2

Betting: 11 to 8 on Langolee. Won easily by a length.

Match, 50; T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's Abydos, by Sultan, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Darling)	0
Lord Albemarle's Nuncio, by Plenipotentiary, three years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Robinson)	0

Betting: 3 to 1 on Nuncio (tk.) Abydos took the lead and kept it to the ropes, when Nuncio came up, and made it a dead heat.

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

Gen. Yates's Seahorse, by Camel (Chapple)	1
Mr. Dixon's Ballinkeele, by (Irish) Birdcatcher (F. Butler)	2
Mr. Goodman's Rover, by Muley Moloch (Crouch)	0
Mr. Combe's Rosalind, by Touchstone (Rogers)	0
Lord Verulam's Robert de Gorham, by Sir Hercules (Stephenson)	0
Duke of Beaufort's ro. c. by Camel, out of Miss Craven's dam (Robinson)	0
Lord Orford's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Wild Duck (Mann)	0
Duke of Bedford's c. by Mundig, out of Mismomer (E. Edwards)	0
Mr. Pettit's ch. f. Wire, by Buzzard (Pettit)	0
Lord Albemarle's Nuncio, by Plenipotentiary	dr.
Mr. Payne's bk. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Lady Fulford	dr.

Betting: 7 to 4 on Ballinkeele (laid to a considerable amount), 5 to 1 each to a small sum agst. Rosalind and Robert de Gorham, and 50 to 5 once agst. Seahorse. After two false starts the roan colt took the lead, Rover and Robert de Gorham next, followed by Seahorse and Ballinkeele. In the Ab. M. Bottom Ballinkeele was first, and Seahorse close at hand, and so they remained until just before arriving at the Judge's Chair, when Seahorse went by, and won by a head.

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 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Duke of Rutland's Sir Hans, by Physician, four years old (F. Butler)	1
Lord Orford's Young Quo Minus, by Buzzard, four years old (Man)	2
Mr. Pettit's Michaelmas Day, by St. Patrick, three years old (J. Howlett)	3
Mr. Rogers's Proseody, by Dr. Syntax, three years old (J. Scott)	4
Lord Albemarle's Robin, by Dr. Syntax, three years old (Richardson)	5
Duke of Grafton's f. Ohio, by Jerry, out of Whislig, three years old (Hall)	...	bolted.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Sir Hans, 3 to 1 agst. Young Quo Minus, and 7 to 2 agst. Michaelmas Day. Ohio was first until he had run 100 yards, when he bolted. Sir Hans then took up the running, and came in the winner by a length.

Produce Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; T.Y.C. (three subscribers).

Col. Peel's c. by Slane, out of Jason's dam, and Mr. Greville's c. Portunus, by Mango, out of Peggy, divided the forfeit.

Match, 200, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's Scutari, by Sultan, five years old, 8 st. 1 lb.	received 65 sovs.
Duke of Bedford's Oakley, by Taurus, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	paid.

WEDNESDAY, May 11th.—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 Rutland's Flambeau, by Taurus, six years old (Robinson)	1
Mr. Batson's Barbara, by Plenipotentiary, four years old (Bartholomew)	2
Lord Kelburne's c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon, four years old (Chapple)	3

Betting: 11 to 10 agst. Barbara, 6 to 5 on her agst. Flambeau, and 10 to 1 agst. the Muley Moloch. Won by half a length.

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

Mr. Newton's Ma Mie, by Jerry, out of Fanchon, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Hall)	1
Lord Kelburne's c. by Retainer, dam by St. Patrick, three years old, 5 st. 5 lb. (Casey)	2
Mr. Osbaldeston's The Mountain Syph, by Belshazzar, five years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Robinson)	3
Lord Jersey's Joachim, by Glaucus, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (E. Edwards)	4
Duke of Rutland's f. by Bizarre, out of Flambeau's dam, three years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (J. Harlet)	5
Lord Lynedoch's Jeffy, by Jerry, five years old, 9 st.	dr.
Mr. Crockford's f. by Buzzard, out of Emma, three years old, 7 lb. 4 lb.	dr.

Betting: 11 to 8 agst. the Bizarre filly, 3 to 1 agst. Ma Mie, 9 to 2 agst. Joachim, and 5 to 1 agst. any other. Won in a canter by two lengths.

The Suffolk Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., if declared by twelve o'clock at noon on Monday in the First Spring Meeting, with 100 sovs. added from the Town Racing Fund; the weights to be published in the Calendar after the Craven Meeting; the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, or the Somersetshire Stakes at Bath, 8 lb.; of the One Thousand Guineas Stakes, or the R.M. Plate on the preceding day, 4 lb. extra; the owner of the second horse to receive 30 sovs. out of the Stakes; last mile and a half of the round course (twenty-seven subscribers, fifteen of whom declared).

Mr. Beresford's Bob Peel, by Medoro, five years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (F. Butler)	1
Lord Albemarle's Ralph, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Robinson)	2

Duke of Richmond's The Currier, by The Saddler, six years old, 9 st. (Rogers) ...	3
Mr. Goodman's br. f. Miss Fidget, by Clearwell, four years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (Bartholomew) ...	4
Mr. Osbaldeston's The Devil-among-the-Tailors, by The Saddler, three years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (J. Howlett) ...	5
Mr. Treen's Una, by Glaucus, four years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Chapple) ...	6
Mr. Greville's Rory O'More, by Langar, six years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Darling) ...	7

The betting in the morning in the town was tolerably brisk at 3 to 1 agst. Ralph, 7 to 2 agst. The Devil, 4 and 5 to 1 agst. Bob Peel, 6 to 1 agst. Rory O'More, 7 to 1 agst. The Currier, and 10 to 1 agst. Miss Fidget; 7 to 1 offered agst. Una. On the heath the only betting of any consequence was at 5 to 2, and, finally, 9 to 4 agst. The Devil, and 10 to 3 agst. Ralph; the odds agst. the others were 5 to 1 agst. Rory O'More, 6 to 1 agst. The Currier, 8 to 1 agst. Miss Fidget, 8 and 9 to 1 agst. Bob Peel (no friends), and 10 to 1 agst. Una. The Currier made the running at a good pace, Rory O'More being second, The Devil-among-the-Tailors, Una, and Miss Fidget next, Ralph and Bob Peel lying in the rear with waiting orders. Rory O'More held his place only to the T.Y.C. post, when he fell back, and the Devil became second; when half-way up the Bunbury mile, Bob Peel quitted the rear, and laid with the leading horses, Ralph still lying off. At the corner of the plantations Bob Peel passed The Currier, Ralph made for the front immediately after, and at the top of the hill the two were fairly singled out, Ralph being at his opponent's girths. In this way the race finished, Bob Peel keeping in front to the end, and winning by half a length, after a sharp contest; The Currier was beaten four or five lengths, and was as many in advance of the other beaten horses; Miss Fidget was fourth, The Devil and Una fifth and sixth (nearly head and head), and Rory O'More last.

THURSDAY, May 12.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each; T.Y.C. (five subscribers, one of whom declared ft., and paid 5 sovs. to the owner of the second horse).

Lord Albemarle's Minaret, by Ibrahim, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (E. Edwards) ...	1
Fulwar Craven's That's-the-time-of-day, by Wiseacre, out of Zany's dam, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Bartholomew) ...	2
Mr. Payne's bk. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Lady Fulford, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (J. Howlett) ...	3
Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe, by Merchant, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Chifney) ...	4
Duke of Rutland's f. by Bizarre, out of Flambeau's dam, three years old	paid 5 sovs. ft.

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. That's-the-time-of-day, 3 to 1 agst. Lady Fulford colt, and 3 to 1 agst. Minaret. Won by three lengths.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 9 lb.; five and upwards, 9 st.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs., &c.; T.Y.C. (four subscribers).

Fulwar Craven's That's-the-time-of-day, by Wiseacre, three years old (Bartholomew)	1
Lord Orford's Young Quo Minus, by Buzzard, four years old (Rogers) ...	2
Lord Albemarle's Minaret, by Ibrahim, four years old (Robinson) ...	3
Col. Peel's Hawk's-eye, by Langar, four years old (Chapple) ...	4

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Young Quo Minus, and 5 to 2 agst. Hawk's-eye. After a very sharp race That's-the-time-of-day came in winner by a head.

The Whip was not challenged for at this Meeting.

SHREWSBURY.

WEDNESDAY, May 11th.—The Whitehall Stakes of 10 sovs. each; a mile and a half (three subs.)

Mr. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, four years old, 8 st. ... walked over.

The Tankerville Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 25 added; the owner of the second horse received back his Stake; two miles (twenty-two subscribers, twelve of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Isaac Day's ch. h. Tamburini, by Rubini, six years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Wakefield)	1
Mr. Collett's br. h. The Dean, six years old, 8 st. 10 lb. ...	2

The following also started, but were not placed: Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb.; Mr. T. S. Saunders's b. m. Miss Kitty Cackle, aged, 8 st. 4 lb.; Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, aged, 8 st. 2 lb.; Mr. Ogden's brother to Harpurhey, four years old, 7 st. 3 lb.; Mr. Denham's ch. f. by Pantaloon, out of Souvenir, four years old, 7 st. 1 lb.; and Mr. Speed's ch. g. Emperor, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Tamburini, and 3 to 1 agst. The Dean.

The Innkeepers' Purse of 30 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 6 st.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six, 9 st. 2 lb.; and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; heats, a mile and a quarter (three subscribers).

Mr. Raworth's b. c. Cattonian, by Muley Moloeh, four years old (Bradley) ...	1	1
Mr. Saunders's b. m. Miss Kitty Cackle, aged	2 dr.

THURSDAY.—The Column Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; the produce of untried mares or stallions allowed 3 lb.; about half a mile.

Mr. Griffiths's b. c. Newcourt, by Sir Hercules (Hardy)	1
Mr. J. Painter's b. c. by Volney, out of Saturnia	2
Mr. Arthur's ch. f. Miss Susan, by Bran, out of Susan, by Mango	3
Mr. G. Ogden's bl. c. Blacklock, by Voltaire, out of Sarah, by Tramp	4

The Queen's Plate of 100 gs., for all ages; three miles.

Mr. Isaac Day's ch. h. Tamburini, six years old, 10 st. 5 lb. ... walked over.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; heats, about a mile (three subscribers).

Mr. Raworth's b. c. Cattonian, four years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Bradley) ... 1 1
Mr. Denham's ch. f. by Pantaloon, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. ... 2 2

The County Members' Plate of 60 sovs., the gift of the Members for the Northern Division of the County of Salop, three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, four years old (M. Jones) ... 1 1
Mr. Owsley's b. c. Happy-go-lucky, three years old ... 0 2
Mr. Arthur's b. g. The Star, four years old ... 0 3
Mr. I. Day's ch. h. Tamburini, six years old ... 2 dr.

FRIDAY.—The Cleveland Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 lf declared, &c., with 25 added; the winner of the Tankerville or Queen's Plate to have carried 5 lb.; if both, 7 lb. extra; about a mile and three quarters (nine subscribers, six of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Collett's br. h. The Dean, by Voltaire, six years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Whitehouse) 1
Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, aged, 7 st. 2 lb. ... 2

The Gold Cup, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; the winner of the Queen's Plate to have carried 5 lb. extra; about two miles and a half (twelve subscribers).

Mr. Holmes's b. h. Vulcan, by Verulam, five years old (Wakefield) ... 1
Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, four years old ... 2

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; for two-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; and three, 9 st. 3 lb.; f. and g. allowed 3 lb.; about three quarters of a mile (three subscribers).

Mr. Owsley's b. c. Happy-go-lucky, by Young Emilius, three years old (Bradley) 1
Mr. G. Ogden's bl. c. Blacklock, two years old ... 2

The Borough Members' Plate of 60 sovs., the gift of the Members for the Borough of Shrewsbury, for horses that never won before the day of entry for the Plates; weights as for the County Plate, the winner of which was to have carried 5 lb. extra; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Ogden's b. c. brother to Harpurhey, by Voltaire, four years old (M. Jones) 1 1
Mr. Charlton's br. f. by Tomboy, out of Elisina, three years old ... 2 2
Mr. Arnall's b. g. Jumper, aged ... 3 3

BEVERLEY.

WEDNESDAY, May 11th.—The Two-year-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; T.Y.C. (five subscribers).

Mr. Goodman's bl. c. Bother'em, by Voltaire (Heseltine) ... 1
Mr. J. Peck's br. c. Reviewer, brother to Frea ... 2
Lord Normanby's br. f. Telegraph, by Brethy, out of Despatch ... 3
Mr. Scott's br. f. Cattoness, by Muley Moloch, out of Jubilee ... 4

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Bother'em, and 2 to 1 agst. Reviewer.

Third year of the Holderness Stakes of 10 sovs. each; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; and fillies, 8 st.; T.Y.C. (nine subscribers).

Mr. G. H. Reynard's ch. c. by Revolution, dam by Falcon, out of Melrose, by Pill-garlic (Marson) ... 1
Mr. Heseltine's b. c. The Bashaw, by The Bard, out of Slashing Harry's dam ... 2
Mr. Stable's c. by Eberston, dam by Margrave, out of Patty Primrose ... 3

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. Singleton's b. c. Squeers, brother to Smike; and Mr. J. Smith's b. c. Burnby, by Muley Moloch, out of Emeralds.

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Burnby, and 6 to 4 agst. The Bashaw.

Mr. G. Reynard's ch. m. Marchioness, by Granby, six years old (Col. Thompson), beat Mr. R. Harrison's br. h. by Napoleon, six years old, 12 st. each; two miles (50 sovs.).

The Gold Cup Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 lf declared, &c., with 40 added by the Town; the owner of the second horse received back his Stake; two miles (eleven subscribers, four of whom paid 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Watson's b. c. Arcanus, by Sheet Anchor, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Francis) 1
Col. Thompson's b. h. Hamlet (half-bred) aged, 8 st. 10 lb. ... 2
Mr. Warren's br. or ro. f. Water-lily, three years old, 5 st. 12 lb. ... 3
Mr. Robinson's ch. c. Cato, four years old, 8 st. ... 4
Mr. Simpson's ch. f. Chaldean Princess, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (fell) 0

Betting: even on Arcanus, 6 to 4 agst. Hamlet, and 4 to 1 agst. Cato.

THURSDAY.—The Hotham Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 20 added by the Town; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; one mile and a quarter (five subscribers).

Mr. Watson's b. c. Arcanus (Marson)	1
Mr. G. Clark's ch. c. Woldman, by Hampton, out of sister to Grey Momus	2

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.; f. and g. allowed 3 lb.; a winner before starting to carry 3 lb. extra; the second horse to save his Stake; Kingston Course (five subscribers).

Mr. J. Peck's b. f. Frea, by Romulus, three years old (Marson)	1
Mr. Kirby's b. c. St. Lawrence, by Muley Moloch, dam by Smolensko, out of Miss Cannon, three years old	2
Mr. Jorden's b. c. Mr. Timid, three years old	3

The Beverley Stakes of 7 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 20 added; gentlemen riders; once round and a distance (nine subscribers).

Mr. Simpson's b. h. Aggravator, by Palmerin, aged, 12 st. 4 lb. (Mr. G. Simpson)	1
Mr. Warren's br. or ro. f. Water-lily, three years old, 9 st. 3 lb.	2
Mr. G. Clark's b. c. Grindale, by Muley Moloch, or Lot, out of sister to Righton, four years old, 11 st. 3 lb.	3
Mr. G. Reynard's ch. m. Marchioness, six years old, 10 st. 12 lb.	4

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. W. Simpson's ch. f. Chaldean Princess, four years old, 11 st.; and Mr. Smith's b. c. Obed, by Nimrod, dam by Bellerophon, three years old, 9 st.

KELSO SPRING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, May 11th.—The Buccleuch Plate, value £93: 7s. given by the Inhabitants of Kelso and Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, for horses of all ages; the winner gave four dozen of Claret to the ordinary; two mile heats.

Mr. W. R. Ramsay's b. c. Foxberry, by Voltaire, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Robertson)	1
Mr. Crauford's b. g. Royal Charley, by Liverpool, three years old, 7 st. (carried 7 st. 8 lb.)	2
Mr. J. Elliot's b. g. Little Johnny (late Cistercian), aged, 10 st. 3 lb.	3 dr.

The Farmers' Plate by Subscription, with 10 added; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Taylor's b. h. Young Corrector, by Young Comus, five years old, 11 st. 12 lb. (Mr. J. Taylor)	2	1	1
Mr. Laidler's gr. m. Tillside Lass, five years old, 11 st. 12 lb.	3	3	3
Mr. G. Wilson's ch. f. by Valparaiso, out of Maggy Launder, three years old, 10 st. 2 lb.	4	4	3
Mr. Fawcus's b. c. Charlton, three years old, 10 st. 2 lb.	1	2	dr.

The Border St. Leger did not fill.

THURSDAY, May 12th.—Hunters' Stakes of 5 sovs. each, for horses that have been regularly hunted during the preceding season; 12 st. each; gentlemen riders; two mile heats (six subs.)

Mr. A. C. Maitland's ch. g. Clem-o'-the-Cleugh, by Corinthian, six years old (Mr. Wardrope)	1	1
Mr. Binnie's ch. g. The Laird's Brother, aged	2	2
Mr. Elliot's b. g. Little Johnny (late Cistercian) aged	3	3

The Roxburgh Plate of 50 gs., given by his Grace the Duke of Roxburgh, for horses of all ages; two-mile heats.

Mr. W. R. Ramsay's ch. g. The Recorder, by Langar, six years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (W. Noble)	0	1	1
Mr. Crauford's br. m. Cantata, by Muley, aged, 8 st. 8 lb.	0	2	2

The Oak Stakes of 5 sovs. each, for horses of all ages that never started before the day of nomination, except for Matches, Hunters' Stakes, Cocktail Stakes, Oat Stakes, or Farmers' Plates; gentlemen riders; heats, one mile and a half (five subscribers).

Lord Polwarth na. br. g. Sir Thomas, by Young Comus, out of Waterwitch, by Guerilla, five years old, 11 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Wardrope)	walked over.
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YORK SPRING MEETING.—MONDAY, MAY 16TH.

The Two-year-old Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; T.Y.C. (five subscribers).

Mr. Bell's ch. c. Winesour, by Velocipede, out of Goldendrop's dam, by Whisker (Heseltine)	1
Mr. Clark's b. f. Ameine, by Bay Middleton, out of Imogene's dam, by Whisker	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Winesour.

The York Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; one mile and a half.

Mr. Gascogne's b. c. Bluekin, by Bay Middleton, out of Jack Sheppard's dam,
by Whaker (Templeman) 1
Mr. Goodman's ch. c. by Langar, dam by Cervantes, out of Marciana 2
Betting: 5 to 4 on Bluekin.

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1839; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; T.Y.C. (eight subscribers).

Mr. Blakelock's br. c. A British Yeoman, by Liverpool, out of Fancy, by Osmond,
grandam by Catton (Oates) 1
Mr. Heseltine's br. c. The Bashaw, by The Bard, out of Slashing Harry's dam 2
Betting: 5 to 4 on A British Yeoman.

SHIFFNAL.—MONDAY, MAY 16TH.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 35 added; the owner of the second horse received 5 sovs. out of the Stakes; two miles.

Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, by Indefible, aged, 9 st. 2 lb. (Marlow) 1
Mr. Bird's br. c. Dr. Allen, three years old, 7 st. 2
Mr. Skerratt's b. c. Hudibras, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. 3
Mr. Raworth's b. c. Cattonian, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. 4
Mr. Flintoff's b. g. Wings, six years old, 9 st. 2 lb. 5

The South Shropshire Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added, 20 by the Hon. R. H. Clive and Lord Newport, Members for the Southern Division of the County, and 5 by Sir R. Pigott, Bart., M.P., for horses that never won the value of £50 at any one time; the owner of the second horse received £5 out of the Stakes; heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Walter's b. c. Wilton Brown, by Bran, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (White-
house) 1 2 1
Mr. Skerratt's b. g. Sidrophel, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. 0 1 2
Mr. F. Ongley's ch. g. Roderick, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. 0 2 dr.
Mr. Charlton's br. f. by Tomboy, out of Elisena, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. 3 0 dr.
Mr. Tutidge's b. g. Jolly Tar, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. 4 dr.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, 20 by Lord Ward, the Hon. Sidney Herbert, E. Durant, Esq., and R. Phillips, Esq., and 5 by the Fund, for horses not thorough-bred; the owner of the second horse received 5 sovs. out of the Stakes; two-mile heats.

Mr. G. Ongley's ch. c. Humility, by Recovery, four years old, 9 st. 8 lb.
(Calloway) 1 1
Mr. Killick's b. g. Henley, five years old, 10 st. 9 lb. 2 2
Mr. Robinson's br. m. Finality, aged, 10 st. 13 lb. 0 3
Mr. Page's br. g. Brewood, four years old, 9 st. 5 lb. 0 dr.

A Hurdle Race of 5 sovs. each, with 26 added; two miles, with six leaps.

Mr. Herbert's b. g. Tommy, by Lapdog, aged, 11 st. 11 lb. (Powell) 1
Mr. Bennett's b. m. Wood Vine, aged, 11 st. 4 lb. 2
Mr. Westley's br. g. Curate, six years old, 11 st. 4 lb. 3

GORHAMBURY.

TUESDAY, May 17th.—The Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added; 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.

Lord Verulam's br. c. Robert de Gorham, by Sir Hercules, three years old (Bar-
tholomew) 1
Mr. Graydon's ch. m. Miss Heathcote, five years old 2
Mr. Worley's b. f. Conjugation, three years old 3
Mr. Coleman's ch. f. Guzelle, three years old 4

Betting: even on Robert de Gorham.

The Ladies' Plate of 50 sovs., for horses that 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 if demanded, &c.; the Stand Course.

Mr. Phillimore's br. c. Finchley, by Glaucus, four years old (Sly) 1
Lord Verulam's ch. c. by Actæon, out of Corumba, four years old 2
Mr. Parr's b. f. Ate (late Wiltona), three years old 3

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. Cowley's b. c. Caution, three years old; Mr. Coleman's b. f. Laurostina, four years old; and Mr. West's br. g. by Bustard, out of Venus, by Lottery, six years old (who broke down).

Betting: 5 to 2 each agst. Finchley and Actæon c.

The Park Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the winner of a Two-year-old Stakes to carry 4 lb. extra; T.Y.C. (fourteen subscribers).

Mr. Ford's ch. c. Humbug, by Plenipotentiary, out of Deception (F. Butler) ...	1
Gen. Yates's b. c. Rook's-nest, by Rockingham, out of Hoax ...	2
Capt. Rous's ch. c. Fox, by Bolero, out of Vulpecula ...	3

The following also started, but were not placed: Lord Verulam's b. c. by Buzzard, out of Brocard; Mr. Stephenson's c. by Bizarre, out of Esperance; Mr. Coleman's br. c. Jamal, by Jerry, out of Corumba, Mr. J. Dixon's Vitula; Sir G. Heathcote's ch. g. by Samarcand, out of Paradigm; Mr. G. Ongley's bl. f. by Camel, dam by Octavius, grandam, Lady of the Lake, by Sorcerer; Mr. Critchley's bl. f. Della, by Dick, out of Lady Di; Mr. Beresford's ch. f. sister to Indolence; Mr. J. Bird's c. by Redshank, dam by Amadis, out of Pagan's dam; and Mr. Booth's ch. c. Donnybrook, by Hornsea, out of Dublin.

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. the Camel filly, 5 to 1 agst. Humbug, 6 to 1 agst. Rook's-nest, 6 to 1 agst. Fox, and 6 to 1 agst. Bizarre colt.

The Gorbamby Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added; the winner of the Chester Cup, or the Newmarket Stakes, to carry 7 lb.; of the Suffolk Stakes, 5 lb. extra; the owner of the second horse received back his Stake; Fir-clump in (thirty-four subscribers, twenty-three of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Beresford's br. h. Bob Peel, by Medoro, five years old, 8 st. 5 lb., and 5 lb. extra (F. Butler) ...	1
Mr. Coombe's b. f. Rosalind, three years old, 6 st. ...	2
Mr. Ferguson's b. h. Humming-bird, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb. ...	3

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. Clarke's gr. h. Currycomb, five years old, 8 st. 6 lb.; Mr. Gaydon's ch. h. Helpmate, six years old, 7 st. 10 lb.; Mr. Stirling's b. c. The Pocket Viper, four years old, 7 st. 1 lb.; Gen. Wyndham's b. f. Aspatia, four years old, 7 st.; Mr. Lawrence's br. f. Belle Sauvage, three years old, 6 st.; and Mr. Booth's b. c. St. Jean d'Acre, three years old, 5 st. 12 lb.

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Bob Peel, 7 to 2 agst. Rosalind, 6 to 1 agst. St. Jean d'Acre, and 6 to 1 agst. Aspatia.

The Brigade Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; for horses the property of, and ridden by, Officers of the Household Brigade; the winner to be sold for £150; one mile (nine subscribers).

Sir W. W. Wynn's br. g. Remnant, aged, 12 st. 4 lb. (Mr. Cotton) ...	1
Mr. Bastard's b. c. Teapot, three years old, 10 st. ...	0
Captain Newton's b. f. Fanny, by Dr. Syntax, out of Fanchon, four years old, 10 st. ...	0
Lord Drumlanrig's ch. g. Harlequin, five years old, 11 st. 4 lb. ...	4

The Prae Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; Cherry-tree mile (seven subscribers).

Col. Peel's br. c. Archy, by Camel (Chapple) ...	1
Mr. F. Clarke's ch. c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Acacia ...	2

WEDNESDAY.—The Clarendon Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added; for three-year-olds, 7 st.; and four, 8 st. 10 lb.; Cherry-tree mile.

Lord Verulam's br. c. Robert de Gorham, three years old (Bartholomew) ...	1
Col. Peel's Archy, three years old ...	2
Baron Rothschild's ch. c. by Sir Hercules, out of Worthless, three years old ...	3
Mr. Ford's b. f. Ballet, three years old ...	4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Archy.

The Kingsbury Stakes (Handicap), for three-year-olds and upwards; ridden by Officers of the Army or Navy, or by Members or Sons of Members of White's, Brooks's, Boodle's, the Jockey Club, Goodwood, Heaton Park, or Bibury Clubs; Cherry-tree mile (three subscribers).

Mr. Bastard's b. c. Teapot, by Rockingham, three years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (Mr. R. Oliver) ...	1
Mr. G. Ongley's ch. c. Humility, four years old, 11 st. 8 lb. ...	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Humility.

The St. Alban's Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. 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.; mares allowed 3 lb.; the Verulam Course (seven subscribers).

Mr. S. Scott's b. c. Mosque, by Sultan, four years old (F. Butler) ...	1
Mr. Nightingale's ch. c. Nick, four years old ...	2
Gen. Wyndham's b. f. Aspatia, four years old ...	3

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. Booth's ch. h. Benjamin, five years old; and Lord Verulam's ch. f. Concertina, four years old.

Betting: even on Mosque, 2 to 1 agst. Benjamin, and 4 to 1 agst. Concertina.

The Town Plate of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; those that never won before the time of naming allowed 4 lb.; the winner to be sold for £150; heats, the Stand Course.

Mr. Parr's b. h. Rough Robin, by Muley, five years old (Parr)	1	1
Mr. Coleman's br. m. Tenebrosa, six years old	6	2
Mr. Smith's Gorsebush, aged	5	3
Lord Verulam's ch. c. by Actæon, out of Corumba, four years old	2	dr.
Baron Rothschild's bl. f. by Rockingham, out of Flight, by Velocipede, three years old	3	dr.
Mr. Treen's ch. f. Haltoe, three years old	4	dr.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for the beaten horses; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 12 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the Stand Course.

Mr. Parr's ch. f. Ate, by Elis, or Carnaby, three years old (a lad)	1
Mr. Coleman's br. m. Tenebrosa, six years old	2
Lord Verulam's ch. c. by Actæon, out of Corumba, four years old	3

Mr. Phillimore's br. c. Rochester, by Rockingham, 8 st. 5 lb., received ft. from Mr. Coleman's bl. f. Goneril, by Jerry, dam by Filho da Puta, out of Brocard, 8 st.; last mile, 50, h. ft.

Mr. D. Radcliffe's ch. c. Uffington, by The Colonel, out of Lady Emily, received ft. from Mr. Shelley's c. by Sir Hercules, dam by Pantaloon, out of Bistarda's dam, 8 st. 7 lb. each; one mile; 30, h. ft.

MANCHESTER.

TUESDAY, May 17th.—The Wilton Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., to which £40 would have been added if not walked over for, for all ages; a mile and a quarter (seven subscribers).

Mr. Heseltine's b. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old, 8 st. 13 lb. walked over.

Mr. Brooks's ch. c. by Zealot, out of Zillah, four years old, 8 st. (Whitehouse), beat Mr. G. H. Moore's br. g. Hawkesbury, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb.; one mile, 100, h. ft.

Betting: 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on Hawkesbury.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., to which the Manchester Cup of 100 sovs. in specie, would have been added if not walked over for. The winner paid 5 sovs. to the Judge; twice round and a distance (eleven subscribers, four of whom paid 5 sovs. each).

Lord Eglinton's br. h. The Young-un, by Satan, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb. walked over.

A Plate of £50, for horses that never won that sum at any one 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.; the second horse received £10; heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. W. Thompson's br. c. Flamingo, by Bustard, dam (foaled in 1830) by Muley, out of Rosanne, three years old (Lye)	0	1	1
Mr. Park's ch. f. by Physician, dam by Soothsayer, out of Miss Eliza Teazle, three years old	1	0	0
Mr. Walter's b. m. by Velocipede, out of Zephyrina, five years old	0	0	2
Mr. Worthington's b. c. Kirkby Lonsdale, by Physician, out of Toso's dam, three years old	0	0	0
Mr. Kirby's br. c. Sir Robert, by Sheet Anchor, out of Miss Parkinson, three years old	0	2	dr.
Mr. Harrison's b. m. Oak-branch, five years old	2	0	dr.

WEDNESDAY.—A Free Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for four-year-olds; a mile and a quarter (four subscribers).

Mr. A. Bower's b. f. Collina, by Langar, 5 st. 9 lb. (Walton)	1
Mr. Cooke's b. g. by Macedonicus, out of Muleteer's dam, 5 st. 12 lb.	2
Mr. Heywood's gr. c. Mr. Whippy, 6 st. 12 lb.	3

Betting: 7 to 4 on Collina.

Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 30 added, for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; a mile and a quarter.

Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. by Bay Middleton, but of Adriana (Heseltine)	1
Mr. Meiklam's br. f. Temptation	2
Mr. Tallentire's br. f. Sprite	3
Mr. Bristow's br. f. by Uncle Toby, out of Dinah	4

Betting: 5 to 4 on Temptation, and 5 to 2 agst. the winner.

A Cup of 100 sovs., in specie, given by the owners of the race-course, added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 if declared, &c.; the winner of the Chester Cup or Cheshire Stakes to carry 3 lb. extra; of the Manchester Cup, 5 lb. extra; the owner of the second horse received back his Stake; and the winner paid 5 sovs. to the Judge; a mile and a quarter (sixteen subscribers, four of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Mr. E. Buckley's b. c. David, by Physician, three years old, 6 st. (Copeland)	1
Mr. A. Bower's b. f. Collina, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb.	2
Mr. Plummer's br. f. Alice Hawthorne, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb., and 3 lb. extra	3

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. Hornby's br. h. Champagne, five years old, 8 st.; and Mr. Smith's b. m. The Maid, five years old, 7 st. 2 lb.

Betting: 4 to 1 on Allee Hawthorne.

The £50 Plate for this day did not fill.

THURSDAY.—Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, with 40 added; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; about three quarters of a mile (six subscribers).

Mr. Bristow's br. c. Pharaoh, by the Mummy, out of Languid (Hardy)	1
Mr. King's b. c. St. Cuthbert, by St. Nicholas, out of Ione	2

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. Worthington's br. c. Hooton, by Despot, out of Susanetta's dam; Mr. Dawson's b. f. Isabella, by Liverpool, out of Cherub; and Mr. J. Williams's ch. c. The Viscount, by Lord Stafford, out of My Lady.

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Pharaoh, and 9 to 4 agst. The Viscount.

The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; a mile and three quarters (three subscribers).

Mr. Bristow's br. c. Haroldston, by Dr. Faustus	walked over.
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Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; 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. Heseltine's br. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old (Heseltine)	1
Mr. Dawson's ch. f. The Biddy, by Bran, out of Idalla, three years old	2

A Plate of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; for three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; and four, 8 st. 2 lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner once before starting to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; thrice, 7 lb. extra; the owner of the second horse received 10 sovs. out of the Stakes; heats, a mile and a quarter.

Captain Harcourt's b. c. Arnagill, by Muley Moloch, four years old (Lye)	1	1
Mr. Park's ch. f. by Physician, dam by Soothsayer, three years old	2	2
Mr. Stanbank's br. c. Hookah, three years old	3	3

FRIDAY.—The Broughton Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 30 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 allowed 3 lb.; the winner of the St. Leger to carry 3 lb. extra; St. Leger Course (six subscribers).

Mr. Bell's br. c. Eboracum, by St. Nicholas, three years old	1
Mr. Meiklam's br. f. Temptation, three years old	2
Mr. W. Thompson's br. c. Flamingo, three years old	3

Betting: even on Flamingo, and 2 to 1 agst. Eboracum.

A Cup of 100 sovs., in specie, given by the Publicans and their Friends, added to a Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and 5 if declared, &c.; the winner paid 5 sovs. to the Judge; a mile and a quarter (ten subscribers, four of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Clarke's br. f. Lady Mary, by Voltaire, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb.	1
Mr. Hornby's br. c. Champagne, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb.	2

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. C. Brooks's ch. c. by Zealot, out of Zillah, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb.; Mr. Bell's b. c. Eboracum, three years old, 7 st.; and Mr. Thompson's br. f. by The Mole, out of Fenella, four years old, 6 st. 6 lb.

Betting: 6 to 5 on Eboracum, 4 to 1 agst. Champagne, 5 to 1 agst. Lady Mary, and 6 to 1 agst. Zealot colt.

A Free Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for the beaten horses; a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Cooke's b. g. by Macedonicus, out of Muleteer's dam, four years old 7 st. 8 lb.	1
Mr. Tallentire's br. f. Sprite, three years old, 6 st.	2
Mr. Harrison's b. m. Oak-branch, five years old, 7 st. 4 lb.	3

A Plate of £50; 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, 3 lb.; of two, or more, 5 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for £150 if demanded, &c.; heats, two miles and a distance.

Captain Harcourt's b. c. Arnagill, four years old (Lye)	1	1
Mr. Kirby's br. c. Sir Robert, three years old	3	2
Mr. Walters's b. m. by Velocipede, out of Zephyrina, five years old	2	3

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1842.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PORTRAIT OF ATTLA; ENGRAVED BY J. W. COOK, FROM A PAINTING
BY HARRY HALL:

AND

"FOR ENGLAND, HO," DESIGNED AND ETCHED BY LEECH.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE shall be most happy to hear, at all times, from our friend in Devon: when will he tell us all about the chase of the wild deer?

Suggestions, either from Mr. Laxton, of Startfell, or any other breeder and trainer of shooting dogs, if they contain practical information, will be certain of insertion in our pages.

We strongly recommend our correspondent, whose note is dated from George Street, Hanover Square, to consult the Messrs. Rogers, of Knightsbridge. He will find their establishment one of the most perfect of the kind in London, and the proprietors men of great veterinary skill.

Nonsense about "practised writers!" put matter on your paper—we'll settle the manner of it, an' that give you any anxiety. No better Helicon than a Highland stream, leaping and sparkling from its crystal home, far away among the hills, particularly with a flavour of Glenlivet in it. Scribble with a skewer on the dingiest of whitey-brown, should there be no other writing equipage at hand, only let your text be germane to woodcraft, and we will enrol thee among the Worshipful Company of Sporting Reviewers.

An invention, which is likely to be of vast service to the riding and driving portion of the community, has lately been made by Mr. Rodway, of Holborn and Birmingham. It consists of a concave shoe for horses. The faults so long complained of in the common shoe are entirely superseded by the patentee, and the horse will be more secure from falling, particularly on a wooden surface, than in the case with the common shoe. We can earnestly recommend the universal adoption of this really necessary item in equestrian economy.

Vols. I. to VII., bound in fancy cloth boards, and lettered, are now ready.

HYDE MARSTON ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN'S LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH :—“ FOR ENGLAND, HO ! ”

“ Ego, utrum,
Nave ferar magnâ an parvâ ferar unus et idem.”
HORAT. EPIST., Lib. I., Epist. 11.

WE should find it a most convenient addition to our store of working philosophy, to have constantly in mind that time does not stand still in those places, or with those persons, on whom we have turned our backs. The reader pauses, rests the volume on his knee, and turns to his companion, whose *demi toilette*, half sheltered behind those muslin draperies of the Marine Parade, is too connubial to be misunderstood. Laying the open volume on his knee as aforesaid, “ Julia, my love,” he observes, “ what odd beings your writing men and women are ! What do you suppose the author of this book, for instance, assumes ? Nothing less than that people are in the habit of imagining no portion of the world goes round except that on which they happen to be standing—how very odd ! ” Our friends are at breakfast—the hour at which the post reaches Brighton, and, indeed, when it ought to arrive everywhere. A servant enters with a salver, on which are certain oblong packets. “ Letters from Keswick, I know,” exclaims the dame ; “ do,—do give me mine, William.” Straightway, seals are broken, envelopes torn asunder, and each devours the sheet so eagerly sought, and evidently so full of interest. The gentleman is the first to break silence. “ What will the world come to, Julia ? We have been but ten days from home, and that fellow, Smith, has run away with my chestnut mare, and Jones, the clerk, with Robinson the sexton’s wife.” “ William,” returns the lady, “ listen to what my sister Laura writes :—‘ Pretty work there has been here since you left the manor. Mary Brown, the Sunday-school mistress, who looked as if she lived upon water-ices, has had twins by the ostler at The Goat.’ ” Why so aghast, ye who “ dwell in Cumberland among the hills ? ” Is it because a brace of children are born into your neighbourhood, or a wife or a palfrey has bolted from it ? These are incidents which every day brings about in a region that ye may command from the parish steeple. No ; the true reading is,

that being out of reach of the cakes and ale, ye cannot understand why ginger should be hot in the mouth of another. Take my word for it, your case is a common one.

The morning that followed the racing in the *Bois de Boulogne* bestowed an epistolary dose upon uncle Tom and his *protégé*, the conventional course to which all who travel are subjected. The act of engaging in a pleasure tour, from time immemorial has invested friends and kinsfolk at home with *carte-blanche* to write disagreeable letters. Without looking at my relative, I more than surmised that he was discomfited;—he raised a glass of *chambertin* to his lips, and replaced it on the table, untouched:—I was satisfied that the spirit was troubled within him. “Hyde, *mon brave*,” said he, “I hope it won’t in any way interfere with your happiness to be told that my sister, your reverend mother, is going to the devil as fast as a German prince and a second crop of ringlets can carry her:—too much good sense to care for that, my philosopher, eh?” — — — — and here uncle Tom subjoined four expletives, of the value of one pound sterling, according to the present scale, as settled by act of parliament. Having thus cleared his throat and lightened his spirit, he drained his cup with that air of satisfaction which is said ever to follow a virtuous deed, and waited my reply.

My own communications were not of a description to make me feel at ease. It was clear, things were at sixes and sevens at B——, for although my father wrote very graciously, indeed very kindly, there was that in the style of his letters which convinced me he was less happy than he deserved to be. Other correspondents had also favoured me with half hours selected from the interval between breakfast and luncheon on Sundays, or such portions of their leisure during the week days as were without resource, save the forlorn hope of note-inditing. Of course the whole batch did not contain a dozen lines worth the trouble of reading, while some were grievously provoking. But there was one, the contents of which filled me with annoyance and concern, because I could neither question their truth nor their sincerity. It came from T——, my Oriel chum, with an intimation that it would be quite as well were I to transfer the scene of action from Paris to Cheltenham, where the female portion of my family might benefit by the presence of a male relative.

Now, as I knew that my friend T—— was, at the moment, sweet-hearting emphatically, on his own account, among the Gloucestershire hills, there could be no doubt the tenderesses of a third party, which could attract his notice, must be sufficiently conspicuous.

“Uncle,” said I, replying to the question written on my companion’s face, “as you feel disposed to be national, we will take the road to Calais at once: you find the French wines too acid, I’m sure you do.”

The old gentleman, in token of acquiescence, smiled like a hyena doing the amiable. "The day after to-morrow we'll leave Paris," was his rejoinder; "and I only hope I may meet with nothing where we're going more sour than claret and *châblis*." The space that remained for us I employed more immediately to the purpose of the inquiry that interested me, than a month of ordinary research would have accomplished. The same evening we dined together at Meurice's, where the *table d'hôte* then was, as it still is, the principal rendezvous of English desultory diners. Accident placed me next to a physician, a fellow countryman, celebrated for his convivial qualities, who was for many years the Magnus Apollo of that hostel. From him I learnt much of the history of the *maisonnette* on the Versailles road—much more, indeed, than tended to my comfort or consolation. That Lancelot Ridsdale and Caroline G—— were its proprietors, he assured me was well known to the police, as also the uses to which it was applied. During his partnership with Von Hoffman, some considerable robberies had been effected, the plan being to give a political tone to their parties. This served a double end; it diverted the *surveillance* of the authorities, while it brought victims whose enthusiasm ensured their being easily duped. Very soon, however, the secret, that high play was the actual business of these assemblers, caused them to be sought by the most experienced masters of the die in Paris, which means in the world. This quickly turned the tables, and heavy losses were the consequence. Out of these arose the cause of quarrel which produced the encounter between the confederates, the issue of which has been already told. On the disappearance of the Baron, necessity, the mother of invention, helped Ridsdale to a scheme which promised to prove a mine of wealth. A taste for English equipages, horses, and sports, was fast becoming the rage of the French metropolis. The most aspiring of her youths affected the turf, and matches were daily being run in the *champ de Mars*, and at other places. Ridsdale's wound, which confined him to a sofa, forbade his taking, for the present, any active part in such exercises, but his resources of mind never failed him. At the period when the allied army occupied France, the well-known Capt. A—— had joined a light infantry corps, then lying before Paris. His thirst for excitement soon led him to every haunt of profligacy in that most profligate of capitals, and in a year or two he was compelled to retire from the full pay of his regiment, deeply encumbered. Although the liberality of a wealthy and fond father supplied him with ample means, they were far from adequate to his necessities, and being an admirable horseman, and *au fait* to stable craft, he took a lead in the French racing circles. Ridsdale had noted that an ambition for the turf was the weak point of the young

Parisian fashionables, and contrived to fasten an intimacy upon A—— with the view of making use of him in such speculations arising out of that sport, as circumstances should bring within their reach. The wary Northern, however, speedily discovered that the young soldier was too full of his country's ardour and love of pleasure (A—— was an Irishman) to give promise of his becoming a safe agent in undertakings requiring the cool head to carry out, as well as the bold heart to attempt. Also, he learnt that his intended ally had a command of funds, and an extraordinary faculty for raising supplies, which rendered it possible to turn him to account in another character.

During the long hours of his confinement Ridsdale turned over all the probable means for working out his project ; but, as it frequently falls out, chance accomplished it for him without an effort. Among the English professionals whom the racing taste had already drawn to Paris, was the brother of one of the most notorious of the betting fraternity, who found a change of air, at that particular time, as convenient as wholesome. In an interview with Ridsdale, he announced the arrival, in Paris, of one of the most determined and uncompromising spirits recorded in the annals of the British turf. He was then in his novitiate ; but, as a rider, was without a rival, and possessed of all those secrets whereby the turfite then first began to "make assurance doubly sure."

This worthy suggested the match with A——, which came off as we have seen. He promised to secure the result, upon the condition of receiving half the stakes ; but as the secret of making a horse instantaneously "safe," by an outward application, was then a science, the existence of which was known to but a very select few, the result was looked for with anxiety as well as doubt. We have seen how the essay triumphed ; and it was the fortune of S—— to introduce into France, as subsequently into this country, some of the most successful *coups* ever attempted on the turf.

That portion of this information which had reference to the part that my cousin was enacting, I communicated to my uncle, as on the morning following, we quitted Paris together. It was no easy thing to excite him, but, evidently, the intelligence greatly moved him. Still all he uttered was a sort of soliloquy :—"Shakspeare says, 'there is a tide in the affairs of men'—there is a torrent in the destinies of many." All things have an end at last, and even our journey to Calais had a termination, but I confess it was a consummation of which I almost despaired at one time. No kingdom of the earth, barbarous or civilized, was in so utterly desperate a condition with respect to locomotion as *la belle France* a quarter of a century ago. For elegance of design and finish, accommodation, lightness of draught, and qualifica-

tion for pace, a French diligence was not to be named in the same day with a Brighton bathing-machine; and as for the private carriage, it was burlesque gone distracted. If you can imagine a lord mayor's coach disrated for a century, and during that period used as a scavenger's cart, you have a faint idea of the turn-out common to the *seigneurs* of that date.

We had a road chariot of Hobson's, it is true; but, as it could not go without horses, and they would not go without postilions, our case was nearly hopeless. I will not, however, stay to tell you of the three Flanders mares that left us in the lurch at Beauvais, neither of the manner of man that called upon the Virgin to enable him to drag into the good town of Montrieul "*ces cochons d'Anglais.*" I have said, we at length reached Calais, and, every hotel in the place being full to overflowing, were ultimately stuffed into a horrible den—whose title I forget—in the *Rue de Soleil*. The cause of this populous plethora was, that the gales common to the equinox had commenced; in short, that it was blowing great guns, and very few had any stomach for the sea under such circumstances. Two or three mortal days did we drag through, at that hostel, whose cook might have taken his degree in the kitchen of a union workhouse. Even now—if, by accident, I happen to live a little too freely—I can shake off the effects by merely calling to mind the quality of the soup they gave us at the *auberge* of the *Rue de Soleil*.

At last there came a lull, and it was made known that, at midnight, a packet would sail with the mails for England. Punctual to the hour, uncle Tom and I, arm-in-arm, passed the ramparts, and entered the port. There, alongside the southern pier, lay the clipping cutter, then commanded by Captain Hamilton: boat and skipper as good as ever faced "dirty weather." "The wind howled, cordage strained, and sailors swore;" so they did, the reprobates, as if the sun were shining and the zephyr kissing the idle canvass, instead of there being a dark night, a gale of wind, and a lee shore before them. Picking our way along the sloppy decks, on which carriages, luggage, servants, and *commissionaires* were mingled in chaos, we descended to the cabin, to a better company in a worse plight. Already every berth was tenanted, and the floor scarcely afforded space whereon to place the sole of your foot. A set of particularly pretty girls was grouped on the right as we entered, so, giving my companion a hint about securing a nook for himself, I drew my cloak around me, gave my *casquette* a jaunty sit, and desperately threw myself into that battery of bright eyes.

The ports of London, Southampton, Bristol, and all such as lead you, by degrees, into the ocean, at least afford note of preparation to the channels of bile; but when, as at Dover and Calais, you are at once transferred from the fire-side into the trough of the sea, who can be astonished at the consequences he may witness? The hour of

twelve was passed, and a gentle ripple announced that we were under weigh. Here, for some moments, we glided on in treacherous tranquillity, when, without more ado, our craft gave a lurch that placed one moiety of the ship's company in the relation of antipodes to the other.

Soon after taking up my position, flanked, on the left, by a pair of cherubs, in loves of lacecaps, and, on the right, by an angel in her hair, I managed to learn that they formed a portion of a *troupe*, which Laporte (subsequently manager of the Italian Opera) was bringing to London, as a histrionic venture. On either side, as I have said, were gracefully reclining those syrens of the *coulisses*, and in front, and around, the cavaliers of the society; Laporte himself occupying the table in the centre, and the "principal tragedy" seated with his back to the mast. This was our *status in quo*, when the good ship cleared the pier heads, and a scene followed, such as might have been expected if each member of the party had a stomach pump inserted into the thorax. Never believe those who assure you that steamers are more prone to cause you to make a clean breast of it than sailing vessels. I've been tolerably familiar with the epidemics (to speak gracefully) of both, and, with a lively swell on, could never discern a point of odds in favour of one over the other.

Pass we the horror of the details, and suppose the hour (that which full many had declared would be their last) arrived, when the mate, descending with a greasy leathern bag in his hand, demanded the fares. His first attempt was upon the dishevelled Houris by whom I was begirt. They shook their heads, and pointed to the figure on the table.

That shape, holding a hat that had been upon extra duty between its legs, noticed the appeal with a sound like the penultimate of a bag-pipe. "It is right to wait until exactly we are arrived," it said; "I shall pay you, sare, when we are to Dover." "Sharnt get to Dover this trip," replied a voice that seemed to come out of a copper tube; "we're a running for the Downs." The last trump had not caused a more awful effect on the "poor players." The principal tragedy started as never tragedian started before. "What you shall say!" he exclaimed;—"ronning down!—*sacre tonnerre: toute est perdu!*" "*Mere de Dieu*," responded the fallen angel, who lay upon my heart; "*mourrons, mon ami—oh! mourrons nous ensemble*" (this was the sentimental lady of the lot). "Ees it all up?" inquired one with a handkerchief tied under his chin. "No," said the occupant of a berth, "but it will be, very soon, I should rather think." A crash that caused a shout of agony in a high treble, followed this sally. "There goes the anchor," said the mate; "she is in smooth water:—who's for Deal?"



For England, Ho!-

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WILD SPORTS OF THE HIMALAYAS.

BY A JUNGLE RANGER.

THERE is nothing so delicious in India as standing under a water-spout for half an hour before breakfast; it allows one's imagination to range from a tropical climate to the North Pole; to fancy one's self ten degrees below fever heat, for the time that it lasts; and, after a warm morning's work, to hear one's self fizz under the operation, like a hot iron. Yet such is the perversity of human nature, that no sooner has your "*regular Indian*" emerged from his cold bath, and got his temperament somewhat moderated, than he has recourse to chillies, curries, mulligatawnies, and every "*devilment*," to say nothing of old cogniac and Manilla cheroots, to get his constitutional quicksilver once more to boiling heat. The first thing therefore done, on entering our tent, was to tap a bottle or two of Hodgson's pale ale, light a cheroot, send the Major to cook the commissariat, and repair to our ablutions. All the preliminaries of the toilet being completed, we paid our *devoirs* to breakfast, which is a very different kind of repast in the jungle to that peculiar to the ideas of Messieurs Tortoni or Verey. Rounds of beef, bottles of stout and ale, flanked by hashes and curries of every kind, outflanked by eggs and snipes, claret and brandy-and-water, adorned our rustic board; such a meal as e'en Robin Hood might have found delight in withal, had he ever patronized the Himalayas. There is nothing like making a good thing last as long as it will, particularly when there happens to be a doubt as to what it is likely to be succeeded by; for, how to pass the day, except when eating, drinking, sleeping, and shooting, had never entered our imaginations. Unluckily our cigars having come to an end, in spite of all endeavours to make them do double duty, the first thing to ascertain was, who had brought any books or cards. The Major alone, in silence, produced a volume from his waistcoat-pocket, containing six pages, which, throwing with "*reckless desperation*" on the table, he declared to be the only one he ever had possessed. On examination, we found it to contain our friend's last bets on the Calcutta races, which he had so judiciously managed, that he could not possibly help losing a thousand rupees, whilst he stood a chance of losing five thousand. It was a *book* with a vengeance. The Adjutant was our only resource. He had left the room previously, and no sooner did he return and discover our uneasiness, than, going to a very "*orderly-room*" looking valise, to our infinite delight, four stout, John Bull-looking volumes made their appearance. "What's in a name?" saith Shakspeare. What's in a book, is a very different matter, thought we; for, to our unspeakable mortification, what should our four so heartily-welcomed volumes turn out to be, but "*Torrens's Drill of the British Army*"—"The Pilgrim's Progress"—"The Private Soldier's Vade Mecum; or, Hints on the Preservation of Knapsacks,"—and a corrected and revised edition of "*The Whole Duty of Man*:" and this was our stock of "*useful and entertaining knowledge*." The climate would hardly allow us to pursue our

sports in mid-day without standing a good chance of being laid up with a jungle fever; we were, therefore, necessarily obliged to remain under canvass, and occupy our time in an intellectual game, yclept "pitch and toss." Never, for the benefit of her Majesty's service, or to earn his field officer's salary, were the physical and mental powers of the Major so fully developed, as in his endeavours to pocket the various pennies that were flying in all directions but the right one. It would have made a rich picture. Fancy a fine noble specimen of a son of Mars, who had seen and done the state some service, who weighed two-and-twenty stone without his clothes, and was upwards of sixty years of age—a lean, tall, Scotch Adjutant, whose whole soul lived and breathed in pipe-clay and garrison orders—a Captain, who had led more than one forlorn hope against the fortresses of India—and myself, kind reader, a concoction between a schoolboy and an unfledged ensign, engaged, with a desperate seriousness, in "doing" each other out of halfpennies. A nigger has the happiest manner of passing his time, being always sound asleep, except when he is actually engaged for his master. They lie like dogs outside your door; a call immediately awakes them, when they execute your order, and lie down and fall again to sleep in the same moment. I have not yet solved the problem, to my own satisfaction, as to whether or not they possess souls. I should rather be inclined to think not.

There is no time so intensely silent in the Indian jungles as the mid-day. Every bird, every beast, every reptile has slunk to its retreat from the burning heat of the sun, while the whole atmosphere, heavy and oppressive, appears to slumber under its influence. Not a breeze ruffles the foliage of the trees, or raises a ripple on the pool or the rivulet, which, like a wounded snake, seems to "drag its slow length along." The herbage appears to grow browned and scorched beneath one's gaze, while "God alone is to be seen in heaven." We had rifle-shooting, certainly, as a resource, but then we could each hit a bottle at fifty yards nine times out of twelve; besides, we had no ammunition to waste on airy nothing. When, therefore, we had not the resource of our game, the Major slept; M'Sweeny puzzled his brain in inventing some new manœuvre in file firing, to puzzle the enemies' brains; whilst Captain C. and myself smoked, drank, licked the niggers, and helped each other in counting the stitches of our tent. But when the evening came, oh, ye gods! what a difference. All creation once more burst forth into life; the cool, soft breeze frightened the roosting pheasant from its perch, as it swept through the branches of the fir trees. The elephant, the tiger, the jackal, and the hare, sought again the open, but none more eagerly than did we seize our guns, and leave the uninteresting scenery of the inside of our canvass. In hopes of meeting with the same success as in the morning, we repaired to the same spot, to bag as many head of game of all sorts as we possibly could, in order to salt and preserve it, in case we ever might run short of provisions. No second bear made its appearance during our ascent, nor were we met by a deputation of monkeys to require an apology for M'Sweeny's insult to the tribe in general. We had reached the wood, but not a sound was there of bird or beast. A few traces of our morning's work lay around—feathers

in all directions; but the work of death had been done. As a village sacked and devastated in a march, without one being left behind to tell the tale, appeared this little grove, which in the morning had contained birds of every colour of the rainbow. It had now been deserted by those that had escaped the carnage—for months at least; not even a snake crawled across our path. Finding the enemy fled was a sad disappointment to us, after the glorious anticipation of sport that had supported us through the day. We left, therefore, as soon as possible, to reconnoitre the rocky base of the mountain on the contrary side to that on which we had ascended, which looked very like such a situation as bruin might choose for a country residence. The first thing we turned out was a fine black wild boar, who welcomed us with a most sepulchral grunt, and looked at us as if he had never seen such objects before, or even heard of them in his researches after natural history. A couple of bullets astonished him *more*, apparently, but still he scorned to fly, until, walking up close to him, I had just put my barrel to his shoulder to commit "wilful murder," when, making a rush between my legs, I found myself sprawling on the ground, with my boot and trowsers ripped from the ankle to the thigh, as if with a knife. He had wounded my leg but slightly; how it so happened, I know not; it was the most providential escape ever known, as their long, sharp tusks cut like a knife. Their usual mode of defence is to rush between a person's legs, throwing their head up suddenly, and hitting him about the groin, when the man must fall, injured for life, if not dead on the spot. But in the haste and excitement of sport we are not apt to consider caution and danger:—hence my narrow escape. I have learnt one lesson by it, however, which I give to others; never get nearer than twenty yards to a wild boar before you deliver your first barrel, and cripple him, for they are as quick in their movements as monkeys, notwithstanding their unwieldy, ungainly appearance. Three ounces of lead in the unfortunate porker's "caput" avenged my upset, and having tied his legs together, and passed a pole under them, he was committed to the shoulders of four niggers, and sent to camp. We managed to find several hares, and one or two partridges also, before we left the spot, and as no sign of nobler game was visible, we soon lost sight of each other. The first thing I met with was a porcupine, which I immediately shot for the sake of his quills, as well as an inclination to find out how he *tasted*, as I always thought them, from their clean feeding, to be fit for the table. But here another difficulty arose, how was I to carry him? I could not put him in my pocket, for many reasons; his quills prevented my taking him in my arms; and I had no nigger near me. The only way I could think of was to take off my thick fustian shooting jacket, lay him on it, and, catching hold of the sleeve, drag him after me in glorious imitation of Achilles and Hector round the walls of Troy. I felt rather sorry for the animal, as, the porcupine having the honour to be the crest of my family, I suppose he must have been distantly related in some way to some one of my progenitors. The shades of evening were beginning to close in around us, and we had each laid our stock of game in a heap, when one of our niggers gave information of a bear being in the neighbourhood. After fol-

lowing him over the rocks as well as we could see, he came to a thick patch of underwood, where he pointed out Master Bruin, and there, to all appearance, he stood, not as usual in his natural position, but on his hind legs, with his arms ready for an embrace. Captain — took the first shot, when, to our unspeakable astonishment, the bear did not even condescend to move a muscle. Bang went the Major's right and left barrel; *he* remembered his *rencontre* the day before with one of the species, and an unsated thirst of vengeance had made him take a most deadly aim. Yet the bear did not even wink an eye. It could be nothing more than the ghost of the one slaughtered the day before! However, ghost or not, we commenced file firing at him, getting nearer and nearer each time. At last, supposing him to have died standing, we cautiously began poking him with our guns, when, to our mortification and amusement, we found our target to be nothing more than a stump of a tree, burnt black, and exactly, even when close to it, resembling a bear. Every ball, ten in all, lay embedded in the wood.

The unfortunate fellow who gave the false alarm had to bear the brunt of our mortification, for we made him cut out every ball from the tree, before he returned to camp. The first thing I set about was plucking my porcupine, which was no easy matter, from the sharpness of the quills; however, it made up in the eating for every other inconvenience; for, having had it put in a pie, together with some slices of ham, it duly made its appearance on the table, and was voted, *nem. con.*, the greatest delicacy ever tasted. It has the flavour of a delicious young porker, so I never spared a porcupine from that time. Frequently, in the daytime, afterwards, I used to sally out, with a huge umbrella, and dig the interesting quadrupeds out of their holes; they burrow like rabbits. It is said "that a true sportsman never eats the game he has shot;" if this be true, I must be 10,000 degrees below the zero of a sportsman; for the event of life that I have derived most pleasure from, has been the consuming the produce of a true eye and steady hand, after a long and severe day of continued exertion. No matter what a man's condition, no matter what his fortune, I'll back it that he loves the morsel he earns by the sweat of his brow, on field or moor, better than all the delicacies that the four quarters of the world might contribute for his enjoyment.

We had but just entered on the confines of the Himalayas; our chief object was to make the most of our time, and push forward, which we determined to do on the following day. It was late in the morning, however, before we struck our tents, and for twenty-four hours our only covering was the sky; three or four hours' sleep in a lair, that one of the bruin species had patronized before, sufficed to dispel our fatigue, and give us a twinge or two of rheumatism; whilst the jackals seemed to have combined in forming an unearthly chorus, to prevent our oversleeping ourselves. At noon of the second day we halted, and again pitched our tents amid scenery a thousand times more grand than any we had yet seen. We were surrounded by steep, rugged crags, and innumerable waterfalls, whilst behind each mountain lay a beautiful verdant lawn, covered with palm trees, and containing tanks of water, formed by nature, as if specially for the benefit of her brute creation. I never tasted anything so delicious as the water from the springs about this

place. It was not very often that we drank it unadulterated, certainly, but its icy coldness, after the soft, half-warm, mawkish trash of the lower provinces, was most delightful and refreshing. It was near evening when we had finished getting our tent properly put to rights; the next thing to be done was to surround it with a trench, to prevent its being swept away by some unexpected rush of water from the hill behind it, and luckily was it that we did so. Our elephant we always kept tethered near us, to act as sentry, as they are proverbial for their intuitive perception of any coming evil. The day that had been intensely hot had become overcast, whilst ever and anon a distant roll of thunder was echoed a hundred times, from one peak to another, before it died away on the ear. By the aid of our cook and the Major, we got a very decent apology for a dinner on the table, and with such an appetite as living for thirty hours on biscuits and brandy-and-water had left us, we sat ourselves down, and did justice to the meal. Whether it was from our agreeable conversation, or our being so busily engaged in masticating, that we heeded not the storm that was growing dark around us, I know not, until one rattling peal of thunder, overhead, as though the whole mass of mountains had crashed together, made us start up, as if a cannon-ball had passed between us. There was no time to be lost. The night was as black as Erebus, and the wind came howling fitfully, at intervals, through the clefts of the mountains; our first business was to secure our tent with double cords and pegs, and then await, with patience, the passing of the storm. We were in a most unenviable position; our tent, on all sides, was surrounded by hills, which, although they guarded it from the wind, might each pour down their cataracts upon it, and sweep it and its inmates away in the flood for ever. We doubled the number of our trenches, deepened them, and then threw ourselves on the ground to watch the storm. The thunder was stunning; being immediately overhead, it appeared to us as if a whole park of artillery was firing at once, whilst the lightning gave to our view every peak and precipice around. Never saw I anything so awfully grand as that magnificent mountain storm. It is impossible to describe such a storm amid such scenery. The very mountains seemed to quail beneath it. However, the danger was not over; we had escaped the lightning's effects, when the large drops of rain came "dancing to the earth," and obliged us to repair to the interior of the canvass, to wait the issue of the flood. Louder and louder grew the rush of waters from without, and more inevitable appeared our fate. The elephant began to screech, and the niggers to crawl closer to each other in a corner of the tent, whilst every instant we expected a torrent to sweep us all away. Our trenches alone saved us. For an hour and a quarter were we thus, with the hand of death hovering over our heads, and each minute seemed an hour. By degrees, however, the flood subsided, and allowed us to venture outside to clear away any stoppages in our trench, and view the scene around us as well as, from the obscurity of the night, we were able. In one short half hour the moon again was all that was to be seen in the bright blue sky, by whose light we could distinguish ourselves surrounded by a world of waters, as each mountain rivulet, now turned into a cataract, rushed along its rugged bed, and added its force to the

inundated plain below. That night's sleep was the soundest and sweetest one I ever enjoyed.

The following morning rising bright and fresh, presented to our view our real condition. On all sides we were completely surrounded by water, and for two days were kept close prisoners to our tents, and thrown on our own resources for amusement. I never remember time to have passed so heavily. By dint of sleeping, smoking, pitch and toss, and, I am afraid, an occasional anathema or two, we got through the forty-eight hours, and then sallied forth upon the plain. Nor were we the only living creatures who had taken advantage of the subsiding of the waters to wander forth in quest of prey. A dense, moving mass, some half mile from us, gave notice of the proximity of a herd of elephants, consisting of about eight.

“Think ye we beat for hares when lions roar?”

Our charges of shot were consequently soon drawn, and bullets substituted in their stead, and a council of war was held to take into consideration the best plan of attack. The first thing to be done was to get to leeward, as the breeze carrying down the scent gives them long notice of an enemy. The quarter of the wind we discovered by throwing a handful of grass into the air; and then separating and crawling behind every rock and tree that could conceal us from the view of the elephants, we lessened the distance between ourselves and them. I was not quite a novice in the art, having shot between forty and fifty of these animals in the jungles of Ceylon, and I therefore had become well acquainted with the “particular spot” in the head where one ball, if properly directed, would do the work of death. Having imparted my knowledge to my “brethren in arms,” with strict injunctions not to fire until within ten or twelve paces of them, we gained the nearest clump of trees, from which the elephants were distant about fifty yards. Each of us had a servant with a spare gun behind, making, altogether, our battery consist of sixteen barrels. The question was now, how to approach them in the open, as, on first sight of us, they would take to flight. Having stationed the other guns, therefore, among the thick underwood of the jungle, I crawled along through the grass in order to get round to the other side of the elephants, and by my fire drive them on to my companions in the jungle, who would receive them with their volley. I had just gained my object, and had gotten within twelve yards of the leading animal, when their instinct persuaded them that there was something wrong, and, at the same moment that a screech from one of them gave signal of alarm, the report of my right barrel rang through the jungle, and one elephant sank dead on the ground. Instead, however, of retreating to the jungle, the others, yelling and screeching with fright, made a rush at me, and when within two yards, I pulled the other trigger in the face of the nearest: the ball, however, did not take effect, and in another instant they would have been over me had not it so severely stung him that he wheeled round, and all the others followed his example, going at a swinging trot to the place where my companions lay in ambush. My predicament was none of the pleasantest. I had not a barrel loaded, and I knew the fire of those in the jungle would again turn the sur-

vivore on me. At the discharge of their six barrels, two elephants fell—one dead, and one stunned—and round wheeled the others in the direction I was standing. Had I now had my second gun, I could have given them its contents, and, if I had not floored one, at least might have been able to have turned them back to receive the contents of the guns in the jungle. Knowing my only chance of preservation to consist in throwing myself on the ground, and trusting to the elephants' natural blindness in the charge, to overlook me, I lost no time in "dropping," with no slight degree of fear of feeling one of their feet soon placed upon my chest. I heard them advancing nearer and nearer, and apparently closer together, so that I could not escape. I could scarcely breathe—my whole head seemed bursting the skull, while, in a second more, the chances were a thousand to one I was crushed to death or mutilated for life. Oh, that second!—never, never shall I forget it: they were on me, and I ceased to feel my reason. It was, however, but for a moment—they had passed, and I was yet unscathed. How near my escape was, Heaven only knows; my hat, which had fallen off close to my head, was crushed to the flatness of a pancake, and the brutes had gone directly over my body. The worst had been anticipated by those in the jungle, when reflection convinced them that I had but one gun with me, and when they saw the elephants pass over the exact spot I was in. I had just raised myself up when they were beside me. At that moment all the incidents of my past danger came like a flash of lightning before me. I felt, for an instant, as if all the blood in my body was burning oil, and the next moment fell senseless on the ground: I had fainted. Brandy soon, however, brought me to again, and, at the same instant (from sympathy, no doubt), came to life again the wounded elephant. It would be difficult to say who was the most frightened of the pair, myself or him, for I never heard such piteous yells as he uttered on perceiving that he had been deserted by the others. He could scarcely crawl, and Captain C.'s Manton dropped him dead at six yards from our feet. As for shooting any more that day, I could not, in vulgar parlance, have hit a haystack, so unstrung were my nerves. That which made me more sensitive to my danger was having, but six months before, lost one of my best friends by an elephant crushing him to death in Ceylon; and I felt a conviction that my planet had decreed me a similar fate.

During the time we had been out we had not condescended to waste our powder on the various minor species of game that literally swarmed about us, such as partridges, bustards, pheasants, and every winged fowl of creation. Having rested, refreshed ourselves with brandy and water, and smoked a Manilla each, sitting "*à la Turque*" on the bodies of our prostrate foe, we set to work for "the bag," and in an hour and a half had got a sufficient supply of game to keep us for a week, at least. When met in herds, in the jungle, I know of no wild animal so timid as the elephant. At the sight of a human being they invariably endeavour to get out of the way as fast as their legs will carry them, and the pace of the animal in full trot is equal to the gallop of a horse. So instinctive are they that I have had to dodge one round a tree for half an hour, the brute always keeping the trunk of the tree between his head and myself, though I was within six paces

of him. A shot in any other part is perfectly harmless, but one bullet lodged in the hollow just above the trunk in front, and at the hollows at the temple, is fatal. Any man who had served his apprenticeship in the jungles of India or Ceylon, would have killed the mercilessly-slaughtered animal at Exeter 'Change with one ball! I forget how many *hundreds* he had fired at him. Their size varies from eight to twelve feet—three times round the fore foot being invariably the height of the beast. Their skull, in the mortal parts, is little thicker than a crown piece, but the bullets should always be composed of lead and pewter, which will enter where a common leaden bullet will flatten. If they find escape difficult, they charge the weakest party, generally shutting their eyes when they do so. Should they, however, get hold of a person with their proboscis, they tear him limb from limb, as in the case of Major Haddock, of the 97th regiment, in Ceylon, who had not two ribs left together. A single elephant, generally termed a rogue elephant, is the most awkward customer to meet. They are animals that have been beaten by the others out of the herd, for some misconduct, and will invariably attack without provocation, nor leave their enemy until one or the other is dead. About one elephant in two thousand carries tusks. It has been supposed that these ornaments are solely peculiar to the males, but this is an error. I know an English gentleman in Ceylon, a captain of the regiment I belonged to in that island, who has slain no less than eight hundred elephants with his own gun. Hundreds (of men, not elephants) are now alive to vouch for this fact, incredible as it may appear. The elephants in Ceylon are much less savage than those in the Himalayas, and after five or six excursions against them, the sport loses its excitement. Not so, however, with the denizens of the Indian jungles; once wounded, they are furious, and will seldom or never fly. Having cut off the tails of those we had slaughtered—the trophy which we generally preserve of our victims—and filled our bag with hares, pheasants, and jungle fowl, we returned to breakfast with appetites that would have eaten half an elephant, and agreed to lose no time in pushing forward as far as possible into the mountains, convinced that the farther we proceeded the more brilliant sport we should have. Having manufactured a few decent flies from the feathers of our birds, and obtained a substitute for a rod in a bamboo cut from the jungle, our worthy friend, the Adjutant, managed to hook up three or four mah-seer fish from a stream not far from our tent, which formed a very agreeable addition to our dinner table. We moreover allowed ourselves a double allowance of beer, grog, and cheroots, and the small hours were increasing in number ere we had recounted, for the twelfth time at least, that morning's adventures, and sought our rude, but doubly welcome pillows.

THOUGHTS ON RACING STOCK.

BY CHIRON.

(Continued from page 41.)

THE remarks I have made upon the form of a brood mare are equally applicable to that of a stallion. The latter, however, should be made upon somewhat more of the *multum in parvo* principle; should be altogether more compact, more firmly knit, especially about the joints, and closer ribbed up than the former; and should possess all the fire, spirit, and energy, which naturally belong to the males of every class, and which, when particularly observable in the female, often depends principally upon a hot and impatient temper. The late Mr. Cline, if my memory be not treacherous, made several experiments upon the subject of generation, and was of opinion that where the stallion was smaller than the mare, the progeny was generally of a superior kind. Without having any data before me which prove the accuracy of this statement, I may, nevertheless, venture to recommend that the stallion selected for the stud should never be overgrown, and, for his sex, not disproportioned to the size of the mare. The generality of the male portion of all animals is larger than the female, and, therefore, if we follow the laws of nature, it would seem unreasonable to reject a well-shaped horse merely because he happens to be larger than the mare we wish to put to him. The *height* of all horses is by general consent measured from the top of the wither, but this is not the point where the *size* of an animal is to be ascertained. Many horses an inch or two lower than others may be nevertheless as high in the back, and larger all over; and although an elevated wither is, to a certain extent, desirable, inasmuch as it affords greater play to the muscles of the shoulder, still the girth of the body and limbs, the width of the quarters and loins, and the capacity of the chest, are points which are more particularly to be regarded in the relative proportions of stallions and mares. A good average height for a brood mare, the withers being of medium length, is fifteen hands two inches; a horse of the same height may be perfectly suited to her in all respects, but may, nevertheless, not be objectionable if he be from one to two inches higher.

Having premised thus much with respect to form and soundness, I proceed to take a hasty glance at the subject of pedigree and performances.

The first point for consideration, in consulting the pedigrees of sire and dam, is to ascertain, whether they came from the same stock, and, if so, how many generations have intervened since they had a common ancestor. There are few facts relative to breeding more completely proved than that the system of breeding *in and in*, as it is termed, or, in other words, from sire and dam of the same family, is very generally productive of a weakly, undersized, and unhealthy offspring. This result is not only remarked among animals, but also in the human race,

where the offspring of cousins, although removed some generations from a common origin, is generally more than usually subject to disease, and possessed of a very moderate share of physical strength. There may be, and no doubt are, many exceptions to this law, but those who breed in direct violation of the principles of nature, in the hope that for their sake she may abjure her usual course, must expect to be grievously disappointed in their calculations, unless chance should favour their experiments. As this, however, is not the true foundation on which to build a rational hope of success, I would strenuously recommend that in all cases the stallion and mare should have been bred, at least for many generations, from different families. The stud book will afford every information upon this point, and must be consulted with much attention by those who take to breeding blood-stock with the hope of remuneration.

The next consideration with reference to pedigree is that both sire and dam should come of a stock noted for speed and endurance. These two qualities, although sometimes united, are not to be found combined in the majority of race-horses. By far the larger portion of them is either slow, but lasting, or remarkably fast for a mile over the flat, and, after running that distance, show symptoms of distress and weakness. Of these two species of racers I would infinitely prefer breeding the former to the latter, for two especial reasons. In the first place, a game and good-bottomed horse, not particularly remarkable for fleetness at short distances, but possessed, nevertheless, of a fair share of speed, which he can keep up, has opportunities of winning considerable sums for his master up to a good old age; whereas the mile courses, or less, are confined, for the most part, to two and three-year-old colts and fillies, and consequently after that age a horse that cannot run on is comparatively useless; and in the second, I am somewhat of a patriot in respect of horse-flesh, and should grieve to see the palm borne away from us by any nation under the sun. I therefore should always prefer being the possessor of a horse of such physical powers as to render his utility for more purposes than one unquestionable, than the owner of a slight, speedy animal, whose constitution will not suffer him to stand a rattling gallop of a mile and a half or two miles. I am of opinion, indeed, that one of the principal drawbacks to improvement in our breed of horses will be found in the large stakes that may be won by horses at a very early age. If there were no money to be gained at any race-meeting by two-year-old colts and fillies, it is probable that most race-horses in the kingdom would be allowed to grow for a twelvemonth longer than is at present allotted to them before they are broken in and put to work, and it is scarcely necessary to state how detrimental to the full development of the powers of any animal must be any species of *labour* before it has attained more than a third or fourth part of that age in which it may be considered to arrive at its greatest state of perfection. A remedy for this evil might be found by instituting prizes to be run for only by four-year-old colts and fillies which have never before run either race or match, and these prizes should be of sufficient value to remunerate those contending for them for the additional expense they must incur by reserving their horses until of an age to be entered for them.

Independent of the patriotic wish to breed the finest and the most

powerful blood horses for the turf, it must be remembered that such animals, even if they do not eventually turn out fleet enough for racers, may almost always be made first-rate hunters or steeple-chasers, and, as such, are worth a sum of money that must amply repay the breeder for the trouble and expense of rearing them. Foreigners, too, are always ready to give pretty large sums for our second and third-rate blood horses, and, therefore, with all these outlets, no judicious breeder need ever fear, barring casualties, that opportunities will present themselves of getting rid of his stock at profitable prices.

In speaking of the choice of stallions and brood mares being directed by their physical capabilities, I may almost be said to have already treated of the subject of their performances on the turf. The "Racing Calendar" will afford every species of information upon this point, and in it may be traced the racing career of horses long since dead; so that we should not be satisfied simply with ascertaining the turf history of the horse or mare we intend to select for the purposes of breeding, but likewise that of their progenitors on both sides, as far as may be possible. If, in thus mingling the best blood of two distinct families, which may also be found, at some preceding period, to have formed a happy cross—in nicely adapting to each other the forms of sire and dam, correcting what is defective in the one, by corresponding points of superior excellence in the other, and in causing to harmonize with each other the qualifications of each, judiciously blending power with speed, we fail to attain the great object which we should always keep in view—the production of a first-rate animal for some useful purpose—we shall, at least, have the satisfaction of feeling convinced that we have consulted judgment, and not trusted to chance, for the attainment of our wishes.

Some persons have been found to object to the necessity of selecting horses and mares for breeding, whose performances have been of a superior kind, from the fact that many mares, whose career on the turf has been more than usually successful, have, nevertheless, after having been put to the stud, never bred a winner, or a horse of any very decidedly superior qualifications. Such cavillers should recollect, first, that there are exceptions to every rule, and that the isolated instances they can bring forward of the produce of some first-rate mares being of an inferior description, should not be taken as a fair proof of the inutility of breeding from horses and mares of superior character; and, secondly, that the want of excellence displayed by the stock of any stallion or mare, may, very possibly, depend upon injudicious crossing either with respect to form or pedigree.

Having thus taken a hasty glance at the most material points to be considered with reference to breeding, I go on to notice a subject, which, in my opinion, is not less connected with the production of superior stock, than are those considerations of which I have already treated; I allude to the condition of stallions and mares that are kept solely for the purpose of breeding.

In ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, after a brood mare or stallion is put to the stud, no species of work whatever is required from them. The mare, during the summer, is turned out to graze in a paddock, and is taken into a well-sheltered yard during the winter. The stallion, during those months of the year when his services are

principally required, is kept in a loose box, and all the exercise he gets is, possibly, a two-hours' walk round a paddock. Is it by any means likely that this listless, monotonous life can develop the full energies of any animal, and keep undiminished the spirit and vigour of the frame? If so, why should we ever be at the trouble of training horses to run? Surely our motive in so doing must be to bring their physical powers to the greatest state of perfection that they are capable of acquiring; and, since this must be admitted, on all hands, to be the result of a judicious course of training, it is but natural to conclude, that the period at which any animal is in his greatest vigour, must be that in which he is most fitted to procreate a healthy, hardy, and powerful offspring. This being the case, ought we to be surprised if, when a horse, having terminated his career on the turf, is put to the stud, and being, perhaps, in good condition, begets a colt or filly of great excellence, the same result should not again take place, after having passed a year or two in absolute inactivity and want of excitement? Can we expect that a stallion who goes through his morning *task* of walking for a couple of hours round a paddock, or in a park, the very sight of which, after a time, becomes wearisome and distasteful to him, should exhibit the fire and spirit which he acquires by healthful work and a change of scene? The life of a race-horse, during that portion of the year when he is kept in the finest condition, in order that his powers may be made available to his master, is one of varying and constant excitement. Either he takes his gallops in company with other horses, whose strength and speed he endeavours to emulate; or he travels from one race-course to another, and by this very change of scene, acquires a sprightliness and eagerness which we look for in vain in the pampered covering stallion, loaded with fat, which keeps him dozing half the day, and shut up by himself, in a small box, from year's end to year's end, with little more excitement, for a great portion of that time, than such as is afforded by the gratification of his appetite. There he stands, an equine hermit, half asleep for hours at a time, or gazing out of the little window of his melancholy box, upon the small yard, into which he is occasionally admitted when the sun is warm. No wonder if many of them, in this wearisome state of existence, have formed a lively friendship for a sheep, a cat, a rabbit, or any other animal, however opposite its habits to their own, that has been permitted to enliven, by their presence, the dreary solitude of his Bastile.

The life of a brood mare at pasture is certainly preferable to this; but even there she gets fat, sluggish, and indolent, and such a state can certainly never be favourable to the production of a superior progeny. I remember, about five years ago, taking a peep at Banter, the dam of Touchstone; and about the same time had an opportunity of seeing Camel, his sire. Both were as fat as Sir John Falstaff; and no second Touchstone has proceeded from the loins of either, although the mare has several times been put to the same horse. Age can hardly be said to have occasioned this failing. What I have said respecting those men who, after retiring from business, have led indolent and inactive lives, have become dyspeptic, gouty, and rheumatic, and in that state have begotten unhealthy children, may, in all probability, be perfectly applicable to the breeds of animals; and if laziness in them

do not induce absolute disease, it must, in all likelihood, render them dull, dispirited, and unexcitable, in which state they can scarcely be considered fit for the purposes of breeding stock that shall be remarkable for spirit, energy, and endurance.

“ Est in juvenis, est in equis, patrúm
Virtus: nec imbellem féroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.”

RECOLLECTIONS OF HUNGARY.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

IT was early in the summer of 18— that, leaving Waitzen, and passing over the dry, sandy plains, sometimes totally without vegetation, frequently with scarcely enough to bind the sand together, we saw the town of Szent Andras, situated on the island to which it gives its name; and, in a short time, the Castle of Buda, or Ofen, proudly overlooking the river, towered before us. Passing by the side of the Danube, which is here very broad, but interrupted in its course by two or three islands, we reached Pesth. Pesth and Buda, or, as it is otherwise called, Ofen, form almost one city, which is the capital of Hungary. They are separated by the Danube, here seen in all its majesty, over which is an easy communication by a bridge of boats, united by chains, and covered with planks. The length of the bridge is nearly 300 yards, and it is so constructed that two or three boats, with their planks and railings, may at any time be removed; and every morning and evening, at stated hours, the vessels and the rafts of timber which navigate, or float down the Danube, are permitted to pass. During the winter, owing to the large bodies of ice, the bridge is entirely removed; and, for a period, no communication exists between the two banks of the river, until the whole is so completely frozen as to afford a secure passage over the ice.

Buda, the seat of the Hungarian government, and the residence of the Palatine, contains 30,000 inhabitants. Its situation, on the right bank of the Danube, is commanding and majestic. The extensive fortress, which occupies a high rock, contains the palaces of the Palatine, and of several Hungarian nobles, the public arsenal and theatre, with many churches and streets, forming, within itself, a complete town. Pesth, the Transacincum of the Romans, occupies the left bank of the river, and is built upon a plain, where it extends itself more and more every day. It is the seat of commerce, and contains 42,000 inhabitants. The amusements of Pesth and Buda differ but little from those of the chief German towns. Independent of theatrical entertainments, there are many coffee-houses which are frequented in the evenings; and several public gardens to which the people resort. A walk, sheltered by overhanging trees, along the western ramparts, overlooking the mountains and the vineyards, has long been the

favourite place of assemblage when the weather is fine ; and a similar parade has been lately formed on that bank of the Danube on which Pesth is placed. During the carnival the usual festivities prevail ; splendid public balls are held twice a week, in each of these towns ; besides a great number of private assemblies, at which acting charades and *tableaux* form the principal amusements. Upon one occasion, I was highly delighted with the representation of the former. The word selected was *Jumeaux*. Some of the actors coming forward, began to squeeze a lemon into a glass, thus representing *Ju*. Others came forward, imitating the various maladies and misfortunes that "flesh is heir to," thus acting the syllable *meaux*. Then, finally, walked in a Hungarian cuirassier and a German student, neither less than six feet in height, dressed in frocks, pinafores, and leading strings, a fine Brobdignag emblem of *Jumeaux*. The *tableaux* were also on a very large scale. They represented historical subjects. The curtain drew up, and disclosed the actors, fixed immovably in their respective characters, like the sentinels in the Critic ; they thus remained for some minutes. A signal was then given, and they all changed their positions, representing some new action. Having thus remained stationary for some time longer, a signal was again given, and the action proceeded one step farther. After a time, a fourth change took place, and then, the curtain falling, the picture was hidden from our view.

As it was the period of the great spring fair, we had an opportunity of forming some idea, while at Pesth, of the mode in which trade is conducted in Hungary. The fair was held in a large open space within the town, where a great quantity of manufactured goods, of various kinds, were exposed for sale. Almost the whole of these, however, were brought from Vienna, for no country in Europe is, perhaps, less indebted to her own manufactures than Hungary. The greater part of the dealers from Vienna and the upper country, arrived between the 13th and 15th April, or came after the fair of Debretzin was concluded. The regular frequenters have their shops, or booths, by the year, in which they are accustomed to sleep, partly to save the expense of lodging, and partly for the security of their goods. The best and principal shops are found in Bridge-street—the chief street on entering over the bridge from Buda—in the three side streets, which lead from it to the fair, and in the new, large, and substantially-built houses around the fair itself, which form an extensive and regular square. The booths were so disposed that a carriage way was left, crossing the open place at right angles, and dividing it into four squares, which were again divided by passages and streets ; while at each end of the chief streets stood a fire-engine and a guard of invalids. In the booths of the first square, haberdashery wares, hats, and clothes were exhibited for sale. In the second square, gloves, shoes, furriers' goods, and other articles of this description. In the third and fourth, iron ware and cloth were the chief articles. On the left of the fair was a small place covered with booths, where the Greeks offered their goods for sale. In other booths nothing but fishing-tackle was sold. In this place were sights and puppet-shows ; farther on, in the Landstrasse, were immense stores of wool, estimated at five millions of florins. Without the Hatvan gate, on both sides of a road, extending nearly half a mile, a motley variety of goods was displayed, chiefly the

produce of the country—as flax, hemp, tallow, new wine, casks, and coarse linen. Here and there a small party of Jews had established themselves, whose whole materials for traffic, perhaps, consisted in a little stock of old iron.

Dealing is not the only business which is pursued at this place ; for between the wagons and the bales of goods, sheds are raised in which the Cyganis—as the Hungarian gipsies are called—offer refreshments, in appearance as little attractive as the dark Hebés who present them. Still farther, and approaching the place of public execution, stands a complete fortification of wagons prepared for sale without the iron work—wagons which are loaded with others taken to pieces. To the right the eye wanders amidst extensive flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, the latter of which sometimes amount to the number of 30,000.

Hungary has long been celebrated for its pastures, and is, perhaps, the only country in Europe that can vie with England in cattle. The Hungarian oxen are large and well-shaped, and generally of a milk or grey white, with lofty and spreading horns. They are, however, much neglected, being exposed, in summer, to violent heats, and left without shelter in autumn and winter. Hence a contagious disease, when once introduced, carries off immense numbers ; and the severity of the weather sometimes destroys whole herds in a single night. In 1775, a sudden tempest arose on the night of the 31st March, in consequence of which 70,000 head of cattle perished in three counties. A similar misfortune took place on the night of April 7th, 1804. These severe lessons have at last roused the attention of the Hungarian nobles, some of whom now bestow great pains in providing a proper shelter for the immense herds of cattle which they possess. Some of the sheep are very fine, especially a peculiar breed, with forked horns. To the quality of the wool no attention was paid for a long time, and the improvement was confined to a single flock kept for the purpose, near Holicy, on the Moravian frontier ; but the flocks of some of the nobility now produce, at the average price of sixteen or eighteen pounds per cwt., wool to the value of £20,000, or £25,000 a-year. The Hungarian sheep, with the exception of some particular estates, pass the whole year in the open air : the shepherds pass their life with their flocks, and share in their exposure to inclement weather. Their habitation is commonly nothing better than a hut, or a pit dug in the ground, and covered with reeds, or branches of trees ; their dress, a shirt and wide pantaloons, of coarse linen, besmeared with grease, to render them more durable, and to defend them from the attacks of insects and vermin. The shepherds always carry a hatchet, which serves the double purpose of a crook and a staff. In case of danger this becomes a most formidable weapon in their hands, as they throw it with great dexterity, and seldom miss a mark at the distance of twenty or thirty paces.

But to return to the fair : forward, to the left, is the horse-market, the extreme end of which is formed into a circle by wagons placed together. The animals which have been broken in, and are offered to sale, form another circle, and the other part of the space is surrounded with strong paling, divided into many partitions, each containing from thirty to forty untrained horses. These are purchased by their appear-

ance, without any opportunity of "just walking them up, or trotting them down, or feeling their legs" being afforded. At the gate of each partition stand five or six grooms, armed with long poles, with which, when a horse is to be taken, they enter the drove, sending the drove in all directions, until the one which is required has separated itself and taken refuge in a corner. Here they throw a noose over its head; and, according as it is more or less wild, either secure it by a halter to one that is already accustomed to the bridle, or throw it down, bind it, and carry it away upon a wagon.

Having offered a sketch of this singular fair, it may not be uninteresting to give a slight description of some of those who traffic at it. The manner in which the Hungarian peasant conducts himself in the sale of his produce, is, when compared to that of the Slavonian, the German, and the Jew, with whom he is surrounded, most remarkable. The Slavonian enlarges on the excellence and cheapness of his ware, with palpable and suspicious eagerness. The German dresses out his merchandize, turns it from one side to the other, and presents himself to the purchasers with a commanding self-sufficiency. The Jew swears, with heart and soul, that he will injure no man; and the Raitzer is stern, silent, and unaccommodating; but on that account his characteristic and fiery eye pleads with the greater eloquence. The Hungarian alone keeps himself perfectly passive in his dealings; he allows his goods to be inspected, answers shortly and directly to the question, and attempts not to impose either by words or artifice. You perceive, by his embarrassment, that he is unaccustomed to low arts; his good temper evidently counteracts the feeling of poverty, which is, therefore, borne with ease and content. Next to the cultivation of corn, and the breeding of cattle, the making of wine forms the most extensive branch of rural industry. The whole extent of ground so employed is nearly a million of acres; and the produce, including the low qualities, amounts to many hundred thousand hogsheads. The Hungarian wines vary greatly, both in taste and strength—"Imperial Tokay" is the best; and after it come the wines of Ruth, Edenburg, Méneser, St. Gyorgy, Buda, and Erlau.

There is a liquor called Slivavicza, made from the fruit of the plum trees, which is in great request. The celebrated Tokay is the product of the country around the town of Tokay, called the Submontine district, which extends over a space of about twenty English miles. Throughout the whole of this country, it is the custom to collect the grapes which have become dry and sweet, like raisins, whilst hanging on the trees. They are gathered one by one, and it is from them alone that the prime Tokay, or, as it is termed, Tokay Ausbruch, is prepared. They are first put together in a cask, in the bottom of which holes are bored to let that portion of the juice escape, which will run from them without any pressure. This essence is generally in very small quantity, and very highly prized. The grapes are then put into a vat, and pressed down. To the squeezed mass is next added an equal quantity of good wine, which is allowed to stand for twenty-four hours, and is then strained. This juice, without further preparation, becomes the far-famed wine of Tokay, which, in Vienna, sells at the rate of £12 sterling per dozen. The greater part

of these vineyards are the property of the Emperor ; several, however, are in the hands of nobles. The kingdom of Hungary, according to the survey instituted by Joseph, contained 851,690 jock* of vineyard, producing 18,000,000 eimers† of wine.

A SHARK HUNT.

BY LIEUT.-COL. HAMILTON SMITH.

CURAÇOA, every one knows, is an island sufficiently near the north coast of South America, to show, from the higher windows of the town, the mountains of Santa Martha, and the region about Galfo Dolce, in their distant haze, yet distinct and high above the deep indigo-coloured sea. Along the southern shore the current sets, with velocity, towards the gulf of Mexico, and the sight is like a fairy picture : when running down the coast, before the strong sea breeze, with studding and all-available sails set, we approach the land in a glowing sun, under the sky-blue vault of heaven. The shore on the starboard, close at hand, exhibits its rising and falling sandy hillocks, scantily besprinkled with turtle grass ; it recedes and opens to salt lagunas ; the surf breaks but slightly on the beach, but flying fish start up and skim above the waters ; dolphins, or other depredators, bound up to the surface ; gulls, terns, and boobies wheel along the skies, and all nature seems to dance in the smiling prospect. If sharks are then in the wake of the ship, they are not visible, because all their powers are in exertion to keep way with her. Soon, on the starboard bow, the roofs of houses, and a fort, are descried, the ship hugging the shore still more closely. Studding-sails are taken in with rapidity ; sky-scrappers, royals, top-gallant-sails, are clewed up ; the word "stand by to haul to the wind" is given ; the forecastle is all bustle, with heaving anchors over the bows, while ranging cable is going on below. Punta Brava battery is right a head ; Fort Amsterdam close to starboard ; "haul to the wind !" "helm hard-a-port !" is the word, and the ship, creaking under the pressure of her topsails, bends as she makes a sudden angle in her course, and shoots into the harbour. Tacks and sheets are let fly, and the anchors suddenly let go in a narrow channel, in the midst of houses, for the harbour is only one hundred fathoms wide, forming a kind of canal two miles in length towards the north, where it opens into a magnificent basin, entirely land-locked, and where ships of the largest class can and do anchor. In the harbour, when looking at the landscape from the main-top of a man-of-war, the observer is struck with a general resemblance to the grand canal of Venice, but that here the scale is far greater, and the houses as much less. Still the view is serene : all beyond the town is yellowish sand or rock ; before the eye

* Three English acres are rather more than two jock.

† One eimer is equal to nine gallons and nearly nine-tenths.

is a peaked hill, crowned with a small citadel, overlooking the inner basin on one side, and the town on the other. The landscape has little atmosphere : all the houses are white ; all the roofs, with their Dutch pantiles, look red ; all the window shutters are green ; all the population in sight is black, almost all, more or less, bepatched with white ; the waters are bright cerulean ; beneath, to seaward, they are dark blue, so that the whole scene looks as if it were a pasteboard imitation, entirely painted in positive colours. This effect extending even to the shadows, is still more forcibly seen when the spectator looks down from the citadel, or from any other elevated point, upon the objects beneath him.

It was this place which Sir Charles Brisbane, commanding a squadron of four heavy frigates, surprised, at dawn of day, on a new-year's morning, by dashing, with a similar manoeuvre, into the harbour, and awakening the astonished Dutch with the broadsides of his cannon, even unceremoniously entering the bedrooms of ladies with the bowsprit end, for the water is so deep close to the shore, and the houses so near, that one frigate ran her jib-boom in at a garret-window, to the inexpressible dismay of an old woman.

It is now about thirty-six years since that event, and a few days after that the regiment I belonged to landed and took possession of the fortifications, when it fell to my lot to command the *Autrebanda*, or opposite side of Fort Amsterdam, inhabited by above half of the population. With two companies in quarters beneath me, facing the harbour and fort, I had a view over all that occurred, could watch the numerous punts or flats here used, with which negroes skull across in all directions, and observe the dense black population, living on the beach, bargaining or selling fruit and vegetables, fishing, or frying fish, while slim little forms of nearly naked black girls, gracefully balanced trays on their heads, with cocoa-nuts, sweetmeats, or bundles of small fry, crying "Pesca," or "Candela." The ships, decked out in their national colours, often hailed from the shore, and boats, hurrying in various directions, were all in view. At night it was pleasing to hear music, and watch parties of pleasure on the water, then smooth, black and glassy, reflecting the thousand lights from the open windows of all the bordering houses, or burning among the crowd in the open air, and reverberating the thousand voices from both shores. At all times whole troops of the black inhabitants are there observed bathing and sporting in the water, as if it was their natural element, making the concentrated vitality all the more lively, because the misery of a long starvation, during repeated blockades, began to wear away.

With these images in mind, the reader will understand the scene which occurred one evening, a short time after I had witnessed a large troop of sable nymphs gambolling in their favourite element, and playing their national game of "bob my neighbour's head." This can be played at only by swimmers such as they are, who verily surpass the otter in familiarity with the water. The joke appears to consist in making a kind of summerset dive, so that the heels come up in sight and strike the surface forcibly ; and the skill of the game is to time and aim the manoeuvre so dexterously that they hit the head and neck of another swimmer, who may that moment have just emerged from a plunge, and is then forcibly, and before breath can be taken, ducked

down again. This feat is sure to raise loud shouts of laughter from the other porpoises, who are seen tumbling about with their tawny soles flickering above water in all directions. In a land where clothing is very scanty, and the sensations produced by cold water are pleasant, spectators, in thousands, being close to the scene, it is no wonder, where all are expert, that a hundred and fifty or two hundred are excited to plunge in and partake of the sport. After witnessing from the balcony the scene just described, I had gone in to dress, when old Mynheer Van Starkenburgh, the fiscal, or chief justice of the island, came in, requesting my company in his boat to go up the harbour to his country-house, called Buitenzorgh, where I had not yet been. "It is up the lagoon," said he, "where there are trees and as much verdure as this island can boast of. There are prints and books, and it is really a cool and pleasant retreat, although it is sometimes haunted in an unaccountable way, to the destruction of my wife's fine china, and the terror of my people." I was just going to ask for some further explanation, when such a sudden yell arose, such a confusion of shouts and screams, as made me instantly start up and grasp my sword, intending to rush down and turn out the guard, for there was evidently some terrible disaster in occurrence. Before I reached the antechamber, forgetful of the worthy fiscal, I met his orderly (*garde de chasse*), a mulatto, adorned with sword and belt. "Het is een haayvisch, mynheer," said he, taking off his hat, and speaking Dutch, the official language of Curaçoa, the vernacular being Papiemento, a kind of broken Spanish: "Het is een haayvisch,"—it is a shark. "Ja," interrupted Markus, the fiscal's waiting-boy,— "een haayvisch ouder de vrouwen,"—a shark among the women. "The devil!" quoth I: "Mr. Fiscal, what can be done to save these poor girls?"—I wondered at the quiet gravity of my good-natured friend on this, to my mind, dangerous occasion. He smiled, and said, "Oh! Captain, don't be uneasy, but go and see, for it will be a scene you shall never forget!" and with these words he came with me to the head of the balcony stairs. It was certainly an exciting moment,—not a man or a woman was to be seen on shore; all were in the water; all were vociferating and uttering the most discordant noises imaginable. The punts were already run on shore, in order to enable the scullers to partake of the sport; the harbour was everywhere studded with human heads above water, forming a kind of shoal; and a whole dense line of swimmers barred the entrance from the fort to opposite my house, chiefly, and most numerous, in the deepest water, which they beat with their hands, and, incessantly diving and plunging, presented a tumultuous belt from shore to shore. Some negro boys and girls, attempting to enter, were driven back by the others, and it was some time before the real object of excitement could be made out. I had asked, repeatedly, "Where is he?" "Wagt een heetje, mynheer,"—wait a little, was the reply; and I now perceived, as the fiscal pointed to the spot, another belt of human swimmers, who had been roused, on the first cry, to take the water, and still more violently engaged. Advancing from the upper end of the harbour, they prevented the monster reaching the great lagoon, where he would infallibly have escaped, and drove him down within the narrow space between the houses. There were troops of vociferous swimmers, divided into bands, advancing and pursuing till my eye caught sight

of the great dorsal fin of the fish, who, it was now evident, was in utter dismay, shooting rapidly from space to space, endeavouring to swim low beneath the surface; but even eight and nine fathoms of depth left him no passage. Men and women, in whole masses, darted down in the deep, and scared him upwards. Once he made a dash to pass under the piles of a Mr. Basden's wharf, and got entangled: I could see him struggle to get free, and effect it, but, furious in his rage, it was visible that he was blown. He now made no further effort under water, swimming half his back high above the surface: once or twice he lay motionless, his snout and eyes quite visible, and seemingly deliberating upon a fierce resolve. But, anon, he was roused by a troop coming upon him; he started like lightning, his tail quivering; and, now and then lashing the water into foam, he dashed at the middle of the seaward belt, which instantly redoubled in clamour and in diving, while all from above harbour came down in full cry. The shark plunged, and then rose, shooting, in the violence of action, his whole length above the surface, which glittered like a flash of silver in the sloping sun. Down again he went, darting along the line to the deepest side under Fort Amsterdam; but here the crowd and noise, the beating the water with sculls and oars from the shore, was most intense; he came up again, turned towards the upper harbour, floundered, uncertain of his purpose, and then started again with rapidity to the side where we stood. Here he nearly grounded, but he fought off; his speed, however, was exhausted; he ran a short way upwards, and then, in a rather lubberly way, came on shore on our side, at a little distance off, and hardly moved a fin before an axe was lifted and his tail cut off. This was the signal for a universal shout of triumph. He was by no means one of the largest, measuring something less than eleven feet in length, but was a true *Squalus Carcharias*, or raging shark, most dreaded by seamen. With all his voracity and fierceness this shark is a real coward, as I had long before witnessed at Dominica. A drunken man, floating on the water, was about to be devoured by one of great size one morning, while our people were washing the decks, when four seamen sprang overboard and scared him away, towing the drunken fellow on shore, where they gave him a sound thrashing by way of caution for the future.

Boats or punts must be kept on shore during the battle with a shark, because, in the violent exertions used, their oars and bottoms might strike the swimmers, or protect the fish.

Now that the pursuits of the evening were resuming their accustomed course, and the amphibious population had one half swam back to the opposite side, we could make our excursion, and the fiscal was urgent for our departure. The sea breeze had already failed; a splendid setting sun glowed upon the waters; and as the shadows lengthened, the dark forms of ships, wharfs, houses, and rocks were reflected, and seemed to repose at ease upon their bosom. Seated under the awning, we shot rapidly up the narrow channel, opened on the wide lagoon, and passing the *Sanspareil* of eighty-four guns, swept on, with flashing oars, till we landed beneath a clump of cocoa trees, and walked by a stone-built pier, about 200 feet, to the square terrace of the house. We sat down to look back over the silent and cooling scene, viewing the north side of the citadel and the man-of-war, both

of whose booming evening guns told the sun had set, and the night was coming on with all the majesty of a calm tropical sky. After dinner, resorting again to this placid space, we looked at the numberless stars, and saw the comet then flaming in the heavens. I had then again an opportunity of touching upon the spectre story, and found that, although we were now upon the spot, the worthy old gentleman was not in the least discomposed at the thought, but readily stated his facts and his belief.

According to his account, the property of Buitenzorgh had been purchased some five or six years before, and during the last two or three it was occasionally visited by a phenomenon which, to him, was quite inexplicable, because what he was about to relate appeared to be unconnected with any assignable motive, or any comprehensible intention. "In short," he said, "the spook, or spectre, appeared at irregular intervals after midnight, and never," he believed, "when the family were not at the house. It might," he added, "come that very night, make its usual unearthly noises, but it would not, as formerly, again break his china, as it was wont to do, because he had found that by leaving the cupboards open nothing was injured, whereas so long as they had been kept closed, every visitation of the spirit was accompanied with the grievous loss to his lady of some real piece of fine Chinese ware being destroyed, and the doors forced. "See," said he, rising, "here are the cupboards in the dining room, where you are to take your bed on the sofa, but you need not fear, for, if he come, no mischief will be done, as the doors will be left open." I requested to have them locked, and slept soundly, close by one, the whole night. It appeared difficult to account for this mysterious business; but when I heard his single-hearted lady tell me, in confidence, that her husband was liable to uneasy nights in the hammock, where he always slept, sometimes vociferating with great vehemence, to the terror of his *garde de chasse* and the boy Markus, who always slept on the floor of the same room, I began to have my suspicions. "Indeed," said the good lady, with an anxious look, "Markus has told me privately, that, one night, when his master was most agitated, a dark form stalked round his hammock, and then disappeared; a sight which the orderly likewise witnessed. I began then to suspect that the fiscal laboured under indigestion, and that the said young Pickle was practising upon his kind master, and have since had occasion to be confirmed in the opinion, he, the mulatto lad, having found means to obtain the hand of one of three white adopted daughters, which the worthy pair had taken under their wings—a Dutch, a German, and an Irish girl, all left to their fate by the deaths of their parents. Among these, I have since heard, the property of that kind-hearted couple was entirely divided. "Ilion grande," the great lord, as the population of colour called him, died blind at an advanced age, greatly beloved by the inhabitants, and after he had acted as governor of the island by order of the king of the Netherlands, to whom it was restored at the peace of 1814.

THE INSTINCT OF SPORTING.*

THE taste for healthy reading and healthy writing is among the best signs of the age we live in. The office of the muse is to make us wiser and happier men; and not as her wont was, some five-and-twenty years ago, to present a sentimental novel with one hand, and a cambric pocket-handkerchief, dipped in *eau de Cologne*, with the other. Such men as John Wilson, Lever, Dickens, Lover, and others of their school, are the physicians of our hearts. For, though the body politic hath been purged of sentiment, cant is even now an epidemic—prevailing here in this our great metropolis—raging as we go north—and at its climax in modern Athens. Therefore, oh, Christopher, shall thy name be exalted, for that thou hast bearded humbug in its stronghold, and pointed the finger of scorn at such as carry the eye at an angle of forty-five.

Foremost among the subjects which modern puritanism loveth to revile and dishonour, sporting is an abomination to him who weareth his hair straight, and field sports inventions of Satan in his eyes who maketh melody through his nose. This vice, at the present hour, is found especially to pervade the compilations of the northern manufacturers of cheap knowledge. These men pander to the literary impotence of old women of both sexes; and they have their reward, for this is both the seed-time and harvest of hypocrisy. Let us take a sample from a publication† got up for the avowed design of furnishing the greatest quantity of information to the greatest number of readers. The writer is treating of the most important of all our national sports; hear him for himself. "Horse-racing, which, in the opinion of competent judges, is unnecessary, as far as keeping up serviceable breeds of horses is concerned, is usually spoken of as the turf, from its being performed on stretches of turf-ground, at Newmarket, Epsom, and various other places. This cruel pastime may be described as a great canker lying at the root of society in England; and, countenanced by the high in rank, is, at the present moment, not the least effective of the many drags on social advancement." What says his Grace of Richmond to that? Or, how feel ye now, my Lords of Verulam and Eglinton? But ye have not heard all. "Horse-racing, with all its train of evils, *may certainly be considered a disgrace to the age*, and, as one of the relics of barbarism, along with cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and prize-fighting, we should rejoice to see it for ever abandoned." What scurvy pimping for the Mawworms of the hour is this; and how opportune and welcome the antidote supplied by this volume of volumes, wherein are recorded scenes and sentiments such as befit a man—ay, such as are every inch a man's. Are the "Recreations of Christopher North" other than those suited to the christian, the philo-

* From "The Recreations of Christopher North." Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1842.

† "Chambers's Information for the People." New and improved series. Article, "The Horse."

sopher, or the gentleman? Go to his book and judge for yourselves. Our business it shall be to set down for your delight two episodes, wherein, with all the enthusiasm of the poet, and the skill of the professor, the author details the instinct of sporting in the child and in the man.

“There is a fine and beautiful alliance between all pastimes pursued on flood, field, and fell. The principles in human nature on which they depend, are in all the same; but those principles are subject to infinite modifications and varieties, according to the difference of individual and national character. All such pastimes, whether followed merely as pastimes, or as professions, or as the immediate means of sustaining life, require sense, sagacity, and knowledge of nature and nature's laws; nor less, patience, perseverance, courage even, and bodily strength or activity, while the spirit which animates and supports them is a spirit of anxiety, doubt, fear, hope, joy, exultation, and triumph—in the heart of the young a fierce passion—in the heart of the old a passion still, but subdued and tamed down, without, however, being much dulled or deadened, by various experience of all the mysteries of the calling, and by the gradual subsiding of all impetuous impulses in the frames of all mortal men beyond, perhaps, threescore, when the blackest head will be becoming grey, the most nervous knee less firmly knit, the most steely-sprunged instep less elastic, the keenest eye less of a far-keeper, and, above all, the most boiling heart less like a caldron or a crater—yea, the whole man subject to some dimness or decay, and, consequently, the whole duty of man like the new edition of a book, from which many passages that formed the chief glory of the *editio princeps* have been expunged—the whole character of the style corrected without being thereby improved—just like the later editions of the ‘Pleasures of Imagination,’ which were written by Akenside when he was about twenty-one, and altered by him at forty—to the exclusion or destruction of many most *splendida vitia*, by which process the poem, in our humble opinion, was shorn of its brightest beams, and suffered disastrous twilight and eclipse—perplexing critics.

“Now, seeing that such pastimes are in number almost infinite, and infinite the varieties of human character, pray what is there at all surprising in your being madly fond of shooting—and your brother Tom just as foolish about fishing—and cousin Jack perfectly insane on fox-hunting—while the old gentleman, your father, in spite of wind and weather, perennial gout, and annual apoplexy, goes a-coursing of the white-hipped hare on the bleak Yorkshire wolds—and uncle Ben, as if just escaped from Bedlam or St. Luke's, with Dr. Haslam at his heels, or with a few hundred yards' start of Dr. Warburton, is seen galloping, in a Welsh wig, and strange apparel, in the rear of a pack of Lilliputian beagles, all barking as if they were as mad as their master, supposed to be in chase of an invisible animal that keeps eternally doubling in field and forest—‘still hoped for, never seen,’ and well christened by the name of Escape?

“Phrenology sets the question for ever at rest. All people have thirty-three faculties. Now there are but twenty-four letters in the alphabet; yet how many languages—some six thousand we believe, each of which is susceptible of many dialects! No wonder, then,

that you might as well try to count all the sands on the sea-shore as all the species of sportsmen.

“There is, therefore, nothing to prevent any man with a large and sound development, from excelling, at once, in rat-catching and deer-stalking—from being, in short, a universal genius in sports and pastimes. Heaven has made us such a man.

“Yet there seems to be a natural course or progress in pastimes. We do not now speak of marbles—or knuckling down at taw—or trundling a hoop—or pall-lall—or pitch and toss—or any other of the games of the school playground. We restrict ourselves to what, somewhat inaccurately, perhaps, are called field sports. Thus angling seems the earliest of them all in the order of nature. There the new-breeched urchin stands on the low bridge of the little bit burnie, and, with crooked pin, baited with one unwrithing ring of a dead worm, and attached to a yarn-thread—for he has not yet got into hair, and is years off gut—his rod of the mere willow or hazel wand, there will he stand during all his play-hours, as forgetful of his primer as if the weary art of printing had never been invented, day after day, week after week, month after month, in mute, deep, earnest, passionate, heart-mind-and-soul-engrossing hope of some time or other catching a minnow or ‘a beardie! A tug—a tug! With face ten times flushed and pale by turns ere you could count ten, he at last has strength, in the agitation of his fear and joy, to pull away at the monster—and there he lies in his beauty among the gowans and the greensward, for he has whapped him right over his head and far away, a fish a quarter of an ounce in weight, and, at the very least, two inches long! Off he flies, on wings of wind, to his father, mother, and sisters, and brothers, and cousins, and all the neighbourhood, holding the fish aloft in both hands, still fearful of its escape, and, like a genuine child of corruption, his eyes brighten at the first blush of cold blood on his small fummy fingers. He carries about with him, up-stairs and down-stairs, his prey upon a plate; he will not wash his hands before dinner, for he exults in the silver scales adhering to the thumb-nail that scooped the pin out of the baggy’s maw—and, at night, ‘cabin’d, cribb’d, confined,’ he is overheard murmuring in his sleep—a thief, a robber, and a murderer, in his yet infant dreams!

“From that hour angling is no more a mere delightful day-dream, haunted by the dim hopes of imaginary minnows, but a reality—an art—a science—of which the flaxen-headed schoolboy feels himself to be master—a mystery in which he has been initiated; and off he goes now, all alone, in the power of successful passion, to the distant brook—brook a mile off—with fields, and hedges, and single trees, and little groves, and a huge forest of six acres, between it and the house in which he is boarded or was born! There flows on the slender music of the shadowy shallows—there pours the deeper din of the birch-tree’d waterfall. The sacred water-pyot flits away from stone to stone, and, dipping, disappears among the airy bubbles, to him a new sight of joy and wonder. And, oh! how sweet the scent of the broom or furze, yellowing along the braes, where leap the lambs, less happy than he, on the knolls of sunshine! His grandfather has given him a half-crown rod in two pieces—yes, his line is of hair twisted—plaited by his own soon-instructed little fingers. By

heavens, he is fishing with the fly! And the Fates, who, grim and grisly as they are painted to be by full-grown, ungrateful, lying poets, smile like angels upon the paidler in the brook, winnowing the air with their wings into western breezes, while, at the very first throw, the yellow trout forsakes his fastness beneath the bog-wood, and with a lazy wallop, and then a sudden plunge, and then a race like lightning, changes at once the child into the boy, and shoots through his thrilling and aching heart the ecstasy of a new life expanding in that glorious pastime, even as a rainbow on a sudden brightens up the sky. *Fortuna favet fortibus*—and with one long pull, and strong pull, and pull all together, Johnny lands a twelve-incher on the soft, smooth, silvery sand of the only bay in all the burn where such an exploit was possible, and dashing upon him like an osprey, soars up with him in his talons to the bank, breaking his line as he hurries off to a spot of safety twenty yards from the pool, and then flinging him down on a heath-surrounded plat of sheep-nibbled verdure, lets him bounce about till he is tired, and lies gasping with unfrequent and feeble motions, bright and beautiful, and glorious with all his yellow light and crimson lustre, spotted, speckled, and starred in his scaly splendour, beneath a sun that never shone before so dazzlingly; but now the radiance of the captive creature is dimmer and obscured, for the eye of day winks and seems almost shut behind that slow-sailing mass of clouds, composed in equal parts of air, rain, and sunshine."

Hear him, how he tells, or rather sings, of fox-hunting.

"The passion for this pastime is the very strongest that can possess the heart—nor, of all the heroes of antiquity, is there one to our imagination more poetical than Nimrod. His whole character is given, and his whole history, in two words—Mighty Hunter. That he hunted the fox is not probable; for the sole aim and end of his existence was not to exterminate—that would have been cutting his own throat—but to thin man-devouring wild beasts—the Pardes—with Leo at their head. But in a land like this, where not even a wolf has existed for centuries—nor a wild boar—the same spirit that would have driven the British youth on the tusk and paw of the lion and the tiger, mounts them in scarlet on such steeds as never neighed before the flood, nor 'summered high in bliss' on the sloping pastures of undeluged Ararat—and gathers them together in gallant array on the edge of the cover,

'When first the hunter's startling horn is heard
Upon the golden hills.'

What a squadron of cavalry! What fiery eyes and flaming nostrils—betokening with what ardent passion the noble animals will revel in the chase! Bay, brown, black, dun, chestnut, sorrel, grey—of all shades and hues—and every courser distinguished by his own peculiar character of shape and form—yet all blending harmoniously as they crown the mount; so that a painter would only have to group and colour them as they stand, nor lose, if able to catch them, one of the dazzling lights or deepening shadows streamed on them from that sunny, yet not unstormy sky.

"You read, in books of travels and romances, of Barbs and Arabs galloping in the desert—and well doth Sir Walter speak of Saladin at

the head of his Saracenic chivalry ; but take our word for it, great part of all such descriptions are mere falsehood, or fudge. Why in the devil's name should dwellers in the desert always be going at full speed? And how can that full speed be anything more than a slow, heavy hand-gallop at the best, the Barbs being up to the belly at every stroke? They are always, it is said, in high condition—but we, who know something about horse-flesh, give that assertion the lie. They have seldom anything either to eat or drink ; are lean as church-mice ; and covered with clammy sweat before they have ambled a league from the tent. And then such a set of absurd riders, with knees up to their noses, like so many tailors riding to Brentford *vid* the deserts of Arabia! Such bits, such bridles, and such saddles! But the whole set-out, rider and ridden, accoutrements and all, is too much for one's gravity, and must occasion a frequent laugh to the wild ass as he goes braying unharnessed by. But look there! Arabian blood, and British bone! Not bred in and in to the death of all the fine strong animal spirits—but blood intermingled and interfused by twenty crosses, nature exulting in each successive produce, till her power can no further go, and in yonder glorious grey,

‘ Gives the world assurance of a horse ! ’

Form the 300 into squadron, or squadrons, and in the hand of each rider a sabre alone,—none of your lances,—all bare his breast but for the silver-laced blue, the gorgeous uniform of the hussars of England—confound all cuirasses and cuirassiers!—let the trumpet sound a charge, and 10,000 of the proudest of the Barbatic chivalry be opposed with spear and scimitar—and through their snow-ranks will the 300 go like thaw—splitting them into dissolution with the noise of thunder.

“ The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it ; and where, we ask, were the British cavalry ever overthrown? And how could the great north-country horse-coupers perform their contracts, but for the triumphs of the turf? Blood—blood there must be, either for strength, or speed, or endurance. The very heaviest cavalry—the life guards and the Scots greys, and all other dragoons, must have blood. But without racing and fox-hunting, where could it be found? Such pastimes nerve one of the arms of the nation when in battle ; but for them 'twould be palsied. What better education, too, not only for a horse, but his rider, before playing a bloodier game in his first war campaign? Thus he becomes demicorpsed with the noble animal ; and what easy, equable motion to him is afterwards a charge over a wide level plain, with nothing in the way but a few regiments of flying Frenchmen! The hills and dales of merry England have been the best riding-school to her gentlemen—her gentlemen who have not lived at home at ease—but, with Paget, and Stewart, and Seymour, and Cotton, and Somerset, and Vivian, have left their hereditary halls, and all the peaceful pastimes pursued among the sylvan scenery, to try the mettle of their steeds, and cross swords with the vaunted Gallic chivalry ; and still have they been in the shock victorious : witness the skirmish that astonished Napoleon at Saldanha—the overthrow that uncrowned him at Waterloo !

“ ‘ Well, do you know, that, after all you have said, Mr. North, I cannot understand the passion and the pleasure of fox-hunting. It seems to me both cruel and dangerous.’ ”

“ Cruelty ! Is there cruelty in laying the rein on their necks, and delivering them up to the transport of their high condition—for every throbbing vein is visible—at the first full burst of that maddening cry, and letting loose to their delight the living thunderbolts ? Danger ! what danger but of breaking their own legs, necks, or backs, and those of their riders ? And what right have you to complain of that, lying all your length, a huge hulking fellow, snoring and snorting half-asleep on a sofa, sufficient to sicken a whole street ? What though it be but a smallish, reddish-brown, sharp-nosed animal, with pricked-up ears, and passionately fond of poultry, that they pursue ? After the first tally-ho, reynard is rarely seen till he is run in upon—once, perhaps, in the whole run, skirting a wood, or crossing a common. It is an idea that is pursued, on a whirlwind of horses, to a storm of canine music—worthy, both, of the largest lion that ever leaped among a band of Moors, sleeping at midnight by an extinguished fire on the African sands. There is, we verily believe it, nothing foxy in the fancy of one man in all that glorious field of 300. Once off and away—while wood and welkin rings—and nothing is felt—nothing is imaged in that hurricane flight, but scorn of all obstructions, dikes, ditches, drains, brooks, palings, canals, rivers, and all the impediments reared in the way of so many rejoicing madmen, by nature, art, and science, in an enclosed, cultivated, civilized, and christian country. There they go—prince and peer, baronet and squire—the nobility and gentry of England, the flower of the men of the earth, each on such a steed as Pollux never reined, nor Philip’s warlike son—for could we imagine Bucephalus here, ridden by his own tamer, Alexander would be thrown out during the very first burst, and glad to find his way, dismounted, to a village alehouse for a pail of meal and water. Hedges, trees, groves, gardens, orchards, woods, farmhouses, huts, halls, mansions, palaces, spires, steeples, towers, and temples, all go wavering by, each demigod seeing, or seeing them not, as his winged steed skims or labours along, to the swelling or sinking music, now loud as a near regimental band, now faint as an echo. Far and wide over the country are dispersed the scarlet runners—and a hundred villages pour forth their admiring swarms, as the main current of the chase roars by, or disparted runlets float wearied and all astray, lost at last in the perplexing woods. Crash goes the top-timber of the five-barred gate—away over the ears flies the ex-rough-rider in a surprising summerset—after a succession of stumbles, down is the gallant grey on knees and nose, making sad work among the fallow : friendship is a fine thing, and the story of Damon and Pythias most affecting indeed—but Pylades eyes Orestes on his back, sorely drowned in sludge, and, tenderly leaping over him as he lies, claps his hands to his ear, and, with a ‘ hark forward, tantivy ! ’ leaves him to remount, lame, and at leisure—and ere the fallen has risen and shaken himself, is round the corner of the white village-church, down the dell, over the brook, and close on the heels of the straining pack, all a-yell up the hill crowned by the Squire’s Folly. ‘ Every man for himself, and God for us all,’ is the devout and ruling apothegm of the day.

If death befall, what wonder? since man and horse are mortal; but death loves better a wide soft bed, with quiet curtains and darkened windows, in a still room, the clergyman in the one corner with his prayers, and the physician in another with his pills, making assurance doubly sure, and preventing all possibility of the dying christian's escape. Let oak branch smite the too slowly stooping skull, or rider's back not timely levelled with his steed's; let faithless bank give way, and bury in the brook; let hidden drain yield to fore feet, and work a sudden wreck; let old coal pit, with briery mouth, betray; and roaring river bear down man and horse, to cliffs unscalable by the very Welsh goat; let duke's or earl's son go sheer over a quarry twenty feet deep, and as many high; yet, 'without stop or stay, down the rocky way,' the hunter train flows on; for the music grows fiercer and more savage—lo! all that remains together of the pack, in far more dreadful madness than hydrophobia, leaping out of their skins, under insanity from the scent, for vulpes can hardly now make a crawl of it; and ere he, they, whipper-in, or any one of the other three demoniacs, have time to look in one another's splashed faces, he is torn into a thousand pieces, gobbled up in the general growl; and smug, and smooth, and dry, and warm, and cozy, as he was, an hour and twenty-five minutes ago exactly, in his furze-bush in the cover—he is now piecemeal in about thirty distinct stomachs; and is he not, pray, well off for sepulture?"

NEWMARKET AND LIVERPOOL JULY MEETINGS.

BY "CRAVEN."

NEWMARKET MEETING.

"Si sapiens fore vis, sex serva quæ tibi mando,
Quid dicas, et abi, de quo, cui, quomodo, quando."

I won't translate this couplet for two reasons—first, because I should spoil it in the attempt, and, next, because if the reader have to look out every word in the dictionary, so much the better for himself, should that process fix it more firmly in his memory. Thus much I hint touching its intent, that, had its moral guided the lives of Samson and Colonel Dundas, the former would not have deplored the premature loss of his "flowing hair," nor the latter the untimely fate of his waving plumes. Furthermore, that, had this maxim ordered the economy of our racing in these latter days, we should have rejoiced in a very different week at Newmarket than that to which my present notice refers. I should dearly like to have a slap at the tomfoolery that has been playing its freaks on the turf during the last five months; but ancient Flaccus was wise in his generation. I remember me that he sayeth—

"Sunt certi denique *fæces*,"

and hold my peace and pen.

The July meeting was a very flat affair. Without inquiring what

recent untoward events had to do with this, I cannot but think a change in the details would very materially serve its prospects. For the three days but two races of any interest are provided—the July and Chesterfield Stakes—both, as it is known, for two-year-olds. The former is a 50 sovs. stake, 30 forfeit; the latter, 30 sovs. the stake, and 20 forfeit. Neither in value nor materials are these sufficient to constitute the chief attractions of a Newmarket meeting. Many of the proprietors of race-horses are half indisposed, if not actually averse, to bring out their two-year-old stock so early in the year. The public want more in quantity as well as quality, and the betting men do little with fields of which they hardly know the pedigrees. But the fact is, as I take it, no great anxiety exists to draw crowds to the summer meeting. It is regarded as a sort of "bye," if such a term may be used, rather than a regular parcel of the public sport. If the two-year-old races are intended as trials, they are generally fatal ones: with hardly an exception, the two-year-old stock, brought out early in the year, is disposed of during the season in which it makes its appearance. How else can it be expected to fall out? 8 st. 7 lb. is the top weight for a *three*-year-old at the close of the autumn, and the same burthen is appropriated to a *two*-year-old in the spring of his year!

The racing of the *trois jours* opened with a handicap between a lot of bad ones, which Bridegroom won after a dead heat with Abydos. Now, in this race, Abydos, a four-year-old, carries 7 st. 9 lb., and presently we come to another of my Lord Exeter's lot—a *filly two years his junior*, with 8 st. 5 lb. on her unfortunate back. Is it any wonder there are cripples—and earthquakes? The next race on the list was a £200 match, in which Murat paid to Farintosh not only £100, but £400, his share of the "bye" on this event, for which he received 5 lbs. In a few minutes he beats Farintosh, at even weights, "out of sight," so that it was "diamond cut diamond" a pretty particular gash! A match for £100, half a mile, brought together Minaret and Menalippe, the latter allowing a stone for her year. The young one won in a canter, and the friends of the old mare booked a mistake somewhere: whenever they *do* make a blunder at Newmarket, it is a "whopper." The July Stakes of the twenty-four nominations mustered half-a-dozen at the post. It was a very poor affair, and the winner, Extempore, though a sister to Euclid to boot, will hardly win the Oaks. The day's sport finished by Nuncio's beating Rook's-nest in a canter—half a mile for £150. To-day Lord Stradbroke succeeded Colonel Anson as a steward of the Jockey Club.

Wednesday began with a 10 sovs. Sweepstakes for two-year-olds, which a filly, out of Goldpin, belonging to Lord Orford, won. This was succeeded by a Sweepstakes for a similar spirited subscription, won by Mr. Crockford's Bentley colt, out of Bamboo's dam. Then St. Francis walked over for a Fifty Pounds Plate; ditto Dickens in a match with Anti-Dickens; and wasn't THAT a handsome day's sport for the modern Olympia?

Thursday opened under the improved auspices of a 15 sovs. Handicap, won by the Duke of Rutland's Bizarre filly, Flambeau's dam. The second was the Oneida Chief, who gave the winner 16 lbs! This was followed by the Chesterfield Stakes, twenty-three subscribers, and nine to run. The affair of running, however, was by no means so

easily effected, for there were all sorts of disasters before the start was pronounced. Canton won very cleverly—Lord Exeter's second for the July being second here also, with a penalty of 4 lbs. up. The lot was far from a good one—Jamal, late Bacon, being the worst specimen. This hindmost had been the foremost in the early indiscretions. Pickpocket, his companion in mischief, was rash, but Bacon was *rasher*. The Town Plate Bridegroom carried off in a very stylish form: it was a fine race. In a match for £200 each, Colonel Peel's colt, by Slane, out of Vulture, defeated Lord Kelburne's Deerslayer easily, and herewith ended as middling a middle week as recent years have given rise to.

LIVERPOOL MEETING.

"Yes! ready money is Aladdin's lamp!"—a fact proved whether we seek the solution in the material or immaterial issues of life. Morality, harnessed in the triple brass of principle, has as much chance in an encounter with gold as the dolphin with the shark; and what magician ever possessed a wand as powerful as the rag touched by the philosopher's stone of Threadneedle-street? "Cash rules the camp, the court, the grove," and the turf; for "money makes the mare go." Twenty years since, the best fare set before the racing man at Liverpool, was a bad attempt at a bad gallop over a bad course; now, steeds that outstrip the wind contend for his behoof over one of the most perfectly arranged race-grounds in England. The coin's the thing! Oh! Midas, Midas! wherefore did you not flirt with one of my foremothers, and entail a spice of thy quality upon thy posterity of a thousand generations, even at the rate of a thousand per cent.?

On Wednesday, the 13th ult., commenced the most brilliant week's sport ever known on the banks of the Mersey. The racing was first-rate, and the Draconian code insured order, "and no mistake." Misfortunes and faults all incurred a similar penalty; and whether the jockey ran away with his horse before the appointed signal, or the horse with his jockey, the biped was mulcted to the melody of a five-pound note. The executive consisted of Lords George Bentinck and Stanley, and Sir Richard Bulkeley, stewards. Mr. Lynn, secretary; Mr. Etty, clerk of the course; Mr. Clark, judge; and Lord G. Bentinck, starter; and never was there a more efficient staff since the days of Frederick the Great.

The Croxteth Stakes, for all ages over three years, was the prelude to the week's sport, and a good field went for it. Satirist won, the Shadow being next him, but without a shadow of chance. Certainly this was no continuation of the running for the Craven at Epsom. Meal was beaten off!—hard *lines*, these, for those who run to read. Two very indifferent ones, out of seven nominations, came to the post for a 50 sovs. Sweepstakes. Lord Derby's Fortuneteller won: pace, under the Brighton coach time, as it was wont to be, from Newtimber, home. The Bickerstaff Stakes were won, by a head, by Lord Westminster's Candahar—in the Leger. The Sefton Stakes Florence contrived to carry away from four others, among whom was Fortuneteller, beaten like a poster. The Mersey Stakes, for two-year-olds, were assigned, before starting, to Maria Day, Lord Westminster's flying Oaks mare, that was to be. Five went, and Philip won with all

ease by a length, wherefore they wagered stoutly about him for next year's Derby. The mare ran very unlike her Chester form—*mutabilis semper fortuna*. The great 500 sovs. Sweepstakes, eight subscribers, were disposed of in this way:—Auckland walked over, giving Gunter 300 sovs. out of the forfeits, and permitting Mr. Greville to draw his stake. No bad earning for either of the nags. The Maiden Plate, of £70, produced five heats, the two last being won by Woldsman. What a fine thing it is to be born to good luck! Auckland gets £1,200 for walking a mile;—Woldsman seventy for galloping six as hard as he can split.

Thursday, the important anniversary of the Cup, started with a little 10 sovs. Handicap, carried off by Clinker, one of the Irish division. Then came the Foal Stakes, which Peloponnesus contrived to secure, and, as they were worth £400, it was no bad day's work for him. This brought us to the Cup, for which twenty were announced to go. This event had won golden anticipations from all manner of men; Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, and German men. Something like £1,200 were to be the reward of the conqueror—for whom was the victory designed? The leading favourite, for a considerable period previous to the meeting, was the Knight of the Whistle. A few days preceding it, however, the result of a trial to which he was subjected appears to have been let out, which so disgusted his party, that it was finally decided to scratch him for his engagement. With every aspiration after a proper reverence, I confess the justice of punishing one set of sinners for the culpabilities of another is beyond my philosophy. However that be, those who backed "the Whistle," as they pronounce him, lost their currency beyond all peradventure. And now for those who ran—and here a score, as I have said, went for the prize, and thus they were valued: 9 to 2 against Thirsk; 5 to 1 Una; 8 to 1 Miss Stilton; 12 to 1 Prince Caradoc; ditto Black Beck; ditto Forester; 14 to 1 Retriever; 16 to 1 Vulcan; 16 to 1 Rhodanthe; 20 to 1 Portrait; 25 to 1 Pagan; ditto Satirist; ditto Collina; 30 to 1 The Currier; 30 to 1 Clinker; and the same against Phaon. The start, as achieved by Lord George Bentinck, was a wonderful performance; it was like the — that is, none was better off than his neighbour. Without staying to narrate all the early moves, let us observe them as they enter the straight ground for the run in. The field is on good terms to the distance; here they begin to roll about, the *scabies*! so they do. Pagan is on his knees (what a queer attitude for one of his sort!) Bellona goes crippled; Champagne has evaporated; and, following the fashion of the times, there is great distress among them. The distance is passed, and, lo! Vulcan and Rhodanthe alone live to contest it. Lord! how they whip and rouse away, young Day and old Chapple; go it, thews and sinews! "Give it her, Jim!" "Tare and 'ounds, Mither Day, stick him wid de gaffs! Be crisp! it's a dead hate!" In the conquering game the horse had it all his own way, finishing in front by a liberal neck. The Derby Handicap was next on the list, which Ermengardis was observed to win rather cleverly by those who turned their attentions for a moment from lobster salads and venison pasties. The Queen's Hundred, won, after three heats, by the colt by Physician, out of Solace, wound up the affairs of an exceedingly sporting day.

The Stanley Stakes were first on Friday's bill of fare. Four, out of eight, went, and Maria Day was the best by odds, from end to end; Meal was beaten "like a sack;" what has she done with her Oaks running? Lord Westminster's Candahar walked over for the Knowsley Dinner Stakes, and divided seven forfeits with Lord George Bentinck, and then Lord Westminster walked over for the Grosvenor Stakes with William de Fortibus! The Stand Cup was another great encouragement for ould Ireland; St. Lawrence won, and there could not have been a greater sensation among the Patlanders had St. Patrick himself "done the deed." "It never rains but it pours," says the proverb,—*ex. gr.* The Liverpool St. Leger followed the Stand Cup, and what does Mr. Ferguson do, but "he ups and wins it" with Fireaway, beating a very superior field, and completely upsetting the little sense that remained to his countrymen. You have a nag by no means to be sneezed at among the season's three-year-olds: "You *won't* stop there, Mr. Ferguson." A selling Sweepstakes, for which there were four heats, brought this brilliant meeting to a close—well meriting, as it is, to be placed in juxta-position with its great southern sister—Goodwood.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

BETTINGS FOR JULY.

☞ THE following is a return of the metropolitan racing-market for the past month—such as it was:—

MONDAY, July 4.

LIVERPOOL CUP.		THE GOODWOOD STAKES.	
Rhodanthe	8 to 1 agst. (tk.)	Knight-of-the-Whistle ...	7 to 1 agst. —
Healington	10 to 1 — —	Tupeley	9 to 1 — (tk.)
Forester	10 to 1 — —	Una	10 to 1 — (tk.)
Una	12 to 1 — —	Arnagill	11 to 1 — —
Prince Caradoc	12 to 1 — (tk.)		
Thirak	14 to 1 — —	GOODWOOD CUP.	
Phaon	100 to 6 — (tk.)	The Squire.....	9 to 2 agst (tk.)
Knight-of-the-Whistle ...	18 to 1 — (tk.)	Nautilus	6 to 1 — —
Fitzroy	20 to 1 — —	Bee's-wing.....	10 to 1 — —
Knight-of-the-Whistle agst.		Middleham	12 to 1 — —
Fitzroy.....	300 to 250 and 150 even on	Marshal Boulton	12 to 1 — —
Between Phaon and Fitzroy	300 even		
Between Thirak and Fitzroy	200 even		

Thursday, July 7th.—There was no room, in consequence of the New-market Meeting.

MONDAY, July 11.

LIVERPOOL CUP.		LIVERPOOL ST. LEGER.	
Knight-of-the-Whistle ...	7 to 1 agst. —	Belcour	2 to 1 agst. (tk.)
Una	10 to 1 — (tk.)		
Thirak	10 to 1 — —		
Retriever	10 to 1 — —		
Forester	10 to 1 — —		

MONDAY, July 11—(CONTINUED).

GOODWOOD STAKES.				GOODWOOD CUP.			
Knigh-of-the-Whistle ...	8	to	1 agst. —	The Squire.....	7	to	1 agst. —
Tupsley	8	to	1 — —	Monceda.....	8	to	1 — —
Retriever	10	to	1 — —	Seamew horse	10	to	1 — —
Una	10	to	1 — (tk.)				
Between Una and Tupsley 500 even							

Thursday, July 14.—No business done, everybody being at Liverpool Races.

MONDAY, July 18.

GOODWOOD STAKES.				GOODWOOD CUP.			
Knigh-of-the-Whistle ...	5	to	1 agst. (tk.)	The Squire.....	5	to	1 agst. (tk.)
Helpmate	15	to	1 — (tk.)				
St. Lawrence	8	to	1 — —				
Rhodanthe.....	10	to	1 — —				
Tupsley	10	to	1 — —				
Daddy Longlegs	15	to	1 — (tk.)				
The Corsair	15	to	1 — —				
Arnagill	15	to	1 — —				
Lucy Banks	20	to	1 — —				
Retriever	20	to	1 — (tk.)				

Marahal Soult	12	to	1 agst. —				
Priam	12	to	1 — —				
Monceda	10	to	1 — (tk.)				
Middleham	10	to	1 — —				
St. Lawrence.....	11	to	1 — (tk.)				
Sleight of Hand	12	to	1 — (tk.)				

ST. LEGER.				DERBY.			
Cabrera	12	to	1 agst. (tk.)	Philip	25	to	1 agst. (tk.)
Cattonite	20	to	1 — —	Aristides.....	40	to	1 — —
Eboracum	53	to	1 — —				

THURSDAY, July 21.

GOODWOOD STAKES.				GOODWOOD CUP.			
Knigh-of-the-Whistle ...	5	to	1 agst. (tk.)	The Squire.....	4	to	1 agst. —
Helpmate	8	to	1 — —	Marahal Soult	10	to	1 — (tk.)
Welfare	12	to	1 — —				
Tupsley	14	to	1 — —				
Daddy Longlegs	16	to	1 — (tk.)				
The Corsair	18	to	1 — (tk.)				
Arnagill	20	to	1 — —				
Stanley Royal	20	to	1 — (tk.)				
Retriever	20	to	1 — —				

Priam	11	to	1 agst. —				
Charles XII.	11	to	1 — —				
Middleham	12	to	1 — (tk.)				
Sleight of Hand	12	to	1 — —				
Belcœur	20	to	1 — (tk.)				

ST. LEGER.				DERBY.			
Cabrera	10	to	1 agst. —	Cotherstone, Napier, and			
Belcœur	20	to	1 — —	Attila's dam (in one bet)	1500	to	50 — each
Meteor	40	to	1 — —				

No room either on Monday the 25th, or Thursday 28th, in consequence of Goodwood Races.

AQUATICS FOR JULY.

Movements of the Royal Yacht Squadron :—

ARRIVED :—July 1.—Resolution schooner, Duke of Rutland, from Southampton; Merlin schooner, William Lyon, Esq., from Portsmouth; Fanny cutter, Sir Edward Scott, Bart., from Antwerp.

July 2.—Medina cutter, Captain F. Holcombe, R.H.A., from Jersey.

July 4.—Forest Fly cutter, William Hornby, Esq., from Hamble.

July 6.—Intrepid cutter, Earl of Tyrconnel, from Guernsey.

July 7.—Midge cutter, John Petre, Esq., from Portsmouth. Corsair cutter, John Congreve, Esq., from Guernsey and Jersey.

July 8.—Cynthia cutter, R. Frankland, Esq., from Ireland and Guernsey. Wave cutter, Capt. J. Kean, R.N., from the westward.

July 9.—Emerald cutter, J. L. Symonds, Esq., from Southampton. Flower of Yarrow cutter, Marquis of Conyngham, from Southampton.

July 12.—Resolution schooner, Duke of Rutland, from Portland.

July 13.—Sapphire cutter, Lord H. Cholmondeley, from Ryde.

July 15.—Witch cutter, Henry Oglander, Esq., from Woolwich and Southampton.

July 16.—Sparrowhawk cutter, Thomas Hallifax, Esq., from the East. Amazon cutter, Sir J. Walsh, Bart., M.P., from St. Helens.

July 18.—Midge cutter, John Petre, Esq., from Plymouth.

July 20.—Xarifa schooner, Earl of Wilton, from Plymouth, and proceeded to the eastward. Phantom cutter, Sir William Curtis, Bart., from Ramsgate.

July 21.—Corsair cutter, John Congreve, Esq., from Plymouth and other western ports. Will-o'-the-Wisp cutter, Captain C. H. Williams, R.N., from Plymouth and other ports.

SAILED:—July 1.—Corsair cutter, John Congreve, Esq., for Guernsey. Intrepid cutter, Earl of Tyrconnel, for Guernsey.

July 6.—Resolution schooner, Duke of Rutland, on a cruise to the westward.

July 8.—Arrow cutter, Lord Godolphin, for Southampton.

July 14.—Kestrel yawl, Commodore Earl of Yarborough, for Plymouth and other western ports. Brilliant schooner, G. H. Ackers, Esq. Flirt schooner, Sir B. Graham, Bart. Corsair cutter, J. Congreve, Esq. Will-o'-the-Wisp cutter, Captain Williams, R.N. Midge cutter, John Petre, Esq. Cynthia cutter, R. Frankland, Esq., for Plymouth and other western ports, sailed in squadron with the Commodore. Resolution schooner, Duke of Rutland, for Southampton.

July 15.—Resolution schooner, Duke of Rutland, for Plymouth.

July 18.—Witch cutter, H. Oglander, Esq., for Hamburgh and the coast of Norway.

July 21.—Camilla schooner, Thomas Hallifax, jun., Esq., for Southampton and Dover.

At a general meeting of the members of the R. Y. S., held at the Squadron House, Cowes, on Friday, the 8th of July, 1842—

Present:—Commodore Earl of Yarborough in the chair.

Vice-Ad. Sir G. E. Hamond, K.C.B.

J. Fleming, Esq., M.P.

A. W. Corbet, Esq.

James Lyon, Esq.

Capt. James Kean, R.N.

Capt. A. L. Corry, R.N.

John Congreve, Esq.

Wm. Lyon, Esq.

Sir John Bayley, Bart.

Lord Godolphin

Richard Frankland, Esq.

Sir B. R. Graham, Bart.

G. H. Ackers, Esq.

John Petre, Esq.

F. P. D. Radcliffe, Esq.

Earl of Tyrconnel, G.C.H.

Capt. C. H. Williams, R.N.

Sir Edward Scott, Bart.

The following candidates were elected members:—

Captain Charles Bulkeley, Peri . . . schooner 58 tons.

C. H. Coote, Esq., Torquoise. . . . cutter 77 „

Sir W. P. Galway, Bart., Spider . cutter 33 „

Honorary members,

Commander Geo. T. Gordon, R.N. | Commander C. Rooke, R.N.

Capt. Thos. Gordaine Clarke, R.N. | Commander Hon. Robt. Gore, R.N.

Two cups, of £50 each, are to be sailed for, open to all yachts of the squadron, except the class sailing for the Queen's Cup this year; one on Monday, August 15, the other on Friday, August 19.

The ball will take place on the 16th of August, the Queen's Cup will be sailed for on the 17th, with fireworks in the evening, and the annual dinner held on the 18th August.

The Southampton Regatta will take place on the 10th and 11th of August, and is expected to be very attractive. The Royal Southampton Yacht Club is increasing in numbers and importance, and the Regatta offers another inducement to the many that this favourite spot (the southern coast of Hampshire) already holds out to those seeking either health or pleasure: and where has nature bestowed her beauties more abundantly than in the south of Hampshire?

The following Etonians had a contest for THE PULLING SWEEPSTAKES in the course of the past month:—

Ainslie and Garth Clive and Hulse Backe and Turton Folliot and Radford Woodbridge, <i>ma</i> , & Ld. Guernsey Hunter and Hyatt Pepsys and Peel Lord Burleigh & Woodbridge, <i>mi</i>	Codrington and Luttrell Mount and Arkness Crastor and Lambton Courtnay and Forster Murdoch and Lord Belgrave Peel and Bailey Sutton and Burton Heygate and Stapylton.
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Peel and Bailey took the lead, which they kept until off Lower Hope, where they were passed by Heygate and Stapylton, and Sutton and Burton. Heygate and Stapylton were declared the winners.

RACE FOR THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB CHALLENGE CUP.—A considerable number of the admirers of aquatic sports was present on the occasion of this match, which took place on the 5th ult., the distance being from Greenwich to Coal House Point, two miles below Gravesend, and back to the Royal Hospital. The following yachts took up their stations to compete for the prize as under:—

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners' Names.	Distinguishing Colours.
Champion . . .	25 . . .	H. Gunston, Esq. . .	White
Mystery . . .	25 . . .	Lord Alfred Paget . . .	Blue pierced white, Maltese ×
Ada	25 . . .	Hon. H. Upton . . .	Black before red, white cross
Mary	25 . . .	G. Keen, Esq.	White quartered with red
Phantom . . .	20 . . .	Jas. F. Silby, Esq. . . .	White and blue

At one o'clock the start was effected. The *Phantom* took the lead, the *Ada* being second, the *Mystery* third, and the *Champion* fourth. It was not long before the *Mystery* passed the *Ada* and endeavoured to get the lead of the *Phantom*, but the latter continued to keep her position. In Bugsby's Hole the *Mystery* and *Champion* hoisted topsails, as did the *Phantom*. The *Ada* (which had given way to the *Champion*), also, here thought it necessary to have extra canvass, and the *Mary* followed her example. It was not till their arrival off Woolwich that the *Mystery* overhauled the *Phantom* sufficiently to enable her to wrest the lead from her, but, having once shaken her off, the *Mystery* quickly drew ahead of her competitors. Here the *Ada* was close in the wake of the *Champion*, but the *Mary* had fallen full the length of a couple of cables astern. In Half-way Reach the *Mystery* had increased her distance ahead, and here she shifted topsails, but in bending a larger one the sheet went, which, however, was soon got in again, and made all "taught." The *Phantom* was still leading the *Champion*, and she continued to "keep her own," and it was not until off Purfleet that she was compelled to give way. The *Mystery* rounded the flag buoy at Coal House Point, a little above two hours from the time of starting. The *Champion* was the next round, with a

whole mainsail and small topsail, all standing, without starting tack or sheet. At this moment, every one on board the steamer was alarmed for the safety of the *Champion*. In jibing, those who were hauling in the main sheet let it go, owing to the squall, and the mainsail ran off with such violence that she carried away her gaff. The *Mystery* was now considered safe to be the winner, but fate decreed it otherwise. At Northfleet Hope the weather-rigging gave way, and her mast went by the board. The *Phantom* now had the lead to Woolwich, and when it was thought that the match was decided, she grounded, in which position she remained long enough for the *Ada* to arrive at Greenwich, at nearly eight o'clock, the winner. It was a chapter of accidents from beginning to end. On the next occasion we heartily wish better luck may attend the efforts of the Club.

ROWING.

THE LONDON AND NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE WATERMEN'S FOUR-OARED CUTTER MATCH.—This match, for £100 a-side, was rowed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 16th ultimo. The challenge was made by the Newcastle men and taken up by Coombes, of Vauxhall. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 16th of last month, both crews started. They were oar and oar for a little more than a quarter of a mile, when the London men took the lead, which they managed to keep the whole distance, winning by about 200 yards. The contest was looked upon as being first-rate. The London crew consisted of R. Coombes, J. and R. Doubledee, and R. Newel—Parish acting as coxswain.

CRICKETING.

KENT AGAINST ENGLAND.—This, the match of the season, commenced on Monday, the 11th ult., and was brought to a close on the next day. The interest excited by the announcement of this grand contest was so great as to cause Lord's Ground to be filled to overflowing, equestrians and pedestrians having flocked from all parts to witness the efforts of science and skill displayed on this occasion.

Kent had the first innings, and, by their admirable play, soon caused a revolution in the odds, the betting being, at the commencement, 5 to 4 on England; it was now 6 to 4 on Kent. Mr. A. Mynn was greatly applauded for his successful play; indeed, he contrived to make by far more than one "palpable hit." At the time of England going in the betting was 7 to 4 on Kent. Messrs. Taylor and Hawkins made some first-rate play. On Mr. Taylor's going out, Sewell commenced in good earnest, his skill proving a decided acquisition to his side. Upon the conclusion of Monday's proceedings, the odds were 5 to 4 on England. Kent opened the *ball* on Tuesday, on which day Messrs. Mynn did not abate one jot the *fire* congenial to their county. On the side of England, some surprise was excited by the play of Mr. Taylor, who, having hurt his left hand the previous

day, made use of only one. The match, after some of the best play ever witnessed, concluded in favour of Kent. We cannot speak too highly of the batting and bowling displayed on this occasion.

The score was as follows :—

KENT.		1st inn.	2nd do ^t
Hillyer, bowled by Lillywhite	11	leg b. w., b. by Lillywhite 0
Cocker, bowled by Fenner	11	.. bowled by Lillywhite .. 5
N. Felix, Esq., ct. Anson, bowled by Lillywhite	14 bowled by Lillywhite .. 12
Filch, bowled by Redgate	10	.. ct. Anson, b. by Redgate 21
G. Whittaker, Esq., bowled by Lillywhite	13	.. not out 13
Wenman, bowled by Lillywhite	14	.. bowled by Lillywhite .. 6
A. Mynn, Esq., bowled by Fenner	21	.. bowled by Lillywhite 33
Dorrington, bowled by Redgate	10	.. ct. Box, b. by Lillywhite 14
W. C. Baker, Esq., ct. Sewell, b. Lillywhite	1 ct. Good, b. by Barker 7
W. Mynn, Esq., not out	5	.. bowled by C. Taylor .. 28
Adams, leg b. w., bowled by Lillywhite	1	.. bowled by Lillywhite 2
Byes 6, wide balls 3	9	.. Byes 9, wide ball 1 .. 10
Total	-120	Total -151
ENGLAND.		1st inn.	2nd do.
Barker, ct. Hillyer, b. A. Mynn	19	.. bowled by Hillyer .. 4
T. A. Anson, Esq., ct. and b. by A. Mynn	4 ct. and b. by A. Mynn .. 2
Fenner, bowled by A. Mynn	7	.. bowled by A. Mynn .. 8
Guy, ct. Felix, bowled by Hillyer	1	.. run out 0
C. G. Taylor, Esq., ct. Felix, b. Adams	24	.. bowled by A. Mynn .. 19
Box, ct. Cocker, bowled by A. Mynn	5	.. bowled by A. Mynn .. 0
Hawkins, bowled by Adams	20	.. bowled by Hillyer .. 1
Good, not out	12	.. bowled by A. Mynn .. 1
Sewell, run out	11	.. bowled by A. Mynn .. 35
Redgate, run out	0	.. caught and b. by Hillyer .. 1
Lillywhite, bowled by A. Mynn	8	.. not out 2
Byes 19, wide ball 1, no balls 2	22	.. Byes 11, w. b. 3, no b. 1 15
Total	-133	Total -88

H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex has conferred the honour upon the Marylebone Club of having his name entered as a member.

RIFLE SHOOTING IN THE NEW FOREST.

AMONGST the many beautiful residences in the midst and on the borders of the New Forest, Manor House, Minsted (the residence of H. Coombe Compton, Esq., one of the members for the southern division of Hants), is one of the most to be admired. The mansion is of modern style, and stands in a commanding position, backed by plantations and woods, with a fine undulating park. It lies about two miles from the very pretty town of Lyndhurst, and quite in the heart of the forest; its owner lives amongst the smiles and good wishes of those around him, is popular with all classes, a thorough English gentleman, and a great patron of the manly sports of this country. One of his acts of liberality is to give an annual prize to be shot for by the keepers of the different walks (fifteen in number) in the forest. Mr. Edward Mills, brother of Mr. Mills of Bistern, near Ringwood, gives a prize for the second best shot. They shoot at a target of two feet in diameter, at a hundred yards, without a rest, with a ball, from a rifle. The man who strikes it the greatest number of times has the first prize, and the second best shot has the gift of Mr. Mills. The last trial of skill

took place on the 14th of July, which I embraced the opportunity of riding up to see, and was highly gratified. The day was one of Nature's brightest offerings, and its fineness added much to the beautiful scene. It took place in the park at Manor House. A marquee was pitched for the accommodation of visitors, and every courtesy was shown to strangers by the host. The rifle shooters have ten shots each, and if two or more have struck the target the same number of times, and one have hit the bull's eye and the others have not, the former is declared the winner. If equal in all respects, they shoot off the ties. In this instance, the first prize was won by Cooper, who has the charge of the Holmesly Walk, he having struck the target eight times out of ten: Robert Holloway, of the Wilverley Walk; Gill, of Bramble Hill; and Hunt, of the walk called Castle Malwood, each struck it seven times; but Hunt, having hit the bull's eye once, was entitled to the second prize.

The contest is conducted with great regularity;—two men stand near the target, and one, with a stick with a small white fan at the end, points out the spot to the scorer, and another immediately covers it with black paint. The keepers are invited to partake of the hospitality of Manor House, and Mr. Compton has the gratification of affording a day's pleasure to many, all of whom appreciate his kindness. It is by such acts as these a good understanding is kept up between the higher classes and those whose callings are in a different walk of life.

W. M.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF ATTILA.

WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1842.

ATTILA, a bay colt, foaled in 1839, is by Colwick, out of Progress by Langar, dam by Blacklock, grandam by Knowsley, out of Surveyor's dam. At two years old he won the Champagne Stakes, at the Pottery; the Champagne Stakes, and the Two-year-old Stakes, at Doncaster; and the Clearwell Stakes at the Second October Meeting at Newmarket. As a three-year-old, he won a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting; the Derby Stakes, at Epsom; and was beaten for the Drawing-room Stakes, at Goodwood; being the only occasions on which he has yet started during the present year.



Engraved by John West

A. C. W. L. A.
WINNER OF THE JUBBY 1884.

Designed by Harry Hall



OUTLINES OF GOODWOOD RACES.

OLD wine, old friends, and old timber (provided the condition of the entail does not require that it should rot in the perpendicular), are among the good things of this state of being—but an old story is by no means so generally popular. Upon strength, therefore, of the maxim which declares that half a loaf is better than no bread, the reader will, probably, accept these outlines rather than more copious details when “the bloom is *off* the rye.”

On Tuesday the 26th ult., this first of all amateur meetings, existing, or that ever did exist, commenced and ended some five or six hours before this number of the *SPORTING REVIEW* went to press. A gorgeous scene was that upon which the curtain drew up.

To begin with a glance at the beginning. The Melody colt (so long called out of his name, but at length properly designated Discord), won the Craven; a poor prize for a poor performer. The Caster, a promising Derby nomination of Lord Maidstone's, was the best by many degrees for the Lavant Stakes; it strikes me he has some cutting up in him, and that he will turn out a good hay and straw speculation, if not something better.

Attila was beaten for the Drawing Room Stakes by two—neither of them in the Leger. Now, my anticipation as to the effect of this race, I confess is of little worth. I cannot see that it throws any light upon the probable issue of the great Doncaster event. If the party thought fit to lose with him at Goodwood (I by no means, however, remotely imply that such was the case), that course was undoubtedly sanctioned by the rules of the turf, and cotemporary practice. They might have elected to throw him back in the market so as to “get on” better for September, or they might have won with him in July (if they could); either alternative was open to them as the laws of racing now stand.

Lord George Bentinck was a lucky man to make such a heap of money as he did with Mustapha, in the 300 sovs. Sweepstakes; and Lord Verulam quite the reverse, in the instance of Robert de Gorham, seeing what the courser has *not* done in other races, and what he did in the Gratwicke.

Over the Cup Course, for the 1,000 sovs. match (which everybody said would end in a forfeit), Charles XII. beat Hyllus, with his 5 lbs. allowance: this was no ordinary achievement, and commanded the consideration it deserved. I need not touch upon any further details of this day.

Wednesday, though it offered a very fair list of sport, possessed but one event of public interest, the Goodwood Stakes. Like the majority of the season's handicaps, it went to prove the utter inefficiency of man's ingenuity in perverting Nature's handiwork. Retriever, whose shadow had not preceded him, was little thought of, and less valued (the better his luck), and so he won, because they did not break his back. I wonder what the *avoirdupois* of mercy will do for him in *sæcula sæculorum*.

It was a splendid festival, that latest anniversary of the race for the Cup, in the fair domain of Goodwood. The event from which it is supposed to derive its interest, if not in the past instance, of more than usual importance, was certainly not below a fair average:—Charles XII. won in a style worthy a first class English racer. Our transatlantic friends question the properties for staying a distance at speed, which British horses possess compared with American. We'll bet Jonathan a *fifth quarter* of the universe against a five dollar flimsy of a Down-east Joint-stock Almighty Smashery Society, that no steed of the New World wins a Goodwood Cup before a newer world is discovered.

On Friday, the 29th ult., there was nothing to concern the betting division, save the Chesterfield Cup, which Retriever won. How long will men shut their eyes to the fact that an indifferent horse *in his form* will beat the best, the tithe of a degree below his proper proof! Such is an epitome of the Goodwood week: more might have been said of it—but little more to the purpose.

CRAVEN.

The following paragraph we extract from "*The Times*" of the 8th inst. Surely some wag has been running a currant-jelly drag for the editor of that journal:—

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT'S HARIERS.—The new pack of hariers, consisting of an effective thirteen couple, besides seven couple of puppies, lately purchased by H.R.H. Prince Albert from Mr. Smith, in the Isle of Wight, had a trial day last week, in the forest in the neighbourhood of Windsor, when they proved their capabilities to be very first-rate, Major General Wemyss (clerk marshal to His Royal Highness), and Mr. G. E. Anson (treasurer to the prince), met the pack at Chobham Common, where a fine hare was unbagged by Mr. Maynard, which afforded a beautiful run over at least seven miles of country, which were covered in twenty-five minutes, and the hare killed. The pack was hunted by King, brother of Harry King, one of the whippers-in to Her Majesty's buck-hounds, who has been appointed His Royal Highness's huntsman. The hounds are kennelled at Cumberland Lodge, in the kennel, which has been put into complete repair, appropriated for the royal pack of hariers many years since."

DEVON, AS A HUNTING COUNTRY.

—

To the Editor of the SPORTING REVIEW.

SIR,—If you think the following remarks on Devon, as a sporting country, worth a place in your REVIEW, their insertion would oblige your humble servant,

E. H.

On my first arrival into this part of the world, I was disappointed in its general appearance with reference to hunting, more particularly the district between Tiverton, Exeter, and Hatherleigh. In most counties there is a great variety of country, and Devonshire has its share; some parts consisting of very small enclosures, resembling the weald of Kent; and others being very wild and open. The district I have spoken of is very much enclosed, the fields being small, and surrounded with thick hedges, on very high banks, rendering it difficult for even the best horse to cross it fairly. The soil is well adapted for scent, and, from the number of enclosures, it lies warm, and hounds can hunt when, in a more open country, they would be unable to show sport.

The line from Bampton to the North Sea, commonly so called, or Bristol Channel, which is chiefly hunted by the Devon and Somerset staghounds, is more open, with a great deal of heath land, extending to Exmoor Forest, over which they have some famous runs with deer, often of twenty, and, last year, several times, of thirty miles: of the south, and most western part of Devon, I am unable to speak from experience; but am given to understand it principally consists of small enclosures, except where the moor interferes.

The staghounds are under the management of the Hon. N. Fellowes and Mr. Stowell; and the foxhounds consist of three packs, belonging to Sir Walter Carew, Mr. Bulteel, and Mr. Coham, hunting the south and western part of the country two days a week. There is likewise to be a pack, next season, kept at, or near, Tiverton, under the management of Mr. Cockburn, who formerly kept harriers near Sidmouth, and, for the last two or three years, has hunted foxes in that part: they are to hunt twice a week. There are more than twenty packs of harriers kept here, which show capital sport, the country being more adapted for hare than fox-hunting. A Mr. Frowd, a clergyman, has backed his hounds to hunt with any pack in England, anything and everything, from a deer to a badger. They certainly are a famous pack: he never allows a hound to run between the bars of a gate; any one so offending suffers the utmost penalty of the law; he makes them take it greyhound fashion. The farms in Devonshire are small, averaging from 100 to 300 acres, so that if there was not a friendly feeling amongst the farmers, it would make a material difference to their sport. They have not that objection to hare-hunting, on account of the fences, which ordinarily prevails; for if the

hedges are at all injured, the banks are sufficient to keep in any sort of cattle.

Devon has fewer gentlemen's seats, in proportion to its size, I think, than any other county, and many of those are not sporting men, so that the meets have not that splendid appearance they have in most of the midland and other hunts. Those who are masters of hounds, and fond of the chase, do it with an open hand; and it is to be regretted they are not better supported. Devon is certainly more to be recommended to the traveller and to the invalid, than the sportsman: not but that, now the railway almost reaches its borders, it would be worth the while of any one, fond of stag-hunting, to come into the neighbourhood of Dulverton, or South Molton, to see him chased in the wild state, together with the practice of tufting, with three couples of hounds, as finders, before the pack is laid on. There is very little fencing in that neighbourhood, there being a great deal of heath-land, and, by the assistance of gates, you may ride miles without much fear of risking your limbs. I forgot to mention that it is the intention of the Hon. N. Fellowes, in future, to hunt a pack of foxhounds alternately with the staghounds, and that he has purchased a fine pack for the purpose. The staghounds now used are small, very fast, and with very little of that charm of hunting—music.

RACES FOR AUGUST.

Haverfordwest	2	Canterbury	9	Devon and Exeter	17
Huntingdon	2	Banbury	9	Bromyard	18
Redditch	2	Newport	9	York	22
Marlborough	2	Kington	9	Egham	22
Newport (Salop)	2	Lewes	10	Northampton	24
Isle of Wight	2	Bromsgrove	10	Hereford	24
Brighton	3	Weymouth	10	Stockton	25
Horwich	3	Great Marlow	10	Tiverton	25
Salisbury	3	Boulogne-sur-Mur	11	Stourbridge	28
Edgware	4	Wolverhampton	15	Eccles	28
Bloxwich	8	Ripon	15	Leominster	30
Plymouth, &c.	9	Tunbridge Wells	17	Abingdon	30
North Staffordshire	9	Aberystwith	17	Chelmsford	30

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

PRETTY CLOSE TO THE WIND.—A very worthy fisherman, by the name of Grizzle, was drowned some time since, and all search for his body proved unavailing. After it had been in the water some months, however, it was discovered floating upon the surface, and taken to the shore; whereupon Mr. Smith was despatched to convey the intelligence to the afflicted widow.

Mr. Smith.—Well, Mrs. Grizzle, we have found Mr. Grizzle's body.

Mrs. Grizzle.—You don't say so!

Mr. S.—Yes we have—the jury has sot on it, and found it full of eels!

Mrs. G.—You don't say Mr. Grizzle's body is full of eels?

Mr. S.—Yes it is; and we want to know what you will have done with it?

Mrs. G.—Why, how many eels should you think there is in him?

Mr. S.—Why, about a bushel.

Mrs. G.—Well, then, I think you had better send the eels up to the house, and set him agin!—*New York Paper.*

THE subjoined letter, abbreviated from an American Journal, we eagerly offer to our readers, because it contains something perfectly new in the matter of equestrian economy: and a novelty, now-a-days, is not a thing to be allowed to escape. Both in theory and practice it contains much strange matter.

It has long ago been ascertained, and the fact is well known, that northern horses removed to the south, are hardier than those native of the region, and especially that their stock improves in a wonderful degree. I cannot, from my own knowledge, state that this is the case, when the distance of removal is very great, but have little reason to doubt it, from the desire often expressed, by gentlemen of the southernmost range of the States, to possess the ponies of Canada. From my own theoretical opinion, were the animals to be always in a state of nature, I would not recommend such removal as beneficial in the highest degree, for more than a hundred leagues at a time. But in the artificial mode of keeping horses, which is very similar throughout the civilized world, varying only according to the severity of the season, the current opinion of practical men is, probably, correct—that the horses of the north are not deteriorated, but bear the change of climate admirably, and that their stock surpasses its parentage in all ordinary cases of removal from north to south, even from one extremity of the Union to the other. This assertion requires no supporting evidence with those who thinkingly practise, or even observe, the rearing of animals; for it stands a corroboration of knowledge and opinion formed on their own experience. The first great law ascertained in this course, and which helps to form a basis of all well-conducted operation for the production of superior qualities in any part of the living creation, is, that amelioration follows on a gradual and frequent change to different and better circumstances of climate and aliment. Plants and cattle can no more flourish without change of condition and supply, than sailors can avoid the scurvy upon salt provisions alone. It is well known, especially with regard to young or growing animals, that they must be carefully accustomed, in the beginning, to coarser fare and ruder shelter, to leave room for improvement in those matters, in order to insure their maturing well, or increasing to a late period, and coming to a state of perfect development.* In selecting at the north, and among the poor inhabitants, animals of the horse kind, we obtain at once those which allow this room for improvement, and to

* This is not our system with horses of value, at all events.

which it is most cheaply afforded by transfer to a more southern latitude, as a warm climate is most congenial to the horse's nature.

The reason why the district here referred to is likely to be the principal source of improving stock for business horses, lies chiefly in two points:—1st. The nature of the country, which affords abundance of glare ice, the only perfect training-ground for a breed of road horses, through half of the year. 2nd. The existence already of a breed of horses, the Norman French, inferior to none, at once for the road and for labour, ever known upon the earth.

Our southern friends, who have not held the reins over a nag of speed upon the ice, can have little idea of the thrilling excitement of the situation; and few would imagine how fondly a steed of the least spirit will take to a slashing trot when he finds the perfect assurance to his foothold, and facility to his movements, which nothing but the ice can yield.* Those who have not experienced the ecstasy of galloping at high speed after hounds, can little imagine its pleasure; and they who have not trotted on the ice are ignorant of a very intense enjoyment.

The borders of the St. Lawrence itself, and the smaller streams which flow into it, are covered with ice of the required quality through a great part of our long winters. The activity and hardihood of the French horses, and the pleasure-seeking disposition of their owners, have contributed to establish this diversion for the more tedious and unemployed half of the year. Here, then, is a whole country, the only one abundantly gifted by nature with the best of ground for training to a trot, and possessing the essential requisite of an almost perfect breed of horses for the purpose, devoted—and obliged by rigorous circumstances to be devoted—for amusement to a sport, which, by increasing the value of the trained and successful horses, goes directly to enrich the people. The animals employed in this diversion need not be kept, like the thorough-bred racer, at an enormous expense, exclusively for the purpose. They are the every-day work horses of the country, and true, and strong, and slow, if required, as oxen.

These are the horses that yield both sport and profit to the inhabitants of Canada; and small and rude as they show, these are the horses whose blood crossed on the larger female stock of our immediate southern neighbours, has helped to give celebrity to the horses of Vermont, and produced some of the best animals either for work or speed, and even of the largest size, known to the farmer or the turfman of New York. There is no reason why they may not produce as great—ay, a greater—improvement on the business horses of the United States than the small Arabians have on the racing stock of England.

To say that, in the business horses, strength, speed, size, action, hardiness, courage, patience, &c., are all required, is not to state the matter, with regard to breeding, so strongly as to urge that the powerful fast trotter is the pattern and perfection of the business horse; for he *must* have nearly all the required qualities in excess, and a *constitution* in the bargain. Now fast trotters are only produced in abundance

* What d'ye think of that, Master Bull?

and perfection at the North; because, First, the ice is their school.* Second, for a multitude to engage, compete, and succeed in any pursuit, there must be an enticing pleasure in its practice, which is only the case in trotting where the sleigh is the vehicle; for you Gothamites know well the abomination of stirring up the dust with vehicles; and how would a southern gentleman feel after bestriding for hours a rough going colt at speed, on so jolting a gait as the trot, and how would the colt feel after carrying so jolting a burthen in that sweaty climate? Third, because of the propensity to fatten, which gives the horse weight and muscular power for the moving of loads, far superior to that of the racer, accustomed to go at his greatest speed. This fattening is said to be indigenous to cold regions; the deposit under the skin seeming to be a natural provision against the severity of the climate. Fourth, because of the bracing or stimulating effect of cold air upon the lungs, which gives hardness of constitution and firmness of fibre, and moves the system to action as a resource against suffering.

[We received the following letter a month or two ago, and, although it may be now somewhat out of date, we give it, because the matter it contains is *never* out of season.]

To the Editor of the SPORTING REVIEW.

THE PUCKERIDGE.—These hounds, in the last season, had rather above an average of good sport, and not more than five blank days, a small number, considering the nature of the country, and its position near the metropolis. They killed twenty-seven and a half brace of foxes; this number in a district where, owing to the numerous gentlemen's seats, game is strictly preserved, is not a despicable one.

As your work falls into the hands of sportsmen of every class, I cannot help giving here a hint to the patrons of the "long tails," that is, gaze-hounds. I am sure, from the way in which coursing is too often conducted in this country,† that many foxes fall victims, and are torn up before the dogs can be whipped off them. A gentleman wishing to amuse himself with a course, goes out, and has, at least, a brace of gaze-hounds running loose in the field, and very often a fox may be found, laying up in a hedgerow, or haum, during open weather, and is started and killed before he can be rescued. If gentlemen, partial to the amusement of coursing, would make a rule to have all the greyhounds in slips (and this, no doubt, they would do, if requested by hunts), many a fox would be saved, and their own sport not diminished.

But let us whip off from this subject, and get to an account of the finish of the season.

March 16th.—Met at Elsenham. Found our fox in Chickney Springs, and ran him but little in cover before he broke, when he was ridden at, and headed back into the mouth of the hounds, by one of the most singular-looking mortals I ever beheld, with a face covered with hair, and a mouth like a country post-office, and a set of teeth like a man-trap; his face was enough to frighten any animal, if he had

* How many Englishmen, in a thousand, ever heard before that the American horses were indebted for their extraordinary property of trotting to being trained on ice?

† Our correspondent writes from Gloucestershire.

left his body at home ; he was said to be some railway overlooker, or something of that sort. After doing this, he left the field, to the gratification of every true sportsman. Tried an adjoining cover, and found another fox ; ran him to Park Springs, leaving Dod's Wood to the left ; through High Wood ; through Jock and Oxgroves, to Quendon ; back to Park Springs a second time, through High Wood and Jock, leaving Quendon Park to the left ; over Waddington Field, where the hounds ran into him, after one hour and a quarter's run, in the open, near Quendon Park.

March 18th.—Met at Wallington ; a very wild, stormy morning. Found at Bygrave, but could not do anything with him, on account of the weather : there are hares enough, and to spare, in this cover. Found our second fox late in the afternoon ; and no pack of hounds could have behaved better : found him in Fryers ; whence he made away for Sandon Row Wood, over the open field to Wallington ; through Wallington Springs and Wastey ; over Julien's Park ; through Fryers, Broadfield, Throcking Springs, Hide Hall, Scratchgroves, into the Tharfield open field ; when he was headed back through Scratchgroves and Hide Hall, across the Sandon Road, up to Throcking Springs, where he was killed, on the farm of Mr. Sworder. Mr. Brand and several of his friends were out this day. The hounds ran him hard the whole time ; one hour and twenty-five minutes.

March 19th.—Met at Chipping ; another very stormy day. Found a fox in Brawnish, and killed him, after a good hunting run, at Barkway.

March 21st.—Met, at Blake's Ware, a good field of horsemen ; and I was glad to see among them some of the good old race of farmers, to whom every sportsman, who hunts with this pack, must ever feel indebted for the care they take of foxes. I could enumerate a good many of this sort in Hertfordshire ; but this day noticed Mr. Biggs, of Easney Park, and Messrs. Wymann and Bennett, of Standon. Found our fox at Thistley ; ran him through Newgates, to Easney Park, where we ran him a ring ; then over the brook by Chuck's Cottage, across the high road, between Ware and Hadham ; then through the enclosures, towards Buckney ; through Buckney to Nimney Bourn ; then to a little spring near Blake's Ware, when he was headed back to Nimney Bourn ; ran him a ring there, across the bottoms, leaving Blake's Ware to the right ; through Bartrams, over Standon Lodge Farm ; across the Hadham road, where he was viewed pointing for Scott's Wood ; turned short to the left, to Gadsbury ; and on the Warren we changed foxes.

April 13th.—The wind up. Met at Langley Green, at half past six in the morning ; found a vixen in Scales Park ; ran her a ring there, and then she earthed. She was dug after, and, on its being discovered she was a vixen, was left. This was a day more for growing cucumbers than fox-hunting.

B. B.

Cheltenham, May 24th.

I have heard, from a friend of mine, in Herts, that the first whip of the Puckeridge, Morris, is about to leave them. A greater misfortune cannot befall the pack : his obliging manners in the field, will be recollected by all who have hunted with this pack ; his utility in the kennel alone will recommend him to any master of hounds in the want of a good servant.

Colonel Anson, having completed his three years' service as a Steward of the Jockey Club, resigned office in the July Meeting, and was succeeded by Lord Stradbroke.

Amongst the multitudinous "Wants" that daily grace the broad sheet of the "*Times*," the other day the following appeared:—"Wanted to rent a family residence. It must be near a market town and the church, and *within easy reach of foxhounds*." From the desire expressed of contiguity to a church, the advertiser is evidently a *steeple-chaser*.

SWIMMING.—Two thousand years since Horace thus sneered at a youthful Sybarite:—

"Cur timet flavum Tiberium tangere."

Every man of the present day who has not the heart to take to the billow as naturally as to his pillow, merits a similar satirist to teach him his humanities. It is therefore with pleasure we detail the following exploits of a couple of modern Leanders:

On the 12th ult., a swimming match took place in the Cherwell, near Oxford, between two young men of the names of Sutton and Robinson (the latter, very probably, a descendant of that Smith, Brown, and Robinson, who was soundly whipped, in days gone by, for the offence of swimming well). The distance was from Parson's Pleasure to Loggerhead. The race was well contested, and Robinson arrived at the bridge the winner. It would have been a dead heat, but Sutton went *wrong* when he went *right*, and he is not the first who has suffered for a similar mistake.

A RELIGIOUS DOG.—Mr. Simpson, farmer, at Bowness, in Cumberland, has a sheep-dog in his possession which attends church every Sabbath, during the morning service. As soon as the bell commences ringing, the dog shows symptoms of considerable anxiety; and, after a few peals have been rung, he may be seen proceeding towards the sacred edifice, unaccompanied by any one. Perhaps the most extraordinary fact is, that he never attends the church but on Sundays, although the bell rings frequently during the week.

During the spring months the papers were filled with accounts of the multitude of fish with which the Thames abounded. We believe that anglers have had no cause to complain of scarcity of sport.

FINE ARTS.

THE BEDALE HUNT. Painted by Anson A. Martin, Esq. Engraved in mezzotinto by W. H. Simmons. London: Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall. 1842.

THIS is another addition to the gallery of sporting historical pictures, for which we are indebted to the spirit of the distinguished publishers who have already embellished our national arts with the "Royal Hunt," the "Melton Hunt," the "Melton Breakfast," &c. The original picture from which this admirable engraving is made, was presented by

the gentlemen of the Hunt to Mark Milbank, Esq., proprietor of the Bedale hounds. The present was that which it so well becomes a gift to be: it honoured alike those who gave, and him who received. Of the excellence of this production, as a work of art, we can ourselves speak in terms of unqualified praise; of the fidelity and truth with which Mr. Martin has caught both the letter and spirit of the scene he has portrayed, we have been assured by Mr. Milbank himself. At some future day we may probably attempt a catalogue *raisonné* of this fine work. In the present instance we must confine our notice to a few of the most prominent portraits.

In the centre, as it is fitting, is the master, Mr. Milbank. The number of years during which he has been a leading supporter of fox-hunting is sufficient evidence of his zeal in the cause. The matter of our present notice is proof of the popularity and goodwill he has earned in that capacity.

To the right of Mr. Milbank is the portrait of that high-priest of Diana, the late renowned Duke of Cleveland. Little need of eulogy at our hands has his memory, who, for upwards of half a century, supported fox-hunting as it was upheld at Raby Castle. Nothing can exceed the characteristic likeness which the artist has achieved. Before us he has placed his Grace "in his habit as he lived," and as he loved to live. Coat, boots, hat, horse:—are not all eloquent of the Darlington? The days of his glory, alas! are past; it will be long ere we "look upon his like again."

Would you see the ideal of an English gentleman from top to toe? Mark the figure on that steed, black as night, next to his Grace of Cleveland. That is the Duke of Leeds, and you shall seek from "coaly Tyne" to silver Arno for such a specimen of a very perfect cavalier.

He who stands in front, whip in hand, with a foxhound, emblem of his craft, at his knee, is Sir Bellingham Graham, the godsire of our woodcraft. By the girdle of her who was mighty at Ephesus—Graham, we hold thee in our good love! What, and if floweth in thy veins blood akin to that which whilom boiled within the Percy? A good man and true we've ever known thee in the field, from the day we first foregathered with thee at Shawbury white gates.

How the plot thickens upon us! Zeatland, Powlett, Fox—remains there no space to speak of ye, and of such as ye? Foul recreants were we thus to part from our task of love:

"Another day
Shall haply call us to renew our lay."

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE CHRISTOPHER WILSON, Esq., the Father of the Turf. Painted and Engraved by Mr. R. Woodman. London: published by Woodman, 118, Jernyn-street, St. James's. 1842.

THE universal popularity enjoyed by the subject of this engraving would be sufficient to ensure the success of the undertaking were it far less entitled upon its own merits than it is. A quarter of a century's familiarity with the person of Mr. Wilson enables us to vouch for the accuracy of the likeness. As a work of art it reflects much credit upon the artist. We like the style of these line engravings; there is a substantial character about them that belongs to no other effort of the burin.

LITERATURE.

LETTERS AND NOTES ON THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CONDITION OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS. By George Catlin. In two volumes, with 400 Illustrations. London: 1841. Published by the Author, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

ONE of the most interesting exhibitions ever offered to the public of this metropolis was Mr. Catlin's North American Gallery, which, during the two last seasons, was opened at the Egyptian Hall. The proprietor was an American who had devoted eight or nine years of his life to a pilgrimage among the aborigines of his native land. Together with the very remarkable collection which formed his gallery, Mr. Catlin also gathered the materials for these volumes during his lengthened wanderings in the "far west." Upon the principle that a prophet has no honour in his own country, it is to be accounted for, probably, that the author has not found admirers for these memoirs among his own people. The American press has spoken disparagingly of these Letters and Notes, while they have been uniformly praised by the English reviewers who have noticed them. Extracts, when they first appeared, were given in some of our journals and literary periodicals; but Mr. Catlin's work certainly did not attain the popularity it merited. The scheme of private publication, no doubt, contributed to this consequence, as likewise the high price of the volumes. Whatever may be their literary merits or demerits, they certainly contain much to interest and amuse; and if here and there the matter be a little too highly coloured, the novelty of the scenes pleads for the extravagance of the tinting. We proceed to cull such samples of the author's sporting adventures among the red men and green savannahs as appeared to us most striking, and out of the common, and shall take an opportunity of making our readers further acquainted with Mr. Catlin's "moving accidents." The subjoined extracts are all from the first volume:

"The sad tale of my native 'valley,'* has been beautifully sung; and from the flight of 'Gertrude's' soul, my young imagination closely traced the savage to his deep retreats, and gazed upon him in dreadful horror, until pity pleaded, and admiration worked a charm.

"A journey of 4,000 miles from the Atlantic shore, regularly receding from the centre of civilized society to the extreme wilderness of Nature's original work, and back again, opens a book for many an interesting tale to be sketched; and the mind which lives but to relish the works of Nature, reaps a reward on such a tour of a much higher order than can arise from the selfish expectations of pecuniary emolument. Notwithstanding all that has been written and said, there is scarcely any subject on which the *knowing* people of the East are yet less informed and instructed than on the character and amusements of the West: by this I mean the 'Far West';—the country whose fascinations spread a charm over the mind almost dangerous to civilized pursuits. Few people even know the true definition of the term

* Wyoming.

'West;' and where is its location?—phantom-like it flies before us as we travel, and on our way is continually gilded, before us, as we approach the setting sun.

"In the commencement of my tour, several of my travelling companions, from the city of New York, found themselves at a frightful distance to the West when we arrived at Niagara Falls; and hastened back to amuse their friends with tales and scenes of the West. At Buffalo, a steam-boat was landing with 400 passengers, and twelve days out—'Where from?' 'From the West.' In the rich state of Ohio, hundreds were selling their farms and going—to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati, people said to me, 'Our town has passed the days of its most rapid growth—it is not far enough West.' In St. Louis, 1,400 miles west of New York, my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the 'West.' I there asked—'Whence come those steam-boats, laden with pork, honey, hides, &c.?'

"'From the West.'

"'Whence those ponderous bars of silver, which those men have been for hours shouldering and putting on board that boat?'

"'They come from Santa Fee, from the West.'

"'Whence goes this steam-boat so richly laden with dry goods, steam engines, &c.?'

"'She goes to Jefferson city.'

"'Jefferson city?—Where is that?'

"'Far to the West.'

"'And where goes that boat laden down to her gunnels, the Yellow Stone?'

"'She goes still farther to the West.'—'Then,' said I, 'I'll go to the West.'

"MANDAN VILLAGE, UPPER MISSOURI.

"This day has been one of unusual mirth and amusement amongst the Mandans, and whether on account of some annual celebration or not, I am, as yet, unable to say, though I think such is the case; for these people have many days which, like this, are devoted to festivities and amusements.

"Their lives, however, are lives of idleness and ease, and almost all their days and hours are spent in innocent amusements. Amongst a people who have no office hours to attend to—no professions to study, and of whom but very little time is required in the chase to supply their families with food, it would be strange if they did not practise many games and amusements, and also become exceedingly expert in them.

"I have this day been a spectator of games and plays until I am fatigued with looking on, and also by lending a hand, which I have done, but with so little success as only to attract general observation, and as generally to excite the criticisms and laughter of the squaws and little children.

"I have seen a fair exhibition of their archery, this day, in a favourite amusement which they call the '*game of the arrow*,' where the young men who are the most distinguished in this exercise, assemble on the prairie at a little distance from the village, and having paid, each one, his 'entrance fee,' such as a shield, a robe, a pipe, or other article, step forward in turn, shooting their arrows into the air, endeavouring to see who can get the greatest number flying in the air at one time, thrown from the same bow. For this, the number of eight or ten arrows are clenched in the left hand with the bow, and the first one which is thrown is elevated to such a degree as will enable it to remain the longest time possible in the air, and while it is flying, the others are discharged as rapidly as possible; and he who succeeds in getting the greatest number up at once, is 'best,' and takes the goods staked.

"In looking on at this amusement, the spectator is surprised, not at the great distance to which the arrows are actually sent, but at the quickness of fixing them on the string, and discharging them in succession; which is, no

doubt, the result of great practice, and enables the most expert of them to get as many as eight arrows up before the first one reaches the ground.

"For the successful use of the bow, as it is used through all this region of country on horseback, and that invariably at full speed, the great object of practice is to enable the bowman to draw the bow with suddenness and instant effect; and also to repeat the shots in the most rapid manner. As their game is killed from their horses' backs while at the swiftest rate—and their enemies fought in the same way, and as the horse is the swiftest animal of the prairie, and always able to bring his rider alongside, within a few paces of his victim, it will easily be seen that the Indian has little use in throwing his arrow more than a few paces; when he leans quite low on his horse's side, and drives it with astonishing force, capable of producing instant death to the buffalo, or any other animal in the country. The bows which are generally in use in these regions I have described in a former Letter, and the effects produced by them at the distance of a few paces is almost beyond belief, considering their length, which is not often over three, and sometimes not exceeding two and a half feet. It can easily be seen, from what has been said, that the Indian has little use or object in throwing the arrow to any great distance. And as it is very seldom that they can be seen shooting at a target, I doubt very much whether their skill in such practice would compare with that attained to in many parts of the civilized world; but with the same weapon, and dashing forward at fullest speed on the wild horse, without the use of the rein, when the shot is required to be made with the most instantaneous effect, I scarcely think it possible that any people can be found more skilled, and capable of producing more deadly effects with the bow.

"The horses which the Indians ride in this country are invariably the wild horses, which are found in great numbers on the prairies; and have, unquestionably, strayed from the Mexican borders, into which they were introduced by the Spanish invaders of that country; and now range and subsist themselves, in winter and summer, over the vast plains of prairie that stretch from the Mexican frontiers to Lake Winnipeg on the north, a distance of 3,000 miles. These horses are all of small stature, of the pony order, but a very hardy and tough animal, being able to perform for the Indians a continual and essential service. They are taken with the *lazo*, which is a long halter, or thong, made of raw hide, of some fifteen or twenty yards in length, and which the Indians throw with great dexterity, with a noose at one end of it, which drops over the head of the animal they wish to catch, whilst running at full speed—when the Indian dismounts from his own horse, and, holding to the end of the *lazo*, chokes the animal down, and afterwards tames and converts him to his own use.

"Scarcely a man in these regions is to be found who is not the owner of one or more of these horses; and, in many instances, of eight, ten, or even twenty, which he values as his own personal property.

"*Horse-racing* here, as in all more enlightened communities, is one of the most exciting amusements, and one of the most extravagant modes of gambling.

"The Minatarees, as well as the Mandans, had suffered for some months past for want of meat, and had indulged in the most alarming fears, that the herds of buffaloes were emigrating so far off from them, that there was great danger of their actual starvation, when it was suddenly announced through the village one morning, at an early hour, that a herd of buffaloes was in sight, when a hundred or more young men mounted their horses, with weapons in hand, and steered their course to the prairies. The chief informed me that one of his horses was in readiness for me at the door of his wigwam, and that I had better go and see the curious affair. I accepted his polite offer, and, mounting the steed, galloped off with the hunters to the prairies, where we soon descried, at a distance, a fine herd of buffaloes grazing, when a halt and a council were ordered, and the mode of attack was agreed upon. I had armed myself with my pencil and my sketch-book only, and conse-

quently took my position generally in the rear, where I could see and appreciate every manœuvre.

“The plan of attack, which in this country is familiarly called a ‘*surround*,’ was explicitly agreed upon, and the hunters, who were all mounted on their ‘buffalo horses,’ and armed with bows and arrows or long lances, divided into two columns, taking opposite directions, and drew themselves gradually around the herd at a mile or more distance from them; thus forming a circle of horsemen at equal distances apart, who gradually closed in upon them with a moderate pace, at a signal given. The unsuspecting herd at length ‘got the wind’ of the approaching enemy, and fled in a mass in the greatest confusion. To the point where they were aiming to cross the line, the horsemen were seen at full speed, gathering and forming in a column, brandishing their weapons and yelling in the most frightful manner, by which means they turned the black and rushing mass, which moved off in an opposite direction, where they were again met and foiled in a similar manner, and wheeled back in utter confusion; by which time the horsemen had closed in from all directions, forming a continuous line around them, whilst the poor affrighted animals were eddying about in a crowded and confused mass, hooking and climbing upon each other; when the work of death commenced. I had rode up in the rear and occupied an elevated position at a few rods’ distance, from which I could (like the general of a battle-field) survey, from my horse’s back, the nature and progress of the grand *mêléé*; but (unlike him) without the power of issuing a command, or in any way directing its issue.

“In this grand turmoil a cloud of dust was soon raised, which, in parts, obscured the throng where the hunters were galloping their horses around, and driving the whizzing arrows or their long lances to the hearts of these noble animals; which, in many instances, becoming infuriated with deadly wounds in their sides, erected their shaggy manes over their blood-shot eyes, and furiously plunged forwards at the sides of their assailants’ horses, sometimes goring them to death at a lunge, and putting their dismounted riders to flight for their lives; sometimes their dense crowd was opened, and the blinded horsemen, too intent on their prey amidst the cloud of dust, were hemmed and wedged in amidst the crowding beasts, over whose backs they were obliged to leap for security, leaving their horses to the fate that might await them in the results of this wild and desperate war. Many were the bulls that turned upon their assailants, and met them with desperate resistance; and many were the warriors who were dismounted and saved themselves by the superior muscles of their legs. Some who were closely pursued by the bulls, wheeled suddenly round, and snatching the part of a buffalo robe from around their waists, threw it over the horns and the eyes of the infuriated beast, and darting by its side drove the arrow or the lance to its heart. Others suddenly dashed off upon the prairies by the side of the affrighted animals which had escaped from the throng, and closely escorting them for a few rods, brought down their hearts’ blood in streams, and their huge carcasses upon the green and enamelled turf.

“I had sat in trembling silence upon my horse, and witnessed this extraordinary scene, which allowed not one of these animals to escape out of my sight. Many plunged off upon the prairie for a distance, but were overtaken and killed; and although I could not distinctly estimate the number that were slain, yet I am sure that some hundreds of these noble animals fell in this grand *mêléé*.

“The scene after the battle was over was novel and curious in the extreme; the hunters were moving about amongst the dead and dying animals, leading their horses by their halters, and claiming their victims by their private marks upon their arrows, which they were drawing from the wounds in the animals’ sides.

“Amongst the poor affrighted creatures that had occasionally dashed through the ranks of their enemy, and sought safety in flight upon the prairie

(and, in some instances, had undoubtedly gained it), I saw them stand awhile, looking back, when they turned, and, as if bent on their own destruction, retraced their steps, and mingled themselves and their deaths with those of the dying throng. Others had fled to a distance on the prairies, and, for want of company of friends or of foes, had stood and gazed on till the battle-scene was over, seemingly taking pains to stay, and hold their lives in readiness for their destroyers, until the general destruction was over, when they fell easy victims to their weapons—making the slaughter complete.

“After this scene, and after arrows had been claimed and recovered, a general council was held, when all hands were seated on the ground, and a few pipes smoked; after which, all mounted their horses and rode back to the village.

“As my visit to these parts of the ‘*Great Far West*’ has brought me into the heart of the buffalo country, where I have had abundant opportunities of seeing this noble animal in all its phases—its habits of life, and every mode of its death, I shall take the liberty of being yet a little more particular, and of rendering some further accounts of scenes which I have witnessed in following out my sporting propensities in these singular regions.

“The chief hunting amusement of the Indians in these parts consists in the chase of the buffalo, which is almost invariably done on horseback, with bow and lance. In this exercise, which is highly prized by them, as one of their most valued amusements, as well as for the principal mode of procuring meat for their subsistence, they become exceedingly expert, and are able to slay these huge animals with apparent ease.

“The Indians in these parts are all mounted on small but serviceable horses, which are caught by them on the prairies, where they are often running wild in numerous bands. The Indian, then, mounted on his little wild horse, which has been through some years of training, dashes off at full speed amongst the herds of buffaloes, elks, or even antelopes, and deals his deadly arrows to their hearts from his horse’s back. The horse is the fleetest animal of the prairie, and easily brings his rider alongside of his game, which falls a certain prey to his deadly shafts, at the distance of a few paces.

“In the chase of the buffalo, or other animal, the Indian generally ‘strips’ himself and his horse, by throwing off his shield and quiver, and every part of his dress which might be an encumbrance to him in running; grasping his bow in his left hand, with five or six arrows drawn from his quiver, and ready for instant use. In his right hand (or attached to the wrist) is a heavy whip, which he uses without mercy, and forces his horse alongside of his game at the swiftest speed.

“These horses are so trained, that the Indian has little use for the rein, which hangs on the neck, whilst the horse approaches the animal on the right side, giving his rider the chance to throw his arrow to the left, which he does at the instant when the horse is passing, bringing him opposite to the heart, which receives the deadly weapon ‘to the feather.’ When pursuing a large herd, the Indian generally rides close in the rear, until he selects the animal he wishes to kill, which he separates from the throng as soon as he can, by dashing his horse between it and the herd, and forcing it off by itself, where he can approach it without the danger of being trampled to death, to which he is often liable by too closely escorting the multitude.

“No bridle whatever is used in this country by the Indians, as they have no knowledge of a bit. A short halter, however, which answers in place of a bridle, is in general use; of which they usually form a noose around the under jaw of the horse, by which they get great power over the animal, and which they use generally to *stop* rather than *guide* the horse. This halter is called by the French traders in the country, *l’arrêt*, the stop, and has great power in arresting the speed of a horse, though it is extremely dangerous to use too freely as a guide, interfering too much with the freedom of his limbs for the certainty of his feet and security of his rider.

“When the Indian, then, has directed the course of his steed to the animal

which he has selected, the training of the horse is such, that it knows the object of its rider's selection, and exerts every muscle to give it close company; while the halter lies loose and untouched upon its neck, and the rider leans quite forward, and off from the side of his horse, with his bow drawn, and ready for the deadly shot, which is given at the instant he is opposite to the animal's body. The horse being instinctively afraid of the animal (though he generally brings his rider within the reach of the end of his bow), keeps his eye strained upon the furious enemy he is so closely encountering; and the moment he has approached to the nearest distance required, and has passed the animal, whether the shot is given or not, he gradually sheers off to prevent coming on to the horns of the infuriated beast, which often are instantly turned and presented for the fatal reception of its too familiar attendant. These frightful collisions often take place, notwithstanding the sagacity of the horse and the caution of its rider; for in these extraordinary (and inexpressible) exhilarations of chase, which seem to drown the prudence alike of instinct and reason, both horse and rider often seem rushing on to destruction, as if it were mere pastime and amusement.

"I have always counted myself a prudent man, yet I have often *waked* (as it were) out of the delirium of the chase (into which I had fallen, as into an agitated sleep, and through which I had passed as through a delightful dream), where to have died would have been but to have remained, riding on, without a struggle or a pang.

"In some of these, too, I have arisen from the prairie, covered with dirt and blood, having severed company with gun and horse, the one lying some twenty or thirty feet from me with a broken stock, and the other coolly browsing on the grass at half a mile distance, without man, and without other beast remaining in sight.

"In the dead of the winters, which are very long and severely cold in this country, where horses cannot be brought into the chase with any avail, the Indian runs upon the surface of the snow by the aid of his snow shoes, which buoy him up, while the great weight of the buffaloes sinks them down to the middle of their sides, and, completely stopping their progress, ensures them certain and easy victims to the bow or lance of their pursuers. The snow in these regions often lies, during the winter, to the depth of three and four feet, being blown away from the tops and sides of the hills in many places, which are left bare for the buffaloes to graze upon, whilst it is drifted in the hollows and ravines to a very great depth, and rendered almost entirely impassable to these huge animals, which, when closely pursued by their enemies, endeavour to plunge through it, but are soon wedged in and almost unable to move, where they fall an easy prey to the Indian, who runs up lightly upon his snow shoes, and drives his lance to their hearts. The skins are then stripped off to be sold to the fur traders, and the carcasses left to be devoured by the wolves. This is the season in which the greatest number of these animals are destroyed for their robes; they are most easily killed at this time, and their hair or fur being longer and more abundant, gives greater value to the robe.

"The Indians generally kill and dry meat enough in the fall, when it is fat and juicy, to last them through the winter, so that they have little other object for this unlimited slaughter, amid the drifts of snow, than that of procuring their robes for traffic with their traders. The snow shoes are made in a great many forms, of two and three feet in length, and one foot or more in width, of a hoop or hoops bent around for the frame, with a netting or web woven across with strings of raw hide, on which the feet rest, and to which they are fastened with straps somewhat like a skate. With these the Indian will glide over the snow with astonishing quickness, without sinking down, or scarcely leaving his track where he has gone.

"The poor buffaloes have their enemy, *man*, besetting and besieging them at all times of the year, and in all the modes that man in his superior wisdom has been able to devise for their destruction. They struggle in vain to

evade his deadly shafts, when he dashes amongst them over the plains on his wild horse; they plunge into the snow-drifts, where they yield themselves an easy prey to their destroyers, and they also stand unwittingly and behold him, unsuspected, under the skin of a white wolf, insinuating himself and his fatal weapons into close company, when they are peaceably grazing on the level prairies, and shot down before they are aware of their danger.

"There are several varieties of the wolf species in this country, the most formidable and most numerous of which are white, often sneaking about in gangs or families of fifty or sixty in numbers, appearing in the distance, on the green prairies, like nothing but a flock of sheep. Many of these animals grow to a very great size, being, I should think, quite a match for the largest Newfoundland dog. At present, whilst the buffaloes are so abundant, and these ferocious animals are glutted with the buffalo's flesh, they are harmless, and everywhere sneak away from man's presence, which I scarcely think will be the case after the buffaloes are all gone, and they are left, as they must be, with scarcely anything to eat. They always are seen following about in the vicinity of herds of buffaloes, and stand ready to pick the bones of those that the hunters leave on the ground, or to overtake and devour those that are wounded, which fall an easy prey to them. While the herd of buffaloes are together they seem to have little dread of the wolf, and allow them to come in close company with them. The Indian, then, has taken advantage of this fact, and often places himself under the skin of this animal, and crawls for half a mile or more on his hands and knees, until he approaches within a few rods of the unsuspecting group, and easily shoots down the fattest of the throng.

"The buffalo is a very timid animal, and shuns the vicinity of man with the keenest sagacity; yet, when overtaken, and harrassed or wounded, turns upon its assailants with the utmost fury, who have only to seek safety in flight. In their desperate resistance the finest horses are often destroyed; but the Indian, with his superior sagacity and dexterity, generally finds some effective mode of escape."

THE BOOK OF THE FARM. By Henry Stephens. Parts IV. to VII. Edinburgh and London, 1842. Blackwood and Sons.

THE seventh number, published last month, completes the first volume of this excellent work. Mr. Stephens appears to spare no exertion in providing for his readers information rich both in quality and quantity, and he has succeeded in producing a book of reference indispensable to agriculturists. The illustrations by Sheriff and T. Landseer form an attractive feature. The following extracts we take from Part IV.

"In regard to the geographical distribution of animals, the slightest acquaintance with zoology is sufficient to show that animals do not indiscriminately spread themselves over every part of the habitable globe. 'But the natural limitation of species has been, in some measure, affected by human agency. The domesticated animals have been, by man, imported from different parts of Asia into Europe, and, finally, into America. At the discovery of that continent, it was without the horse, the cow, the sheep, the hog, the dog, and our common poultry, all which are spread over it in innumerable herds, and in some places have relapsed into the wild state, in countries well suited for their subsistence. The same useful animals have been, by Europeans, within the last half century, carried to the larger islands of the Pacific, where they were previously unknown. How many insects may have been propagated by the cargoes of our ships in distant lands, it is easier to conjecture than to estimate; how many have been imported with the cerealea and other graminæ of Europe into newly discovered regions, it is impossible to say. Human agency

has sometimes been the means of propagating in Europe disgusting or destructive species from foreign regions. Thus, the commerce of the Dutch warded the *Teredo navalis* to the dyke-defended coasts of Holland, to the imminent hazard of that country; the brown rat and the *blatta*, which now infest this country, are believed to be importations from the East Indies; and the white bug, that now lays waste our orchards, is stated to have reached us with American fruit-trees.*

"The definition of the limits of the zoological divisions on the globe has first been attempted by Mr. Swainson, an eminent English naturalist. 'He contends that *birds* of any district afford a fairer criterion of the limits of a geographical distribution than any other class of animals. Quadrupeds he believes to be too much under the dominion of man, and liable to have their geographic limits disturbed by human interference; and the other classes of animals are either too numerous or too few to afford the means of determining the limits of such divisions; whilst birds, though seemingly fitted by nature to become wanderers, are surprisingly steady in their localities, and even in the limits of their annual migrations. These migrations are evidently caused by scarcity of food. Thus, our swallows leave us when their insect-food begins to fail, and they naturally pursue that route which is shortest, and affords subsistence by the way. The distance from the shores of the Baltic to Northern Africa is not half so great as between England and America; and, during the migration over land, the winged travellers find food and resting-places as they proceed to more genial climates.†

"Before concluding the subject of climate, I may advert to the very generally received opinion among farmers and others who are much exposed in the air, that the weather of Great Britain has changed materially within the memory of the present generation. I am decidedly of this opinion; and I observe that Mr. Knight, the late eminent botanical physiologist, expressed himself on this subject in these words. 'My own habits and pursuits, from a very early period of my life to the present time (1829), have led me to expose myself much to the weather in all seasons of the year, and under all circumstances; and no doubt whatever remains on my mind, but that our winters are generally a good deal less severe than formerly, our springs more cold and ungenial, our summers—particularly the latter part of them—more warm at least as they formerly were, and our autumns considerably warmer.' He adds, that 'I think that I can point out some physical causes, and adduce rather strong facts in support of these opinions.'

"Of the physical causes of these changes, Mr. Knight conceives that the clearing of the country of trees and brushwood, the extension of arable culture, and the ready means afforded by draining to carry off quickly and effectually the rain as it falls, have rendered the soil drier in May 'than it could have been previously to its having been enclosed and drained and cultivated; and it must consequently absorb and retain much more of the warm summer rain (for but little usually flows off) than it did in an uncultivated state; and as water, in cooling, is known to give out much heat to surrounding bodies, much warmth must be communicated to the ground, and this cannot fail to affect the temperature of the following autumn. The warm autumnal rains, in conjunction with those of summer, must necessarily operate powerfully upon the temperature of the succeeding winter.' Hence, a wet summer and autumn are succeeded by a mild winter; and when N.E. winds prevail after these wet seasons, the winter is always cloudy and cold, but without severe frosts; probably, in part, owing to the ground upon the opposite shores of the continent and of this country being in a similar state. The fact adduced by Mr. Knight in support of this opinion is that of the common laurel withstanding the winter, notwithstanding its being placed in a high and exposed situation, and its wood not being ripened in November."

* "Encyclopædia Britannica," 7th edition, art. *Physical Geography*.

† *Ibid*.

TURF REGISTER.

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

EPSOM RACES.

TUESDAY, May 24th.—The Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each; 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 (fourteen subscribers).

Mr. Forth's ch. f. Lucy Banks, by Ellis, three years old (Bell) ...	1
Lord Westminster's br. c. Satriat, by Pantaloon, four years old (Marson)	2
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. Pannakeen, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Tant)	3
Earl of Jersey's Snowdrop, by Dr. Syntax, four years old (E. Edwards)	0
Col. G. Wyndham's b. f. Nora Creina, by Nonsense, four years old (Nat)	0
Mr. Price's ch. c. Marahal Biron, by Newton, three years old (Foster)	0
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Equation, by Emilius, three years old (Pettit)	0
Mr. Rush's br. c. by Plenipotentiary—Mansfield's dam, three years old (Bartholomew)	0
Mr. Balchin's b. f. Epaulette, by The Colonel, out of Vicarage, three years old (a lad)	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. by The Saddler, out of Ebberston's dam, three years old (S. Darling, jun.)	0
Mr. Goodman's br. f. Music, by Muley Moloch—Melody, three years old (Easling)	0
Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. by Camel or Rockingham, out of Enterprise, three years old (J. Howlett)	0

Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 on Satriat, and 4 to 1 agst. Lucy Banks. This was a very indifferent race to the turn, where Lucy Banks, who had been lying wide of her horses, drew towards the head, got alongside Satriat at the distance, ran stride for stride thence with him home, and won on the post by a neck.

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

Mr. Herbert's br. c. Nessus, by Sir Hercules (Sam. Rogers) ...	1
Mr. Shelley's br. f. Iole, by Sir Hercules (F. Butler) ...	2
Sir Gilbert Heathcote's b. c. Arkansas, by Samarcand (Chapple) ...	3

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Nessus, and 11 to 8 agst. Iole, who made the first of the running, was caught within the distance, and beaten by half a length; the third was tailed away,

The Woodcote Stakes of 15 sovs. each, with 30 added, for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the winner of the Two-year-old Stakes, at Gorhambury, this year, 5 lb. extra; T. Y. C. (five subscribers).

Mr. G. Ongley's bk. f. by Camel, dam by Octavius, grandam, Lady of the Lake, by Sorcerer (Sly) ...	1
Mr. Forth's b. f. Venus, by Sir Hercules, out of Echo (F. Butler) ...	2
Sir Gilbert Heathcote's bk. c. by Velocipeda, out of Dryad (Tant) ...	3
General Wyndham's ch. f. The Handmaid, by Ishmael—Hannah (Nat)	4

Even betting on Venus. A wretched scrambling affair, won by half a length.

The Manor Plate of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 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 winner to be sold for 300 sovs.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Nightingale's ch. h. Ajax (late Nick), by Dr. Syntax, four years old (Sly)	1	1
Mr. Kingsley's ch. m. Jessica, by St. Nicholas, four years old (Macdonald)	4	2
Mr. S. Lucas's br. c. The Traitor, by The Mummy, three years old (Evans)	2	dr.
Mr. Bradford's b. f. sister to Confusionée, by Emilius, three years old (Bartholomew)	3	dr.
Mr. King's ch. c. Exton, by The Colonel, three years old (Drewett)	dis.	

THE DERBY DAY.

WEDNESDAY, May 25th.—The Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; 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; the last mile and a half (161 subscribers).

Colonel Anson's b. or br. c. Attila, by Colwick, out of Progress, sister to Pilgrim (W. Scott) ...	1
Lord Verulam's br. c. Robert de Gorham, by Sir Hercules, out of Duvernay (Cotton) ...	2
Mr. Allen's b. c. Belocour, by Belahazzar, out of Violante, sister to The Saddler (Marson) ...	0

Mr. Etwall's br. c. Palladium, by Defence, out of Mantilla (W. Day) ...	0
Mr. Connop's ch. c. The Oneida Chief, by Divan, out of Hatfield's dam, by Juniper (R. Sly) ...	0
Mr. Greenwood's, jun., br. c. Lasso, by The Saddler, out of Tigress's dam, sister to Swinton (Heseltine) ...	0
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Hydaspes, by Velocipede, out of Jane, brother to Valentissimo (Chapple) ...	0
Mr. Herbert's br. c. Nessus, by Sir Hercules, out of Nanine (Whitehouse) ...	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Jack, by Touchstone, out of Joanna (J. Holmes) ...	0
Mr. Goodman's ch. c. Rover, by Muley Moloch, out of Miss Thomasina (Macdonald) ...	0
Mr. Forth's ch. c. Policy, late Honest John, by Bustard, out of Lacerta (F. Butler) ...	0
Mr. Meiklam's br. c. by Agreeable, dam by Sam, out of Morel (S. Chifney) ...	0
Mr. Forth's ch. c. The Golden Rule, late Lord George, by Bustard, out of sister to Margrave (Bell) ...	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. c. The-Devil-among-the-Tailors, by The Saddler, out of Fickle (Darling) ...	0
Lord George Bentinck's ch. c. Chatham, by The Colonel—Hester (Rogers) ...	0
Mr. P. Pryse's ch. c. Cheops, by The Mummy—Fairy's dam (Wakefield) ...	0
Mr. G. Clarke's gr. c. The Baronet, by Hampton, out of Grey Momus's dam (Templeman) ...	0
Lord Westminster's br. c. Auckland, by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honour (T. Lye) ...	0
Colonel Wyndham's Singleton, by Ernest, or a half-bred horse, or a horse foaled in 1820, by Filho da Puta, out of Bistripa, dam (foaled in 1835) by Gaberlunzio (G. Francis) ...	0
Lord Westminster's ch. c. William de Fortibus, by Plenipotentiary, out of Laura (Cartwright) ...	0
Mr. Copeland's b. c. Combermere, by Bran, out of Wastrel (Marlow) ...	0
Mr. Trelawney's ch. c. Coldrenick, by Plenipotentiary, out of Frederica, by Sultan (J. Day) ...	0
Mr. Gregory's ch. c. Defier, by Defence—Defender's dam (Robinson) ...	0
General Yates's br. c. Sea-horse, by Camel, out of Sea-breeze (Nat) ...	0

Betting at starting: 11 to 8 agst. Coldrenick, 5 to 1 agst. Attila, 12 to 1 agst. Forth's lot, 12 to 1 agst. Jack, 14 to 1 agst. Sea-horse, 20 to 1 agst. Agreeable colt, 30 to 1 agst. Chatham, 40 to 1 agst. Combermere, 40 to 1 agst. William de Fortibus, 40 to 1 agst. Lasso, 40 to 1 agst. Hydaspes, 50 to 1 agst. Auckland, 100 to 1 agst. Belceur, 100 to 1 agst. Cheops, 100 to 1 agst. The Oneida Chief. After four actual false starts, and twice as many attempts, the final "go" was spoken, and the lot got off, with the exception of Jack, who made no effort to get upon his legs till the rest were 200 yards in advance. The first to show running was Combermere, who led up the hill, with Attila, Chatham, and Belceur next him, and the body of horses just behind them. In this way the Derby field landed on the summit of the rise, and the pace became earnest. Forthwith the tailing commenced, the first beaten being Coldrenick, his example speedily followed by Defier, The Oneida Chief, Palladium, The Devil-among-the-Tailors, and several others. As they made the fall Belceur was leading, attended by Attila and Combermere; Auckland, Robert de Gorham, and Chatham composing the second rank. At the road Chatham broke down, and Auckland gave way to Robert de Gorham, whose style of getting to the head was anything but pleasant to those who had laid their hundreds to one against him. At the distance Attila was clear of his horses, went on with the lead, and won in a canter by two lengths. The third was Belceur, a length from the second; fourth, close at his side, Auckland. The Agreeable colt was an indifferent fifth; Policy, sixth; and nothing else deserving a place. The pace was not good. Amount of the Stakes, after all deductions, £4,875.

The Epsom Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 35 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 (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Forth's b. c. Camelino, by Camel, six years old (F. Butler) ...	1
Mr. Forth's b. f. Trident, by Physician, three years old (Bell) ...	2
Mr. Isaac Day's br. m. by Nimrod, out of Busk, five years old (Wakefield) ...	3
Mr. Treen's ch. m. Haitoe, by Sir Hercules, three years old (Horsley) ...	0
Mr. Goodman's br. m. Miss Fidget, by Clearwell, four years old (Crouch) ...	0
Mr. Pryse's ch. m. Australia, by Langer, four years old (Marlow) ...	0
Count Bathysny's br. h. Gammon-box, by St. Nicholas, four years old (Whitehouse) ...	0
Mr. Bushell's br. m. Jenny Jones, by Sir Hercules, six years old (Simmons) ...	0
Mr. Smith's b. c. Astronomer, by Bay Middleton, three years old (Francis) ...	0

No betting. The winner waited to the distance, where he came out, and won cleverly by a length.

The Walton Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 35 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).

Mr. Forth's ch. c. Knightsbridge, by Bran, four years old (F. Butler) ...	1
Mr. Jobson's b. g. Frank, by Friam, six years old (Marlow) ...	2
Mr. Savage's br. c. John o'Gaunt, by Rockingham—Purity, three years old (Whitehouse) ...	3
Lord Exeter's Patchwork, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Mann) ...	0
Mr. Garrard's b. c. The Dandy, by The Colonel, three years old (Balehin) ...	0
Captain Cunningham's br. g. Mungo Parke, by Belson, five years old (F. Buckle) ...	0

No betting. Half way up the distance, Knightsbridge went up and defeated his horses cleverly by a length.

The Burgh Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 35 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 50 sovs.; last half mile (two subscribers).

Captain Daintree's b. c. by Mulatto, dam by Middleton, three years old (J. Marson)	1
Captain Rous's b. h. Nicholas, by Jerry, five years old (E. Edwards)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Balcony, by Bay Middleton, three years old (S. Rogers)	0
Lord Exeter's Patchwork, by Muley Moloch, three years old (S. Mann)	0
Mr. Herbert's Teetotaller, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Wakefield)	0
Mr. Litchwald's b. m. Distance, by Brunswick, five years old (F. Butler)	0
Mr. Price's ch. c. Marshal Biron, by Newton, three years old (Foster)	0
Mr. Greville's br. g. Palsmon, by Glaucus, four years old (N. Flatman)	0
Mr. Lawrence's b. f. Lampedo, by Glaucus, three years old (Cohen)	0
Mr. Williamson's ch. f. Wiltona, by Elis or Carnaby, out of Odessa, three years old (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. S. Scott's b. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Smelt, by Shakespeare, three years old (Cartwright)	0
Mr. T. Walters's b. f. Miss Whinney, by Sir Hercules, four years old (Marlow)	0

After several false starts Nicholas made play to the stand, where the Mulatto colt went up and won cleverly by half a length. The winner was claimed by Lord George Bentinck.

THURSDAY, 26th.—A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., if declared by 10 o'clock to the Clerk of the Course, on the day of running, with 50 added; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 12 lb.; five, 9 st. 6 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 10 lb.; winners twice in 1841, 3 lb., and thrice, 5 lb. extra; winners twice in 1841, and once in 1842, 5 lb. extra; winners thrice in 1841, and once in 1842, 7 lb. extra; maidens of four years old and upwards, and horses which shall have run in any race on the day of the Derby, allowed 5 lb.; horses which shall be entered subject to the condition of being sold, if demanded, &c. for 500 sovs., shall be allowed 3 lb.; for 300 sovs., 9 lb.; for 200 sovs., 14 lb.; and for 150 sovs., 21 lb. over and above other allowances; mile and a quarter (fourteen subscribers).

Mr. Herbert's Teetotaller, by Muley Moloch, three years old, 4 st. 10 lb., carried 5 st. 1 lb., to be sold for 150 (Evans)	1
Mr. Goodman's br. m. Miss Fidget, by Clearwell, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb., to be sold for 150 (Crouch)	2
Lord Exeter's Revision, by Reveller, three years old, 5 st. 3 lb. (R. Cotton)	0
Mr. May's ch. c. Master Aaron (late the Comptroller), by Aaron, four years old, 7 st., to be sold for 150 (May)	0
Mr. Nightingale's ch. h. Ajax (late Nick), by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb., to be sold for 300 (Sly)	0
Mr. Treen's ch. f. Haitoe, by Sir Hercules, three years old, 4 st. 12 lb. (Sharp)	0
Captain Ives's ch. m. Folly, by Nonsense, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb., to be sold for 150 (Nat)	0
Mr. King's b. c. Tommy, by Touchstone, three years old, 6 st. 1 lb., to be sold for 200 (a lad)	0
Mr. Forth's b. f. Vibration, by Sir Hercules, three years old, 6 st. 1 lb., to be sold for 300 (Bell)	0
Mr. Phillimore's b. c. Rochester, by Rockingham, three years old, 6 st. 1 lb., to be sold for 300 (J. Howlett)	0
Mr. Kling's b. m. Dahlia, by Samarcand, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb., to be sold for 150 (Balchin)	0

No betting. A splendid race, won by a head: the conditions are a novelty, and promise to become popular.

Fifty Sovereigns, free for any horse entered for any of the preceding races of Tuesday or Wednesday; others to pay 3 sovs., to go to the second horse; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 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 winner to be sold for 200 sovs.; heats, one mile.

Fulwar-Craven's ch. c. Solomon, late That's-the-time-of-day, three years old, by Wisacre (Bartholomew)	3	2	1	1
Mr. Balchin's b. h. Dromedary, by Camel, five years old (Balchin)	6	1	2	2
Mr. Phillimore's b. c. Finchley, by Glaucus, four years old (Sly)	1	4	3	3
Mr. Sherrard's b. f. Lady Mary, by Emilius, four years old (Rogers)	5	2	dr.	
Mr. King's ch. c. Exton, by the Colonel, three years old (a lad)	4	dr.		
Mr. Lucas's br. c. The Traitor, by the Mummy, three years old (Evans)	2	dr.		

Fifty Sovereigns, free for any horse that shall have been entered for any preceding race; others to pay 3 sovs. entrance, to go to the second horse; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 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 winner to be sold for 150 sovs.; heats, a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Shelley's b. c. by Glaucus, out of Malibran, three years old (Esling)	0	1	1
Mr. King's ch. c. Exton, by the Colonel, three years old (Lashley)	1	2	2
Mr. Falconer's Miss Emily, by Velocipede, four years old (F. Butler)	3	5	3
Mr. Dockeray's b. f. Dispatch, by Defence, four years old (Rogers)	0	6	dr.
Mr. S. Lucas's br. c. The Traitor, by The Mummy, three years old (Evans)	2	3	dr.
Mr. Balchin's br. f. Affection, by Tomboy, four years old (Balchin)	0	4	dr.

THE OAKS DAY.

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 (114 subscribers).

Mr. Marshall's ch. f. Our Nell, by Bran, out of Fury, by Tramp (Lye) ...	1
Mr. Shackle's ch. f. Meal, by Bran, out of Tintoretto, by Rubens (F. Butler) ...	2
Lord George Bentinck's ch. f. Firebrand, by Lamplighter, out of Camarine's dam (Rogers) ...	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dil-bar, by Touchstone, out of Peri (Scott) ...	0
Lord Exeter's br. f. by Touchstone, out of Amima, by Sultan (Darling) ...	0
Mr. Forth's ch. f. Lucy Banks, by Elis, out of Walfruna (Bell) ...	0
Duke of Grafton's bk. f. Utopia, by Jerry, out of Torquoise (J. Day) ...	0
Lord Jersey's br. f. by Touchstone, out of Adela, sister to Riddleworth (Robinson) ...	0
Mr. Thompson's b. f. Pharmacopoeia, by Physician, dam by Muley, out of Mussulman's dam, foaled in 1828 (Cotton) ...	0
Mr. Newton's b. f. Ma Mie, by Jerry, out of Fanchon, by Lapdog (Nat) ...	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. Sister to Alexandrina, by The Saddler, out of Eberston's dam, by Partisan (Wakefield) ...	0
Duke of Richmond's b. f. by Elis, out of Balaine (E. Edwards) ...	0
Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. Coral, sister to Coronation, by Sir Hercules, out of Ruby (Calloway) ...	0
Mr. Shelley's br. f. Iole, by Sir Hercules, out of sister to Green Mantle, foaled in 1832 (Chapple) ...	0
Lord George Bentinck's b. f. Topsail, by Sheet Anchor, out of Valencia, by Cervantes (Whitehouse) ...	0
Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Eliza, by Muley Moloch, out of Elisabeth, by Waverley (Templeman) ...	0

Betting at starting: 2 to 1 agst. Dil-bar, 3 to 1 agst. Adela filly, 8 to 1 agst. Fury filly, 9 to 1 agst. Firebrand (taken), 9 to 1 agst. Lucy Banks, 15 to 1 agst. Amima filly (taken), 18 to 1 agst. Ma Mie, 20 to 1 agst. Topsail, 20 to 1 agst. Pharmacopoeia, 30 to 1 agst. Meal (taken), 30 to 1 agst. Eliza, 40 to 1 agst. Iole, 50 to 1 agst. Sister to Alexandrina.

Lord George Bentinck declared to win with Firebrand.

After four false starts, in one of which Ma-Mie threw Nat, but without injury, the lot got off, Topsail in front, with the Amima filly and Dil-bar next her, and a strong muster just in their rear, the foremost among which were Our Nell and Lord Jersey's. As they came down the fall Firebrand ran up, and Topsail gave way, these being the leading changes that preceded their crossing the road. There, Firebrand was in front, and led to the distance, where Meal and Our Nell passed her, and ran a sort of race home, which the latter won with all ease by a length. Firebrand was third, Ma-Mie, a bad fourth, and the rest too far off to require being placed. The pace was indifferent. Value of the stakes, £3,150.

Fifty Sovereigns, for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; free for horses which shall be entered for the Shirley, but 2 sovs. entrance to be paid by all other horses; horses which have run in the Shirley allowed 5 lb., excepting the winner, who shall be allowed 2 lb.; Derby course.

Mr. Shelley's br. f. Iole, by Sir Hercules, three years old (F. Butler) ...	1
Mr. P. Fryce's ch. c. Cheops, by The Mummy, three years old (Wakefield) ...	2
Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Arkansas, by Samarcand, three years old (Nat) ...	3
Mr. Verrall's ch. c. Junius, by Rockingham, three years old (Mann) ...	4

Betting: Even on Cheops. Iole made all the running, and won cleverly by half a length.

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.; entrance, one sov., to go to the second horse; heats, two miles.

Captain Cunningham's Mungo Park, by Belzoni, five years old (F. Buckle) ...	4	1	1
Gen. Wyndham's b. m. Aspatia, by Buskin, four years old (Nat) ...	1	2	2
Mr. Kling's b. m. Dahlia, by Samarcand, five years old (Balchin) ...	2	4	3
Mr. Sherrard's b. f. Lady Mary, by Emilius, four years old (F. Butler) ...	3	3	dr.
Mr. G. Clifton's ch. g. Whalebone, by Merchant, aged (Hornsby) ...	5	5	dr.

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.; entrance, one sov., to go to the second horse; heats, one mile.

Mr. Shelley's b. c. by Glaucus, out of Malibran, three years old (Ealing) ...	0	1	1
Mr. Goodman's br. m. Miss Fidget, by Clearwell, four years old (Crouch) ...	1	0	2
Mr. Jobson's b. g. Frank, by Priam, six years old (Calloway) ...	0	0	3
Mr. Lucas's br. c. The Traitor, by The Mummy, three years old (Evans) ...	0	2	4
Captain Ives's ch. m. Folly, by Nonsense, five years old (Nat) ...	2	0	dr.
Mr. Garrard's b. c. The Dandy, by The Colonel, three years old (Balchin) ...	0	0	dr.
Mr. Werninck's Lalla Rookh, aged (Drewett) ...	0	0	dr.
Lord George Bentinck's b. c. by Mulatto, dam by Middleton, three years old (W. Howlett) ...	0	0	dr.
Lord Exeter's Patchwork, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Pettit) ...	0	0	dr.
Mr. May's ch. c. Master Aaron (late The Comptroller), by Aaron, four years old (May) ...	0	0	dr.
Mr. Falconer's Miss Emily, by Velocipece, four years old (F. Butler) ...	0	0	dr.
Captain Rous's b. h. Nicholas, by Jerry, five years old (E. Edwards) ...	0	0	dr.
Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Balcony, by Bay Middleton, three years old ...	0	0	dr.

NEWTON.

WEDNESDAY, June 1st.—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. 13 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; a mile and a quarter (four subscribers).

Mr. Buckley's ch. c. Gilbert, by Muley, four years old (Whitehouse) ... 1
 Mr. Worthington na. b. c. Studley Royal, brother to Tornado, four years old ... 2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Studley Royal.

Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., for three-year-olds; a mile and a quarter (five subscribers).

Mr. W. J. Saunders's ch. f. The Nun, by Bran, 8 st. 1 lb. (Stagg) ... 1
 Mr. Thompson's b. c. by Shrigley, out of Fenella, 8 st. 8 lb. ... 2
 Mr. Holker's bl. f. Tariff, by Sheet Anchor, out of Cinderella, 8 st. 1 lb. ... 3

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. The Shrigley colt, 6 to 4 agst. The Nun, and 5 to 2 agst. Tariff.

Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-olds; a mile and a quarter (three subscribers).

Mr. Price's ch. f. by Bran, out of Sketch, 8 st. 1 lb. ... walked over.

A Gold Cup, value 100 ga., the gift of the Lord of the Manor, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 lf declared, &c.; the winner of the Cup at Chester or Manchester this year, to have carried 4 lb. extra; two miles and a distance (twenty-four subscribers, nine of whom paid 5 sovs. each).

Mr. A. Bower's b. f. Collina, by Langar, four years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (Copeland) ... 1
 Lord Eglington's b. m. Bellona, aged, 8 st. 10 lb. ... 2

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. Painter's br. h. Ernest the First, six years old, 8 st. 3 lb.; Mr. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, four years old, 8 st. 1 lb.; Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. Cerito, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb.; and Mr. G. Ogden's br. c. brother to Harpurhey, four years old, 6 st. 8 lb.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Collina, 5 to 2 agst. Bellona, 3 to 1 agst. Portrait, and 6 to 1 agst. Ernest the First.

A Plate of 60 ga., for horses that never won £30; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five and upwards, 8 st. 10 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; two-mile heats.

Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Peter the Great, by Voltaire, four years old (Darling)	1	0	1
Mr. Clark's ch. c. Woldsman, three years old	2
Mr. Heywood's gr. c. Mr. Whippy, four years old	0
Mr. R. J. Mostyn's ch. c. Preparation, three years old	0
Mr. D. Cook's b. g. by Macedonicus, out of Muleteer's dam, four years old	0
Mr. W. Kirby's br. c. Sir Robert, three years old	0
Mr. T. Taylor's br. f. Colwick, out of Game Lass, three years old	0
Mr. R. Bennett's br. c. Inquisitor, by Stockport, out of Curiosity, three years old	0

THURSDAY, June 2nd.—The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the owner of the second horse received back his Stake; a mile and three quarters (four subscribers).

Mr. Price's gr. f. Valentina, by Speculator (Cartwright) ... 1
 Mr. Worthington's ch. c. New Zealand, brother to Australia ... 2

Betting: 4 to 1 on Valentina.

The Golborne Stakes of 20 sovs. each; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the Golborne Course (fifteen subscribers).

Lord Westminster's b. f. Maria Day, by Physician (Francis) ... 1
 Mr. Whitworth's br. f. Gipsy Queen ... 2

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. Bower's br. c. Xanthus, by Voltaire, out of Lady Stafford; Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. The Lily, by The Tulip, dam by Caccia Piatti, out of Fair Jane's dam; Col. Anson's b. c. Gamecock, by Jereed, out of Game Lass; Mr. Worthington's ch. c. Churton, by Lord Stafford, out of Agnes, by Battledore; Mr. Mostyn's b. c. by Velocipede, out of Her Highness; Mr. Dawson's b. f. Isabella; Mr. Critchley's bl. f. Della; Mr. J. Williams's ch. c. The Viscount; and Mr. Tallentire's b. c. Bat-wing, by Peter Lely, out of Amiable.

Betting: 5 to 4 on Maria Day, 4 to 1 agst. Xanthus, and 5 to 1 agst. Gipsy Queen.

The Borough Cup, value 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.; a mile and a half (seven subscribers).

Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Galaor, by Muley Moloch, four years old (Cartwright) ... 1
 Lord Eglington's b. h. Doctor Caius, five years old ... 2
 Mr. Price's b. f. Marion, three years old ... 3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Galaor.

A Plate of 60 ga.; three-year-olds, 6 st. 8 lb.; and four, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner of a Plate this year, before starting for this, to carry 3 lb.; of two Plates, a Gold Cup, or Her Majesty's Plate, 5 lb. extra; heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Bower's b. f. Collina, by Langar, four years old (Marlow) ...	1	1
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. by Muley Moloch, out of sister to Catterick, three years old ...	4	2
Mr. Toke's br. f. Ermengarda, four years old ...	2	3
Mr. Jones's gr. c. Portrait ...	3	dr.

FRIDAY.—The Shrigley Cup, value 100 sovs., given by Wm. Turner, Esq., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 if declared, &c.; the winner of the Manchester Cup, the Lord of the Manor's Cup, or the Borough Cup, this year, to carry 3 lb. extra; the second horse received 25 sovs. out of the Stakes; a mile and a half (twenty-six subscribers, thirteen of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Lord Eglinton's b. m. Bellona, by Beagle, six years old, 8 st. (Lye) ...	1
Mr. Wormald's ch. c. Millepede, four years old, 7 st. 8 lb. ...	2

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Galaor, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (and 3 lb. extra); Mr. Bower's ch. m. Lady Grove, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb.; and Mr. Hornby's br. h. Champagne, five years old, 7 st. 9 lb.

Betting: 5 to 4 on Galaor, and 3 to 1 agst. Bellona.

The St. Helen's Purse of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for two-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; and three, 8 st. 10 lb.; fillies allowed 3 lb.; the winner of the Golborne or St. Leger to have carried 4 lb. extra; the owner of the second horse received back his Stake; Golborne Course (ten subscribers).

Mr. F. R. Price's br. f. Marion, by The Mole, three years old (Cartwright) ...	1
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Adriana, three years old ...	2

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. G. Clarke's b. c. William le Gros, by Ve-lopede, out of Lady le Gros, three years old; Mr. W. Thompson's b. f. Princess, by Physician, out of Gilbert Gurney's dam, three years old; Mr. T. Walters's b. c. Combermere, three years old; Mr. Price's ch. f. Ernestine, three years old; and Mr. Buckley's b. c. David, three years old.

Betting: Even on David, and 3 to 1 agst. Combermere.

The Hokee Pokee Stakes, a Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by Mr. Leigh's Tenants and their Friends; for three-year-olds and upwards; the owner of the second horse received 10 sovs. out of the Stakes; heats, once round and a distance (six subscribers).

Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Peter the Great, by Voltaire, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Lye) ...	0	1	1
Mr. Hornby's br. h. Champagne, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb. ...	0	2	2
Mr. Thompson's br. f. by The Mole, out of Fenella, four years old, 5 st. 7 lb. ...	0	0	0
Mr. Price's ch. h. Prince Albert, five years old, 8 st. 6 lb. ...	1	0	dr.
Mr. Ogden's br. c. brother to Harpurhey, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. ...	2	0	dr.

A Plate of 60 gs.; 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.; the winner of a Plate this year, before starting for this, to carry 3 lb.; of two Plates, a Gold Cup, or Her Majesty's Hundred, 5 lb. extra; two-mile heats.

Mr. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, four years old (Jones) ...	1	1
Mr. Meikiam's br. c. by Physician, out of Solace, three years old ...	0	2
Mr. Denham's ch. f. by Pantaloon, out of Souvenir, four years old ...	2	0
Mr. Jones's b. g. Tubalcain, six years old ...	0	0
Mr. Harrison's b. c. Studley Royal, four years old ...	0	0
Mr. Thompson's br. c. by Shrigley, out of Fenella, three years old ...	0	dr.

ASCOT HEATH RACES.

TUESDAY, June 7th.—The Trial Plate of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; 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);

Lord Westminster's Satirist, by Pantaloon, four years old (Robinson) ...	1
Sir J. Gerard's ch. f. Meal, by Bran, three years old (Bell) ...	2
Mr. Goodman's Rover, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Crouch) ...	3
Mr. Charlton's Lasso, by The Saddler, three years old (Bartholomew) ...	4
Mr. Payne's Rapture, by Freney, three years old (Nat) ...	5
Mr. Osbaldeston's Sister to Alexandrina, by The Saddler, three years old (Baker) ...	6
Mr. Theobald's Glenury, by Rockingham, three years old (Wakefield) ...	7

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Satirist, and 6 to 4 agst. Meal. The winner waited to the road, where he went up, made the speed good, cut down his horses, and won in a canter by two lengths.

A Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; those by stallions or from mares whose produce never won, allowed 3 lb.; if both, 5 lb.; Swinley Course (six subs.)

Lord Westminster's b. c. Auckland, by Touchstone, 5 lb. (Robinson) ...	1
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. f. Firebrand, by Lamplighter (Rogers) ...	2
Col. Anson's b. c. The Puncher, by Bay Middleton, 3 lb. (Nat) ...	3

Auckland carried 2½ lb. over weight. Betting: 5 to 4 on Auckland, and 5 to 4 agst. Firebrand. Again the winner waited, came out at the turn, ran with Firebrand to the chair, and won by a neck.

The Ascot Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 100 sovs. added; the owner of the second horse received 50 sovs. out of the Stakes; the winner of any handicap after the weights were declared to have carried 7 lb. extra; two miles and a half (fifty-one subscribers, thirty-two of whom declared, &c.)

Mr. Forth's Vibration, by Sir Hercules, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (Bell) ...	1
Mr. Forth's Hyllus, by Sir Hercules, six years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Robinson) ...	2
Mr. Isaac Day's Tamburini, by Rubini, six years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Wakefield) ...	3
Mr. Thornhill's E.O., by Emilius, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Pettit) ...	0
Mr. S. Scott's Mosque, by Sultan, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Mann) ...	0
Lord Chesterfield's Rhodanthe, by Velocipede, five years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Nat) ...	0
Col. Peel's I-am-not-aware, by Tranby, aged, 7 st. 2 lb. (Chapple) ...	0
Mr. Gregory's Una, by Glaucus, four years old, 7 st. (J. Howlett) ...	0
Lord Villiers's Snowdrop, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (W. Howlett) ...	0
Mr. Hornsby's Revoke, by Camel, six years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Bartholomew) ...	0
Lord Westminster's William de Fortibus, by Plenipo, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Easing) ...	0

Betting: 4 to 1 agst. Rhodanthe, 4 to 1 agst. Tamburini, 5 to 1 agst. I-am-not-aware, 6 to 1 agst. Mosque, 8 to 1 agst. Vibration, 8 to 1 agst. E.O., 9 to 1 agst. Hyllus, 11 to 1 agst. Revoke, and 14 to 1 agst. Snowdrop. The first of the work was cut out by the favourite, who ran with the leaders past the Stand, the first time went a-head at the turn, and led merrily down the Swinley Fall. At this point of the race Vibration and Hyllus were 100 yards behind the body of horses. After crossing the road, however, they began to creep up, and at the last turn were well in with the front rank. The favourite, however, still led, and looked well, but at the distance Hyllus and Vibration challenged, caught her, and went past gallantly, the latter winning easily by a couple of lengths. The tailing was preposterous.

The Vase, given by Her Majesty, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each; 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 had never won above the value of £50, or received £100 for running second, before the time of starting, 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 1841 and 1842, 10 lb. extra; winners in 1841 and 1842 of the Oaks, Ascot, and Goodwood Cups, Riddlesworth, Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, Newmarket Stakes, Port and Claret Stakes, and the second horses in the Derby and St. Leger, 4 lb. extra; two miles (thirteen subs.)

Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick, aged, 9 st. 9 lb. (Robinson) ...	1
Mr. Combe's The Nob, by Glaucus, four years old, 9 st. (Rogers) ...	2
Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, aged, 9 st. 4 lb. (Cartwright) ...	3
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. Pannakeen, by Muley Moloch, three years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (Tant) ...	0
Lord Chesterfield's Jack, by Touchstone, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb., carried 7 st. 3 lb. (Nat) ...	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Yorkshire Lady, sister to Yorkshire Lad, three years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (J. Howlett) ...	0
Mr. Combe's Rosalind, by Touchstone, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Bartholomew) ...	0

Betting: Even on Bee's-wing, 4 to 1 agst. Jack, 4 to 1 agst. Francis, 8 to 1 agst. The Nob, 100 to 7 agst. Rosalind, and 20 to 1 agst. Bosphorus. The jockey weighed for Bosphorus, but as he went lame he did not go to the post. The first of the running Rosalind made, Bee's-wing second, then St. Francis, The Nob, and Jack, the others out of it in the first quarter of a mile. Very much in this way they came to the last turn, where St. Francis ran up and joined the two leaders, the trio running stride for stride to the distance. There The Nob took Rosalind's place, and a splendid "set to" followed, St. Francis winning on the post by a head: the same distance between the second and third.

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

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Misdeal, by Camel (Rogers) ...	1
Mr. Greville's b. c. Gunter, by Bay Middleton (Nat) ...	2
Lord Stradbroke's br. c. Jeremy Diddler, by Jerry (F. Butler) ...	3
Mr. Thornhill's c. Espartero, by Emilius (Robinson) ...	4

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Misdeal, and 5 to 2 agst. Espartero. Misdeal waited to the end, and finished a couple of lengths in front.

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

Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. by Glaucus, out of Cantatrice (Nat) ...	1
Mr. Goodman's bk. c. Bother'em, by Voltare, out of Saltarella (Rogers) ...	2

Betting: 5 to 4 on the Glaucus colt. Bother'em cut out the work, was challenged opposite the Grand Stand, and beaten by a neck.

The Ascot Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; the winner of the Derby or Oaks, 5 lb. extra; Swinley Course (sixteen subscribers).

Duke of Bedford's Envoy, by Plenipotentiary (Robinson) ...	1
Lord Chesterfield's c. Sir Harry, by Muley Moloch (Scott) ...	2
Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Arkansas, by Samarcand (Nat) ...	3

Betting: 5 to 1 on Sir Harry, and 4 to 1 agst. Envoy. Arkansas made running to the Swinley-hill bottom, and then resigned; Sir Harry went on with it, but was headed before he had crossed the road, and defeated easily by a length; Arkansas was beaten nearly a distance.

A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; those by untried stallions or from untried mares, allowed 4 lb.; Cup Course (four subscribers).

Mr. Thornhill's c. Epartero, by Emilius walked over.
Mr. S. Lucas's br. c. The Traitor, by The Mummy, 4 lb. withdrew his Stake.

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

Mr. Shelley's Iole, by Sir Hercules, three years old walked over.

The Coronation Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 7 lb. each; the new mile (eleven subscribers).

Lord Exeter's f. by Touchstone, out of Amima (Mann) 1
Lord Chesterfield's Dil-bar, by Touchstone (Scott) 2
Betting: 6 to 4 on the Amima filly, who won by half a length.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; the winner of the Derby or Two Thousand Guineas Stakes to carry 5 lb. extra; old mile (nine subscribers).

Mr. Gregory's Barrier, brother to Bulwark (Robinson) 1
Lord Westminster's b. c. Auckland, by Touchstone (Darling) 2
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Hydaspes, own brother to Valentissimo (Nat) 3
Mr. Rush's c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Maresfield's dam (Chapple) 4

Betting: 5 to 4 on Auckland, 5 to 2 agst. Barrier, and 7 to 2 agst. Hydaspes. Barrier was the first off, and he made his own running, with the favourite a length or two behind him, round the turn and up to the distance, where Auckland got his head in front, and so kept it till within a few strides of the chair, when Robinson ended as fine a race as ever was seen, by landing Barrier first by a head.

A Plate of 50 sovs.; 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.; horses that have run once in 1842 and not won, allowed 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; Swinley Course.

Mr. Wreford's b. f. by Taurus, out of Escape, three years old (J. Howlett) 0 1
Mr. Balchin's Dromedary, by Camel, five years old (W. Balchin) 0 2
Lord Roselyn's Cornuto, by Actæon, five years old (Mann) 3
Mr. Booth's St. Jean d'Acre, by Bizarre, three years old (Bartholomew) 0
Mr. Goodman's ch. c. by Langar, dam by Cervantes, out of Marciana, three years old (Kelling) 0
Gen. Wyndham's Aspatria, by Buskin, four years old (Nat) 0
Mr. Hervey's Saracena, by Saracen, four years old (Sly) 0
Mr. Isaac Day's Mulciber, by Mulatto, five years old (Wakefield) 0
Mr. Coleman's Guselle, by Jerry, three years old (Mitson) 0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. Escape, 3 to 1 agst. Dromedary, 4 to 1 agst. St. Jean d'Acre, 5 to 1 agst. Cornuto, and 6 to 1 agst. Mulciber. As fine a race as could be was the first and dead heat; for the second, the winner was first all the way, and an easy length ahead of his antagonist at the chair.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 5 lb.; from the New Mile Post, once round, and in.

Mr. Nightingale's Ajax (late Nick), by Dr. Syntax, four years old (Sly) 1
Lord Westminster's Satirist, by Pantaloon, four years old (Robinson) 2
Mr. Thornhill's E.O., by Emilius, four years old (Pettit) 3

Betting: 4, 5, and in one or two instances, 10 to 1 on Satirist, and 8 to 1 agst. Ajax. Ajax came away in front, clear of his horses, and in descending the hill had made the distance between them an awful one. At the distance the pace had quite finished E.O., and Satirist attempted to get up. He could not go fast enough, however, and was finally beaten by a short length.

THURSDAY, June 9th.—The Windsor Castle Stakes of 100 sovs., h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the winner of the Derby to have carried 8 lb., of the Oaks or 2,000 gs. Stakes, 5 lb. extra; the New Mile (four subscribers).

Lord Exeter's f. by Touchstone, out of Amima (Mann) 1
Lord George Bentinck's b. c. Misdeal, by Camel (Rogers) 2

Betting: Even on Amima filly, who took the lead, and won, with some difficulty, by half a length.

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

Mr. Greville's b. c. Gunter, by Bay Middleton, 5 lb. (Nat) 1
Lord George Bentinck's Flytrap, by Bay Middleton, 5 lb. (Rogers) 2
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Albion, by Belram (Darling) 3

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Flytrap, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 agst. Gunter, and 3 to 1 agst. Albion. Gunter made the running, and won in a canter by two lengths.

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, &c.; T.Y.C.

Mr. Graydon's Miss Heathcote, by Velocipede, five years old (F. Butler)	...	1
Lord George Bentinck's b. c. African, by Mulatto, dam by Middleton, grandam by Smolenako, three years (W. Howlett)	...	2
Lord Exeter's Patchwork, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Mann)	...	3
Captain Ives's Folly, by Nonsense, five years old (E. Edwards)	...	0
Mr. Garrard's The Dandy, by The Colonel, three years old (C. Balchin)	...	0
Mr. Legg's Decision, by Defence, four years old (Bartholomew)	...	0
Captain Gardnor's Ben Brace, by Sheet Anchor, four years old (Nat)	...	0
Mr. Worley's Conjugation, by Dr. Syntax, three years old (J. Howlett)	...	0
Mr. Dicker's Little Nell, five years old (Hearne)	...	0
Mr. Goodman's Music, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Crouch)	...	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Miss Heathcote, and 4 to 1 each agst. African and Folly. African had the best of it to the stand, where the favourite caught him, went away with the lead, and won easily by a couple of lengths. The winner was claimed.

The Gold Cup, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 200 added from the Fund; with 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, and goonce round; about two miles and a half (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, aged (Cartwright)	...	1
Mr. Combe's The Nob, by Glaucus, four years old (Rogers)	...	2
Mr. Pettit na. St. Francis, by St. Patrick, aged (Robinson)	...	3
Mr. Thornhill's Eringo, by Emilius, four years old (R. Pettit)	...	4
Mr. Kirby's Lanercost, by Liverpool, aged (Templeman)	...	5

The last betting was 6 to 5 on Lanercost, 7 to 2 agst. St. Francis, 9 to 2 agst. the Nob, 7 to 1 agst. Bee's-wing, and 20 to 1 agst. Eringo. Bee's-wing, who seemed to know how to manage better than her jockey, ran away with him as soon as they started. She led from end to end, merely permitting the Nob to close her opposite the stand, and won by half a length. Lanercost was beaten off, having resigned at the turn for home: but he never had the shadow of a chance.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; from mares that never bred a winner previous to the July Meeting, 1839; new mile (seven subscribers).

Lord Westminster's b. c. Auckland, by Touchstone (Robinson)	...	1
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. Dark Susan, by Glaucus (Nat)	...	2
Lord Exeter's c. Saros, by Sultan or Belram (Darling)	...	3
Lord George Bentinck's br. c. Muley Hassan, by Bay Middleton (Rogers)	...	4

Betting: 3 to 1 on Auckland. Muley Hassan and Saros were first and second to the road, where the other pair changed places with them, and made a bad finish, the favourite winning by two lengths.

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

Mr. Coleman's Jamal, by Jerry, out of Corumba (Nat)	...	0	1
Mr. Ford's Spiteful, by Recovery, dam by Young Whisker, out of Beatrice (F. Butler)	...	0	2
Colonel Wyndham's Tom Thumb, by Nonsense, out of Madeira (Nat)	...	3	0

Betting: Even on Spiteful, 7 to 4 agst. Tom Thumb, and 2 to 1 agst. Jamal. The first heat was thrown away by the jockey; for the second, Nat rode, and won, after a resolute struggle, by a head.

The Grand Stand Plate of 100 sovs. (handicap); once round and a distance.

Mr. Milne's Argos, by Camel, five years old, 7 st. (Crouch)	...	1
Captain Gardnor's Monops, by Actæon, five years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Nat)	...	0
Mr. Coombe's Rosalind, by Touchstone, two years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Bartholomew)	...	0
Mr. Lichtwald's Miss Stilton, by Saracen, four years old, 8 st. (Ball)	...	0
Mr. Graydon's Helpmate, by Philip the First, six years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Mann)	...	0
Colonel Peel's I-am-not-aware, by Tranby, aged, 7 st. (Chapple)	...	0
Colonel Wyndham's Nora Creina, by Nonsense, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (a lad)	...	0
Mr. Shelley's Daddy Long-legs, by Glaucus, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Kaling)	...	0
Lord George Bentinck's Yorkshire Lady, by Voltaire, three years old, 6 st. 3 lb. (J. Howlett)	...	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's Sister to Alexandrina, by The Saddler, three years old, 6 st. (Baker)	...	0
Lord Exeter's Revision, by Reveller, three years old, 6 st. (R. Cotton)	...	0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. Rosalind, 3 to 1 agst. Miss Stilton, 9 to 2 agst. Monops, 5 to 1 agst. I-am-not-aware, 6 to 1 agst. Nora Creina. This was quite a little Derby, and run with great resolution. It was won by a neck only, with a dead heat for second between Monops and Rosalind.

The Coburg Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 25 ft. if declared in the First Spring Meeting, 1841; for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 st., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; Swinley Course (nine subs.)

Mr. Gregory's Barrier, by Defence	walked over.
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FRIDAY, 10th.—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 (twenty subscribers).

Mr. Gardnor's Monops, by Actæon, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Chapple)	...	1
Mr. Payne's Johnny, by Elvas, five years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (Nat)	...	2

Colonel G. Wyndham's Singleton, by Ernest, &c., three years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (Planner, jun.)	3
Lord Rosslyn's Cornuto, by Actæon, five years old, 8 st. (Mann)	0
Mr. Goodman's Sister to Glencoe, by Sultan, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Wakefield)	0
Mr. Forth's Knightsbridge, by Bran, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Bell)	0
Lord George Bentinck's Yorkshire Lady, by Voltaire, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Mitson)	0
Mr. C. Brooke's c. by Zealot, out of Zillah, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Bartholomew)	0
Mr. Hewitt's Victor, by Defence, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Crouch)	0
Mr. Wreford's f. by Taurus, out of Escape, three years old, 7 st. (J. Howlett)	0
Lord Exeter's Albion, by Beiram, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Pettit)	0
Lord March's Teapot, by Dandelion, three years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (W. Howlett)	0
Mr. Coleman's Guzelle, by Jerry, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Ealing)	0
Mr. Pettit's Sweetmeat, by Camel, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (R. Cotton)	0

Betting: 4 to 1 agst. Johnny, 6 to 1 agst. Knightsbridge, 8 to 1 agst. Singleton, 8 to 1 agst. Albion, 8 to 1 agst. Escape filly, 8 to 1 agst. Monops, 9 to 1 agst. Sweetmeat, 10 to 1 agst. Sister to Glencoe, and 10 to 1 agst. Guzelle. This was a fine race to the distance, where the three placed cleared the crowd, Monops winning cleverly by a length.

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

Mr. F. Clarke's ch. c. Vakeel, by Plenipotentiary, out of Acacia (Rogers)	1
Mr. Shelley's Iole, by Sir Hercules (F. Butler)	2
Mr. Charlton's Lasso, by The Saddler (Darling)	0
Mr. Goodman's Rover, by Muley Moloch (Nat.)	0
Mr. Phillimore's Solomon, by Wiseacre (Sly)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Vakeel, 4 to 1 agst. Iole, 4 to 1 agst. Rover, and 5 to 1 agst. Solomon. Iole, Lasso, and Vakeel, were in front at the distance, when Vakeel ran out from them, and won easily by a length. He was claimed.

Second Class of the Wokingham Stakes of 5 sovs. each (eighteen subscribers).

Lord Stradbroke's Jeremy Diddler, by Jerry, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Bartholomew)	1
Mr. S. Scott's Windsor, by Recovery, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (J. Howlett)	2
Mr. Gardnor's c. by Camel, out of Cecilia, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Chapple)	2
Mr. F. Clarke's Currycomb, by The Saddler, five years old, 8 st. 15 lb. (Sly)	0
Mr. Balchin's Dromedary, by Camel, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Balchin)	0
Lord Chesterfield's ch. g. All-fours, by Augustus, aged, 8 st. 2 lb. (Nat.)	0
Mr. J. Day's Mulciber, by Mulatto, five years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Wakefield)	0
Sir W. Stanley's Vakeel colt, by Plenipotentiary, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Crouch)	0
Mr. Phillimore's Solomon, by Wiseacre, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Mann)	0
Mr. Lichtwald's Trident, by Physician, three years old, 7 st. (Bell)	0
Mr. Legg's Decision, by Defence, four years old, 7 st. (T. Day)	0
Lord Exeter's Saros, by Sultan or Beiram, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (carried 6 st. 9 lb.) (Pettit)	0
Lord Exeter's Patchwork, by Muley Moloch, three years old, 6 st. (R. Cotton)	0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. Windsor, 7 to 4 agst. All Fours, 6 to 1 agst. Vakeel (Acacia colt), 6 to 1 agst. Solomon, 7 to 1 agst. Cecilia colt, 7 to 1 agst. Trident, and 10 to 1 agst. Mulciber. At the distance Jeremy Diddler went to the head, cleared his horses, and won in a canter by three lengths.

A Plate of £50, the gift of the Members for the borough of Windsor, added to a Sweepstakes of 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 (six subscribers).

Mr. Booth's St. Jean D'Acre, by Bizarre, three years old (Sly)	1
Lord George Bentinck's African, by Mulatto, three years old (Rogers)	2
Mr. Lichtwald's Trident, by Physician, three years old (F. Butler)	2
Mr. S. Scott's ch. f. by Glaucus, dam by Comus—Laurel Leaf, two years old (J. Howlett)	0
Lord Exeter's Patchwork, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Darling)	0
Mr. Goodman's Bother'em, by Voltaire, two years old (Crouch)	0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Trident, 5 to 2 agst. African, 3 to 1 agst. Bother'em, and 5 to 1 agst. St. Jean D'Acre, who made the running, and won in a canter by two lengths. The winner was claimed.

The Selling Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; winners once in 1842 to carry 3 lb.; twice, 6 lb. extra; the owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the old mile (nine subscribers).

Mr. Phillimore's Rochester, by Glaucus, three years old (Chapple)	1
Mr. Forth's Camellino, by Camel, six years old (F. Butler)	2
Lord Exeter's Revision, by Reveller, three years old (Pettit)	0
Lord George Bentinck's Miss Heathcote, by Velocipede, three years old (Rogers)	0
Mr. Balchin's Dromedary, by Camel, five years old (W. Balchin)	0
Mr. King's Dahlia, by Samarcand, five years old (F. Buckle)	0
Lord Rosslyn's Cornuto, by Actæon, five years old (Mann)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. *Camelino*, 5 to 2 agst. *Miss Heathcote*, 4 to 1 agst. *Rochester*, and 5 to 1 agst. *Dahlia*. *Rochester* made the running, and won by half a length.

The Dinner Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; 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).

Mr. Greville's Gunter, by Bay Middleton, 5 lb. walked over.

HAMPTON.

WEDNESDAY, June 15th.—The Gold Cup, in specie, by subscription of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; 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.; heats, once round the course and a distance; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. (six subscribers).

Mr. C. Hornsby's br. m. *Revoke*, by *Camel*, six years old (owner) ... 1 1
 Mr. Brooke's ch. g. *Obelisk*, aged 2 2
 Mr. G. Ongley's br. c. by *Medoro*, dam (foaled in 1827) by *Figaro*, grandam by *Timothy*—*Benningbrough*, three years old 3 3

The Surrey and Middlesex Stakes (handicap) of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with £50 added; the second horse received back his Stake, and the winner paid 20 sovs. towards the expenses of the Course; the winner of any handicap, after the publication of the weights, to carry 7 lb. extra (forty-two subscribers, thirty-four of whom paid 5 sovs. ft.)

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. *Knight-of-the-Whistle*, by *Velocipede*, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Nat) 1
 Mr. Forth's b. f. *Vibration*, three years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (including 7 lb. extra) ... 2
 Mr. Dawson's ch. f. *Our Nell*, by *Bran*, out of *Fury*, three years old, 5 st. 11 lb. ... 3

Betting: 7 to 4 on *Our Nell*, 2 to 1 agst. *Knight-of-the-Whistle*, and 2 to 1 agst. *Vibration*.

The Strawberry Hill Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses that 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, 8 st. 12 lb.; heats, one mile and a quarter; the winner to be sold for £100 if demanded, &c. (eight subscribers).

Mr. D. Cooke's b. g. *Tub-thumper*, by *Macedonicus*, out of *Muleteer's dam*, four years old (*Lye*) 0 1 1
 Mr. Bacon's ch. f. by *Langar*, out of *Sister to Portrait*, four years old ... 1 2 2
 Mr. Goodman's br. f. *Music*, three years old 0 0 3
 Mr. Smith's br. m. *Emma*, by *Belzona*, out of the ch. *Sister to Sailor*, five years old 0 0 dr.
 Mr. Howick's bl. m. *Lalla Rookh*, aged 0 0 dr.
 Captain Clarke's ch. f. *Britannia*, by *Velocipede*, out of *Bokhara's dam*, four years old 0 0 dr.

The winner was claimed.

THURSDAY.—The Hurst Cup of £40, in specie, given by the Proprietors of the Course; 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 geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Hornsby's b. m. *Revoke*, six years old (owner) 0 0 1 1
 Mr. Scott's br. f. *Ellen*, late *Michaelmas-day*, three years old ... 1 0 2 2
 Mr. Tollett's br. h. *Fiery Oaks*, late *Mungo Parke*, five years old ... 0 1 3 3
 Mr. Skingsley's br. f. *Fama*, four years old 0 0 4
 Mr. Payne's b. f. *Rapture*, three years old 2 0 dr.
 Mr. E. R. Clarke's b. f. *Sister to Glencoe*, four years old 0 2 dr.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for 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 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, two miles.

Sir W. M. Stanley's ch. c. *Vakeel*, by *Plenipotentiary*, three years old (Nat) ... 1 1
 Mr. Nightingale's ch. c. *Ajax*, four years old 2 2
 Mr. Dawson's ch. f. *The Biddy*, three years old 3 3
 Mr. Robins's b. f. *Miss Eliza*, by *Camel*, out of *Codicell*, three years old ... dis.

Betting: First heat—6 to 4 agst. *Ajax*, 7 to 4 agst. *Vakeel*, and 3 to 1 agst. *The Biddy*. Second heat—5 to 4 agst. *Vakeel*, 3 to 1 agst. *The Biddy*, and 5 to 1 agst. *Ajax*. The winner was claimed, and afterwards re-purchased.

The Albert Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five and upwards, 8 st. 12 lb.; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, a mile and a quarter (nine subscribers).

Mr. Gardnor's b. c. by *Camel*, out of *Cecilia*, four years old (*Wakefield*) ... 1 1
 Lord Rosslyn's ch. h. *Cornuto*, five years old 0 2
 Sir W. W. Wynn's br. g. *Remnant*, aged 2 0
 Mr. Sherard's b. f. *Lady Mary*, four years old 0 0
 Mr. Phillimore's br. c. *Finchley*, four years old 0 0
 Mr. Bacon's b. g. *Tub-thumper*, four years old 0 0
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. *Arkansas*, three years old 0 dr.
 Mr. Stevens's b. m. *Bavarian*, late *Distance*, five years old 0 dr.

The winner was purchased by Sir W. M. Stanley, and is now called *Cecil*.

FRIDAY.—The Claremont Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Town of Hampton; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 6 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; the winner of any Two-year-old Stakes, once, to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb. extra; T.Y.C.

Mr. Ongley's bl. f. The Gipsy Queen, by Camel (Sly)	1
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. g. by Samarand, out of Paradigm	2
Mr. Payne's b. c. Pensive	3

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Pensive, 6 to 4 agst. The Gipsy Queen, and 5 to 2 agst. the gelding.

Handicap Plate of £100, the gift of the Stewards, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; the second horse received back his Stake, and the winner paid £10 towards the expenses; winners of a handicap, after the weights appeared, 7 lb. extra; two miles (eighteen subscribers, seven of whom paid 5 sovs. ft.)

Mr. Shelley's b. c. Daddy Longlegs, by Glaucus, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Ealing)	1
Mr. Payne's b. h. Johnny, five years old, 9 st.	2

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. Tollett's b. g. Tiger, aged, 8 st. 7 lb.; Mr. Rush's br. g. by The Exquisite, out of Maresfield's dam, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb.; Mr. Whittle's b. h. Humming-bird, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb.; Mr. King's b. m. Dahlia, five years old, 7 st. 4 lb.; and Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. Pannakeen, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb.

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Johnny, 4 to 1 agst. Tiger, 4 to 1 agst. Humming-bird, and 6 to 1 agst. the winner.

The Innkeeper's Plate of £40, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five and upwards, 8 st. 12 lb.; heats, once round and a distance; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c. (twenty subscribers).

Mr. S. Scott's ch. c. Windsor, by Recovery, four years old (F. Butler)	1	0	1
Mr. Skingsley's br. f. Fama, four years old	0	1	2
Mr. W. Scott's br. f. Ellen, three years old	0	2	0
Mr. C. Brookes's ch. c. by Zealot, out of Zillah, four years old	2	0	0
Mr. Coleman's br. m. Tenebrosa, six years old	0	0	0
Mr. Stevens's b. m. Bavarian, five years old	0	0	0
Mr. Dockeray's Dispatch, four years old	0	0	0
Mr. E. R. Clark's b. f. Sister to Glencoe, four years old	0	0	0
Mr. Williamson's ch. f. Wiltona, three years old	0	0	0
Mr. Bacon's ch. f. by Langar, out of Sister to Portrait, four years old	0	0	dr.
Mr. Jobson's b. g. Frank, six years old	0	0	dr.
Capt. Ives's ch. m. Folly, five years old	0	0	dr.
Mr. Smith's bl. f. by Rockingham, out of Flight, three years old	0	0	dr.
Mr. G. Ongley's br. c. by Medoro, dam by Figaro, three years old	dia.		

NEWCASTLE.

MONDAY, June 20th.—Mr. Hepple's ch. f. Lady Flora, by Hampton, four-year-olds, 8 st. 7 lb. (Livesey), beat Mr. Crawford's br. g. Royal Charley, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb.; a mile and a half. Mr. Crawford staked 100 to 50, and 20 to 15 ft. Even betting.

Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; the second horse saved his Stake; two miles (seven subscribers).

Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Artful Dodger, by The Saddler, out of Cyprian, 8 st. 1 lb. (Holmes)	1
Col. Craufurd's br. f. by Langar, out of Mermaid, 8 st.	2
Sir C. Monck's b. c. by Langar, dam by Filho, out of Twinkle, 8 st. 1 lb.	3
Mr. Orde's b. f. Bee's-wax, 8 st.	4

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. The Mermaid filly, 7 to 4 agst. Artful Dodger, 4 to 1 agst. The Langar colt, and 4 to 1 agst. Bee's-wax. Won by three lengths.

Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 4 lb.; and fillies, 8 st.; T.Y.C. (six subscribers).

Mr. Blakelock's br. c. A British Yeoman, by Liverpool (Oates)	1
Mr. Jaques's br. f. Semiseria	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on the winner. Won by a head.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with a Purse added, for *bona fide* hunters; gentlemen riders (two miles).

Lord Eglington's br. h. Robinson, by Robin, aged, 12 st. 6 lb. (Major Campbell)	1
Mr. Simpson's b. g. Aggravator, half bred, aged, 11 st. 10 lb.	2
Mr. R. Crawford's br. g. Centurion, aged, 12 st. 3 lb.	3

The following also started, but were not placed: Lord Londonderry's ch. g. Claret, half bred, aged, 11 st. 7 lb.; Col. Thompson's b. h. Hamlet, half bred, aged, 12 st. 3 lb.; Mr. A. C. Maitland's ch. g. Clem-o'-the-Cleugh, six years old, 12 st. 3 lb.; Mr. J. Davison's b. g. Shiras, by Malek, aged, 12 st.; Mr. J. Cookson's b. g. Doctor Oliver, six years old, 12 st.; and Captain Broadley's ch. g. Birthday, aged, 12 st. 7 lb.

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Hamlet, 5 to 2 agst. Clem-o'-the-Clough, 4 to 1 agst. Doctor Oliver, and 8 to 1 agst. Aggravator.

Won by a neck.

Maiden Plate of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, six, and aged, 8 st. 10 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Kitching's br. f. Priscilla Tomboy, by Tomboy, three years old (Oates)	1	1
Mr. Harrison's ch. c. Wilfred, by Muley Moloch, dam by Walton, out of Beatrice,
by Blacklock, three years old	...	4 2
Mr. Singleton's ch. c. Smike, three years old	...	3 3
Mr. Johnstone's br. f. by Voltaire, out of Wagtail, three years old	...	2 4

TUESDAY.—The Tyro Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the second horse saved his Stake, and the winner paid 5 gs. out of the Stakes to the Judge; T.Y.C. (ten subscribers).

Mr. Bell's ch. c. Winesour, by Velocipede (Heseltine)	1
Mr. Wrather's b. c. Nutwith, by Tomboy, out of Hackfall's dam	2
Mr. Blakelock's br. c. A British Yeoman	3
Mr. F. Walker's br. c. Ravensworth, by Curtius, dam by Waverley	4
Mr. Allan's b. c. Erin Lad, by Sheet Anchor, out of Erin Lass	5
Captain Potts's b. c. Little Benton, by Liverpool, out of Enchantress	6

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. A British Yeoman, 3 to 1 agst. Erin Lad, 3 to 1 agst. Winesour, 4 to 1 agst. Ravensworth, and 6 to 1 agst. Nutwith.

Won by a neck, and the third horse beaten only a neck by the second.

The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Town; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the second horse received 50 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner paid 5 gs. to the Judge; St. Leger Course (nineteen subscribers).

Mr. G. Clarke's b. c. Master Thomas, by Tomboy (Holmes)	1
Mr. Jaques's b. c. Playfellow	2
Lord Milltown's ch. c. Scalteen, by Philip, out of Brandy Bet	3
Mr. Cuthbert's br. f. Queen of Tyne, by Tomboy, out of Gallipot's dam	4
Colonel Craufurd's br. f. by Langar, out of Mermaid	5
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Moss Trooper, by Liverpool, dam by Emilius	6

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Master Thomas, 3 to 1 agst. Moss Trooper, 3 to 1 agst. Queen of Tyne, and 8 to 1 agst. Playfellow.

Won by half a length. Playfellow beat Scalteen a head.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 2 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and aged, 10 st. 5 lb.; three miles.

Mr. Kitching's br. f. Priscilla Tomboy, three years old (Oates)	1
Mr. Ramsay's b. c. Foxberry, three years old	2
Mr. John Clark's ch. f. Maid of Auckland, by Tomboy, out of Maid of the Oaks,	3
three years old	3

Betting: 5 to 2 on Foxberry, and 7 to 2 agst. Priscilla Tomboy.

Won by a length.

The Cricket Club Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added by the Northumberland Cricket Club; two-year-olds, 7 st.; and three, 9 st.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the second filly saved her Stake; Tyro Course (six subscribers).

Mr. R. Bell's b. f. Frea, by Romulus, three years old (Marson)	1
Lord Eglington's bl. f. Egidia, two years old	2
Mr. Orde's b. f. Bee's-wax, three years old	3
Mr. Ramsay's b. c. Foxberry, three years old	4

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Frea, and 2 to 1 agst. Foxberry.

WEDNESDAY.—The Gateshead or Lottery Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Borough of Gateshead; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 4 lb.; and fillies, 8 st.; two miles (eighteen subscribers).

Mr. King's b. c. Cattonite, by Muley Moloch (J. Marson)	1
Mr. Powlett's b. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Miss Fanny	2

Betting: 6 to 4 on filly out of Miss Fanny. Won very easily.

The Northumberland Plate of 200 sovs., added to a Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; the second horse received 50 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the third received back her Stake; the winner gave three dozen of Champagne to the Ordinary, and paid 7 gs. to the Judge; two miles (eighty-eight subscribers, twenty-seven of whom paid 5 sovs. ft.).

Major Yarburgh's b. c. Heslington, brother to Charles XII., by Voltaire, four years	1
old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Joy)	1
Mr. J. Bell's gr. c. The Squire, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb.	2
Lord Falkenstein's b. m. Iliona, five years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	3
Mr. Bowse's br. h. Black Beck, five years old, 7 st. 8 lb.	4

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. Heseltine's br. m. The Shadow, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb.; Lord Eglinton's b. m. Bellona, aged, 8 st. 3 lb.; Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Galaor, 8 years old, 8 st. 2 lb.; Colonel Cradock's b. c. Pagan, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb.; Mr. Powllett's br. Disclosure, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb.; Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. Jack Sheppard, four years old, 7 st. 6 st.; Mr. Orde's b. m. Queen Bee, five years old, 7 st. 5 lb.; Lord Milltown's b. c. Fidhawn, 6 years old, 6 st. 6 lb.; and Mr. R. G. Walker's b. c. Arcanus, three years old, 6 st. 3 lb.

Betting: 7 to 2 agst. The Squire, 6 to 1 agst. Galaor, 6 to 1 agst. Ilona, 6 to 1 agst. Bellona to 1 agst. Black Beck, 10 to 1 agst. The Shadow, and 20 to 1 agst. Jack Sheppard. Won nearly two lengths.

The Corporation Plate of 60 gs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; for 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 horse received 20 sovs. out of the Stakes; heats, two miles (twenty-three subscribers).

Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. Quilt Arnold, by Langar, four years old (Templeman)	3	1	1
Mr. R. Crawford's br. g. Centurion, aged	1 3 2
Mr. J. Clark's ch. f. The Maid of Auckland, three years old	2 2 dr.
Lord Milltown's b. c. Fidhawn, four years old (broke down)	dis.

THURSDAY.—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 4 lb.; the second horse saved his Stake; T.Y.C. (fourteen subscribers).

Mr. Powllett's b. f. by Sheet Anchor, out of Miss Letty, by Priam (Templeman)	1
Mr. Blakelock's br. c. A British Yeoman	2
Lord Eglinton's bl. f. Egidia	3
Colonel Craufurd's b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Mermaid	4
Mr. Jaques's br. f. Semiseria	5
Mr. Bell's ch. c. Winesour	6

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Winesour, 5 to 2 agst. Semiseria, and 4 to 1 agst. A British Yeoman Won by nearly half a length.

A Gold Cup, or piece of Plate, value £100, by subscription of 10 sovs. each; three-year-old 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. the second horse received 20 sovs. out of the Stakes; two miles (twenty subscribers).

Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Doctor Syntax, aged (Cartwright)	...	1
Mr. Johnstone's br. h. Charles XII., six years old	...	2

Even betting. Won by four lengths.

The Members' Plate of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six 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. Melkiam's b. c. by Physician, out of Solace, three years old (T. Lye)	3	1	1
Mr. Ramsay's ch. g. The Recorder, six years old	1 2 2
Mr. R. Crawford's b.g. Royal Charley, three years old	2 3 3

The Royal Victoria Whip Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 15 added by the Guards and Coach of the Mail and Turf Hotel Coach Offices, and their Friends; 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 1 week to carry 3 lb. extra; horses having started twice during the week, and not won, allowed 3 lb. the winner to be sold for £150 if demanded, &c.; the second horse received back his Stake; 3 mile heats.

Mr. Singleton's ch. c. Smike, by St. Nicholas, three years old, 7 st. (T. Lye)	6	6	1	1
Mr. Ramsay's bl. f. Martyrdom, four years old, 8 st.	1 3 4 2	
Captain Potts's b. m. Ada, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	4 1 6 3	
Mr. Hepple's ch. f. Lady Flora, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	5 5 2	
Mr. Hutchinson's gr. f. Sally Rudd, by Paulus, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.	2 2 3	
Mr. Bell's b. f. Mary O'More, four years old, 8 st.	3 4 5	

FRIDAY.—The Innkeepers' (handicap) Plate, by subscription of 3 gs. each, and to be made £50 by the Innkeepers and their Friends; the second horse received back his Stake; heats, 3 mile (seventeen subscribers).

Mr. Cooke's br. f. Water Lily, by Contest, half bred, three years old, 6 st. (R. Jefferson)	1 5 1
Mr. Orde's b. m. Queen Bee, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	5 1 2
Mr. Gray's b. m. Modesty, aged, half bred (a feather)	3 4 3
Mr. Cuthbert's br. f. Queen of Tyne, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb.	4 2 dr.
Mr. J. Cookson's b. g. Doctor Oliver, six years old, 8 st. 8 lb.	2 3 dr.

DOWNHAM.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22ND.

The Downham Plate of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st. 8 lb. four, 8 st. 10 lb.; five, 9 st. 4 lb.; six and aged, 10 st.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the second horse received back his Stake; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. E. R. Clarke's b. f. Sister to Glenoe, by Sultan, four years old (Harrowbing)	1	1
Mr. Pettit's ch. f. Eusebia, three years old	...	0 2
Mr. Beresford's ch. f. Indolence, three years old	...	2 0
Mr. Sare's ch. f. Evasion, three years old	...	0 0
Mr. Scott's b. f. Ellen, three years old	...	0 0
Mr. Thompson's b. f. Passion Flower, two years old	...	0 0

The Hack Stakes of £15, added to a Sweepstakes of 1 sov. each; weights as for the Downham Plate; the second horse received back his Stake; the winner to be sold for 30 sovs. if demanded, &c. heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Chaplin's b. m. Frailty, by Filho da Puta, aged (Bret)	...	0 1 1
Mr. Price's ch. f. My Pet, by Emilius, three years old	...	1 2 3
Mr. Ball's br. m. Lady Essex, aged	...	2 dis.
Mr. Abel's gr. g. Angelo, five years old	...	0 dis.
Mr. Land's b. m. Romp, five years old	...	0 0 dis.
Mr. Hunter's b. h. Jacob Faithful (late Pet), aged	...	broke down.

The winner was claimed.

The Park Plate of £30, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; weights as for the Downham Plate; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the second horse received back his Stake; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. W. Scott's b. f. Ellen, by St. Patrick, three years old (Pegg)	...	0 1 1
Captain Ives's ch. m. Folly, five years old	...	1 2 3
Mr. Bradford's b. f. Sister to Confusionée, three years old	...	0 0 2
Mr. Raynham's b. c. Ambassador, three years old	...	0 0 0
Mr. Pettit's b. f. Sweetmeat, three years old	...	2 dr.
Mr. Turner's gr. f. Alice Hawthorne, three years old	...	0 dr.

The Ladies' Plate of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; weights as for the Downham Plate; the second horse received back his Stake; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. Bridegroom, by Hymen, three years old (Bartholomew)	1	1
Mr. Key's ch. c. Oxtou, four years old	...	3 2
Mr. Spriggs's b. m. Chance, five years old	...	0 3
Mr. Thornhill's b. c. E. O., four years old	...	2 4
Mr. Bradford's ch. c. Prince Albert, four years old	...	0 dr.

The Maiden Plate of 25 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each, for horses that never won 25 sovs. at one time; weights as for the Downham Plate; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the second horse received back his Stake; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Pettit's b. f. Sweetmeat, by Camel, three years old (Pettit)	...	1 1
Mr. Turner's gr. f. Alice Hawthorne, three years old	...	0 2
Mr. Attmore's br. f. Miss Emma, three years old	...	0 3
Mr. Land's ch. h. Disappointment, aged	...	0 dis.
Mr. Price's ch. c. Marshal Biron, three years old	...	2 bolted
Mr. Abel's ch. f. Miss Phoebe, three years old	...	0 dr.

BIBURY CLUB.

WEDNESDAY, June 22nd.—The Bibury Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added by the Club; the owner of the second horse received back his Stake; two miles (twenty-two subscribers, nineteen of whom pay 5 sovs. forfeit).

Gen. Gilbert's b. h. Northenden, by Battledore aged, 11 st. 5 lb. (owner)	...	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Proof Print, three years old, 9 st. 7 lb.	...	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Proof Print. Won by a length.

Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; last mile (seven subscribers).

Mr. Etwall's br. c. Palladium, by Defence, 8 st. 7 lb. (J. Day)	...	1
Duke of Richmond's b. f. by Elis, out of Baleine, 8 st. 1 lb.	...	2
Mr. S. Herbert's br. c. Nessus, 8 st. 7 lb.	...	3

Betting: Even on Palladium. Won by a neck.

Handicap Plate of £50, the winner of the Bibury Stakes to have carried 5 lb. extra; one mile.

Mr. Farquharson's b. c. by Cadis, out of Annette, by Phantom, four years old, 10 st. 13 lb. (Mr. Osbaldeston)	...	1
Mr. Etwall's b. c. Thistle-whipper, four years old, 12 st. 2 lb.	...	2

The following also started, but were not placed: Lord George Bentinck's ch. m. Miss Heathcote, five years old, 11 st. 5 lb.; Captain Rooke's b. h. Stork, six years old, 11 st.; and Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. Camp Follower, four years old, 11 st.

Won by a head.

Free Plate of 50 sovs.; 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.

Mr. King's b. f. Sultana, by The Colonel, out of Sultana, four years old (General Gilbert)	1
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. m. Miss Heathcote, five years old	2
Mr. Calley's ch. g. brother to Vain, six years old	3

Won by a length.

THURSDAY.—Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 8 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the winner of the Derby to carry 10 lb. extra; of the Oaks, or Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, 7 lb. extra; of the Clearwell, Criterion, Hopeful, or Prendergast Stakes, 1841, or the Bibury Produce Stakes, on the first day, 5 lb. extra (twelve subscribers).

Duke of Richmond's b. c. Eaglesfield, by Hindoo (S. Rogers)	1
Mr. Gregory's br. c. Barrier	2
Mr. Etwall's br. c. Palladium (carried 5 lb. extra)	3
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Tiptoe	4

Won by a head, and the third horse beaten by a head only.

The Andover Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Club; last mile (ten subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's gr. c. Tripoli, by Sheet Anchor, three years old, 10 st. 2 lb. (Lord Maidstone)	1
Mr. Etwall's b. h. Discord, by Mulatto, out of Melody, five years old, 13 st. 4 lb.	2

The following also started, but were not placed: Gen. Gilbert's b. h. Northenden, aged, 12 st.; and Mr. King's b. c. Tommy, three years old, 9 st. 4 lb.

Won by a head.

There was no race for the Cup Stakes.

STOCKBRIDGE.—THURSDAY, JUNE 23RD.

The Two-year-old Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8 st. 9 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 6 lb.; T. Y. C.; three quarters of a mile (three subscribers).

Mr. Wreford's b. f. by Camel, out of Wadastra	walked over.
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Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; a mile and a half (nineteen subscribers).

Mr. Biggs's ch. c. Eleus, by Elis, 8 st. 6 lb. (J. Day)	1
Duke of Richmond's b. f. by Elis, out of Baleine, 8 st. 3 lb.	2
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dil-bar, 8 st. 3 lb.	3
Mr. Gregory's br. c. Barrier, 8 st. 6 lb.	4

Won by two lengths.

Handicap Plate of 80 sovs., given by the Earl of Chesterfield; heats, from the Stable corner in, about a mile and three quarters.

Mr. Gregory's ch. c. Fitzroy, by Belshazzar, five years old, 9 st. (Treen)	1	1
Mr. Farquharson's b. c. by Cadiz, out of Annette, four years old, 8 st.	0	2
Capt. Rooke's b. h. Stork, six years old, 7 st. 5 lb.	0	0
Mr. W. Legg's ch. f. Decision, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb.	0	0
Mr. Sadler's b. h. Combat, aged, 8 st. 2 lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Etwall's b. c. Thistle Whipper, four years old, 8 st. 11 lb.	0	dr.
Mr. Percival's gr. c. Greenham Boy, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb.	0	dr.
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. Sister to Alexandrina, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb.	0	dr.

Lord George Bentinck's ch. c. Peloponnesus, by Elis, received 125 sovs. ft. from Mr. Herbert's br. c. Clarus, by Elis, out of Clara, 8 st. 10 lb. each; new mils; 300, h. ft.

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE P. CONNELLY, THE CELEBRATED JOCKEY;
ENGRAVED BY H. B. HALL, FROM A PAINTING BY HARRY HALL:
AND
THE ROAD AS IT WAS.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

LET our friend at Stafford send us all the information he can on the matter, and we'll put it on wheels.

The maps to which our correspondent at Newcastle alludes, will be resumed in good season. Will he put us in the way of getting materials for the district mentioned in his letter ?

In all cases, the receipt of communications early in the month in which it is necessary they should appear, is, of course, most desirable. Still, any articles that come to hand by the 15th will be in ample time.

Several works have been forwarded to us, which want of space prevents our noticing till next month.

Vols. I. to VII., bound in fancy cloth boards, and lettered, are now ready.

HYDE MARSTON ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN'S LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH :—" ALL IN THE DOWNS."

" The man who has stood on the Acropolis,
 And look'd down over Attica; or he
 Who has sailed where picturesque Constantinople is,
 Or seen Timbuctoo : or hath taken tea
 In small-eyed China's crockery-ware metropolis,
 Or sat amidst the bricks of Nineveh,
 May not think much of London's first appearance :—
 But ask him what he thinks of it a year hence ?"

BYRON.

If we examine mankind in the aggregate, we shall find that, for the most part, their ideas are abstract portions of their experience or knowledge. Thus the mountain of the cockney is the mole-hill of the Gäel; while the prince of the Niger or the Congo, who has been fortunate enough to secure a green baize bathing-shift, and a pair of yellow plush breeches, presents himself, on occasions of state and ceremony, in a guise that an English tinker would be afraid to assume at a bull-bait. Upon this principle alone can we account for the storm-nurtured son of the channel—that grim mate of the Dover packet—who, holding on by a bulk-head "and his eye-lids," exclaimed, "She's in smooth water." Now-a-days, the traveller whom business or pleasure leadeth to the deep, has no opportunity of understanding the term "snug" as applicable to navigation. Nevertheless, ere steam had superseded canvass, when close hauled on a whole-sail breeze, the clipper beneath you was clawing to windward, you felt a sensation of firmness and security which no steamer that ever floated could convey. It is only when riding at anchor, in a merry ground-swell, that your sailing craft adopts the motion of your steamboat. Then, indeed, all distinction is levelled, and so is the passenger.

Thus was it with our ship's company, who, albeit they were moored in the Downs, might, as far as their condition was affected, have been lying to, in a white squall, off St. Domingo. Thus was it with us, when that mate of the family of the stormy petrel demanded, "Who's for Deal?" As he spake, there flashed upon me a galaxy of eyes, whereof each particular star would have served as the sun of a system.

I never was fortunate in describing the *materiel* of fascination, but the reader being instructed that while in the berth above me lay uncle Tom, apparently in his last agony—while in the matter of *la physique*, Prometheus enjoyed internal peace, compared with my case—may form his own estimate of the ladies of M. Laporte's *troupe*, when assured that, at such a moment, my only anxiety related to the proportion I might appropriate as my own share.

"Who's for the shore?" boomed through the skylight. Had a special offer been made of Paradise, not a sinner in that ship but would have refused it for six square inches of Kentish shingle. With raiment, and without; perpendicular and horizontal—all made their way up the companion, and surely seldom did such a company salute the presence of young Aurora; and grand and glorious was the scene of the motley rendezvous. Morning's first sunlight was tinging the summit of Beachy Head, at whose base was spread a fringe which, to the fancy, might seem to have been woven from the snow-drifts; while, to sea-ward, the site of the Goodwins was covered by a vast canopy of wild foam, that played over and about it like the fleecy clouds that love to revel round the summer moon. But neither time nor place was suited to musings on the picturesque. Alongside, madly tossed by the billows, were two or three of those long, lanky craft, with amphibious crews, for which the harbour of Deal is so celebrated. Men of thews and sinews, of dexterity and daring, such as people few coasts where breakers burst, and those boats' crews of the Downs; while, to westward of them, upon the aristocratic cliffs of Brighton, dwell the rankest cowards that disgrace blue water. Still, with the land under our lee, and appliances for reaching it in attendance, our prospect seemed but little mended. What miracle was to transport us to those distracted pinnacles, that wheeled, dived, and soared, like the astonished sea-birds by which they were surrounded? Our burly skipper, with his arm locked in the weather-rigging, was evidently debating the question with himself, as fitfully, and in tattered fragments of sentences, thus were heard the hailings from the boats:—

"Heave—the bite of—a line—to loo-o-o-ard!" "Haul—handsomely my sons, stand—by—your—fenders!—On deck, there!—lower away the pee-e-ple!"

The sea was making a clean breach over us, as, with scarce the interval of a minute between each, one giant wave followed another, sweeping the decks from bows to tafferel. The mate, however, had contrived to rig out an old hamper into the forlorn hope of an arm-chair, which, by means of the main halliards, was hoisted over the side, and dropped, "with a run," into the boat—or into the water—unless care was taken to adapt the fall to the critical instant when boat and

basket were plumb. I narrate the incidents of that wild hour by scraps, for it was only in snatches I had an opportunity of making observations upon the scene enacted in it. The fact is, I was a close prisoner in the hands, or, rather, in the arms of the French—embraced a hundred-fold more emphatically by half a dozen Venuses than was the son of Cinyras by the Queen of Paphos. But it was no time for ceremony, so, encircled by a batch of Houris, known only to the dreams of the faithful, I put my best leg foremost, and, drenched with brine, managed to convey myself and my charge to the lee chains. There arrived, and having deposited the ladies in the scuppers, I began to look about for the means of escape. The basket in full work, was just then poised aloft, awaiting a favourable lull for the drop. The chance arrived, the tackle flew through the block, and, at the same instant, flew to leeward that which seemed the upper portion of my uncle severed from the shoulders! Down went the basket as if it were a diving bell, a sudden swell having thrown the cutter into the trough of the sea, and then came another awful lurch which dashed uncle Tom, gasping for breath, without hat or wig, under the thwarts of the Deal boat. How the rest was managed I cannot tell. I remember seeing a heap of wet linen tossed over the side—feeling that I was in utter darkness, with a horrid roaring in the ears, and a sense of strangulation in the throat, and then finding myself careering over a wild yeasty sea in such a fashion as few young gentlemen have ever navigated.

“Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,
Though on the waves' high top, too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze.”

A lug, reefed to its smallest compass—the sheet merely secured round a cleat by a single turn, and held watchfully by one of the crew—was tearing us madly through the boiling surf, into which the weight of the wind upon that speck of canvass, from time to time, buried the bows of our shallop fearfully. Amid-ships—parallel with the keelson, just enough of his mouth and nose kept above water by the bailing, in which every hand that could be spared for a spell was occupied—lay my fastidious relative, Mr. Thomas Longueville. His coat was rent from stem to stern, to use the vernacular most appropriate to the occasion—that is to say, from waist to collar—and hung on either side, hussar fashion, in duplicate. His head was as it came from the hands of Nature, or, rather, in a worse plight, for the little covering it brought into the world had departed even before hat and wig. The species of his nether appointments defied all skill in costume, until it struck me that, in his haste, he had assumed his pantaloons with the behind

before. Waistcoat there was none—neither stocking, boot, shoe, nor protection of any kind for the extremities ; uncle Tom was, in fact, the *beau ideal* of a gentleman in a pickle. “Choke” aft, miraculously poised upon the stern-post, sat the coxswain, his chin stuck between his knees, grinning like grim Death as his lynx eye detected, and his ready hand anticipated, the surges that thundered and roared after us.

But how may I hope to convey an idea of the scene, and the *dramatis personæ* (without any metaphor) in the stern sheets ? Half-a-dozen of the prettiest emigrants from the *coulisse* of the *quartier St. Germaine*, lay there “on their beam ends,” as one of the politest of the hands observed, as he placed a sweet little head, in a night-cap of Valenciennes lace, upon the coil of a rope, “to lay easy.”

Pinned, with his back to the weather, by means of his feet propped against the lee gunnel, and up to his loins in a sea-water bath, sat the hero of this tale, while on his dexter and sinister bosom reclined and floated a pair of young damsels, in a fashion whose comparison must be sought in the loves of the mermaids. Around were undulating cloaks, mantles, and pelisses, all, with their tenants in them, presenting just such a study as—barring the anachronism—David would have jumped at for a Deluge.

But we are approaching the coast with a terrible rapidity, and now it is within a cable's length, separated from us, however, by a raging rampart of surf and surge, threatening instant doom to anything mortal that might essay its passage. How apt are men, in their ignorance, to speak disparagingly of stocks and stones. Let them wait till they know the true value of insensibility, and then rail against inanimation if they will. Not the fourth of an inch removed from suffocation—supine—at the bottom of a villanous cock-boat, reposed Mr. Longueville, as much at his ease as if in the best bed at the Clarendon. He stood upon the threshold that separated him from eternity ; from his appearance you would have supposed that the waiter was at his door with a tray of chocolate and muffins. It was at this crisis, when every sound and sight struck terror to my soul, and the sands of life seemed run to their last grain, that a fellow, abstracting a quid of the size of a fourpenny loaf from his cheek, thus bespake me. “As this here broken water as we're a-goin' to shoot, mought be the last squeak for some on us, suppose you hand over the tip : a little ten-pounder's our freight for these here 'ventures ; never takes a penny less ; either the rhino, or 'bout ship, d'ye see ?”

A hint, backed by the prospect of a violent death, should hesitation precede its being acted upon, is a form of eloquence more forcible than any known to oratory. The triton had only to open his mouth to secure the minnows. I had no money in my possession (a circum-

stance, indeed, of such general occurrence, that it may be regarded as a natural characteristic), and proceeded, as a matter of instinct in such cases, to my uncle. Having made my need known through such portions of his organs of hearing as were above water, he thus, in submarine accents, applied himself to an answer:—"Put your hand into the right pocket of my trousers, Hyde—you'll find it in the well of the pump—and help yourself. Ten pounds!—a positive trifle for so delightful an excursion; pray pay the gentlemen liberally for the gratification they have afforded us. Perhaps they may fancy some trinket that I carry about me: d'ye think that handsome youth at the helm has any taste in brooches? Your friend, the chancellor of the exchequer, there, has just the style of hand for jewellery: would he like the emerald I wear on my second finger?"

While this *badinage* was in progress, I succeeded in rifling the speaker of his purse, and handed the captain of the gang the amount claimed as our ransom. This preliminary disposed of, he set himself earnestly to prepare for the catastrophe now close at hand. Though we were, probably, not half a mile from the town of Deal, no land was visible, except the cliffs on either side the bay. In front, the spray hung like a curtain suspended from the black, fierce clouds which rolled and scowled over us. When Curtius took his leap, he, at least, *saw* where he was going. Who can conceive the horrors of a plunge into chaos? The first thing done was to "douse" the lug, for the purpose of easing her forward; and then the word was given—"Stand by!—out all oars!" A mountain of water was toppling fathoms above our heads, as if in scorn of hope. Its crest streamed like a warrior's plume, as our pinnace was lifted to its summit, there poised for a moment, and then launched into the abyss beneath. This was the signal for the effort of which life or death was to be the issue. The crew strained on their oars till the tough ash bent like a green reed. Strokes, fast and furious, force her onward, swift as the boiling surge with which she is racing; and, with one great and crowning struggle, she is landed high and dry on the beach.

Deal, at the period to which this incident relates, was, and may still be, for anything I know to the contrary, not just the place for a man to "find his comfort in his inn." The ladies, seeing that they were not amphibious, were constrained to take breath—and, perhaps, something more substantial, before they ventured on the road—but nothing would content my uncle, except a chaise, and the prospect of an immediate asylum at Wright's. To Dover, then, saturated with sea-water—which I took the precaution to qualify with the contents of a tankard of porter—proceeded uncle and nephew. What a refreshing thing it was to observe the way our "boy" set about his business. He

might have seen some sixty winters : but he was a hale sexagenarian. Gathering together his spicy pair, he held them fast by the head till the word "All right" was given, and then let 'em go, in a style to astonish his most Christian Majesty's most unchristian country. Our wheels devoured the distance, as the poets say ; and, in little more than an hour, we were duly delivered in Dover. There the first sight that greeted us was our friend Captain Hamilton's rakish cutter, quietly moored in the offing, and in the act of sending ashore her passengers' luggage, in a far more respectable condition than the respective proprietors had landed themselves.

A speedy clearance at the custom-house having put our carriage and its supplies into our possession, after a much-needed toilette I strolled out while luncheon was being prepared.

Chance or instinct led me to the harbour ; and there, for the first time in my life, I beheld that mysterious machine which was to realize the halcyon of the olden fables. There floated the bark that impersonates Byron's image, and, indeed, "walks the water like a thing of life ;" annihilating lee shores, making the rough places smooth, and literally bringing together the uttermost parts of the earth. Why had not the mighty conception of Watt brought forth its wondrous offspring sooner ; or, at least, wherefore had it not sooner been transported to the straits of Dover ? what toil and terror would it not have saved a worthy company !

A moral essayist had found matter for a folio volume in drawing a contrast between that which awaited me on my return to Wright's, and the events of the four previous hours. Of a verity, good and evil are dealt to us with an equal balance. "The more grief the more grinning," is an axiom from Paddy's country as true as it is characteristic. After such perils by sea as have befallen few elderly gentlemen since the days of the pious Æneas, it was better than a library of philosophy to have seen uncle Tom seated at his midday meal. A steak, underdone, was melting before him like snow in the sunshine, while adown that passage, which so lately the unrelenting waves had seized on as their own, was flowing the regal purple stream, classed, by the bibitory, under the head of mulled claret.

Transfer him thence to the cushions of one of Hobson's chariots, on double springs. Four posters, of Wright's best, are before him—the soft breath of a young autumnal evening is coquetting with the incense of his cigar—London, the city of the world, is his destination—Hyde Marston is the companion of his travel. Would such not have been ample satisfaction for the fate of Jonas multiplied a hundred fold ?



The Whigham Hotel.



A HURRICANE AT CURAÇOA.

BY LIEUT.-COL. HAMILTON SMITH.

In my former communication, when speaking of the deep water basin that forms so peculiar a feature in the town of Willemstadt, and the environs of the harbour of Curaçoa, two other lagoons were left undescribed, which branch off to left and right from the main channel forming the port. These are both above half a mile in length, but so exceedingly shallow, that punts, or flats, alone can traverse them. The first, on entering the harbour, opens immediately behind what was formerly called Reef Island Battery. It is separated from the sea by a low and narrow neck of sand, where a solitary lazaretto is erected, and terminates at the battery on Punta Brava, extending in a direction nearly west, and, by its breadth of nearly 200 yards, protects Autrebanda from the violence of the sea. The other opens on the right hand, about 400 yards farther, at a place called Wind Gap, barely fifty yards wide; and while, to the south, it encloses the town of Willemstadt, Fort Amsterdam, and the Water Fort, severs from them Citadel Hill and the suburb of Scarloo, which is built on its northern shore. Its southern edge washes the ramparts, and, widening in expanse to more than 300 yards, leaves, east of the town, only a narrowed neck of low land, completely swept by the cannon on the walls of both town and fort. Upon this neck, and directly to windward of the populous quarter, is an overstocked and extensive churchyard. At the head of the east lagoon there is a hamlet, or suburb, called Pitermoy, which encroaches somewhat on the isthmus, where there is likewise a battery of heavy guns. As the daily trade-wind blows directly down the lagoon, through the Wind Gap, across the harbour, ships of war, while in port, endeavour to place themselves opposite the opening, carrying hawsers on shore, for the purpose of receiving the cool breeze, which elsewhere is intercepted by the height of the surrounding houses.

All these details relate to the year 1807, and are requisite to render the succeeding narrative intelligible.

On the 17th August, the sea was observed, from the balcony of my quarters, to have an unusual aspect in the south, where various colours of a deranged prism streaked the horizon, over which the sky was very dark. Having occasion to call upon Captain Malbon, R.N., acting governor, I mentioned the circumstance, as well as the unusual cloudiness and oppressive heat; but nothing else than heavy rain seemed to be portended, in particular as the island is considered not to be within the hurricane latitudes. However, certain nervous affections impressed a warning on me that excited my curiosity, and I recapitulated in memory every great thunder-storm, squall, tornado, and earthquake which I had witnessed, of which these uneasy sensations had been precursors. Experience, which thus creates presentiment, obtains a mastery over the imagination, and renders observation more intense and habitual. I had already seen tornados, which, in one hour, drove every ship from its anchor to sea, or on the beach;

swept every leaf from trees exposed to their fury, and scorched the herbage as if with fire. I had looked on, while seated at the mess-table, when all the spare glass suddenly began to move from two long side tables, and while every attendant waiter was obliged to hold fast wherever he could clutch; had witnessed one row after another march, with jingling front, to the edge, and fall over on the floor; wine-glasses, tumblers, rummers, decanters, and finally, glass candle-shades, while what was on the dinner-tables, which stood lengthways to the undulation, and some piles of plates, were barely saved: these began to give signs of a move just as the vibration stopped, and the servants tottered on to the rescue; I and my companions, all the while, without personal alarm, half laughing, half mortified, held on to the table, trusting to the single-floored building entirely constructed of wood. In the town, the church bells had tolled without human aid, and several stone buildings were cracked from top to bottom. But these, and many other phenomena, are familiar to all residents in the tropical volcanic islands.

I resolved to go on board. To my questions, the Dutch residents, who were in their stores, replied that they knew of no hurricanes; but passing through the usually busy crowd of blacks fishing, and broiling fish, buying and selling fruit, between the houses and the water's edge, I observed the men standing idle, and the frying plates off the fires; and on asking the reason, was told that all the fish had disappeared and gone into deep water. This fact was a certain indication of bad weather, and I hastened on board *H.M.S. Hebe*, lying abreast of the Wind Gap already mentioned. There, Mr. H—, the first lieutenant, was also attentive to the indications of the atmosphere, and, after consulting the marine barometer, which betokened only rain, we jointly went up to the maintop, and, finding the view not sufficiently extensive, we ascended to the cross-trees. The weather being wet, no awning was spread; here we stood some time, looking out on the panorama beneath us. The sky had grown blacker since noon; a dull green line on the sea horizon, to the south, was very distinct; the air was feeble, but from the east; partial showers were seen falling at a distance. A solitary tern caught my eye, as the bird came flying with rapidity from the ocean towards the inland lagoon, and it caused me to call out—"On deck, there!" "Ay, ay, sir!" "Have any of the watch seen birds this morning, especially sea birds?" A quartermaster replied, "that he had scarcely quitted the deck since gun-fire, had seen no land birds, and the gulls which frequent the harbour had long gone to the lagoon, as well as several others from sea, but none were observed going out!" There was now some thunder, and a peculiar lurid light, around us; the harbour looked like a lake of pitch, and all objects within sight had a hard, distinct outline; the motley-coloured houses, the shipping, and the people, all were vividly reflected, and human voices, from far and near, re-echoed with startling loudness. It was plain that some convulsion of nature might be expected; and as it was now half-after four, P.M., we began to descend, to reply to telegraphic questions from the governor, a sudden deluge of rain hastening our retreat. The reply and report of our observations produced an order to strike top-gallant yards and masts, clear anchors, and prepare the ship for bad weather. At this moment, Colo-

nel Conn, a gentleman, resident on the island, was driven on board for shelter from the rain, he being on his way to Scarloo, where I was engaged to dine with him. Although disinclined to be absent from my own quarters at this time, there was no obtaining a dinner but on the other side of the water; and, therefore, I reluctantly consented to go somewhat farther for that purpose, being assured of a bed in case of heavy rain; H—— shook his head as we went over the ship's side, and said, "I think you will not be long absent."

His observation proved true;—by nine o'clock I again passed through the Wind Gap, and, hailing the *Hebe*, was answered by him. He, knowing my voice, at once informed me that he had not been below since we parted; that, at one time, the sea had come rolling into the harbour round the Water Fort, and upon Reef Island, and had suddenly again subsided. While he was speaking on the gangway, a sudden flood of the most vivid, silvery lightning broke upon us, and continued to shine, for some seconds, with an intensity so overpowering as to cause momentary blindness. The black, who sculled my punt, fell in board, and H—— called out to know if we had an accident, as he was himself quite dizzy. It was time to part; my man rose and found his paddle was not gone overboard; we steered for the billiard-room, to land on the *Autrebanda* side, for in that sultry temperature every house-window was open, and each seemed to shine with light. The clash of the billiard-balls, and the voices of the players, were distinctly heard; the backs of spectators visible in the windows, and Dutchmen, talking low at their doors, were audible; but the negro population was silent. The bright, fiery squares, shining on the water, contrasted singularly with the pitchy darkness which hid all other objects, and as strangely reversed its character, when other silvery flashes turned, for an instant, all that was hidden into the brightest blue light, making that from the windows look, in comparison, red and almost dark. It was with difficulty the punt-man could be induced to draw his flat high on the beach; and while elderly men were evidently uneasy expectants of events, the younger among the white population would scarcely give it a thought, and my own companions were jocular at my expense.

Going along the shore with a view to persuade the black ferry-men to draw their craft high upon the shore, scarcely one would forego the chances of another fare across; and to questions about the weather, the universal reply was still, "Awa cero, shon!" that is, "rain," literally, "water from heaven, sir." Their unusual silent mood was accounted for by a single word, "Relampa, shon!"—"lightning, sir." My own men, in quarters, complained only of heat, but the sergeants promised to attend to some precautionary orders in case an earthquake or a hurricane should come on. Listening from my balcony, I fancied, three or four times, I heard distinctly that tooting, hollow sound which is caused by the air rushing within the axes of small whirlwinds, which the Dutch call *dreuning*, and which is never audible but when it passes close over the head. Each time the current of air seemed to rush upwards around me. The sound might have been from sea birds coming in, guided by the lights of the town, but that the breadth of the channel between the Spanish main and the island was not sufficient for birds to have remained out so long under such threatening appearances, unless they had been blown off from the skirts of a storm to the eastward, and

descried the land only by the luminousness of the town. In truth, while crossing the harbour in the evening, I had heard the well-known cachinnation of a kind of gull, which, like the evil spirit of the deep, rises but in the darkest gales, as if rejoicing among the rigging aloft, and laughing the doomed mariners to scorn. It is a voice which, in such circumstances, cannot be forgotten.*

Oppressed by fatigue and drowsiness, I retired to rest in the full expectation of soon being roused. Some of the following facts were communicated by Mr. H——, first lieutenant of the *Hebe*; the rest passed under my own eyes, as the context will show.

Occasional showers continued to fall until half-past one, A.M., of the 18th, when a sudden squall from the north came rushing down under the citadel hill, "feathering the water" at once into foam, and passing the *Hebe* within twenty yards. A schooner, breaking from her anchor, dashed against a sloop that was hove down for repairs, and both sunk immediately.†

Soon after, a second roaring gust from the north-east caught the ship's beam, snapped her hawsers, tore up her anchor, buried on Folk's Wharf, and, before the anchors let go could hold her, she dropped under the lee of the houses, and brought up close to the mud bank, near the western shore. The storm had now set in with fearful violence, its vortex gradually turning from north-east to east and south-east, when its force from the sea began to work destruction on the devoted Water

* I believe it to be the black-capped gull (*Larus atricilla*), often mistaken for *Larus ridibundus*, more commonly heard, and less fiendish in its laugh.

† "Feathering the water" is technically applied by seamen when a squall suddenly ruffles the surface to a foam, before the sea has risen into waves. It is the sign of maximum violence, not uncommon in tropical seas, and always very dangerous, laying large ships on their beam-ends, or foundering them altogether, but more commonly carrying away masts and yards, and making a total wreck of the hull. I may mention an instance of the *Maidstone* frigate, of thirty-two guns, then commanded by the late Admiral Donnelly, which, being in chase of a privateer, observed a squall coming, and had time to clew up and put her head before the wind; yet in a moment her three topmasts went by the board, and the spanker-boom flew up against the mizen-mast, striking the top, where it snapped in two. The enemy capsized and went down, with every soul, to the bottom; while the *York*, sixty-four, at no great distance, felt not the least effect of the gust. There are, during calms, slight puffs of wind denominated "cat's paws," which, for a moment, only fall on the water and ruffle a small space; they usually precede the setting-in of the breeze, or trade-wind, which is commonly calm at night near the islands; but, when they are stronger, seamen call them "flaws," which, stronger still, and accompanied by a dark cloud and a blackening sea underneath, become "black squalls," always demanding the precaution of manning all the sheets, halliards, and clew lines, ready to let go and clew up. It is often a sight of great interest to see a squall coming obliquely in chase of a ship of war:—the sea ruffles beneath the rain cloud, as if a phalanx of millions of black bats' wings covered the horizon, and was fast coming up: every man of the watch is already at his post with his rope in hand; the fore-castle is crowded; in the waist there are men at station; the captain of the after-guard minds the mizen-mast: quarter-masters, on each side, look alternately to sea and to the helmsman; the officer in command of the watch stands at the weather-gangway intently watching the progress of the coming mischief; he quits the spot—takes a hasty stride on the quarter-deck—cries out, "All ready!—stand by there!" then jumps upon a gun—looks over the ship's side:—there is the squall—the ruffled water surges alongside—the masts begin to groan, the standing rigging to strain; a roar of wind bellows aloft—she heaves and leans to the weather. "Oh, it won't signify," says the officer, coolly;—"I see clear sky beneath the cloud." "Keep all fast!" is the word of command; and, shaking the heavy drops of rain from his back, he resumes his walk. But a white squall is another affair: there is no warning cloud—not a moment for preparation; it is not coming, but is come; and that ship, struck by one, perishes or is disabled. The late Lord de Saumarez had a narrow escape of the kind; and the sloop of war which carried General Knox to take the government of Jamaica, is supposed to have gone down off the coast of St. Domingo in consequence of a white squall.

Fort, and on Punta Brava and Reef Island ; the sea rising on that deep water coast, and, by degrees, topped to a huge height, passed like a flood over both the banks, east and west of the town, into the two lagoons. It then entered the harbour's mouth, and raised the surface within till it was higher than the ground floor of many houses. I had slept, dreaming of fearful noises, when, suddenly, a loud shout, beneath my quarters, awoke me. I heard my men, in a tumult, vociferating the words, " Water !—the water !" and, springing out of bed, saw, with dismay, through the roof, the raging sea to the south, and that part of the town which lay to the north. My quarter being the upper floor of a single storied stone house, had no ceiling, but was covered with heavy, red, Dutch pantiles, well pointed fast with mortar. These, it would appear, were raised on both sides to an horizontal position by the force of the wind passing through them, making each row resemble the bars of a latticed jalousie ; and, though doors and windows were closed, enabling me to see with that kind of distinctness which the luminousness of broken waves gives to the greater masses of objects, even in the darkest nights. The bed-room, divided by a partition from a large ante-chamber, was least exposed ; but, through both, a current of wind passed, as if not the least obstacle stood in the way. My first impression, that the sea was undermining the sandy foundation of the house, brought me to the ante-room, where an orderly and my servant were under similar apprehensions. Though dimly, we saw each other ; no one had to grope for what was wanted. The howling of the sea and wind was not like that of ordinary gales, but bore on the wings of sound a mixture of unearthly screams and yells, which the imagination might have called human, but that, occasionally, the wail of real humanity could be heard to mix its feeble notes with the thousand voices of the storm.

We were in doubt whether to open the ponderous door which faced the east, fearing, if we succeeded, for it opened outwards against the heavy frame, that the gable-end would rush in—perhaps lift off the roof. This made us hesitate, till a cry of fire, and that houses were falling, fixed our resolve, and we all three laboured to force the door open against the wind. In a momentary lull we succeeded ; but instantly the full force of our apprehensions became evident ; all the violence of the gale seemed to rush in at the Gap. Although only a moment was permitted, I marked that the sea had been high up, and swept nearly every punt and boat off the beach. A house was burning in the Water Fort ; but the greater part of the buildings seemed to be hidden under the breaking waves, which boiled incessantly over their roofs. No human beings were visible, and the harbour itself was like a huge cauldron of boiling and lashing waves, even in the dark, differently and fearfully coloured. The government piazza, on the opposite side of the water, had lights ; and, up the harbour, the *Hebe*, driven from her evening position, seemed to be on shore, heaving and rolling frightfully.

At length we became as anxious to close the door as before to open it. There was a broad iron handle, indeed ; but, as only one person at a time could grasp it, all pulling was in vain. Some military stores, bandspikes, blocks, and hauling-tackles, however, lay in the room, and it struck me that, by securing these to the handle, and to the bolt-

heads, we might make a united effort to draw the door to the frame, and secure it to handspikes placed across. While thus at work, I first remarked that we were all three quite naked. Having risen in alarm, we had forgotten to dress, and, in our toils, the wind had torn our shirts to rags, leaving little more than their collars twisted round our necks. The handspikes and pulleys were successfully applied, or the wind had shifted more to the south-west, for the door closed apparently without much effort, and we had time to put on clothes.

Looking out on the fearful turmoil, within thirty feet of the foot of the house, on the lurid flames, which it now appeared were kindled in the hamlet of Pitermoy, and listening, with sad forebodings, to the sounds that, for several hours, had scarcely permitted our own words to be heard, we waited impatiently for daybreak.

At length a report came booming from the citadel, and, immediately after, a louder and welcome gun from the *Hebe*, told us she was safe. Though the sky retained its pitchy darkness, objects gradually became distinguishable, and I now began to look towards Reef Island, where I had a corporal's guard, and which I considered lost. The sea could be observed toppling over the roof of the guard-house, and how the building was still standing could scarcely be imagined. Across the harbour, the sea constantly passed over the highest embrasures of the Water Fort; and, by degrees, broken rafters, and parts of roofs, could be discerned among the froth of the waves; and, as the light spread more and more upon the agitated harbour, pieces of wreck, doors, window-shutters, jalousie-blinds, furniture, broken punts, and numerous coffins, with their half-decomposed tenants.

All these objects swept round, in irregular gyrations, because the sea kept pouring over the two low necks, vast quantities of water, which, rushing through the Wind Gap, and the opening behind Reef Island, were met by the breakers that came up through the mouth of the harbour, and produced the most dismal scene of confusion. Behind Fort Amsterdam, the sea had washed away the churchyard walls before-mentioned, and, digging up the dead, sent them bodily to this appalling dance in the waters. I was afterwards told, that a notorious miser, who died a little before the hurricane, was found, deposited by the waves, upright in his coffin, within the walls of his quondam counting-house.

At nine o'clock the sun burst, with two or three lurid rays, through the gloom, the wind began to moderate, and the clouds broke up soon after ten. We now went first to visit the island, where a breakwater had been raised, in a few hours, by the waves, about ten feet high, and, commencing on the platform of the battery, blocked up the guard-room door, and also effectually protected the place from the fury of the waves; it extended above 300 yards beyond the Punta Brava battery, and consisted entirely of coral rock, torn up from the deep sea. I found here some beautiful living cypreæ, and one giant strombus, which is never, I believe, taken in less than ten fathoms depth. We then crossed over to pay our respects to the governor, and visited the Water Fort, where all the guns and embrasures were overtopped with another bank of coral. I understood forty-two houses were in ruins; the desolation was so complete, that one not familiar with the locality could scarcely distinguish one building from another. The custom-

house and ordnance-office were destroyed. But the most ghastly sight was the churchyard, with its walls down, and the soil washed away to the common level of the sea. In Pitermoy we found abundance of ruins, fourteen houses being destroyed by fire or by water; and the loss of life was, in the course of the day, certified to amount to twelve.

I forgot to mention in the proper place, that the so-called coral rock of the inhabitants is really, in great part, if not all, a true pumice, little, if at all, heavier than salt-water. I had an opportunity to ascertain this fact, in going over to Reef Island. Passing by one of these masses, which came above the surface, a negro was desired to go overboard and lift it up. He did so, though it was above two and a half feet broad, with facility, until the stone, saturated with water, was eight or ten inches up, when the weight, no longer sustained by the element, he was obliged to let go, and it settled slowly down again.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

BETTINGS FOR AUGUST.

PROBABLY, since first betting upon horse-racing began to be practised at Hyde Park Corner, there never was a month so utterly dull and profitless as that just concluded. The Subscription-room never, at any one time, contained a dozen persons—and they looked dark and dismal, like so many Othellos whose “occupation was gone.” The unsettled state of the financial department, no doubt, acted in aggravation of the depression; but there seemed to be nothing to bet about. In itself, the current sport was not of a character to call forth speculation, and the Leger was (and is) regarded as already decided. When you see men stretching eye, ear, and heart to catch at one point of odds against one horse in a race containing *one hundred and thirty-four* nominations, what conclusion can you arrive at, but that the event is virtually a foregone conclusion? During the last four weeks we never saw cause, from any indication at Tattersall's, to conclude that a solitary subscriber considered it possible for Attila to lose the Leger. Those who betted the point of odds against him, did it as a hedge to make assurance doubly sure; those who took the odds (s ?), booked them outright—to win or lose; if the latter might come within the doctrine of chances. We subjoin the quotations for the last two weeks only; for, during the four, the betting—if such it may be called—was without a shade of fluctuation: a state in which it will now very likely remain till the commencement of Doncaster Meeting.

MONDAY, August 15.

ST. LEGER.			
Attila	6 to 4 agst. (tk.)	Sea-horse	15 to 1 agst. —
Forth's lot	9 to 1 — —	Ballinkeele	17 to 1 — —
Policy	12 to 1 — —	Cabrera	20 to 1 — —
Fireaway	12 to 1 — —	Cattonite	20 to 1 — —
		Rosalind	25 to 1 — (tk.)

MONDAY, August 15—(CONTINUED).

Golden Rule.....	25 to 1	agst. —			
Artful Dodger	25 to 1	—			
Eboracum	25 to 1	—			
Priscilla Tomboy	25 to 1	—			
Master Thomas	25 to 1	—			
					DERBY, 1843.
			Philip	22 to 1	agst. (tk.)
			Aristides	23 to 1	—
			Napier	30 to 1	—

MONDAY, August 22.

ST. LEGER.					
Attila	4 to 4	agst. —	Artful Dodger	25 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Sea-horse	12 to 1	—	Castonite	25 to 1	—
Polley	13 to 1	—	Eboracum	25 to 1	—
Fireaway	13 to 1	—	Priscilla Tomboy	25 to 1	—
Ballinkeele	20 to 1	— (tk.)	Golden Rule	30 to 1	—
			Meteor	100 to 1	—

THURSDAY, August 25.

ST. LEGER.					
Attila	5 to 4	agst. —	Sir Harry	30 to 1	agst. —
Ballinkeele	16 to 1	— (tk.)			
Eboracum	20 to 1	— (tk.)			
					DERBY, 1843.
			Philip	25 to 1	agst. (tk.)

MONDAY, August 29.

ST. LEGER.					
Attila	5 to 4	agst. (tk.)	Castonite	30 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Polley	12 to 1	— (tk.)	Sir Harry	50 to 1	— (tk.)
Fireaway	12 to 1	— (tk.)	Golden Rule	50 to 1	—
Sea-horse	14 to 1	— (tk.)	Edmund	1000 to 10	— (tk.)
Eboracum	16 to 1	— (tk.)			
Cabrera	16 to 1	— (tk.)			
Ballinkeele	20 to 1	— (tk.)			
Rosalind	25 to 1	— (tk.)			
					DERBY, 1843.
			Aristides	25 to 1	agst. (tk.)
			Queen of Trumps colt.....	50 to 1	— (tk.)

RACES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Waltham Abbey.....	1	Preston Guild.....	8	Liverpool Autumn	22
Hartlepool	1	Romford	8	Ashby-de-la-Zouch	23
Prestelgne	2	Doncaster	12	Bicester	26
Upton-on-Severn	2	Leicester	14	Cheadle (Cheshire)	26
Cheadale (Staff.).....	5	Isle of Thanet.....	14	Newmarket	27
Radcliffe (Lancashire)	5	Breconshire.....	14	Sandbach	27
Warwick	6	Tewkesbury	16	Oswestry	27
Yarmouth	6	Lichfield	19	Altrincham and Durham	28
Western	7	Kelso	21	Richmond	28
Morpeth	7	Lincoln.....	21	Chesterfield	28
Rochester, &c.	7	Bedford	21	Stirling.....	29
Swansea	8				

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE P. CONNELLY.

THE engraving of this celebrated jockey is from a painting by Mr. Harry Hall, a gentleman who had peculiar facilities for the undertaking he has so successfully executed. As we gave a summary of Connelly's professional life in our number for May last, it would be superfluous to recapitulate it here. Connelly was one of the most accomplished riders that ever graced the British turf—and in every relation of life an honest and honourable man.



THE LANCET AND THE LONDON MEDICAL JOURNAL

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"MY SECOND DEAL."

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

"SIX TO FIVE IN FAVOUR OF THE DEALER."—HOYLE'S GAMES.

IN a former number I gave an article entitled "My First Deal;" and as the press, and a "liberal and enlightened public," have complimented me upon the instruction, as well as amusement, the aforesaid paper furnished, I am again induced to take up my pen, and lay before the readers of the *SPORTING REVIEW* "My Second Deal," and in which the old adage, *Experientia docet*, was not practically illustrated. It was in the spring of 18—, when I was still in my teens, or, as the Minerva press novelists describe it, "sweet eighteen," that the conversation turned, one night, at the mess of my regiment, upon teams and drags. "We must get up a team for Epsom," said a young Cornet. "Agreed! agreed!" responded three or four voices, of which mine was one. "A subaltern team, the orderly officer to act as shooter, that is, if we can get leave for the Adjutant to take the belt in his absence." I must here premise, that in the days I write of, the discipline was not quite as strict as it is now, and upon grand occasions—a hunt, a day's shooting, a race, or any other manly British amusement—the commanding officer (a first-rate sportsman, and excellent fellow himself) allowed the subaltern of the day to doff his belt, and entrust the guardianship of the barracks to the Adjutant, or riding-master, whose avocations kept them nearly the whole twenty-four hours within the walls. "Let's have a parade to-morrow morning, second chargers, light *driving* order," exclaimed young —. "Jack Adams shall be commanding officer." "We'll borrow the regimental van," cried another, "and the moment after morning stables, do everything in a brisk and soldier-like manner." "Perhaps Arnold, Villiers, and Dashwood will join us, and then, with four drags, we shall make a 'werry andsome appearance.'"

Here let me offer a passing tribute to the memory of three old comrades, alas! now no more. They were noble creatures, high-minded and high-spirited, endowed with gallant and free-bearing, and devoted to the sports of the field and road.—Peace to their *manes*!

But to resume: we lost no time in seeing Jack Adams, then the very *beau ideal* of the "swell dragsman;" and still, I believe, on the Oxford road (or, rather, as much of it as is uncontaminated by rail), and made an arrangement with him to put our team together. I went myself to the Adjutant to get the loan of the van that was kept for the purpose of conveying the band to any party where their services were required, and poor Dashwood went off to Blunt's, the saddler, at Windsor (and, *en passant*, as good and honest a tradesman as ever I had the good luck to deal with), to make a four-horse harness out of two sets of phaeton gear. We each sent to Crowther's for a whip, and gave orders to our respective servants to have our driving-coats, capes, aprons, &c., prepared for the road.

The next morning, great was our surprise and dismay, when the "orders" came out, to find the following:—"The subalterns will assemble, in the riding-school, at twelve o'clock, upon their second chargers." As the Frenchman said, "we smelt von dam big rat:"—*Anglicè*—suspected that something was wrong, and that our intended team had come to the ears of the commanding officer. Such was the case, for when we assembled in the riding-school, that gallant—ay, truly gallant officer (as his wounds at Waterloo proved him to be, when he was actually "spitted" to his saddle by the long sword of a French dragoon) said to us, with a knowing kind of look, impossible to be misinterpreted:—"As I understand your second chargers want a little exercise, I have ordered a ride, and shall continue it daily, until they are completely broken in to *their* work." We looked aghast—went through our ride, and were commended for our steadiness. "Well, gentlemen," said the good-humoured, kind-hearted riding-master, "your horses are so well in hand, so well broken, and in such high condition, that I trust we shall not have occasion for any more rides; you are dismissed." A consultation was immediately held in one of our rooms, and it was unanimously agreed to give up our intended scheme of a second charger team, four of us undertaking to buy an extra horse each for road-work. I, being one of the "quartet," immediately set to work to obtain leave to go to London for that purpose. My application for "leave of absence" for two days, upon "private business," was made out, signed by my Captain, given in to the commanding officer, and granted. I had hinted to the Adjutant that my "private business" was to purchase a horse for the proposed team; and as the Colonel drank a glass of wine with me at the mess dinner, he good-humouredly alluded to the event, recommending economy, which is the very life and soul of the army, but evidently delighted that we had taken the hint he had so delicately given. At nine o'clock the following morning, Jack Adams's Windsor coach drove up to the officers' house, and I took my seat upon the box, by the side of that truly worthy knight of the whip. From him I took, on the occasion, my first lesson in driving, much to the discomfiture of an elderly country gentleman, rude both in health and manners, and an antiquated tabby, who, with a tame cat, two canaries, and a squirrel, were on the front seat. Before I quit the box, I must make a little digression in favour of coaching—now, alas! degenerated, if not nearly extinct. To begin at the beginning, let me remind my readers that coaches were first used at the court of France by Catherine of Medicis. The presidents and councillors of France went to court on mules, horses being only allowed to knights and military characters. Coaches were not then suspended from springs, and the ladies preferred walking, to "riding" in such fatiguing vehicles. They were made with large doors of leather, which let down, and they had only curtains. Had there been glasses to the carriage of Henri Quatre, he might have escaped assassination. That monarch once wrote to Sully, who was in a bad state of health, "I had settled upon going to see you, but I was unable, because my wife took my coach." Bassompierre, under the reign of Louis XIII., was the first who made a coach with glasses. During the minority of Louis XIV., all the gentlemen of the court, who were not prevented by bodily infirmity, rode on horseback. The number of coaches in Paris, in 1658, was

estimated at about 320. Now, that number may be daily seen in the *Champs Elysées*, or any other fashionable drive.

But our limits will not permit us to carry on this subject further than to say that coaching, among gentlemen, flourished in 1809, and the following twelve years. A list of a fashionable driving club, in 1809, may not be uninteresting.

Mr. Charles Buxton (leader)
 Lord Hawke
 Sir John Rogers
 Sir Charles Bampfylde
 Sir Henry Peyton (still flourishing)
 Mr. Polhill
 Hon. Martin Hawke
 Captain Agar
 Mr. Osbaldeston (still flourishing)
 Mr. Harrison
 Mr. Ackers
 Mr. Atkinson

Sir Godfrey Webster
 Sir Bellingham Graham (still flourishing)
 Lord Clinton
 Sir Henry Smith (still flourishing)
 Mr. Peyton (still flourishing)
 Mr., now Lord, Methuen (still flourishing)
 Earl of Portarlington (still flourishing)
 Mr. Spicer
 Sir John Johnstone

The costume, as described in the fashionable journals of the day, was as follows :—Blue coats, buff waistcoats, and the white *Regent's* cord breeches ; hats, with a conical crown and very narrow rim ; great coats, without capes, well padded about the shoulders, to turn off the rain ; the colour, a fawn, or light drab ; buttons plain.

When Byron talked about the age of miracles in which he lived, with its gas, galvanism, &c., he little thought that a few short years would throw the wondermongers of *his* day into an abyss of insignificance. Had any man gone into Boodle's, twenty years ago, and entered a bet, as Brunel did the other day, that he would go from London to Bristol in two hours, he would, assuredly, have been treated as a maniac by his friends, and a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* would inevitably have been issued by his relatives against him ; and if any far-seeing philosopher had even predicted to the late Earl of Derby, that a day would come, when the celebrated races, which bear the names of his title and residence, would be visited by thousands, through the agency of *hot water* alone, his Lordship would, no doubt, have set the philosopher down for a fool or a madman. When the "Derby" and "Oaks" were first established, the use of steam was, probably, limited to the cooking of potatoes ; no one ever dreamed of the possibility of its becoming a substitute for horseflesh ; and even the noble founder of these sports, who lived long enough to witness its power in his own county, little expected that it would be the means of transporting myriads of cockneys to the Downs of Epsom. But stranger things than ever were dreamed of in Hamlet's or Horatio's philosophy come to pass now-a-days, and the "rail" has fairly entered into competition with the "road." Take the Derby day. Instead of mounting the box of a neat drag, the noble, or cockney sportsman (as the case may be) is whirled through cabbage-gardens, asparagus beds, gooseberry plantations, and the thousand patches of esculent vegetables that surround London on all sides ; before he has time to note the difference, green meadows dance before his sight, sallow hayricks seem suddenly endowed with animation, and the furrows in the corn-fields assume a rotatory motion, like the spokes of a carriage-wheel circling round the nave. He hears a sudden rattle, and, glancing upwards,

perceives that he has just shot the arch of a bridge, on which are stationed crowds of people, gaping over the parapet, and swallowing as much smoke as they can catch. The crowds assembled at these places are the only sign that anything is going on. There is none of the straining after effect—none of the resolve to be happy—none of the desperate determination to get there—nothing of the air of fashionable supremacy—nothing of the aspect of resolute vulgarity, that was wont to mark the road to Epsom. High life and low life, the thorough-bred team, the barouche-and-four, the britska-and-pair, the light dennet, the heavy bus, the gaudy van, the hack cab, the tilted cart, and the Whitechapel shay ;—none of these are visible along the ridges of the monotonous embankment ; but, in their stead, a gaunt policeman, a dried-up stoker, or dingy workman, suggesting any ideas but those of amusement and sport.

One brief extract from the report of a meeting lately held at Shrewsbury must conclude our remarks. At a dinner given by the coachmen and guards to the Hon. Mr. Kenyon, that gentleman, in proposing the health of Mr. R. Taylor, coach proprietor, made some interesting statements on the subject of stage-coach travelling. Among others he said—"As a coach proprietor, Mr. Taylor was one of the most spirited in England. He had, at one time, two of the very best coaches that ever ran—the Hironnelle and Wonder. No coach established for itself a higher reputation than the former. On the first of May (the precise year he could not recollect) it accomplished its journey of 120 miles in eight hours and twenty minutes—a speed few coaches could ever boast of. He (Mr. Kenyon) was in Shrewsbury that day, and saw a team of four greys, belonging to Mr. Taylor, enter the town, which had done their nine miles in thirty-five minutes. He recollected that there were two ladies inside the coach, who were informed that as that day was appointed for a trial of strength, they might, if they were frightened at the speed, choose any other conveyance they pleased, and should be forwarded on their journey immediately ; but their answer showed good blood : they said they were not aware that they had come at the great speed they had, and that they preferred going fast. With regard to the Wonder, he himself left the Lion-yard, Shrewsbury, one morning at six o'clock, and was at Islington the same evening at seven o'clock, being only thirteen hours on the road. On that occasion he was driven by four of the best coachmen he ever saw. Another instance of the reputation the Wonder had acquired was given him by his friend Sir Henry Peyton, who had informed him that he had frequently seen persons at St. Albans regulating their watches by the Wonder coach as it came into that town. This was the only instance he had ever heard of a coach regulating the time. It was clear that the coach could not have gained such a name for regularity without good cattle and good coachmen ; and it was to the proprietors they were indebted."

"If," in the words of the admirable Bulwer, "if we have a fault, it is that we are too discursive." Resume we, then, our narrative. Upon my arrival in town, I proceeded without delay to the principal horse-dealers, but saw nothing that would suit. Upon going into Limmer's to ask advice from that hero, immortalized in song, and respected by all who knew him :—

"Whose name is John Collin, head waiter at Limmer's,
At the corner of Conduit-street, Hanover-square,
Whose chief occupation is filling up brimmers,
To solace young gentlemen laden with care :"—

I was unfortunate enough not to find him at home, but taking up a newspaper I found the following advertisement. "To be sold, the property of a gentleman deceased, a dark brown horse, six years old, quiet in harness, undeniable action, and well worthy the attention of any gentleman requiring a superior phaeton horse. Lowest price, sixty guineas. May be seen, and a trial granted, by application at the stables, No. 17, Hart-street, Covent-garden." "Just the thing," I exclaimed: "if I can get him for fifty pounds he will exactly suit me." Off I started to Hart-street, and, upon ringing the bell, was ushered into a somewhat dark stable, by a very respectably dressed groom, in deep sables. "Ah! that I should ever live to see the day," sobbed this dolorous specimen of humanity, "that poor Sancho should be sold—oh! oh!! oh!!!" After indulging in all the luxuries of woe, the groom recovered himself sufficiently to inform me that poor Sancho's master was dead, and that the relatives were "obligated" to part with the faithful trusty animal that had been his comfort to his latest hour. "But take him, and try him yourself, sir," again sobbed the mourner, "but do take care of the poor dumb beast." In the meantime a saddle was placed upon the back of Sancho, and I was again urged to ride him for half an hour, and then try him in single or double harness. I had my foot in the stirrup, and was tendering the trusty groom my assurance that I would take every care of his departed master's favourite steed, when he again burst forth into a lamentation, ending it, however, by a remark that proved, in the depth of his grief, he never forgot the main chance. "You look a gentleman, and are quite the gentleman, I am sure," said he, "but poor master's 'exekitors' gave me strict orders never to let Sancho go out of my sight without a deposit, there is *sitch* a set of swindlers abroad." I commended his prudence, and, going into an adjoining *hotel*, called for pen, ink, and paper, giving a cheque on Greenwood and Cox for twenty pounds, which I left as a deposit.

The male Niobe, all tears, having delivered himself of this oration, I wished him good afternoon, promising to return in less than two hours. I straightway proceeded to Osborne's to try Sancho in harness, but once in the traces no power on earth could get him to move: he kicked and plunged until my patience was exhausted. I returned without loss of time; rang the bell; no reply. After waiting for an hour, a sharp, intelligent waiter, of the Piazza coffee-house, passed me. "Oh, John," I cried, "do make the groom hear, I have nearly pulled down the bell." "What! you ain't been done, my Lord? Why it's Yorkshire Ned, the great horse *chaunter*. The second *flat*—I mean, gentleman—he has taken in within a fortnight; but what was your deposit?" "Twenty pounds." "That's a flea-bite; he did the last, Squire Arable, out of fifty." Ashamed of my deal—I that was Yorkshire, too, by birth, to be done by a countryman of my own was too much—I dreaded the world's laugh, so skulked off to Morris's, sold my new purchase, after deducting auction expenses, for nine pounds, and resolved to profit by my experience. How far I succeeded my readers must judge.

The following day I wrote to poor Dashwood to come up to London to assist me in looking out for a horse. He attended the summons, and we immediately proceeded to a celebrated dealer, then residing in Tottenham-court-road, the most loquacious man I almost ever met. "Ah, gentlemen," said he, "I know what you require—a broad-backed, full-shouldered, thick-withered, wide-breasted horse; short-jointed legs, straight, strong, and well-proportioned—Jem, trot out the chestnut horse—the Wonder of Wonders I call him. Trots fourteen miles an hour, with pleasure to himself, and satisfaction to his driver. See what a picture he is!—handsome as a peacock—all the points a good horse ought to have—countenance cheerful and sprightly, free from heaviness and gloom. Ears thin, small, and evenly set. Face lean, and free from flesh. Forehead broad, and a star as denotes beauty and courage. Eyes black, shining, and not too big. Nostrils small; chest broad, prominent, and muscular. Thighs fleshy and sinewy. Knees close-knit and evenly proportioned. Pasterns strong, straight, and 'rayther' short. Hoofs beautifully formed, smooth, tough, rather long, deep at the heel. Frogs large, spreading, open, and sound. Neck small. Shoulders well backward, coming round with a good sweep, and rising well up to the withers. Tail high, flat, and bending a little inward. There, Jem, walk him gently. A little rough in his coat, gentlemen. Only just up from the straw-yard."

Little did I know then the evil of the straw-yard—this favourite and ungrateful resource, so prevalent among dealers, after the horse has done his work nobly. The nature of straw for long continuance—its entire want of *heart*—is incongenial to the stomach and bowels of the horse; besides which, it makes poor blood by itself, and is little bettered by the coarse hay usually served out in farmers' yards for horned cattle and working teams. This evil, however, might be (though it seldom is) remedied by a couple of feeds of corn *per diem*: after such meager *keep*, the famished animal is taken up by the sapient owner, and immediately put upon full diet. The mischief is then complete. The horse usually comes up with blear eyes, a hectic cough, thin flanks, and thick heels. All which unfavourable symptoms do but increase, upon his being thrown at once upon the full allowance of hay and corn—the heat of the stable contributing its aid in confirming either complaint, if it do not add thereto *farcy* humours, or else a running nose, which may, probably, degenerate into glanders. But to the Wonder of Wonders. After some deliberation, I consented to give fifty-five guineas for him; and, taking a warranty that he was sound, and quiet to drive, desired he might forthwith be sent to the stables of the hotel I was residing at. A fortnight passed, and the Wonder of Wonders improved daily in condition. Epsom week arrived, and he was put into the team, near wheeler. Fortunately he proved steady, for the remaining three consisted of a blind one, a bolter, and a kicker. We left the barracks at Windsor in great style, only *slightly* grazing the barrack-gate. All went well for some few miles, when, at one fell swoop, the Wonder of Wonders went dead lame. "A stone in his foot," said one. "He wants the chiropodist," cried another. "He cuts," added a third. We pulled up; and, sending for the blacksmith, removed his shoe, but nothing would do—he was dead lame; and to proceed to Epsom with him would be impossible. We therefore dis-

patched a groom to Staines, to hire a horse, who returned in about an hour with a pair; the postmaster insisting that, on Derby day, he could not break up his pair, and for which he modestly asked eight guineas. We had no alternative left but to put in the Staines horses at wheel, taking out the kicker, which, for fear of another untoward accident, we made the groom ride after us; and, giving the blacksmith half-a-sovereign to take the wonderful horse back to his stables in Tottenham-court-road, we proceeded on our journey. Upon the following day but one I went up to London, and vented my rage upon the loquacious dealer. "It's nothing," he replied. "Leave the horse with me: I'll put him to rights in a short time. A little stiffness in the coffin-joint. My *vet.*, Fleming, will soon make the Wonder of Wonders sound." I left the horse. Had I seen Mr. Fleming's report, which ran as follows, I should have put up with my first loss, and saved myself the *leech's* bill.

"The stricture, occasioned by a deep crust, and narrow form of the foot, with hard riding, and much ill-usage, has produced ossification of the cartilages of the joint of the foot, termed the coffin-joint, whence stiffness in the part has ensued. This may be considered a spurious ankylosis, and may, by care and attention, be cured.

"JAMES FLEMING, Vet. Surgeon."

One from another, the Sir Henry Halford of the veterinarian faculty, ran as follows:—

"Genuine ankylosis, or stiff joint—incurable."

The result of this affair may be easily anticipated. The dealer patched up the Wonder of Wonders, charging me twenty pounds for medical treatment. I sent him to Bryant's, and sold him for fifteen guineas.

The following is my account:—

DEBTOR		CREDITOR.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To deposit paid to Yorkshire Ned, for Sancho	20 0 0	By cash received for Sancho, at Morris's	9 0 0
To cash paid for the Wonder of Wonders	57 15 0	By cash received for the Wonder of Wonders	15 15 0
To cash paid to Mr. Fleming, vet. surgeon	20 0 0		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	97 15 0		£24 15 0
Deduct	24 15 0		
	<hr/>		
Balance in favour of the dealer	£73 0 0		

By my first deal I lost upwards of a hundred and fifty guineas: by my second nearly seventy-five—a fact that should disarm critics, who must admit that *this* was not a great DEAL worse than my first!

BOULOGNE RACES.

THE death of the lamented Duke of Orleans, felt over all Europe, created deep sorrow in this Angli-Gallican colony of ours. Our places of public amusement are thinly attended, and a universal shadow, spread over France for the last fortnight, seems but now to be slowly dispersing. Yet I have not often been more amused than with the spectacle of this morning (August 11), from the time I consigned myself to the care of a lively friend, who drove us, *three-in-hand*, over the chalk ascents—to which he liberally gave the name of a high road—to that of my return home, broken-backed, and covered with lime, and escorted by a party of *braves militaires*, who seemed part of the show. If amusement be the legitimate translation of sport, and if—albeit, unused to the laughing mood—to be impelled to cachinnatory convulsions be amusement, then, assuredly, French will carry weight over English sporting. The march of refinement has done nothing for the medium rate of Gallic equipages. The whole line of carriages were such as might follow the funeral of a popular Scotch provost in a third-rate provincial town of North Britain. But their style of adornment defied comparison with aught save caricature run mad. Don Quixote's ingenious shifts were nothing to those we witnessed to-day. Poverty had taken up her truckle bed, and walked "to see the sport," lending her aforesaid resting-place to those who could pay three francs a head to sit upon it, while they were tumbled and jolted over the hills by a ghost of a quadruped galvanized for the occasion. Bathing-machines were in request, set in motion by animals of a peculiar species, by my friend yclept *rumped geese*. A few omnibusses filled with the commercial classes—a heavy phaeton or two, of the Louis Dix-huit build—some four-wheeled gigs, and half-a-dozen second-hand turns-out of English ownership, painted red, blue, or Esterhazy, according to the builder's politics—completed our first *coup-d'œil*. But for some twenty or thirty known betting faces and sportsmanlike riders, we might as well have been at Dunkerque fair. However, things were not so unpromising as they looked. Although the horses of his Royal Highness were withdrawn from the meeting, and with them the chiefest sources of betting interest, the preparations of this minor sporting world, I am told, for the last week, have been much after the fashion of the model clock at the Polytechnic—a near approach to perpetual motion. Around the weighing-stand we observed some voluntary and involuntary exiles of turf notoriety. Of the horses to run, Billy Beau, brought over from England by Colonel Charritie, and Mr. Magniac's Tonadilla, betokened something rather better than worse.

Hurdle Race; 500 francs given; entrance, 100 francs; heats, once round; 11 st. 3 lb. each.

Colonel Charritie's Billy Beau

Mr. Deake's Lansquenette

Billy Beau won the first heat easily, and walked over for the second. The winner took his leaps very sportingly.

One of those instances of inhumanity which cast disgrace, by reflection, on a whole nation, occurred after this race. An unfortunate dog, trespassing across the course, was *whipped to death* by brutal *gens-d'armes*, and its carcass dragged, bleeding, along the race-ground.

The next race was for the Pas-de-Calais Stakes, of 1,000 francs; entrance, 100 francs; heats, once round, a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Burton's Miss Exile, by Exile, three years old	..	1
Count d'Hedouville's Rhinoplastic, by Royal Oak, three years old	..	2
Mr. Angle's Black Bess, by Cadland, five years old	..	0
Captain Trim's Frelon, four years old	..	0

All weighed, drew lots for places, and started; bad start; Mr. Burton's Exile, pulling hard, won easy by 100 yards.

Second heat; same; ditto repeated; Miss Exile took it leisurely, and won in an easy canter.

The next *was* an important race, *surely*, as the Americans say.

Maiden Plate; 500 francs; entrance, 50 francs; once round.

Mr. Quick's bay filly, by Darlington, three years old, 100 lb.	..	1
Mr. Burton's bay colt, by Job, two years old, a feather	..	2

Won by the three-year-old, who, being about twice as big as the two-year-old, won by half the course!

The Minister of Commerce Stakes; 2,000 francs; entrance, 200 francs; 50 francs forfeit.

M. M. Lafitte's Leopold, by Royal Oak, three years old	..	1
Count Blaugg's Welldone, by Paradox, three years old	..	2

Welldone fell lame, and was distanced.

King's Plate; 500 francs; entrance, 100 francs; twice round.

This last was a race of some interest, on account of the different weights carried; Frelon being the favourite, and beaten in a canter.

Mr. Magniac's Tonadilla, 85 lbs., carried 88 lbs.	..	1
Captain Trim's Frelon, 102 lbs.	..	2
Mr. Angle's Black Bess, 106 lbs.	..	3

Capital start; Tonadilla took the lead, Frelon going next: they maintained the same places to the end; Tonadilla winning easily by two lengths.

Tuesday, August 16th.—This, the second day, and, probably, altogether the last of Boulogne racing, has not fulfilled the promise of the first. The heat of the weather had, doubtless, its effect on the cavalry as well as on ourselves; a more discouraging appearance than the course presented could not well be conceived. Hogarth, it is true, would have rendered our progress up the hilly mounds to Huitmilles, and beyond, an immortal caricature of human absurdity. Of the company who were lumbering onwards towards the course, three-fourths were children almost in infancy. There were some clinging to the tails of their good-natured companions, the donkeys; some strapped under the carts, with their little, fat, brown feet dangling on the ground, and the rest carried by the good-natured peasantry on their backs, or in their arms, in couples. One party was conveyed, like hotel luggage, on a truck; another, whose name was Legion, ensconced in a covered cart, drawn by a poor devil of a horse, scarce fit to carry his own

skeleton, was actually stopped by a police agent, and compelled to walk its ways; so that without a Cruelty to Animals' Society in the matter of humanity, as in all things else, caprice in France is paramount. I won't say anything about certain whispers touching certain arrangements, because there is a law of libel in your land. I send the events as they actually came off:—

A Hurdle Sweepstakes of 100 francs each, with 500 added; twice round, over six hurdles (three subscribers).

Colonel Charritie's Billy Beau, aged, 154 lb. (Barker)	1
Mr. Drake's Lansquenette, by Langar, aged, 147 lb.	2

The Gold Cup, value 2,000 francs, added to a Sweepstakes of 200 francs, h. ft.; heats, one mile and a quarter (three subscribers).

Mr. Hornsby's Revoke, six years old, 125 lb. (Hornsby)	..	1	1
Colonel Charritie's The Knight, six years old, 125 lb.	..	2	dr.

Steam Packet Stakes of 100 francs each, 20 ft., with 1,000 francs added; heats, one mile and a quarter (four subscribers).

Mr. Burton's Miss Exile, by Exile, three years old, 140 lb. (Flatman)	1	1
Mr. Magniac's Tonadilla, three years old, 140 lb.	..	2 2
Mr. Beaver's Bucelle, by Berman, aged, 134 lb.	..	3 3

The Duke of Orleans' Prize of 1,000 francs; heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Lafitte's Leopold, by Royal Oak, out of Ada, three years old, 100 lb. (Hardy)	..	1	1
Mr. Angle's Black Bass, by Cadland, five years old, 122 lb.	..	2	dr.

The Ladies' Plate of 1,200 francs, added to a Sweepstakes of 100 francs each, h. ft.; heats, one mile and a half (seven subscribers).

Colonel Charritie's The Knight, six years old, 125 lb. (Barker)	1	1
Mr. Drake's Lansquenette, by Langar, aged, 125 lb.	..	3 2
Mr. Bushel's Jenny Jones, six years old, 125 lb.	..	2 dr.
Mr. Magniac's Tonadilla, three years old, 92 lb.	..	4 dr.

Match 2,000 francs.

Colonel Charritie's Billy Beau (owner)	1
Captain Trim's Frelon	2

ELK HUNTING IN CEYLON.

BY A JUNGLE RANGER.

THE morning of the — of May rose as bright as the heart of a sportsman could desire, as we traced the beaten track up the mountain pass, from the Ramboodee Rest House, a place so called, I presume, on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, from its being a foe rather than friend to Morpheus and his votaries. Each stunted tree and broken crag added fresh beauty to this scene of nature. The situation of the field of action where we were to commence our operations against

that species of the deer tribe called the elk, was about midway between the Bungalow of Ramboodee (famed chiefly as the resort of "young couples" during that period, when the epithet of "honey" is applied to the "parish lantern") and Newera Elia, the Neigherries of Ceylon; where, whilst I and my friend are partaking of a frugal repast, I will introduce you to the "pack."

Nine rather emaciated foxhounds, and one polygar (a species of gigantic greyhound), afforded sport this day that a Meltonian would covet. The "field" consisted of W—, myself, and a coolie boy to carry a small but efficacious rifle, and "the bugle," for even in these wilds, old Gloster (the father of the canines) ceased not to recollect the well-known call.

Having concluded our meal, and set the pack to work, the deep tongue of Gloster roused us from our crumbs, and away we bounded into the thick jungle. The track, unbeaten, probably, from creation, lay through the most splendid country that fancy could imagine or eye desire. The gentle undulations of nature grew, by degrees, into deep and fertile ravines; crystal springs issued from the cleft rocks on high, and dashed their refreshing spray over the parched ground; while the full body of water, which rolled, with resistless force, down the mountain side, seemed to form the hollow chasm, on the brink of which we now stood.

"Hark!" cries my friend, with ecstasy;—"old Gloster proclaims the chase at bay!"

The elk of Ceylon differs widely from that described by most naturalists: in height and size it has about the same dimensions as a buffalo calf, with legs which, although possessing great bone and muscle, might vie, for fineness, with those of the fleetest stag. The colour is a dark slate, with the exception of the limbs and head, which resemble the hue (to use a singular comparison) of a camel's-hair pencil; while the hair on the head is much longer than on any other part of the body, except, perhaps, the tail. His antlers are the most conspicuous part of his anatomy for elegance and beauty; they are about two feet high, with two branches on each antler, one shooting forth from the trunk, round which is the knotted circlet denoting age, and the other from within three or four inches of the top. The main branch and the shoots are of a very dark colour, deeply indented, particularly the circlet at the root, and gradually fine off to the top into a point, to which neither dogs nor hunters covet too near approach.

The first bay was of short duration, and did not give us sufficient time to contemplate his noble beauties, or even to regain our breath; but as the dogs had done so, and we were too excited to feel our fatigues, the bound of the elk into the dark thicket was an almost unnecessary signal to renew the sport.

Long was the chase this day, and doubtful the result; for it often happens that the elk, in his native forests, proves more than a match for dogs brought from a distant and more salubrious land, and enervated by the effects of a climate which has thinned nobler ranks than theirs.

Hills rose in succession, and were passed in eager chase; and ravines, deep, rocky, and oftentimes so flooded by the mountain torrent as to threaten a check to our farther advance, followed each other with such increased rapidity, that the flood-gates of nature seemed to have

conspired together to free the native of their soil. But when several of these apparently endless obstructions had been surmounted, and we were plodding our course up the steep ascent of tangled brushwood, again the reassuring sound of Gloster's deep tongue gave a joyful signal of our approach to the object of our pursuit.

After attentively listening for a few seconds, we could faintly hear the deep sound re-echoed on the opposite bank. A short but "killing run" brought us again in sight.

From the giddy pinnacle on which we stood, to the bottom of the chasin, was one mass of rocks, scattered by the hand of nature with careless elegance and profusion. One broad sheet that extended its waters on the whole flat beneath, became at once the loadstone of our attraction. There proudly stood in conscious security our noble game; around him (all splashing in the stream) were ranged the panting hounds, but still none ventured to charge the elk, except the polygar, who once or twice gathered courage to approach within sufficient distance to receive a severe admonition from his wary combatant.

W— and I had at length scrambled from crag to crag over this dangerous descent, and managed, unlike the gallant buck, who bravely faced his foe, to ensconce ourselves behind a favouring rock. Seeing that the elk was still comparatively fresh, while the dogs were jaded, W— prepared the fatal weapon. The piece was carefully examined—fresh priming driven into the nipple—a new cap replaced its predecessor, and a deadly rest made against the side of the rock.

One instant of breathless excitement succeeded these preparations:—another, served the unerring marksman to take aim; and the sharp crack of the rifle was echoed back from a dozen hollow caves, as the noble elk gave one bound, and was again lost in the deep recesses of the jungle.

As the elk left his position, I observed a slight stagger in his generally faultless bound. In an instant I led the way into the jungle, at the same spot where he had disappeared, followed by W— constantly urging the uselessness of pursuit, and deprecating his own unsteadiness. Regardless, however, of his complaints, I redoubled my efforts, and after following the indistinct tract for about ten minutes, we came suddenly in front of a broad pool of blood; "who was right?" was all I could utter ere my friend again took the lead with reassured spirits.

About twenty minutes after the shot was fired, we heard the dogs again at bay, but we could only reach the point of sound by a circuitous route. Arrived at the spot, no elk was visible; the dogs alone were there, baying before a large unwieldy rock: this rock was nearly surrounded by water; and on looking into the mouth of a large cave, of which it formed one side, we beheld our noble elk suspended by his antlers from the roof, in the last struggles of ebbing life. W— ran to the outside to try and discover from the summit of the rock the cause of this singular sight; and while he was gone, I entered the mouth of the cavern. A chill crept over me when I first found that my own entrance had shaded all light from the interior, and nothing was visible save the distended eyeballs of the poor creature glaring in all the fury of expiring revenge upon his destroyer.

Humanity at once prompted me to put an end to his sufferings;

and taking from my pocket a small blade (the only one at hand, our hunting knives having been lost in the chase), by the stealth of the few remaining life-drops in his frame, I closed his career.

W— had, by this time, discovered that, hard pressed by the hounds, the elk must have entered this cavern, and, seeing an opening at the top, intended in that way to elude his pursuers. The fissure proved too small to admit his splendid antlers, and having made a desperate bound to escape the jaws of death, he became ensnared as we found him. The rifle ball I took out of his neck when we had extricated him from his situation.

The dogs (I might with truth add the hunters) were thoroughly *beaten*, and scarcely seemed to care to partake of their share of the booty, when we distributed the dainty bits of the still reeking victim among them.

The head and antlers we bore in triumph back, and they now hang above me as I trace this record of the proud bearing of their owner.

CHOICE FISHING QUARTERS.*

IN July, 1841, Mr. Milford made the tour of Norway, and, having returned, writ a book about it. We were going to have said—of course; but it might have seemed an ill-natured remark; and, moreover, superfluous. The author's cause of travel was a heavy sorrow, which he essayed to divert by change of scene. He says—"I sought the mountain and the cataract—the river and the fiord: nor did I omit to take with me my fishing-tackle, hoping to find in the gentle pursuit of honest Izaak Walton, additional motives for wandering through the fresh meadows, and amid those grave and lonely scenes in which I knew that Norway abounded." The precaution of taking his piscatory paraphernalia we applaud, but its *pendant* about ancient Walton is not to our kidney. Now-a-days, mention cannot be made of a red-herring without a flourish about "the quaint old cruel coxcomb," as Byron calls the mighty angler of old. Why is Izaak Walton always dubbed "honest" by the shoals of small fishers who take his name in vain? Is it to distinguish him from a knavish gentleman, or some roystering gallant of that ilk whilom in indifferent esteem? We are aware of the phrase.

Mr. Milford, arriving off the coast of ancient Scandinavia by the agency of a stiff breeze, "experienced much more of the swell of the North Sea than was agreeable to so bad a sailor." There is no need to enter into particulars, but how stands the fact wherewith he solaces himself under his sufferings? "Sea-sickness is, however, the best of all physic for those constitutions which have strength to endure it." We eschew the topography, political economy, manners, customs, &c.,

* From "Norway and Her Laplanders, in 1841." By John Milford. London: Murray, 1842.

&c., as irrelevant to our design, and hasten to the choice fishing quarters to which he introduces us, stopping merely to correct an error or so by the way; or to offer a commentary *en passant*. Here is an anecdote that, as bold Britons, we cannot but regard as a reflection on the national character. "About a fortnight ago, an English gentleman, named L—, killed thirty-seven salmon in one day, at a place about ten miles from Christiansand, belonging to a lady, the niece of the English Consul, who only gives permission to fish to persons particularly introduced to her. Mr. L— having hooked a large salmon, in playing him, unfortunately fell over a rock, and dislocated his shoulder, and was compelled, in consequence of the accident, to return by the steamer to England." Imagine a brother of the gaff flying from a spot whereat were to be killed thirty-seven salmons in a day, in regard of a beggarly luxation of the shoulder! Had it been our fortune to be placed in such a piscatorial paradise with both arms curtailed from the elbows, would we have given in? No, by imperial Cæsar!* but even, as did bold Widdrington, we would have carried on the war with the stumps.

On his passage to Christiania, our author encounters some persons out of the ordinary average of steam-boaters. "How curious are the characters, and how various the professions of those persons whom you meet with on board a steam-vessel! How different are the objects which they have in view! A man has just entered into conversation with me, who has been sent by Prince Alexander, the second son of the King of Holland, the Duke of Leeds, and several other Englishmen fond of hawking, a distance of 700 or 800 miles, to Jerkin, on the Dovre fæil, for the sole purpose of capturing some Norwegian hawks. He told me he should remain at the last-mentioned spot for a month, and expected to catch about half a dozen of these birds. He was taking some live pigeons with him for this purpose, all the way from Amsterdam to the highest mountain pass in Norway. His method is to build a shed in a wild situation, in which he may conceal himself, and then to confine a pigeon to the ground close to an expanded net; the hawk is attracted to the spot and easily captured. This person had been for twenty years falconer to Lord Bernard, and had lived in Suffolk, but was now employed by a hawking society in Holland. I saw the list of the members. They meet during the months of April, May, June, and part of July of every year. Amongst the names were those of many both of the Dutch and English nobility." Now, here, Mr. Milford is in error. No Lord Bernard ever kept hawks in this country. Major Wilson, subsequently Lord Berners, kept up the most complete hawking establishment, at Didlington, in Suffolk, known in England in modern years, and is the party here alluded to. We must also express our doubt as to the assertion that many of the English nobility are members of a hawking society in Holland. Who are they? And now we have reached Ekker, which the reader is informed is the locality of as choice fishing quarters as we have read of withal.

"August the 21st.—Although we caught upwards of 200 weight of fine salmon in seven days, weighing from seven to twenty-three

* Augustus Cæsar was an eminent fisherman—and (*Hibernice*) so was Cleonatra

pounds each, we were six weeks too late to expect the same glorious sport which four of our countrymen had enjoyed, who left the place a few days after our arrival. They had resided here upwards of two months, and had killed more than 1,000 pounds weight each. Their largest fish weighed no less than forty-seven pounds.

“The sportsman who can spare the time, and has no objection to encountering the rolling floods of the North Sea, will find the Namsen the best salmon-river in Europe, and be fully repaid for any difficulties to which he may have been exposed in getting to it. The Tay, the Tweed, and several other streams, both in Scotland and in Ireland, are strictly preserved, and occasionally offer a good day's sport; but if you reach the Namsen at the proper season there is no surly keeper to warn you off, and the water is so well stocked with fish that your success becomes a matter of certainty. Neither is there much science required to take from 100 lbs. to 150 lbs. of salmon, grilse, and trout in a day. In most of our rivers at home, where the fisherman, of necessity, is stationed on the bank, no slight degree of skill is necessary in throwing the fly to the most ‘likely’ parts; but you can command the whole of the broad and magnificent stream to which I now allude from a boat, which gives you a great advantage, and is a very killing method of fishing. Whenever you see a salmon leap, you immediately row near to the spot, and if you have the right fly you are almost certain of a rise. But when once hooked, if it be a large fish, considerable time and patience are required before it can be brought within reach of the gaff. You now depend chiefly on your boatman in following the salmon either up or down the stream, frequently amongst rocks, and sometimes so close to the Fiskum Foss that there is some danger of the boat being swamped, and no little nerve is required to continue the pursuit. The noise of the cascade, here, is so great, that the human voice can scarcely be heard, and the spray rising from beneath forms a beautiful and continued rainbow;—

‘Nor can the tortured wave here find repose,
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts,
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.’—THOMSON.

“It requires some courage, as I have just remarked, to venture into the pool at Fiskum, where the water forms a dangerous eddy, and renders the management of the boat very uncertain; but your sport makes you forget all risk, and it is difficult for me to convey to my readers an idea of the excitement produced by seeing, occasionally, this part of the river as it were alive, by the leaping of the numerous salmon, from ten to thirty pounds each; indeed, no one but a brother of the angle can enter into the feeling.

“Your two boatmen, to whom you pay about four orts (3s. 4d.) a day, when not on the water, are employed in agricultural pursuits. They expect to have the fish you do not require for your own use, and they divide it amongst the people who live at the three fishing stations, of which the river may be said to consist; namely, at Fiskum, beyond which the salmon cannot go up, on account of the fall at Gartland,

and at Ekker Ferry. For the information of those who may follow me to the Namsen, I should say that there is only room for six rods and as many men, two at each of the before-mentioned villages, where they will meet with the greatest civility, and as good accommodation as a thorough-bred sportsman would wish for. The water the best suited for fishing is not more than from six to eight miles in extent, but this is sufficient for the number of persons I have mentioned, without any risk of their interfering with each other, although they must, of course, try the same pools and runs every day, which is somewhat objectionable. The luxury would be to have the whole stream to yourself; and in such a case you might, probably, kill more salmon here than in any other river of the world. But such a privilege as this can never be expected in future, unless, indeed, you purchase the ground on each side, together with the exclusive right of fishing, which more than one of my extravagant and monopolizing countrymen have contemplated.

“The Namsen was discovered to be full of salmon about ten years ago, since which time it has not been so much fished as to have diminished the sport; but Mr. Belton’s recent publication has so eloquently celebrated its praises, that in future I expect whole cargoes of fishermen will, every season, be brought by the steamers direct from England to Tronjeim, and thence will proceed, in three days, by land, to the Namsen. If so, the glorious sport which it now affords will soon come to an end.

“Those who have once enjoyed such fishing as I have imperfectly attempted to describe, must seek out new rivers to satisfy them; indeed, a gentleman I met with had been spending the last two years in Sweden for this purpose, and informed me that the streams in that country were so full of salmon, that on a bright day hundreds might be seen, but that the water was still and clear, and the fish, generally speaking, would not rise at the fly, but were caught, *proh pudor!* in large wooden traps. Of the correctness of this account I have no doubt, but it can only apply to certain streams in Sweden; and there are others, both in that country and in Norway, which have never been fished, and where, consequently, the efficacy of an artificial fly still remains to be ascertained.

“Nothing in the shape of tackle can be procured in Norway; it will, therefore, be necessary for the angler to take with him the following articles:—

“One hundred and twenty yards of *oiled silk line* of the best quality, which Eton, of Crooked Lane, London, will supply, and which was used, without once breaking, by two of our countrymen, on the Namsen, who, I have previously stated, killed so large a weight of fish; whereas we lost many fine salmon, which carried off portions of our weak lines, together with the collar and fly, a sad mortification, which I should wish others to avoid. The fish are both heavy and strong, and the best tackle is required; an eighteen foot rod, the top joint to splice; a simple rod to correspond; a two-handed trout rod and reel; a couple of strong gaffs, made of wrought iron; four dozen salmon flies; four dozen smaller flies, for grilse and trout; six casting lines; some minnow tackle; some hooks, and materials for making your own flies. These last are, as every fisherman knows, most *important to ensure success.*

“ We found a gaudy red fly, made of worsted and gold twist, with grey drake wings, the most killing in the morning and during the middle of the day, and a white moth, composed of silver twist, with black worsted body, the best of an evening, as the most easily seen by the fish; but when salmon are inclined to sport they will rise at almost any fly. Evatt, of Warwick-street, has the reputation of turning the best flies, and, as far as our experience went, we found him deserving of it.

“ The following articles are also indispensable for the traveller's comfort:—A hammock, a pair of blankets, and a cotton bag, as a protection from musquitoes; two shooting or fishing suits, three pairs of strong shoes, &c. &c., with boots to cover the whole of the leg and thigh; some pocket knives, scissors, and needles, as presents for the natives; a certain stock of provisions must not be forgotten; ship biscuits and portable soup must be brought from England, as well as good tea and sugar; but excellent French brandy, at two shillings and sixpence a bottle, sherry at a moderate price, well-flavoured hams, rice, &c., may be procured at Tronjeim. If you omit to provide yourself with these, your diet on the Namsen will be almost confined to fish and coffee.

“ July and August are generally considered the best months for fishing in Norway, but this year the season was unusually early, and we arrived too late, as the salmon had risen most freely in June and July; at that time, however, the weather was so hot, and the sun so bright and scorching, that those sportsmen who preceded us were obliged to lay down their rods for some hours in the middle of the day, and repose on the bank of the river, finding the siesta as requisite in these northern latitudes as it is in Spain or Portugal.”

With the following interesting anecdote, illustrative of the “more than reason” of instinct, we close our notice of this unpretending volume, which will well repay the trouble of perusal. If it is not remarkable for any startling novelties—social or philosophical—it is, at all events, wholly without the shadow of offence.

“ The Lapps have a peculiar breed of dogs; they are small, but very sharp and intelligent, and strongly resemble a fox in their general appearance. Of the sagacity and value of these dogs Von Buch mentions a striking instance which occurred in the winter of 1806. A Lapland mountaineer sent his two children a distance of seven or eight miles, to one of those grassy spots where vegetation appears to go on under the snow during the whole winter; the boys scratched up the snow, filled their nets with grass, and hastened back; but in descending from the fieldt, or mountain, they were both buried under an immense mass of snow, an avalanche in miniature, which rushed down into the valley; their dog, one of this breed, which had run on before them, returned to the spot where they were completely buried under the snow, and kept scratching so long and so vigorously at it, that at last one of the boys was able to get out. He immediately sought for his brother, but not in the right place; the instinct of the dog succeeded better; he found out the exact point, and unintermittingly dug at it, till at last he uncovered the other boy also, who was lying on his face, unable to assist himself.”

THOUGHTS ON RACING STOCK.

BY CHIRON.

(Continued from page 101.)

HAVING now given such hints respecting breeding horses as have appeared to me requisite to guide the judgment of those who are engaged in this pursuit, and to lead their minds to the contemplation of those calculations which are essentially necessary to the production of first-rate stock, instead of trusting, as people too frequently do, to chance or good fortune, I shall proceed to make a few general remarks upon the mode of treatment that seems to me most likely to ensure the growth, health, and vigour, of the young colt or filly, and shall then notice the system of training best adapted to the evolution of the greatest degree of muscular power of which they are susceptible.

While suckling, the growth of the foal must, of course, be promoted through the medium of the dam; and, for this purpose, she must be kept on a generous diet, consisting, when they are to be obtained, of the most nutritious natural or artificial grasses, as clover, lucern, tares, rye-grass, &c., together with a small quantity of good oats: should the foal be dropped (as is frequently the case, and indeed generally so, with respect to blood stock) so early in the season that these articles of diet are not obtainable, the best substitute for them will be found to be carrots, parsnips, Swede turnips, and other esculent roots of a similar nature; but some of these should not be given for any considerable time without a change, as they not unfrequently produce diuresis, the action of the kidneys in these instances diminishing the activity of the lacteal vessels, and, in some measure, impairing the secretion of milk. For some days after foaling the mare should be kept in a loose box, or under an open shed, according to the state of the weather, both in order that she may recover from the immediate effects of parturition, and that her offspring may acquire some little strength to accompany her when at grass. Here she should be suffered to remain in perfect quietude and repose, secured from interruption or excitement of any kind, as at this period she is peculiarly susceptible to outward impressions, and any unusual noise, the visits of many people, or the approach of dogs or cattle, render her irritable and uneasy, and create a continual watchfulness and feeling of apprehension which are prejudicial to the flow of milk into the udder, and may, in some irritable constitutions, be productive of more serious mischief.

When first turned out to grass, it is advisable to place her in a small paddock where she and her foal may be quite alone; as some mares, when turned into a park or large piece of pasture land, are given to roam about, unmindful of the foal's inability to keep by their side, and, if the herbage be scant, are continually on the move, and will not stand to be sucked; so that the foal, by continued attempts to seize

the dug, at length renders it sore, the mare becomes fretful and impatient, and her offspring weaker and weaker from its fruitless pursuit of that nourishment which it cannot obtain in sufficient quantity to sustain the efforts required of it in following the dam. This is particularly the case where other horses are at large in the same park or pasture, as they are apt to tease the mare, and make her continually shift her quarters. It is surprising how soon a young foal acquires strength where the dam's milk is abundant and of good quality. I have more than once seen a poor weakly foal, that was quite unable to stand on its legs, and was forced while sucking to lean against the dam, begin to frisk and play after getting a good bellyful of milk; and lately noticed a very promising little blood colt-foal, only a few days old, that was staggering along the road from a paddock to a yard at a short distance, where it was kept at night with its dam, and which, getting under the wheel of a gig, was very nearly killed, so weak and helpless was the little animal; and yet, two days after, to my surprise, I saw it galloping round its paddock, and stretching itself out in a style that promised great future excellence—so quickly does a generous supply of that aliment provided for their sustenance increase the powers of animals in a state of nature.

The young colt should be early habituated to man, and, when in a shed, yard, or box, should be gently handled and caressed; care being taken that nothing be ever done to frighten or startle him. When a few months old, he should be made to wear a headstall, by which he may easily be held while he is patted and made much of, his legs handled, his feet taken up, and his body occasionally lightly wiped over or brushed with a soft brush, in order to accustom him early to the treatment which he will afterwards have to be subjected to. When able to pick up his own food, although still with the dam, he should be turned into a large piece of upland pasture, where the herbage is short and sweet, and where clumps of trees here and there may afford him shelter from the sun or rain. Hovels or sheds should be erected in convenient spots, but the shade they afford is not to be compared with that of trees, as they are hot and close, and seldom voluntarily entered by young stock, except in very wet weather, when it is injudicious to suffer them to lie out. Although averse from bringing up young animals in too tender a manner, I never can believe that they can be benefited by being made to rough it in all seasons, and to bear equally the heat of a glowing sun or the chill of a November night. While the nights are mild, clear and dry, young colts on sound upland pasture may with great propriety be left out day and night; but in low, marshy meadows, the mist that arises from the earth after the sun has set, entirely covers their bodies when they lie down, and by chilling the surface diminishes the quantity of blood circulating in the skin, and, consequently, causes either congestion, or absolute inflammation, of some internal part. This is more particularly the case where the grass is luxuriant, and the young animal is induced to feed to repletion. He then lies down with his stomach distended, which, by pressing upon the diaphragm or midriff, diminishes the capacity of the chest, and, consequently, impedes the free circulation of the blood through the lungs. Hence the quantity of blood arterialized, or, if I may so express myself, rendered vital, by its passage through these

organs, is less than at other times ; the action of the heart is impeded, and those parts most remote from it receiving but a limited supply of blood, the internal parts are distended by an undue proportion of this fluid, and their natural functions thereby either vitiated or for a time suppressed. These effects frequently repeated cause, in the end, either total disorganization of some structure, chronic inflammation, or a general unhealthy state, evinced by a staring coat, a swollen belly, and divers symptoms of debility. Nor are these the only reasons why low meadows abounding in succulent grasses are injurious to young stock ; for, in such situations, they are at all times capable of filling their bellies without exertion, and their lives are, therefore, passed alternately in gorging themselves, and then lying down to recover from the effects of repletion. On the other hand, a colt turned out on dry, sound, upland pasture, where the herbage is short, not too succulent, and, if anything, rather scanty than abundant, is made to work for his living, and compelled to take considerable exercise before he can fill his stomach and satisfy his hunger ; nor is his food of that rich and juicy description that so frequently, when easily obtained, occasioning too great a supply of blood, leads to staggers or megrims, diseases to which the high-fed colt at grass is peculiarly obnoxious, from the position of the head while grazing.

Thus, then, by a judicious choice of feeding ground, at one period, for the mare and foal, while the latter is too weakly to undergo much exertion, and his aliment depends upon the quantity and quality of milk he obtains ; at another, for the latter principally, when he is capable of taking considerable exercise, is the muscular power, the growth, general health and vigour of the young colt promoted at a period when forcing him to anything like exertion by any other means is out of the question. It is advisable to leave the mare and foal together as long as possible, as both of them will pine and fret for some time when separated early, and the foal, moreover, generally thrives better while under the care of the dam ; but if the latter be again in foal, the young colt should be taken from her so soon as she has quickened, which, I believe, will be about the end of the fourth month of gestation, as, after that period, the foetus will be deprived of its proper nourishment by the mare continuing to suckle. When first separated, a companion should, if possible, be found for the colt, which will the more speedily cause him to forget the loss of the dam.

When the colt is a year old, a halter should occasionally be passed through his head-stall, and he should be led about and accustomed to behold objects with which it is desirous he should become familiar. At first he will, probably, plunge and throw his head about in the attempt to obtain his liberty, and while doing so must not be coerced, but, on the contrary, treated with the utmost kindness, and coaxed into quietude and obedience. So soon as he will freely follow the man who leads him, he should gradually be taken from the field or park, first into by-lanes, and afterwards into more frequented places ; so that he may not, at a future period, while being broken in and trained, start or shy at the usual sights that are to be encountered in the roads or streets.

These preliminary precautions being taken against the risk of

future accidents, when the time arrives at which, according to the nature of his engagements, it is necessary to commence the operations of backing and breaking, he must be gradually accustomed more and more to the confinement of a stable or box, which should be extremely well ventilated; otherwise the sudden change from a life passed in the open air to one in a situation where but little is admitted, will, if it produce not absolute disease, at all events give rise to languor and debility, occasioned by an imperfect admission of atmospheric air into the lungs, by which the blood is rendered fit to carry on the different healthy secretions of the body. At every inspiration a large portion of atmospheric air is deprived of one of its principal constituents, oxygen, and becomes in that state unfitted for carrying on animal life; consequently, the necessity of a free admission of pure air into a stable must at once be evident to the least thinking person.

The mode of training a race-horse is by most people supposed to be an affair of as much mystery as were, in the olden time, the dark ceremonies of the temple of Eleusis, and known only to jockeys and trainers—the high priests of the craft; but such is in fact far from being the case, as any one, well acquainted with the usual treatment of horses, may, with care and attention, bring any horse, whether a racer or not, to the highest pitch of physical power which he is capable of attaining. Grooming, clothing, diet, exercise, and physic, when requisite, are the points principally to be attended to in training any horse; and if taken proper advantage of, and used with just discrimination, will eventually bring any horse into the greatest possible state of health and vigour. But little need be said here on the subject of grooming, as every one who has been possessed of horses knows full well the degree of attention they require in this particular; but with respect to clothes, a very erroneous idea generally prevails that thorough-bred horses require not only to be kept warm but hot, and with this view they are generally covered with a multiplicity of rugs, blankets, quarter-cloths and hoods, their box is carefully closed to prevent the slightest admission of air, except in warm weather, when, perhaps, a revolving window over the door is partially opened, and they are thus compelled to live in a heated and unnatural atmosphere, while they are themselves constantly in a state approximating to perspiration, until by habit they become accustomed to bear a load of clothes, without which they would feel chilly and uncomfortable. But this sensation of cold, when but moderately clothed, is the result of debility engendered by being pampered and nursed with too great care; all which superabundant tenderness it is supposed will enable them at some period to make one great effort, when, if successful, it matters not much whether they afterwards remain in good health or not. Such over-nurture is based upon the most erroneous principles, and the foundation of all errors of stable management is to be attributed to the want of a free circulation of pure air through loose boxes and stabling of every description. Those men who are most particular with respect to cleanliness, so that the air in a stable may not be contaminated by the effluvia arising from dung or urine, think that, by removing such impurities, they have done sufficient for the well-being of the animals under their care in the one particular of pure air; but in this, ignorant as they are of the action of the atmosphere upon the

blood at every inspiration of any living being, they are most grossly mistaken. The blood, in its passage through the lungs, is presented to the action of the atmosphere, which, operating upon it through the thin structure of the air-cells, effects a chymical change, without which life could not be supported for any length of time. It is unnecessary here to give a more elaborate description of the nature of this change, which renders venous or dark-coloured blood, arterial or florid, and thus provides it with materials necessary to carry on the different functions of the animal economy. Suffice it to say that, were venous blood alone to circulate through the system for a very short time, apoplexy would be the immediate result; and, therefore, if at every inspiration the atmospheric air is, as I have said, deprived of one of its constituent parts, where the circulation of pure air is limited, a certain portion of the blood must, after a time, be but imperfectly arterialized. Now, since, were it to remain wholly venous, apoplexy would speedily ensue from the want of that proper stimulus to the brain which arterial blood can alone impart, it is not difficult to imagine how great a deficiency of nervous energy, which has its principal origin in the brain, must be induced by a partial deprivation of fresh air. Warmth, or caloric, is supposed to depend mainly upon the nervous system. Feel the leg or arm of a paralytic man, and you will find that they are some degrees colder than their fellows. What is the deduction to me made from this fact? Plainly this; that if you reduce nervous energy by an improper supply of fresh air, you produce a sensation of chilliness, the remedy for which, instead of being an extra supply of blankets and rugs, should be open windows, and good friction of the body with dry cloths, brushes, or wispes, and plenty of exercise in the open air.

Should any person, who has been in the habit of keeping his stables and boxes carefully closed, be induced by this explanation to alter his system, let him not, however, do so in a hurry; for blood horses, that have been rendered tender by too much care, are ticklish animals to treat in extremes; and though a free admission of fresh air into a stable can never do them harm, still they may require an extra cloth until, by proper treatment, they acquire additional vigour, as no animal can thrive so long as it feels cold or chilled.

It is, perhaps, not going too far, to say that more than half the loose boxes throughout England are, at this moment, unprovided with any internal aperture by means of which a current of fresh air may be constantly made to circulate through them. The revolving window over the door, of which I have spoken, is, generally, the only means by which the external air is admitted, and for that purpose is, probably, sufficient; but this is almost invariably closed at night, if allowed to remain open by day; and as a horse at every inspiration inhales several cubic inches of air, he cannot remain during the night in a close shut box, without being made to respire, over and over again, a certain portion of that air which has already been received into the lungs, and which, after a certain time, is very partially regenerated by coming in contact with what has not been breathed, or such as can make its way into the box through the key-hole, or any other such trifling aperture as may by chance exist. Every person must have experienced the languor and lassitude which almost invariably

ensue upon passing the night in a very small bed-room, into which pure air cannot make its way ; and if he be in the habit of constantly lying in such a room, will speedily find his health considerably deteriorated by it. How, then, can a horse that passes the greater portion of his existence, while in training, in a box, frequently much smaller than the smallest bed-room, be expected to thrive and retain his vigour, when we reflect that he consumes a quantity of the vital principle of the atmosphere so many times greater than that consumed by man ? Shut a man up for several hours of the day and night in a small room, of dimensions, as to his size, proportioned to those of the generality of loose boxes to that of a horse ; take him out to exercise twice a day, and let him be regularly fed, and every other attention paid to him, will he remain in good health and spirits, and will his stamina be as perfect as though, with sufficient clothing, he were made to pass the greater portion of his time in the open air, and were never deprived of a liberal supply of it by night or by day ? The question requires no answer ; and yet, conscious as we all are of the injury inflicted on ourselves by breathing an impure atmosphere, there are few grooms, or masters of horses, who do not make a regular custom of carefully closing every aperture in a stable by night, and not a few of them who do so by day also.

Loose boxes, and stabling of every description, should invariably be supplied with a chimney, or some other internal aperture by which a free current of fresh air may be made to circulate at all times, without producing a draught in such a direction as may be injurious to a horse ; and if, at certain periods of the year, the stable be rendered cold by its admission, extra clothes and flannel bandages, if requisite, are the means to be employed ; but never, on any occasion, a total exclusion of fresh air, without which no animal whatever can remain in good health for any considerable length of time. Habituate a horse to breathe at all times pure air, and whether it be cold or not, provided his body and legs be kept warm, it will never do him harm ; but a horse that has been tenderly reared, and made at all seasons to respire a warm and adulterated atmosphere, will take cold if air at a low temperature be suddenly admitted into his stable for any considerable time ; and the cause of this again is debility—that general debility of the nervous system by which a languid circulation of the blood, and a deficiency of animal heat, are engendered, incapable of repelling the effects of exposure to the air below a certain degree of temperature. If, under these circumstances, clothing in quantity sufficient to keep up the heat of the body be used, the lungs must, at all events, be exposed to the atmosphere, which, being their natural excitant, may produce, in horses too tenderly nursed, cough, or other disease of those organs ; thereby showing that they are, from improper treatment, rendered incapable of supporting the effects of that stimulant which Nature provided for their health and well-being. Let it never be forgotten that, while a comfortable feeling of warmth is necessary to keep up a proper and equable circulation of the blood, the inhalation of pure air is no less so for the purpose of imbuing it with those qualities essential to animal life.

The preceding observations are applicable to horses of every age, while confined in a stable. Those which I have now to make, on the

subject of feeding, are not equally so. The young racer, even while at grass, will be benefited by a daily allowance of corn, proportioned to his age and to the nature of the herbage on which he is pastured. At those seasons of the year when grass is plentiful and nutritious, if he be left out all day, there can be no necessity whatever for feeding him with corn while very young, as this would only be tempting him to eat when he was not hungry, and, by distending the stomach, would weaken that organ. But, if he be taken up from grass for some hours in the middle of the day, while the sun is hot and the flies are troublesome, then a quartern of good oats may, with advantage, be given him, once or twice, according to the time he is kept up. For very young stock half this quantity will be sufficient at a time, and, being more nutritious than grass, will naturally tend to increase their growth, and the perfect development of every part—a point of much importance, when we consider at how early an age a vast number of them are put in training, and called upon to make their *début* in public. Indeed, without corn when young, it is very questionable if they could ever be brought to undergo the trials of which they are expected to be capable when two years old, or a little later. If they be gradually accustomed to a larger proportion of oats, and are turned out for only a few hours in the day, there will seldom be any necessity, when they are taken up entirely, for the purpose of being broken in, for those physickings and bleedings of which so many people are advocates, and who imagine that without them no horse can be made to thrive. Except in certain cases of grossness, a few bran mashes will have the desired effect of getting rid of any offensive matter in the intestines, and the less physic young animals of every kind take the better.

While in constant work, the daily allowance of corn to any horse should not be less than from four to six quarterns of sound, clean oats, from nine to twelve months old, and weighing at least forty pounds, or more, per bushel. With this may be given one truss of sweet, fragrant, well-made, and old hay, per week, in equal daily proportions of eight pounds, or thereabouts, which will be quite sufficient for any horse required to do fast work. The exact allowance of food to different horses must be regulated by the judgment and experience of the trainer, according to their condition and constitutional powers. It would be absurd to lay down any exact rule for the quantity of hay and corn to be given to every horse, as some are shy and bad feeders, others greedy and voracious; one will thrive upon an allowance that would half starve another, and not a few are required to be kept, to all appearance, in rather low condition, or fine-drawn, as it is termed, for the purpose of enabling them to undergo continued exertion, while many will not bear any very considerable loss of flesh without a proportionate loss of power. Hence the discrimination of the trainer must be constantly employed in justly balancing the food and exercise of every horse under his care, and in ascertaining, by unremitting observation, and trials of various kinds, the nature of their different constitutions, and the degree of exertion they are capable of enduring without fatigue and consequent loss of condition.

Regularity in the hours of feeding is almost as necessary to health as is the consideration of the quantity of food to be given at each meal. If a horse be fed four times in the day, which is a much better plan

than to feed less often and more abundantly at each feed, then not less than four hours should be suffered to elapse between each meal, for the stomach will require, at least, this time to enable it to digest its contents; and during this period, if he be loose, he should be made to wear a muzzle, in order to prevent him from eating his litter, which many foul-feeding horses are extremely apt to do. The greater portion of his hay may be given him at his last meal, as he will then have the whole night to digest what he eats, and much hay in the day time would incapacitate him from going through quick work. Some horses of weak constitutions cannot be brought to the proper point of condition without a small allowance of beans occasionally. These are, principally, lengthy, herring-gutted horses, as they are called, that are apt to scour, and whose dung is generally loose and washy—an evil that may arise either from naturally weak stomach and bowels, or from some irritating substances in the intestines, which may frequently be removed by injections, such horses being but ill adapted to undergo the operation of strong purgatives. Other horses, again, of a trussy make, and hardy constitution, will require frequent bran-mashes, or dry bran mixed with their oats, in order to preserve their bowels in a healthy state, and prevent the accumulation of fat; but these matters are so generally known to those who have had much to do with horses, that it would be useless to dilate further upon them, as those who are incapable of forming a correct opinion upon a point so easily distinguished cannot be deemed proper persons to set up for trainers of race-horses. With respect to the administration of purgatives, for the purpose of reducing the quantity of fat in the body, and improving condition, I shall have some remarks to make presently, but they will not apply to the use to be made of them in actual disease. As my object is to point out the *principles* upon which a horse should be trained, and not the minutæ of the treatment he should be subjected to, I shall, perhaps, in a future paper, be able to show not only that the everlasting doses of physic that are by many deemed requisite to keep a race-horse up to the mark, are highly objectionable, but likewise that the necessity for their constant employment may be obviated by other means calculated to produce the same ends without injury to the constitution.

THE PROSPECTS OF SPORT FOR THE PRESENT MONTH.

THE reports from all quarters as to the abundance of game of every species, and more especially of hares and partridges, are full of pleasant anticipation, and of exhilaration to the sportsman. The fine weather, during March and April, ensured the safety of the young leverets up to the age at which they were capable of contending with storms. Of these storms we have witnessed fewer this unprecedented English summer than usually fell to our lot. Throughout the season

that pheasants and partridges were laying and sitting, the weather was equally favourable, as also at the principal hatching time.

With good dogs and tolerable shooting, the sportsman's anticipation of a full bag, where any birds were left for stock in the last season, is pretty sure of realization. It will be borne in mind that the continual rains of the past year were sadly fatal to the young birds, and the breed throughout England, with very few exceptions, was never of so little worth. Last September, the writer was shooting over a well preserved manor in Bedfordshire, for the first fortnight. In tolerably good seasons the number bagged was generally from twenty to thirty brace. On this occasion seldom more than from six to seven brace were brought in, and these chiefly old birds. Hares were more plentiful, as the spring was dry, and they were strong and well on the wing before the summer rains set in. Woodcocks were, however, more abundant in most parts of England last year than for several previous ones, as well as snipes, and were found unusually early. This season we have everything on our side—continued fine weather, indications of abounding game, a good plant of turnips and rape, without which, after the few first days in the open countries (which are, generally speaking, most favoured with partridges), the shooting is of little worth, as the birds become so wild as to yield small sport indeed. Thus we have remarked in our experience of several years' shooting in the open fields of Wiltshire, that when the turnip crops fail, then partridge shooting is indifferent; and for this reason, that no other cover is to be found good enough to hold the birds in the neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain, unless where the gorse is abundant, or in the few thin hedges scattered here and there. But when the turnips and rape are strong, the shooting in this country is of the best.

Give a man but good health, a brace of good pointers, a steady pony, and one of Lancaster's doubles, and, if his hobby be that most delightful of all sports—partridge shooting, he may mount it at full swing without risk of a tumble while sporting in this vicinity, for we must say, though we have shot and have partaken of field sports in many different counties, we have *nowhere* met with greater liberality with regard to leave to sport than in the county of Wilts.

THE APPROACHING ST. LEGER.

BY "CRAVEN."

"You rub the sore
When you should bring the plaister."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE motto prefixed to this paper is not to be regarded in the light of a maxim about to be used as a beacon whereby the writer is warned from an inconvenient course. I quote it as anticipatory of the obser-

vations which the reader will probably make upon my article, and, in that wise, seize the opportunity it affords for declaring the head and front of my offending. Suppose it were in my power to put before you the results of the great northern race as distinctly as you will possess them after the event is decided, should I really oblige you by so doing? Nothing of the kind—no mortal murder is half so heinous as the killing of hope in cold blood. Gentle reader! I meditate no such treason against you. I will, to the best of a poor ability, open the case, whose issue shall presently be decided at Doncaster; and, inasmuch as it concerns your weal or woe, I supplicate for ye a good deliverance.

The Great St. Leger is by no means a race of the ordinary character. It brings out the three-year-olds at a period of the season when the majority of them are known by their fruits. The Newmarket Craven Meeting probably disposes of some of its nominations, and, by the time that Goodwood is past, public opinion, by means of its truest expression, public betting, generally votes it a foregone conclusion. For example, we will take a five years' average of the odds, including the current season. In 1838, Don John was backed at 13 to 8; in 1839, Charles XII. at 6 to 4 *on him*; in 1840, Launcelot at 7 to 4; in 1841, Coronation at 7 to 4; and now Attila at 6 to 4. They made a mistake last year, indeed; but for all that, it is enough to cool the courage of the stoutest, to see the way the Tykes have latterly picked out the winners. In fact, last year's mistake did not extend to the northerners, for, almost to a man, they backed Satirist, and pocketed the spoil.

We will now examine the prospects of the last great three-year-old race of the season, and this with the better appetite, because, during the past month, the turf has been almost barren of interest. August is always more remarkable for the quantity than for the quality of its sport. It falls between the harvests, and, consequently, advantage is taken of the convenience thus afforded for races in the rural districts. The best meeting it produced was Wolverhampton; for Brighton and Lewes are no longer the ghosts of what they were. At Wolverhampton, the best thing was the handicap; and where they cannot do better than offer a premium for mediocrity in the matter of Olympics, it strikes me that bad is the best. Well, here we are, within some ten or a dozen days of Doncaster Races, and how stands the cynosure of their interest—the Great St. Leger. Less money certainly has been invested on it, in the metropolis, since Epsom, than I have frequently seen laid out upon a ten-pound handicap. Like his predecessor, Coronation, the winner of this year's Derby was at once declared to be invincible—and to get on about him for the Leger, at any price, was forthwith regarded as realizing the precise amount wagered. Let us recapitulate his claims. Attila was the second best two-year-old of his year. Chatham was the best. He started four times—always in tolerable fields, and was never beaten. This year he came out in the First Spring Meeting for a Sweepstakes, in which he beat Palladium and the Devil-among-the-Tailors in a canter. He then ran for the Derby, beating a very strong field as he pleased; and last, at Goodwood, was defeated in the Drawing-room Stakes by Envoy and Sea-horse. For these he carried 8 lbs. extra, over a severe

course, and was only beaten in the last few strides. The performance was not calculated to injure his northern pretensions by its result—but I think otherwise of its effects.

If a man desire to win Derby and Leger with one horse, certainly the way to go about it is not to hazard a chance. To run him, under any possible circumstances, between Epsom and Doncaster, must be the height of imprudence. But how has the indiscretion operated in the present instance? Since his defeat at Goodwood, Attila has been a better favourite than before! Thus it ever is—let Motley lead the way, and he shall never want disciples to don cap and bells, and run after him. When, two-and-forty years ago, Champion won Derby and Leger, in the latter race, at all events, he could not have met a very formidable lot, as, of the ten that started, all were placed. Should Attila break the charm again, lightly as I esteem his contemporaries, he will do more than I am prepared to give him credit for. I went north to see Plenipo dissolve the spell; again, in the assurance that Coronation was the magician. How will it fare with the third time?

Among the many tolerable three-year-old winners, none is found so worthy—next to the crack—as Policy, on account of his defeats. No doubt, his Goodwood Cup running was of a high character. Glencoe was the only three-year-old that ever won that prize: none ran a better second for it than he who gained that place this year. The form in which he shook off Fireaway was the great feature in that performance. It is proper to observe, that the fact of The Squire having been ten lengths behind them both, was no criterion, inasmuch as it was not till the last moment that it was determined he should go at all. He was dead amiss; and, though I never thought him good enough to win, I never supposed him—if fit to run—bad enough to be where he was.

The most dangerous animal in the race is Fireaway. It is manifest that the running of our own stock has, this year, been below the average; while the Irish horses have been in extraordinary force. The Liverpool St. Leger was as good a trial as the year has produced. Should ALL be right with him on the day, I'll back him to be first round the Red House turn, and first past the judge's chair, for a trifle on both events.

Sea-horse is about as good a favourite as Policy and Fireaway—12 to 1 being the current value of each. He began the world, like Phosphorus, by winning the Rowley Mile Plate—but there the comparison ends. He was not half good enough to pull through the Derby, though, according to Colonel Peel's evidence, on a recent sporting trial, they had tried him to be a first-rater. His Goodwood performance is generally regarded as his best; but unless he can do better, he will not win the Leger. Moreover, Doncaster seems not to suit Newmarket horses: only two or three south country horses, of any district, have won the Leger, within my memory.

There appears a strong disposition to support another of the Irish lot just now—and if a two-year-old form be a recommendation, Ballinkeelee deserves friends. He carried everything before him at the Curragh, last year, and I think he will see a better day on this side the channel than has yet fallen to his lot. People say he has been running under a cloud of anticipated handicaps—but one must not

mind all that's reported. He looks like a goer; we must "bide his time."

Cabrera will meet the favourite so far on equal terms that "he is Yorkshire too." He was the most troublesome customer that Attila met at two-years-old; and, moreover, being a troublesome customer in another sense of the word, was subjected to an operation confined, in Europe, to quadrupeds, but, in the East, used as a remedy for unruliness in bipeds also. His *rest* will be all in his favour; that is to say, the absence from work—though "unwelcome ease."

The outsiders now come thick upon us. Cattonite, with a very small circle of friends, is another of the 20 to 1 party. He won once, and was beaten twice, at two years old; and subsequently did nothing of mark. Rosalind! Golden Rule, Eboracum, Priscilla Tomboy, and the Artful Dodger, were each at 25 to 1 at the close of the month. For their histories, and all that they did, the reader must inquire for himself, as there are others which, though in the market "they never mention them," claim the little space that remains for this slight analysis of the Leger field.

Meteor, poor Meteor!—

"Bright, brief, and glorious was thy young career!"

Surely it was no common achievement for the mountaineer to descend from his rugged home, among the stern, wild hills of the north, to win the primest guerdon of our southern turf. But the victor of the Two Thousand is no more thought of; his strength has departed from him; his limbs are feeble: why should flesh fail before spirit? Combermere "opened well at Chester," as the histrionics call it. He also made a strong demonstration at Epsom; and one of the most experienced Jockeys that rode for the Derby, told me he was more afraid of him than any horse in the race till he was clear of Tattenham Corner. He did go, as far as he went, no doubt, at an uncommon *bat*; but, being pumped out, he, of course, was done for—as nature abhors a *vacuum*. I cannot tell why nobody fancies him "at any price:" he likes me better than many in the market. "The Agreeable horse"—as the wits at Tattersall's were accustomed to demonstrate the son of a sire so called, whose dam was by Sam, out of Morel—was one of those nominations for the late Derby that used to come into the Subscription-room "like spirits," and "so depart." I know nothing of him, neither of Moss Trooper, another of the mysterious division. Auckland hath departed like a Meteor; his career was a bright one, though crossed by cloud and storm. They say we shall see him no more: is that so certain? or that all his gentle companions "are faded and gone?" Will not Candahar show?—neither William de Fortibus?

Over and above this respectable company, no doubt there will be the outpourings of some aspiring yeoman's stables, so that it is as probable there will be a good field, as it is certain "we shall be there to see."

CRICKETING.

KENT AGAINST ENGLAND.—The return match of this, the greatest contest of the season, commenced on Monday, the 1st, and terminated, after some of the most splendid play recorded in the annals of the bat and ball, on Thursday, the 4th ult., in favour of England, with nine wickets to spare. As the principal object of these notices is, that they may serve as tables of general reference, rather than that they should furnish details of events previously given in the daily and weekly organs of news, we shall be forgiven if, in the majority of instances, at all events, our reports are confined to results. The following was the conquering score of Kent against England; and its analysis will show that it was one of the most extraordinary games of cricket probably ever played in the country :

KENT.		1st inn.		2nd do.
Adams, ct. by Ponsonby	12	..	caught by Lillywhite 7
W. Mynn, Esq., ct. by Box	21	..	bowled by Dean 0
Hillyer, st. Box	3	..	caught by Fenner 8
Filch, ct. Dean	98	..	caught by Box 0
N. Felix, Esq., ct. Box	74	..	caught by Dean 0
A. Mynn, Esq., ct. Fenner	27	..	caught by Hawkins 3
Wenman, ct. Fenner	0	..	caught by Fenner 0
Dorrinton, b. Lillywhite	15	..	caught by Lillywhite 0
C. Whittaker, Esq., ct. Dean	3	..	caught by Fenner 2
E. Bayley, Esq., not out	5	..	not out 17
W. C. Baker, Esq., b. Lillywhite	..	3	..	caught by Ponsonby 3
Byes, &c.	17	..	Byes, &c. 4
Total	—278	..	Total —44
ALL ENGLAND.		1st inn.		2nd do.
Barker, st. Wenman	58	..	not out 29
Fenner, b. Hillyer	1	..	not out 19
Box, ct. A. Mynn	22	..	—————
Guy, b. Hillyer	80	..	—————
Good, b. A. Mynn	17	..	bowled by Hillyer 0
Butler, b. A. Mynn	5	..	—————
Hawkins, ct. Baker	15	..	—————
Sewell, ct. Dorrinton	19	..	—————
Hon. F. Ponsonby, b. Hillyer	26	..	—————
Lillywhite, run out	1	..	—————
Dean, not out	0	..	—————
Byes, &c.	22	..	Byes, &c. 10
Total	—266	..	Total —58

The **GENTLEMEN of ENGLAND** against the **GENTLEMEN of KENT.**—The national and county question of skill having been disposed of by the foregoing match, the respective aristocracy met to decide their pretensions, which were thus settled :

KENT.		1st inn.		2nd do.
W. Mynn, Esq., ct. Boudier, b. Craven	9	..	run out 1
A. Mynn, Esq., b. Craven	24	..	bowled by Craven 39
N. Felix, Esq., b. Mundy	48	..	bowled by Craven 61
E. Bayley, Esq., b. Craven	2	..	bowled by Mundy 12
Parker, Esq., ct. Hon. S. Ponsonby, b. Craven	..	12	..	run out 14
C. Whittaker, Esq., run out	0	..	run out 23
W. Baker, Esq., ct. Kirwan, b. Mundy	10	..	leg b. w., b. Craven 20
F. Fagge, Esq., not out	21	..	run out 17
A. Harenc, Esq., b. Craven	5	..	st. Anson, b. Mundy 6
H. L. Jenner, Esq., b. ———	1	..	not out 9
Mr. Baldock, b. ———	6	..	ct. Mundy, b. Mundy 10
Byes, &c.	47	..	Byes, &c. 42
Total	—185	..	Total —254

ENGLAND.		1st inn.	2nd do.
P. Mundy, Esq., b. A. Harenc	..	8	.. caught by Mynn, b. Mynn .. 13
H. Kirwan, Esq., ct. Fagge, b. A. Mynn	..	18	.. run out .. 8
Hon. R. Grimston, run out	..	2	.. bowled by Harenc .. 5
E. Boudier, Esq., b. A. Harenc	..	16	.. not out .. 13
Hon. F. Ponsanby, b. A. Harenc	..	11	.. bowled by Mynn .. 19
R. Kynaston, Esq., b. A. Mynn	..	1	.. bowled by Mynn .. 16
T. A. Anson, Esq. b. A. Mynn	..	8	.. caught by Fagge, b. Mynn 9
T. Craven, Esq., run out	..	9	.. bowled by Mynn .. 0
F. Thackery, Esq., run out	..	8	.. bowled by Whittaker .. 3
R.W. Keate, Esq., ct.W. Mynn, b. Harenc	..	1	.. bowled by Harenc .. 11
Hon. S. Ponsanby, not out	..	3	.. bowled by Mynn .. 13
Byes 19, wide balls 6	..	25	.. Byes 43, no ball 1 .. 44
Total	..	-112	Total .. -154

The ANNUAL MATCHES between ETON COLLEGE, and HARROW and WINCHESTER SCHOOLS.

HARROW.		1st inn.	2nd do.
A. C. Barclay, Esq., b. Marcon	..	1	.. bowled by Marcon .. 0
Hon. H. Agar, b. Marcon	..	0	.. bowled by Marcon .. 2
W. A. Commerell, Esq., run out	..	33	.. caught by Marriott .. 37
W. Nicholson, Esq., b. Yonge	..	7	.. bowled by Fellowes .. 35
A. Haygarth, Esq., b. Marcon	..	14	.. caught by Marcon .. 11
R. Rawlinson, Esq., run out	..	2	.. bowled by Marcon .. 0
Hon. C. Agar, run out	..	16	.. bowled by Fellowes .. 0
W. H. Woodhouse, Esq., b. Yonge	..	0	.. not out .. 0
J. Marshall, Esq., ct. Fellowes, b. Randolph	..	8	.. caught by Yonge, b. by Yonge 0
H. Gathorne, Esq., not out	..	4	.. run out .. 0
J. S. Bushby, Esq., b. Fellowes	..	3	.. st. by Fellowes, b. Yonge .. 4
Byes 38, wide balls 15	..	53	.. Byes 28, wide balls 4 32
Total	..	-141	Total .. -121

ETON.		1st inn.	2d do.
M. Ainslie, Esq., ct. Rawlinson, b. H. Agar	..	7	.. ct. Commerell, b. Gathorne 11
J. Carter, Esq., run out	..	1	.. ct. H. Agar, b. H. Agar .. 3
H. Fellowes, Esq., b. Gathorne	..	17	.. ct. Commerell, b. H. Agar .. 11
L. Bayley, Esq., b. Commerell	..	8	.. bowled by H. Agar .. 0
T. Marcon, Esq., b. Commerell	..	3	.. not out .. 55
C. Marriott, Esq., b. Commerell	..	0	.. st. by Nicholson, b. Commerell 11
H. Garth, Esq., b. H. Agar	..	11	.. caught by C. Agar, b. H. Agar 1
S. Randolph, Esq., b. Gathorne	..	20	.. bowled by H. Agar .. 1
Hon. G. Milles, ct. Rawlinson, b. H. Agar	..	0	.. bowled by H. Agar .. 0
T. Townley, Esq., b. H. Agar	..	5	.. run out .. 2
G. Yonge, Esq., not out	..	0	.. bowled by Gathorne .. 3
Byes 2, wide balls 5	..	7	.. Byes 7, wide balls 13 20
Total	..	-79	Total .. -118

WINCHESTER.		1st inn.	2nd do.
W. G. Tupper, Esq., b. G. Yonge	..	3	.. bowled by H. Fellowes, Esq. 10
Hon. E. B. Lyon, run out	..	22	.. run out .. 21
H. Ray, Esq., b. G. Yonge	..	0	.. ct. S. Randolph, b. G. Yonge 3
T. Freeling, Esq., b. H. Fellowes	..	36	.. bowled by G. Yonge .. 6
G. Bright, Esq. run out	..	1	.. bowled by H. Fellowes .. 3
O.W. Holloway, Esq., ct. Carter, b.G. Yonge	..	0	.. bowled by Ainslie .. 39
P. Williams, Esq., b. G. Yonge	..	4	.. bowled by Ainslie .. 10
R. Wynne, Esq., not out	..	14	.. bowled by H. Fellowes .. 4
J. Hughes, Esq., b. H. Fellowes	..	0	.. not out .. 32
C. Ridding, Esq., b. H. Fellowes	..	5	.. caught by Milles, b. Fellowes 7
W. F. Wickham, Esq., b. H. Fellowes	..	4	.. bowled by Ainslie .. 3
Byes 14, wide balls 3	..	17	.. Byes 34, wide balls 5 39
Total	..	-106	Total .. -177

ETON.		1st inn.	2nd do.
W. B. Marriott, Esq., run out	..	0	.. bowled by G. Bright .. 14
L. Bayley, Esq., b. H. Ray	..	5	.. ct. Ridding, b. W. G. Tupper 5
S. Randolph, run out	..	2	..
M. Ainslie, Esq., b. H. Ray	..	0	.. ct. F. Freeling, b. H. Ray .. 19
T. Marcon, Esq., ct. Bright, b. H. Ray	..	37	.. not out .. 9
F. Carter, Esq., ct. P. Williams, b. H. Ray	..	31	.. not out .. 14
H. Fellowes, Esq., b. W. G. Tupper	..	24	..
H. Garth, Esq., ct. W. Wickham, b. H. Ray	..	3	..

ETON— <i>continued.</i>		1st inn.	2nd do.
G. Yonge, Esq., b. R. Wynne	..	34	..
T. Townley, Esq., ct. O. Holloway, b. H. Ray	4
Hon. G. Milles, not out	..	8	..
Byes 40, wide 23, no ball 1	..	64	..
Total	..	—212	..
			Byes 5, wide balls 8 13
			Total —74

COWES REGATTA.

BY A RHAPSODIST.

“ He that will make a good use of any part of his life, must allow a large portion of it to recreation.”—LOCKE.

WHAT chance hath brought it to pass, that while the turf, for 2,000 years, has lacked neither poet nor historian; while, in full many a page, the chase sparkles and lives before us; while Walton wins new disciples from every hour, who go forth rejoicing to bright brooks and streams of silver sheen; while Scroope leads to the wild home of the antlered sovereign of the mountain, and Colquhoun to the purple trystings of the heath bird—none yet have found the pleasant life of the summer mariner theme suited to his muse or musings? Is it that the fresh and exciting enjoyment of the boundless air, and skies, and waters, is quickly borne from the memory, when the body is “cabinéd, cribbed, confined,” within the four walls of a narrow chamber? That the life of a holiday sailor is too like the dream of a shifting panorama to permit a record of its pleasures? Or is it that the inspiration of the pen in marine matters must emanate from novel tracks, in distant seas, where—

“ More to embroil the deep, leviathan,
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport
Tempest the loosened brine,”

rather than the rippling sunny pathways on which amateur sailors win regatta prizes? Truly is there something in this latter objection obnoxious to further remark. Should a geologist, bent on an exploring trip in the southern seas, unfortunately slip his cable, it would be still a rare and coincident chance of his untimely fate that he sink where lies hid the foundation of an unborn continent; and, though a comparative anatomist, under similar circumstances, might, in the flesh, supply food for fish, his last professional and not altogether unhappy speculation might be suggested as consolation to his surviving friends, *viz.*, that his bones would possibly mingle with the long defunct ichthyosauri of a pre-ordinate creation. Incidents, such as these, together with the perils of a shark-chase, or an ice-float, a whirlpool, or a tropical hurricane, may work up better in a log-book, we confess, than the most veritable poetical description of the cloudless skies and diamond main, the gaily bedizened and symmetrical vessels, of Dutch patronymic, but gallant English build, the merry and careless-hearted mariners, the cheering and wealthy spectators and townsfolk, lining the coast, and studding the harbour of aristocratic Cowes. What then?

We have still our chances of sport, our moments of vivid excitement : still can we, as our trim bark meets the gentle billow, and as her snowy sail catches the kindly breeze, *feel* all the poetry that others have *written*, and on the free full ocean, if anywhere, become, ourselves, poets. We forget not, either, that—

"The muses still require
Humid remembrance, nor will aught avail
Imploing Phœbus with *unmoistened* lips."

Feast and frolic on ship-board are shorn of their accompaniments on land—headache and lassitude. While inhaling a chestful of invigorating air, our minds also expand, and the unlimited range of our eyesight seems to give breadth and freedom to the range of our intellectual conceptions. Some one has lately remarked that it is only on the continent that British liberty can be enjoyed to perfection. *We* opine that, to understand the true interpretation of the term, a man must quit *terra firmâ* altogether, make himself owner of a good sea-boat, manned by a merry crew ; then, pacing his deck, all canvass set on his dainty toy, conscious of a full purse to repair a chance disaster, and a wide berth to pillow his thoughts upon ; such a one will know he is "lord of all he surveys,"—that his tree of liberty is his mainmast towering amid the reflux waves. As he marks that—

"Now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides,"

his thoughts take to themselves wings, and emulate the passing clouds for swiftness, and the soaring birds for elasticity. He will compose and arrange the drama of life in fitful and mosaic colours, bright as those refracted by the undulations of light on the glistening track of waters. He will feel healthfully impelled to deeds of generous daring, and to strong and energetic action. He will not be a mere useless dreamer ; he must readily command that others may speedily execute. While his fancy wanders, and his imagination soars beyond this nether world, his eye must scan fore and aft ; take cognizance of the sky, the wind, the crew, each spar and rope, and every muniment of his floating citadel. Thus mused, or "might, could, should" have mused, the dreamer of this rhapsody, as, gazing from that pebbly beach whereon split the gentle waves of the Solent sea, and in front of which fair Southampton Water and her castled sentinel formed a picture that Van de Velde should have painted, he beheld the pleasant pastime of the Cowes Regatta. It was on Monday, the 15th ult., that the following yachts, of sixty-five tons and under, started for the first R. Y. S. Cup of £75, viz. :

Medina	44 tons . .	Capt. F. Holcombe, R.H.A.
Cynthia	40 tons . .	R. Frankland, Esq.
Nymph	31 tons . .	Sir J. Bayley, Bart.
Wave	55 tons . .	Capt. J. Kean, R.N.

At eleven o'clock the wind was light from E.S.E., but it died away as the flood slacked. The course extended forty-two miles, from Cowes to the Nab Light, back round a vessel off Yarmouth, and thence to Cowes. The Medina was the only vessel to round the Nab before the flood began to make, the others being several hours later.

During this time the Medina made the best of the tide back again. The start was a gallant sight.

Unfortunately throughout the whole night it was a perfect calm. The next day the vessels came in as follows :

Medina . . . 1 25 16 Cynthia . . . 1 29 50 Nymph . . . 1 42 43

The Wave got aground, and did not return till several hours after the others. As the Medina had to give the Cynthia forty seconds per ton, she only won by two minutes and forty seconds.

On Wednesday, the 17th, the following schooner yachts of the squadron sailed for her Majesty's Cup of 100 guineas.

Circassian	160 tons . . .	William Lyon, Esq.
Gem	125 tons . . .	Marquis of Ormonde
Brilliant	393 tons . . .	G. H. Ackers, Esq.
Flirt	132 tons . . .	Sir B. R. Graham, Bart.
Xarifa	175 tons . . .	Earl of Wilton
Harriet	102 tons . . .	John Beardmore, Esq.
Peri	59 tons . . .	Capt. C. Bulkeley

At starting (eleven o'clock), there was a light breeze from E.S.E. and S.E. The course was from Cowes round a station vessel off Yarmouth, from thence round the Nab Light, back to Cowes, forty-two miles. Off Ryde the Gem and Peri came in contact, and the latter's gib-boom was carried away. At the Nab the wind was not sufficient to carry all the yachts round it, and towards evening the tide drifted them home thus :

Circassian . . . 8 39 30 Gem . . . 9 0 30 Brilliant . . . 9 6 25, &c.

On Thursday, the annual dinner took place.

On Friday, the second R.Y.S. Cup of £75 was sailed for by the following :

Corsair cutter	84 tons . . .	J. Congreve, Esq.
Flower of Yarrow cutter	145 tons . . .	Marquis of Conyngham
Talisman cutter	87 tons . . .	R. Meiklam, Esq.
Ganymede cutter	69 tons . . .	J. H. W. P. S. Pigott, Esq.

Time race ; the course as for her Majesty's Cup.

Flower of Yarrow	4 24 36	Talisman	4 46 43
Corsair	4 39 8	Ganymede	5 10 40

Corsair losing by one minute and fifty-seven seconds.

On Tuesday, the 23rd, the following yachts started for a Sweepstakes of £25 each ; course round the Isle of Wight, viz. :

Corsair cutter	84 tons . . .	J. Congreve, Esq.
Snake lugger	63 tons . . .	J. D. Murray, Esq.
Talisman cutter	87 tons . . .	R. Meiklam, Esq.

The Snake put back, having split her main lug, and the Corsair came in at 5 12 27 P.M., beating the Talisman by twelve minutes.

The reported challenge between the owners of the Alarm and the Pearl has been met by a declaration on the part of Mr. Weld, that he will sail the Alarm, cutter rigged, against any cutter in the world, for 1,000 guineas, or yawl rigged, against any yawl in the world, for a similar sum.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.—On Tuesday, the 2nd ultimo, the last match of the season was concluded, it having been attempted on the previous day, but failed in consequence of old Boreas having indulged himself with a holiday. On this occasion only two yachts started, which argues either that there was an influenza among the vessels of the club, or that tea services do not find favour in the eyes of the amateur mariners of England. Our excellent friend, the commodore, whom all men respect, and we hold in our especial love, will pardon us if we venture to hint, that were he to try something in the grog line next year, instead of the bi—that is to say, the bohea, it would be more appropriate, and, we anticipate, more attractive. We are falling into the extremes of the too genteel, or the too homely, in the affairs of prizes at our public sports. The Goodwood Cup, for instance, for 1842, would have been a more characteristic reward for a victory achieved by the Muses than the Centaurs; and to associate Neptune, Old Father Thames, and Lord Alfred Paget, with a tea-pot, sugar basin, and slop ditto to match, was a combination enough to fright the Naiades from their propriety. So much for advice.

On Tuesday, the *Gnome* and *Champion* started for the closing race of the season—reduced to a match, as they say at Newmarket, and a very *mediocre* affair it turned out. The *Champion* had the best of it from end to end, and won by twenty minutes, so that there was no difficulty in saying to whom the tea-things belonged. Seriously, we would once more urge upon Mr. Harrison and the committee (if, indeed, the latter inconvenience be joined with him in the management of the Club's affairs) to eschew all pots, save tankards, as sailing prizes. The R.T.Y.C., perforce, is compelled to water not quite as salt as could be desired, but that is no reason it should also be provided with the appliances to qualify it with cream and sugar.

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

A BIT OF FISHING AFTER JONATHAN.—We rarely fail to pick up something fresh and good from the *New World* for each succeeding number. Sometimes it is a yarn well spun and put together:—sometimes fact, sometimes fiction; but always national. We don't think the following selection a failure—it is about a strange fish, which we offer for the consideration of the Thames Angling Society, as worthy of being forthwith introduced into the metropolitan stream. Conceive a gentleman in a punt, off Putney, yard-arm and yard-arm with a Grande Ecaille. The scene is laid in Louisiana.

“On the western shore, at the edge of the channel, was a shoal of large fish, feeding upon an immense congregation of sardine. Hundreds were leaping from the water at the same instant. They were about half a mile off, and appeared to us to be about three feet in length, and of a white colour. ‘Boneta,’ cries the pilot. ‘Carauca,’ said another: ‘Dolphins,’ sung out a third. I had a glass in my hand, and, after taking a good, quiet look, I shouted, ‘Grandes Ecailles.’ In a

moment two seines were in the boats ; I told them it was folly, as they were not strong enough to hold them, but they insisted upon trying, and, lo and behold ! when we got in their midst, we found a three knot current, with from fifteen to thirty feet water. The seines were spread in the shoal water, and some red fish, with a few hundred bushels of frightened sardine, were taken.

“ In shape, the head of the Grande Ecaille is similar to that of the shad, but the mouth is much larger in proportion to the size of the fish ; his body is long and round, completely covered with immense splendid silver scales, fitting like plated armour—those of a fish five feet in length being about two inches in diameter, nearly round, and showing at each intersection about one half the scale ; and he sometimes grows to a length of eight or nine feet, but is generally seen from four to six. I record the killing a Grande Ecaille with a rod and reel as the greatest piscatorial feat I ever performed, notwithstanding I have successfully played and killed, with a rod and reel in each hand, two fish, each weighing over twenty-five pounds, at the same time ; but I should never have been able to have killed the Grande Ecaille with the tackle I used, had I not been in a pirogue, with a sure and steady arm at the paddle, which enabled me to defeat him in his immense leaps, as I kept him from taking too much line by running up on him.

“ I have often seen a shoal of red fish knocking the mullet into the air ; I’ve seen troops of flying-fish scudding from the lovely dolphin ; I’ve heard for miles the roar of an immense company of mullet, flying, in short regular leaps, before a herd of porpoises, or family of sharks ; I’ve seen the sea beat into bubbles by their giant forms, as they lashed and struck among the frightened mullet : from my boyhood up I’ve seen man prey upon his fellows (the writer, we take it, is a relative or friend of the king of the cannibal islands), but never has it fallen to my lot to witness so magnificent a sight of the strong preying upon the weak as that presented by the Grandes Ecailles. The yellow rays of the setting sun glanced upon the silver armour of a thousand vigorous forms, leaping through the air in every possible direction, crossing and recrossing, yet never coming in contact ; the air was filled with the small sardine, thrown from their native element to be devoured as they fell into the water ; the green gulf was lashed into a sea of foam, and the bright rainbows were everywhere visible in the scene. We passed through them many times, thinking that one might, by chance, leap into the boat (he would have stove her if he had), caught their tails as they swam slowly by, and cursed our lot that we had no harpoon. ’Twas a brilliant sight—one which, in all probability, had not been seen on so grand a scale before, as they rarely run in companies of more than eight or ten, and one which it may be my lot never to witness again.

“ In point of beauty, activity, and strength, the Grande Ecaille is excelled by none of the finny tribe which have come under my observation. He belongs to the same family with the shad, herring, &c., and is the king of his tribe. He scorns the seine, and generally puts at defiance the efforts of the angler. Calmly he passes around the netted prison, seeking quietly to escape, but finds no outlet ; with a quiet turn he goes slowly back to the centre of the net—swiftly flies

the foam from his vigorous tail, and, with one long, sweeping, graceful bound, high above the floating corks he passes, plunging, with the ease and grace of an accomplished diver, head foremost into the green wave beyond ; or if by chance he becomes entangled in the bag, and cannot clear the impediment, he gathers his immense strength together, and, like the tiger springing on his prey, he dashes at the centre of the bag ; the corks quiver for a second, and the next instant sees the silvery meteor passing like a ray of light through the atmosphere, quivering his broad forked tail in triumph, and, laughing at the weak net, he goes on his way rejoicing. See him struck by the heavy hand line of the sturdy coastman ; every inch of line is given to him, and the fisherman braces himself for the struggle ; well for him that his hands are hard. The moment he finds himself checked, he leaves the water, springs some ten feet into the air, describing a beautiful curve, and shaking himself violently with the hope of casting off the hook, which he will do (unless it is firmly fixed deep in his mouth), or tear off his jaw in the attempt. Another leap—another, and another ; with all the energy and phrensy of the wild horse when he first feels the lasso, he springs through the air, and dashes through the water ; for a time there appears to be no diminution of his immense strength, but you may notice that, after a while, the long curve he at first described in the air becomes shorter, the graceful leaps are broken, and, finally, change into a violent jerking summerset—then all is calm. The fisherman strains upon the line—one last glorious effort of those splendid powers is made—right in a line with, and towards the fisherman, the Grande Ecaille takes his last and greatest leap, and falls helplessly into the sea. Now a child can take him in without resistance ; no struggling ; a dead weight upon the line, he is hauled upon the beach. He flounces not—his fins are laid close to his body—the scarlet blood is robbing his silver armour—his firm, large, beautiful eye is fixed—his gill covers move not—*he is dead!* And not until death came upon him did the mighty and beautiful creature surrender himself to the superior robber.”

Died suddenly, on the 11th ult., Mr. Robert Jaques, late of Easby, Richmond, Yorkshire. By the decease of this gentleman, Richmond, Catterick, and other race-meetings, lose a principal supporter. Colocynth will not, in consequence of Mr. Jaques's death, run for the Champagne, 1842, and St. Leger, 1843.

Ass-TONISHING FEAT.—On the 18th ult., to decide a wager, a donkey, a year and a month old, ran two miles in eight minutes and a half, being within the time wagered by a minute and a half.

GROUSE SHOOTING.—Our latest accounts from the moors speak more favourably of the success which has attended sportsmen, than from recent appearances many were led to anticipate.

Lord George Bentinck has determined upon making a great reduction in his racing stud.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE DERBY AND OAKS, 1844.

THE DERBY.

One hundred and sixty subscribers.

- Allen's, Mr., ch. c. Beaufort, by The Saddler, dam Alice (Belgrade's dam).
 _____ b. c. Beaumont, by Marcian, dam by Mulatto, grandam Ardrossan
 Marc—Orville—Nitre.
- Anson's, Colonel, b. c. Massena, brother to Marshal Soult.
 _____ b. c. Retiarius, by Gladiator, out of Poissarde.
- Ashworth's, Mr., br. c. Lightning, by Sheet Anchor, dam by Blucher, out
 of Opal.
- Ayres's, Mr., b. c. Niaroch, by Muley Moloch, dam Executrix, by Liver-
 pool.
- Batson's, Mr., b. c. Anniversary, by Liverpool, out of Harriet, by Pericles.
 _____ ch. c. Rhino, by Economist, out of Revelry.
- Beaufort's, Duke of, c. by Agreeable, out of Esmeralda.
 _____ c. by Liverpool, out of Retamosa.
- Bentinck's, Lord G., b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Naworth's dam.
 _____ b. c. brother to Muley Hassan, by Bay Middleton.
 _____ br. c. Fleming, by Bay Middleton, out of Flamande.
 _____ b. c. Lord Berners, by Sheet Anchor, out of Lady
 Berners.
 _____ b. c. by Physician, dam by Capsicum (Pepper's dam).
 _____ br. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Broadwath's dam.
 _____ br. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of sister to Simia (foaled
 in 1825).
 _____ b. c. The Ugly Buck, by Venison, out of Monstrosity.
 _____ ro. c. Vin Ordinaire, by Bay Middleton, out of Draken-
 stein's dam.
- Biggs's, Mr. H. G., ch. c. brother to Eleus, by Elis, out of Miss Badaley.
- Bird's, Mr. J., bl. c. Boniface, by Inheritor, out of Tiffany, by Jerry.
- Blakelock's, Mr. G., br. c. by Inheritor, out of Black Diamond's dam, by
 Catton.
- Booth's, Mr., ch. c. by Muley Moloch, out of Manilla, by Mulatto.
 _____ br. c. by Physician, out of Sweetbriar, by Langar.
 _____ b. c. by Slane, out of Liberty, by Langar.
 _____ ch. c. by Slane, out of Mamsel Otz, by Blacklock.
 _____ b. c. by Slane, out of Teresa, by Langar.
- Bowes's, Mr., Saddlebow, by The Saddler, out of Mickleton Maid.
 _____ Th'Auld Squire, by Brethy, out of Oblivion.
- Bradshaw's, Mr., b. c. Sir Isaac, by Young Whisker (Son of Neva), out of
 Cetus's dam.
- Brook's, Mr., W. H., c. Heretic, by Muley Moloch, out of Lunatic.
- Bulkeley's, Sir R. W., b. c. brother to Rabbitcatcher, by Birdcatcher.
 _____ br. c. brother to Resolution.
- Cawban's, Mr., b. f., by Camel, out of Ann, by Laurel.
- Chesterfield's, Lord, ch. c. Dr. Phillimore, brother to Meteor.
 _____ c. by Economist, out of Tantarella.
 _____ c. by Jereed, out of Caroline Elvina.
 _____ b. c. Joe Lovell, by Velocipede, out of Cyprian.
- Clark's, Mr. G., ch. c. own brother to Era, by Plenipo.
 _____ br. c. by Emilius, out of Lollypop, by Voltaire or Starch.

- Clark's, Mr. G., b. c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Catton, out of Green Mantle's dam.
- _____ Mr. F., c. by Pantaloon, out of Valve.
- Clifton's, Mr., b. c. A-la-mode, by New Fashion, out of Modesty's dam.
- Copeland's, Mr., b. f. Assay, by The Prime Wardan, out of Fury, by Tramp.
- Crauford's, Colonel, b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Dolphin, by Priam.
- _____ b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Ermine, by Whisker.
- _____ bl. c. by Jerry, out of Mermaid, by Whalebone.
- Critchley's, Mr., ch. c. His Royal Highness, by Dick or Giovanni, out of Aglaia (Dunstan's dam).
- Crockford's, Mr., ch. c. by Bentley, out of Battersea Lass, by Phantom.
- _____ b. c. by Bentley, out of Emma.
- _____ ch. c. by Buzzard, out of Bamboo's dam.
- Cuthbert's, Mr., b. c. Beaufront, by Muley Moloch, out of Gallipot's dam.
- Daly's, Mr., ch. c. by The Deputy, out of Lora, by Lory.
- Dawson's, Mr. G., br. c. Coverdale, by Voltaire, out of Cherub, by Hambletonian.
- _____ br. c. Dalesman, by Velocipede, out of Miss Branch.
- Day's, Mr. Isaac, b. c. Seaport, by Liverpool, out of Maldonia.
- Dixon's, Mr., ch. f. Arethusa, by Elis, out of Aunt Bliss.
- _____ ch. c. Dick Thornton, by Medoro, dam by Orphan, grandam by Walton, out of Lady Ern.
- Edwards's, Mr. W., c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Trudge.
- _____ c. by Liverpool, out of Vulpecula.
- Eglinton's, Lord, ch. c. Amynter, by Phoenix, out of Abraham Newland's dam.
- _____ b. c. Zanoni, by Muley Moloch, out of Matilda, by Comus.
- Elis's, Mr., b. c. by The Exquisite, out of Vicarage.
- Etwall's, Mr., b. c. by Sheet Anchor, dam (foaled in 1833), by Velocipede, out of Dolly's dam.
- Exeter's, Lord, c. by Economist, out of Velveteen.
- _____ c. by Liverpool, out of Macremma.
- _____ f. by Rockingham, out of Green Mantle.
- _____ c. by Troilus, out of Amima.
- _____ c. by Troilus, out of Marinella.
- Ford's, Mr., ch. c. by Economist, out of Hannah.
- _____ b. c. by Economist, out of the dam of Heads or Tails.
- _____ b. c. by Elis, out of Bodice.
- _____ br. c. by Toss-up, out of Miss Betsy.
- Forth's, Mr., c. The Ashtead Pet, by Grey Surrey, out of Echo (half-bred).
- Goodman's, Mr., Running Rein, by The Saddler, out of Mab.
- _____ b. f. by Venison, out of Isabella, by Comus.
- Gratwicke's, Mr., ch. c. by Elis, out of The Balkan.
- _____ ch. c. by Elis, out of Frederica, by Little John.
- Gregory's, Mr., bl. f. Barricade, sister to Barrier.
- Greville's, Mr., br. f. Jamaica, by Liverpool, out of Reserve.
- Heathcote's, Sir G., ch. c. Akbar, by Rockingham, out of Stately.
- _____ br. or b. c. Amantissimo, by Amato, out of Paradigm.
- _____ ch. c. Campunero, by Velocipede, out of Nannette.
- Herbert's, Mr., ch. c. by Elis, out of Delightful.
- _____ ch. c. by Elis, out of Nanine.
- _____ ch. c. by Elis, out of Odessa.
- _____ b. c. by Venison, out of Defender's dam, by Selim.
- Holloway's, Mr., br. c. by Sir Isaac, dam by Sam, out of Rebecca, by Soothsayer.
- Holmes's, Mr., bl. c. Marlborough, by Defence, out of Vinegar.
- Houldsworth's, Mr., f. Dreamer, by Camel, out of Destiny.
- Jackson's, Mr. J., bl. c. Rattletrap, by Tomboy, out of Candide's dam.
- Kelburne's, Lord, b. c. by Velocipede, out of Amulet, by Jerry.

- King's, Mr., br. c. brother to Cattonian, by Muley Moloch.
 _____ b. c. by Camel, out of Sketch.
 _____ ch. or ro. c. by Hornsea, out of Dick's dam.
- Knox's, Mr. Arthur, ch. c. Captain Arthur, by Irish Birdcatcher, out of Recluse.
- Knox's, Mr. J., br. c. Foig-a-Balach, by Sir Hercules, out of Guiccioli.
- Ley's, Mr. W., ch. c. by Elis, out of Partiality.
- Lichtwald's, Mr., b. c. by Scamandar, out of sister to Mussulman (foaled in 1836).
 _____ b. c. by Velocipede, out of Fair Jane.
- Lumley's, Mr., b. c. by Jereed, out of Barcelona, by Cervantes.
 _____ br. c. by Jereed, out of Gazelle, by Trump or Langar.
- Maher's, Mr., br. c. by Elvas, out of Helen.
 _____ b. c. by Elvas, out of Perdita.
- Maidstone's, Lord, b. c. Cockamaroo, by Emilius, out of Velocity.
- Milnes's, Mr., b. c. by Rococo, out of Georgiana, sister to Alfred.
- Mostyn's, Mr., br. c. by Velocipede, out of Birdlime.
- _____ Mr. R. J., ch. c. by Bran, out of King Cole's dam.
- Normanby's, Lord, br. c. Lorimer, by The Saddler, dam by Brutandorf, grandam by Macbeth.
- Orford's, Lord, Boots, brother to Barmaid.
 _____ brother to Angelo, by Clearwell, out of Angelica.
 _____ c. by Elis, out of Miss Julia, by Partisan.
 _____ c. by Lord Stafford, out of Sprig, by Whisker.
 _____ b. c. by Muley Moloch, out of Adriana, by Comus.
- Osbaldeston's, Mr., ch. c. by Muley Moloch, out of The Mountain Sylph's dam.
 _____ b. c. by The Saddler, out of Cattle's dam.
- Paul's, Mr. St., b. or ro. c. Telemachus, by Inheritor, out of Calypso's dam.
- Payne's, Mr., b. c. by Touchstone, out of Vat.
- Peel's, Colonel, c. by Ion, out of Malibran.
 _____ c. by Slane, out of Hoax.
 _____ c. by Slane, out of Jason's dam.
 _____ c. by Touchstone, out of Vulture.
 _____ f. Zenobia, by Slane, out of Hester.
- Pigot's, Sir R., b. c. by Heron, out of Columbia.
- Powlett's, Lord William, c. by Liverpool, out of Nell Gwynne, by Master Henry.
- Price's, Mr. F. R., b. c. Alvanley, by Lord Stafford, out of Agnes, by Battledore (Marion's dam); bought of Mr. Gaman.
 _____ b. c. First Fruits, by The Steamer, out of Zillah, by Reveller.
- Quin's, Mr., b. c. by Touchstone, out of Ildegarda.
- Rawlinson's, Mr., ch. f. Charming Kate, by Sir Hercules, out of Ruby.
- Rogers's, Mr. J., c. Hasketon, by St. Hubert, dam by Wrangler, grandam by Tiresias, out of Turban's dam.
 _____ na. c. by Maple, out of Harmony; bred by Mr. Shard.
- Sadler's, Mr., b. c. by Defence or Venison, out of Minima, by Sultan.
- Scott's, Lord John, c. by Rasselas, dam by Octavius, out of Lady of the Lake, by Sorcerer.
 _____ Mr. W., br. c. Storm, by Sheet Anchor, dam by Voltaire, out of Mowbray Hill's dam.
- Snow's, Mr., b. c. by Elis, out of Distaff, by Comus.
- Spink's, Mr. H., b. c. The Monk of Dree, by Velocipede, dam Tiney, by Liverpool, out of Midge, by Whisker.
- Sykes's, Sir Tatton, b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of sister to Grey Momus.
 _____ ch. c. by Hampton, out of Darling, by Actæon.
- Theobald's, Mr., c. Mountain Dew, brother to Highlander.
- Thompson's, Mr. H. S., bl. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Lady Fulford.
 _____ br. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Lillah, by Blacklock.

- Thompson's, Mr. H. S., br. or bl. c. by The Mole, out of Helen Percy, by Lottery, out of Erin Lass, by Hollyhock.
 _____ b. c. by Monarch, out of Tom Slape's dam.
 _____ b. c. by Almack, dam (foaled in 1825), by Rubens Junior, out of Brunette.
- Thornhill's, Mr., b. f. by Albemarle, out of Egeria.
 _____ Apprentice, by Albemarle, out of Exclamation.
 _____ Elemi, brother to Mango.
- Vane's, Mr., c. Valerian, by Gladiator, out of Amadou, by Sultan.
- Warwick's, Mr., ch. c. Phalaris, by Bran, out of Taurus's dam.
- Watson's, Mr., b. c. by Lamplighter, out of Tigress.
- Watt's, Mr., bl. or br. c. by Voltaire, out of Myrrha, by Whalebone.
- Westminster's, Lord, ch. h. brother to Saurist, by Pantaloon.
 _____ bl. c. by Touchstone, out of Laura.
- Williams's, Mr. James, b. c. Red Rover, by Sir John, out of Rachael, by Muley.
- Williamson's, Mr. W., b. c. Doctor Husband, by Physician, out of Show Lass, by Mountebank.
- Wreford's, Mr., Jun., b. c. by Camel, out of Margellina.
 _____ b. c. by Camel, out of Wadastra.
- Wyndham's, Colonel, b. c. brother to Nora Creina, by Nonsense.
 _____ b. c. by Hock, out of Rectory.
 _____ Mr. Wadham, br. c. by Camel, out of Camarilla's dam.

THE OAKS.

One hundred and twenty-three subscribers.

- Albemarle's, Lord, Robinia, by Liverpool, out of Ralph's dam.
 _____ Tipoe, by Liverpool, out of Antiope.
- Anson's, Colonel, ch. by Muley Moloch, out of Scandal.
 _____ ch. by Velocipede, out of Louisa.
- Armstrong's, Mr. J., b. Relic, by Inheritor, out of Comedy, by Comus.
- Bainbridge's, Mr. T., b. Black-stockings, by Rockingham or Camel, out of Loutherboung's dam.
- Bentinck's, Lord George, b. by Bay Middleton, out of Bob Peel's dam.
 _____ br. by Bay Middleton, out of Chapeau d'Espagne.
 _____ br. by Bay Middleton, out of Malvina.
 _____ b. by Bay Middleton, out of Moss Rose.
 _____ br. Nurseling, by Physician, out of Nurse.
 _____ br. sister to Flytrap, by Bay Middleton.
 _____ gr. sister to Tripoli, by Sheet Anchor.
- Blakelock's, Mr. G., br. by Inheritor, out of Fancy, by Osmond.
- Bowes's, Mr., ch. Luneta, by Gladiator, out of Maid of Lune.
 _____ br. The Maid of Fez, by Muley Moloch, out of Streatlam Sprite.
- Bulkeley's, Sir R. W., bl. by Picaroon, dam Jemina, by Count Porro.
- Cawban's, Mr., b. by Camel, out of Ann, by Laurel.
- Chesterfield's, Lord, by Colwick, out of Vacuna.
 _____ Giselle, by Emilius, out of Lantern.
 _____ Lady Gay Spanker, by The Saddler, out of Marion.
 _____ by Gladiator, out of Anchorite's dam.
 _____ by Gladiator, out of Arachne.
 _____ Grace Harkaway, by Gladiator, out of Frailty.
 _____ by Muley Moloch, out of Young Petuaria.
 _____ by Touchstone, out of Peri.
 _____ by Touchstone, out of Rowton's dam.

- Clark's, Mr. G., br. Brown Bess, by Muley Moloch, out of Imogene's dam.
 Cook's, Mr. W. D., b. or br. Windlass, by Sheet Anchor, out of Tub Thumper's dam.
 Collins's, Mr., b. by Voltaire, out of Emineh, by Sultan, out of Velocipede's dam.
 Copeland's, Mr., b. Assay, by The Prime Warden, out of Fury, by Tramp.
 _____ Ninety-one, by The Prime Warden, out of Peg.
 Day's, Mr. Isaac, b. by Bubastes, out of Zelinda.
 Denham's, Mr., b. by Camel, out of Compensation's dam.
 Dixon's, Mr., ch. Arethusa, by Elis, out of Aunt Bliss.
 Dowding's, Mr. J., Minna Troil, sister to Vitula.
 Exeter's, Lord, by Beiram, out of Datura.
 _____ by Economist, out of Toga.
 _____ by Liverpool, out of Mecca.
 _____ by Reveller, dam by Emilius, out of Augusta's dam.
 _____ by Rockingham, out of Green Mantle.
 _____ by Voltaire, out of Velocipede's dam.
 Flintoff's, Mr., ch. by Dr. Faustus, dam by The Colonel, out of Niobe, by Sir David.
 Ford's, Mr., b. by Bay Middleton, out of Arsenic.
 _____ br. by Camel, out of the dam of Spiteful.
 Fuller's, Mr., ch. Forest Fly, by Musquito, out of Lucy Banks's dam.
 Golden's, Mr., b. by Camel, out of Lady Elizabeth.
 Goodman's, Mr., b. by Venison, out of Isabella, by Comus.
 Grafton's, Duke of, ch. by Plenipotentiary, out of Tontine.
 Gratwicke's, Mr., b. by Elis, out of Cestus.
 _____ b. by Elis, out of Margravine, by Little John.
 Greenwood's, Mr., br. sister to Lasso, by The Saddler.
 Gregory's, Mr., hl. Barricade, sister to Barrier.
 Greville's, Mr., br. Jamaica, by Liverpool, out of Preserve.
 _____ br. Molly Mog, by Slane, out of Peggy.
 _____ b. Thetis, by Glaucus, out of Morella.
 Griffiths's, Mr. E., br. Haplime, sister to Newcourt.
 Harcourt's, Captain, br. or bl. by Inheritor, out of Marsala, by Jerry.
 Heathcote's, Sir G., br. by Amato, out of Zenobia.
 _____ ch. by Rockingham, out of Carolina.
 _____ ch. by Samarcand, out of Bertha, by Reveller.
 _____ bl. by Velocipede, out of Miss Wilfred.
 Herbert's, Mr., ch. by Elis, out of Charlotte West.
 _____ by Elis, out of Tesane.
 Houldsworth's, Mr., Dreamer, by Camel, out of Destiny.
 Irby's, Mr., b. Alma, by Achmet, out of Misnomer.
 Jersey's, Lord, by Slane, out of sister to Cobweb.
 Johnstone's, Mr. A., br. or bl. by The Mole, out of Marchioness, by Velocipede.
 Kelburne's, Lord, br. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon, out of Georgiana.
 _____ b. by Retainer, out of Purity.
 _____ bl. by Velocipede, out of Miss Whip.
 King's, Mr., b. by Camel, dam Young Worry, by Emilius, out of Worry.
 _____ bl. by Camel, out of Minikin.
 _____ Mr. J., b. Madame Tussaud, by Liverpool, dam by Patron, out of Sneaker's dam.
 Lichtwald's, Mr., br. by Muley Moloch, out of Barbara.
 Lumley's, Mr., b. by Jereed, out of Emigrant's dam.
 Merry's, Mr. J., br. by Muley Moloch, out of Florentia, by Jerry.
 Milltown's, Lord, b. by Argirio, out of Brandy Bet.
 _____ ch. by Ishmael, out of Potteen.
 Mostyn's, Mr., b. by Liverpool, out of Queen of Trumps.
 Newton's, Mr., ch. by Economist, out of his Fanchon.

- Normanby's, Lord, b. Miss Norris, by Stockport, out of Varia.
 Orleans', His Royal Highness the Duke of,* br. by Lottery, out of Eva, by Sultan.
 Orford's, Lord, by Clearwell, out of Fidelity.
 _____ by Clearwell, out of Wild Duck.
 Osbaldeston's, Mr., by Muley Moloch, out of Fickle.
 _____ by The Saddler, dam (foaled in 1834), by Partisan, out of Pomona.
 Oswald's, Mr., bl. by Sir Hercules, dam by Velocipede, grandam by Washington, out of Fencer.
 Peel's, Colonel, Zenobia, by Slane, out of Hester.
 _____ b. by Slane, dam (foaled in 1835), sister to Seahorse.
 Powlett's, Mr. Orde, br. sister to Disclosure, by Muley Moloch.
 _____ b. by Muley Moloch, out of Kedge's dam.
 Rawlinson's, Mr., ch. Charming Kate, by Sir Hercules, out of Ruby.
 Robinson's, Mr. J., ch. April Noddy, by Confederate or Mulatto, out of Calista, by St. Patrick.
 Rogers's, Mr. J., b. by Albemarle, out of Moorhen.
 _____ Amata, by Velocipede, out of Kirtle, by Sultan.
 _____ b. Mrs. Dolt, by Agreeable, her dam Fidalma, by Waxy Pope.
 Rutland's, Duke of, br. by Liverpool, out of Minx's dam.
 Sadler's, Mr., ch. by Defence, out of Emiliana.
 _____ ch. by Defence, out of Pet.
 Scott's, Mr. W., b. Hawise, by Jereed, out of sister to Hornsea.
 Shelley's, Mr., ch. Lydia Languish, by St. Luke, out of Mrs. Malaprop, by Sir Malachi Malagrowther.
 Stradbroke's, Lord, b. by Plenipotentiary, out of Marpessa.
 Thompson's, Mr. H. S., br. sister to Topsail, by Sheet Anchor, out of Valencia.
 _____ b. by Sheet Anchor, out of Medea, by Whisker.
 _____ br. by Sheet Anchor, out of Forget-me-not, by Brutandorf.
 _____ H. T., b. by Monarch, out of sister to Clare.
 Thornhill's, Mr., b. by Albemarle, out of Egeria.
 _____ b. by Albemarle, out of Erica.
 _____ br. by Albemarle, out of Shoveler.
 _____ ch. by Emilius, out of Rint.
 _____ br. by Emilius, out of Variation.
 _____ Example, sister to Euclid.
 _____ b. sister to Egeria, by Emilius.
 Wells's, Mr. W., b. Era, by Camel, out of Dandelion, by Middleton.
 Westminster's, Lord, by Touchstone, out of Decoy.
 _____ by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honour.
 Whitworth's, Mr., Lady Sarah, by Tomboy, out of Lady Moore Carew.
 Williamson's, Mr., b. Dolly Spanker, by Physician, out of Shadow's dam.
 Wreford's, Mr., br. by Camel, out of Victoria.
 _____ jun., b. by Sultan Junior, out of Monimia.
 Wyndham's, General, b. by Venison, out of Whisk.
 Yarburgh's, Major, b. Miss York, by Muley Moloch or Phoenix, out of Easter, by Brutandorf.

* Disqualified by the death of His Royal Highness.

LITERATURE.

LETTERS AND NOTES ON THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CONDITION OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS. By George Catlin.

WE proceed to make further extracts from this remarkable work, and select the matter from passages applying to our province of literature. The following curious facts are all to be found in the second volume, which is even more full of interest than its predecessor.

"This delicious bird (the grouse), is found in great abundance in nearly all the North American prairies, and, most generally called the prairie hen, is, from what I can learn, very much like the English grouse, or heath hen, both in size, in colour, and in habits. They make their appearance in these parts in the months of August and September, from the higher latitudes, where they go, in the early part of the summer, to raise their broods. This is the season for the best sport amongst them; and the whole garrison, in fact, are almost subsisted on them at this time, owing to the facility with which they are killed.

"I was lucky enough, the other day, with one of the officers of the garrison, to gain the enviable distinction of having brought in together seventy-five of these fine birds, which we killed in one afternoon; and although I am quite ashamed to confess the manner in which we killed the greater part of them, I am not so professed a sportsman as to induce me to conceal the fact. We had a fine pointer, and had legitimately followed the sportsman's style for a part of the afternoon; but seeing the prairies on fire several miles ahead of us, and the wind driving the fire gradually towards us, we found these poor birds driven before its long line, which seemed to extend from horizon to horizon, and they were flying in swarms, or flocks, that would at times almost fill the air. They generally flew half a mile or so, and lit down again in the grass, where they would sit until the fire was close upon them, and then they would rise again. We observed, by watching their motions, that they lit in great numbers in every solitary tree; and we placed ourselves near each of these trees in turn, and shot them down as they settled in them; sometimes killing five or six at a shot, by getting a range upon them.

"In this way we retreated for miles before the flames, in the midst of the flocks, and keeping company with them where they were carried along, in advance of the fire, in accumulating numbers, many of which had been driven along for many miles. We murdered the poor birds in this way, until we had as many as we could well carry, and laid our course back to the Fort, where we got much credit for our great shooting, and where we were mutually pledged to keep the secret.

"The prairies burning form some of the most beautiful scenes that are to be witnessed in this country, and also some of the most sublime. Every acre of these vast prairies (being covered, for hundreds and hundreds of miles, with a crop of grass, which dies and dries in the fall) burns over during the fall, or early in the spring, leaving the ground of a black and doleful colour.

"There are many modes by which the fire is communicated to them, both by white men and by Indians—*par accident*; and yet many more where it is voluntarily done for the purpose of getting a fresh crop of grass for the grazing of their horses, and also for easier travelling during the next summer, when there will be no old grass to lie upon the prairies, entangling the feet of man and horse, as they are passing over them.

"Over the elevated lands and prairie bluffs, where the grass is thin and short, the fire slowly creeps with a feeble flame, which one can easily step over; there the wild animals often rest in their lairs until the flames almost burn

their noses, when they will reluctantly rise, and leap over it, and trot off amongst the cinders, where the fire has passed, and left the ground as black as jet. These scenes at night become indescribably beautiful, when their flames are seen, at many miles' distance, creeping over the sides and tops of the bluffs, appearing to be sparkling and brilliant chains of liquid fire (the hills being lost to the view), hanging suspended in graceful festoons from the skies.

"But there is yet another character of burning prairies, that requires another letter, and a different pen to describe—the war, or hell of fires! where the grass is seven or eight feet high, as is often the case for many miles together, on the Missouri Bottoms; and the flames are driven forward by the hurricanes, which often sweep over the vast prairies of this denuded country. There are many of these meadows on the Missouri, the Platte, and the Arkansas, of many miles in breadth, which are perfectly level, with a waving grass, so high, that we are obliged to stand erect in our stirrups, in order to look over its waving tops, as we are riding through it. The fire in these, before such a wind, travels at an immense and frightful rate, and often destroys, on their fleetest horses, parties of Indians who are so unlucky as to be overtaken by it; not that it travels as fast as a horse at full speed, but that the high grass is filled with wild pea-vines and other impediments, which render it necessary for the rider to guide his horse in the zigzag paths of the deers and buffaloes, retarding his progress, until he is overtaken by the dense column of smoke that is swept before the fire—alarming the horse, which stops, and stands terrified and immovable, till the burning grass which is wafted in the wind, falls about him, kindling up in a moment a thousand new fires, which are instantly wrapped in the swelling flood of smoke that is moving on like a black thunder-cloud, rolling on the earth, with its lightning's glare, and its thunder rumbling as it goes.

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"The tract of country over which we passed, between the False Washita and this place, is stocked, not only with buffaloes, but with numerous bands of wild horses, many of which we saw every day. There is no other animal on the prairies so wild and so sagacious as the horse; and none other so difficult to come up with. So remarkably keen is their eye, that they will generally run 'at the sight,' when they are a mile distant; being, no doubt, able to distinguish the character of the enemy that is approaching when at that distance; and when in motion, will seldom stop short of three or four miles. I made many attempts to approach them by stealth, when they were grazing and playing their gambols, without ever having been more than once able to succeed. In this instance, I left my horse, and, with my friend Chadwick, skulked through a ravine for a couple of miles, until we were at length brought within gunshot of a fine herd of them, when I used my pencil for some time, while we were under cover of a little hedge of bushes which effectually screened us from their view. In this herd we saw all the colours, nearly, that can be seen in a kennel of English hounds. Some were milk white, some jet black—others were sorrel, and bay, and cream colour—many were of an iron grey; and others were pied, containing a variety of colours on the same animal. Their manes were very profuse, and hanging in the wildest confusion over their necks and faces—and their long tails swept the ground.

"After we had satisfied our curiosity in looking at these proud and playful animals, we agreed that we would try the experiment of 'creasing' one, as it is termed in this country; which is done by shooting them through the gristle on the top of the neck, which stuns them so that they fall, and are secured with the hobbles on the feet; after which they rise again without fatal injury. This is a practice often resorted to by expert hunters, with good rifles, who are not able to take them in any other way. My friend Joe and I were armed, on this occasion, each with a light fowling-piece, which has not quite the preciseness in throwing a bullet that a rifle has; and having both levelled our pieces at the withers of a noble, fine-looking iron grey, we pulled trigger, and the poor creature fell, and the rest of the herd were out of sight in a moment. We advanced

speedily to him, and had the most inexpressible mortification of finding, that we never had thought of hobbles or halters to secure him—and in a few moments more, had the still greater mortification, and even anguish, to find that one of our shots had broken the poor creature's neck, and that he was quite dead!

"The laments of poor Chadwick for the wicked folly of destroying this noble animal, were such as I never shall forget; and so guilty did we feel, that we agreed that, when we joined the regiment, we should boast of all the rest of our hunting feats, but never make mention of this.

"The usual mode of taking the wild horses is by throwing the *laso*, whilst pursuing them at full speed, and dropping a noose over their necks, by which their speed is soon checked, and they are 'choked down.' The *laso* is a thong of raw hide, some ten or fifteen yards in length, twisted or braided, with a noose fixed at the end of it; which, when the coil of the *laso* is thrown out, drops with great certainty over the neck of the animal, which is soon conquered.

"The Indian, when he starts for a wild horse, mounts one of the fleetest he can get, and, coiling his *laso* on his arm, starts off under the 'full whip,' till he can enter the band, when he soon gets it over the neck of one of the number; when he instantly dismounts, leaving his own horse, and runs as fast as he can, letting the *laso* pass out gradually and carefully through his hands, until the horse falls for want of breath, and lies helpless on the ground; at which time the Indian advances slowly towards the horse's head, keeping his *laso* tight upon its neck, until he fastens a pair of hobbles on the animal's two fore feet, and also loosens the *laso* (giving the horse chance to breathe), and gives it a noose around the under jaw, by which he gets great power over the affrighted animal, which is rearing and plunging when it gets breath; and by which, as he advances, hand over hand, towards the horse's nose, he is able to hold it down and prevent it from throwing itself over on its back, at the hazard of its limbs. By this means he gradually advances, until he is able to place his hand on the animal's nose, and over its eyes; and at length to breathe in its nostrils, when it soon becomes docile and conquered; so that he has little else to do than to remove the hobbles from its feet, and lead or ride it into camp.

"This 'breaking down,' or taming, however, is not without the most desperate trial on the part of the horse, which rears and plunges in every possible way to effect its escape, until its power is exhausted, and it becomes covered with foam; and at last yields to the power of man, and becomes his willing slave for the rest of its life. By this very rigid treatment, the poor animal seems to be so completely conquered, that it makes no further struggle for its freedom, but submits quietly ever after, and is led or rode away with very little difficulty. Great care is taken, however, in this, and in subsequent treatment, not to subdue the spirit of the animal, which is carefully preserved and kept up, although they use them with great severity, being, generally speaking, cruel masters.

"The wild horse of these regions is a small, but very powerful animal; with an exceedingly prominent eye, sharp nose, high nostril, small feet, and delicate leg; and, undoubtedly, have sprung from a stock introduced by the Spaniards at the time of the invasion of Mexico, which, having strayed off upon the prairies, have run wild, and stocked the plains from this to Lake Winnipeg, 2,000 or 3,000 miles to the north.*

"This useful animal has been of great service to the Indians living on these vast plains, enabling them to take their game more easily, to carry their burdens, &c.; and, no doubt, render them better and handier service than if

* "There are many very curious traditions about the first appearance of horses amongst the different tribes, and many of which bear striking proof of the above fact. Most of the tribes have some story about the first appearance of horses; and amongst the Sioux, they have beautifully recorded the fact, by giving it the name of *Shonk-a-wakon* (the medicine-dog).

they were of a larger and heavier breed. Vast numbers of them are also killed for food, by the Indians, at seasons when buffaloes and other game are scarce. They subsist, themselves, both in winter and summer, by biting at the grass, which they can always get in sufficient quantities for their food.

"Whilst on our march we met with many droves of these beautiful animals, and several times had the opportunity of seeing the Indians pursue them, and take them with the lasso. The first successful instance of the kind was effected by one of our guides and hunters, by the name of Beatte, a Frenchman, whose parents had lived nearly their whole lives in the Osage village; and who, himself, had been reared from his infancy amongst them; and in a continual life of Indian modes and amusements, had acquired all the skill and tact of his Indian teachers, and, probably, a little more; for he is reputed, without exception, the best hunter in these western regions.

"This instance took place one day whilst the regiment was at its usual halt of an hour, in the middle of the day.

"When the bugle sounded for a halt, and all were dismounted, Beatte and several others of the hunters asked permission of Colonel Dodge to pursue a drove of horses which were then in sight, at a distance of a mile or more from us. The permission was given, and they started off, and, by following a ravine, approached near to the unsuspecting animals, when they broke upon them, and pursued them for several miles in full view of the regiment. Several of us had good glasses, with which we could plainly see every movement and every manœuvre. After a race of two or three miles, Beatte was seen with his wild horse down, and the band and the other hunters rapidly leaving him.

"Seeing him in this condition, I galloped off to him as rapidly as possible, and had the satisfaction of seeing the whole operation of 'breaking down,' and bringing in the wild animal. When he had conquered the horse in this way, his brother, who was one of the unsuccessful ones in the chase, came riding back, and leading up the horse of Beatte which he had left behind, and, after staying with us a few minutes, assisted Beatte in leading his conquered wild horse towards the regiment, where it was satisfactorily examined and commented upon, as it was trembling and covered with white foam, until the bugle sounded the signal for marching, when all mounted; and with the rest, Beatte, astride of his wild horse, which had a buffalo skin girted on its back, and a halter, with a cruel noose around the under jaw. In this manner the command resumed its march, and Beatte astride of his wild horse, on which he rode, quietly and without difficulty, until night; the whole thing, the capture, and breaking, all having been accomplished within the space of one hour, our usual and daily halt at mid-day.

"Several others of these animals were caught in a similar manner during our march, by others of our hunters, affording us satisfactory instances of this most extraordinary and almost unaccountable fact.

"The horses that were caught were by no means very valuable specimens, being rather of an ordinary quality; and I saw, to my perfect satisfaction, that the finest of these droves can never be obtained in this way, as they take the lead at once, when they are pursued, and in a few moments will be seen half a mile, or more, ahead of the bulk of the drove, which they are leading off. There is not a doubt that there are many very fine and valuable horses amongst these herds; but it is impossible for the Indian or other hunter to take them, unless it be done by 'creasing' them, as I have before described; which is often done, but always destroys the spirit and character of the animal.

"In their ball-plays, and some other games, they are far behind the Sioux and others of the Northern tribes; but, in racing horses and riding, they are not equalled by any other Indians on the Continent. Racing horses, it would seem, is a constant and almost incessant exercise, and their principal mode of gambling; and perhaps a more finished set of jockeys are not to be found. The exercise of these people, in a country where horses are so abundant, and the country so fine for riding, is chiefly done on horseback; and it 'stands to

reason,' that such a people, who have been practising from their childhood, should become exceedingly expert in this wholesome and beautiful exercise. Amongst their feats of riding, there is one that has astonished me more than anything of the kind I have ever seen, or expect to see, in my life:—a stratagem of war, learned and practised by every young man in the tribe, by which he is able to drop his body upon the side of his horse at the instant he is passing, effectually screened from his enemies' weapons as he lays in a horizontal position behind the body of his horse, with his heel hanging over the horse's back, by which he has the power of throwing himself up again, and changing to the other side of the horse if necessary. In this wonderful condition, he will hang whilst his horse is at fullest speed, carrying with him his bow and his shield, and also his long lance of fourteen feet in length, all or either of which he will wield upon his enemy as he passes; rising and throwing his arrows over the horse's back, or with equal ease and equal success under the horse's neck. This astonishing feat, which the young men have been repeatedly playing off to our surprise as well as amusement, whilst they have been galloping about in front of our tents, completely puzzled the whole of us; and appeared to be the result of magic, rather than of skill acquired by practice. I had several times great curiosity to approach them, to ascertain by what means their bodies could be suspended in this manner, where nothing could be seen but the heel hanging over the horse's back. In these endeavours I was continually frustrated, until one day I coaxed a young fellow up within a little distance of me, by offering him a few plugs of tobacco, and he in a moment solved the difficulty, so far as to render it apparently more feasible than before; yet leaving it one of the most extraordinary results of practice and persevering endeavours. I found, on examination, that a short hair halter was passed around under the neck of the horse, and both ends tightly braided into the mane, on the withers, leaving a loop to hang under the neck, and against the breast, which, being caught up in the hand, makes a sling into which the elbow falls, taking the weight of the body on the middle of the upper arm. Into this loop the rider drops suddenly and fearlessly, leaving his heel to hang over the back of the horse, to steady him, and also to restore him when he wishes to regain his upright position on the horse's back.

"Besides this wonderful art, these people have several other feats of horsemanship, which they are continually showing off, which are pleasing and extraordinary, and of which they seem very proud. A people who spend so very great a part of their lives actually on their horses' backs, must needs become exceedingly expert in everything that pertains to riding—to war, or to the chase; and I am ready, without hesitation, to pronounce the Camanchees the most extraordinary horsemen that I have seen yet in all my travels, and I doubt very much whether any people in the world can surpass them.

"The Camanchees are, in stature, rather low, and, in person, often approaching to corpulency. In their movements they are heavy and ungraceful; and on their feet, one of the most unattractive and slovenly-looking races of Indians that I have ever seen; but the moment they mount their horses, they seem at once metamorphosed, and surprise the spectator with the ease and elegance of their movements. A Camanchee on his feet is out of his element, and, comparatively, almost as awkward as a monkey on the ground, without a limb or a branch to cling to; but the moment he lays his hand upon his horse, his *face*, even, becomes handsome, and he generally flies away like a different being."

TURF REGISTER.

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

KNIGHTON.

THURSDAY, June 23rd.—The Borough Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by R. Price, Esq., M.P., for horses that never won £50 at any one time before the day of naming; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five and upwards, 8 st. 10 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; heats, a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Gough's b. f. Fausta, by Doctor Faustus, four years old (J. Ennis) ...	1	1
Mr. Thompson's b. g. Sir Harry, six years old ...	4	2
Mr. Skerratt's b. g. Sidrophel, four years old ...	2	3
Mr. Hobbs's ch. f. Bretby Lass, three years old ...	3	dr.

The Radnorshire Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 3 if declared, &c., with 30 added by Sir John Walsh, Bart., M.P.; the second horse received back his Stake; two miles (fourteen subscribers, six of whom paid 3 sovs. each).

Mr. Jones's b. g. Henley, by The Tutor, five years old (half-bred), 8 st. 12 lb. (J. Jones) ...	1
Mr. Gough's ch. g. Aimwell, aged, 9 st. 5 lb. ...	2
Mr. Fox's b. m. Miss Kitty Cackle, aged, 9 st. 10 lb. ...	3

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. B. Davies's b. m. Merry Lass, aged, 9 st.; Mr. Langley's br. g. Rancour, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb.; Mr. Fowler's ch. f. Sunflower, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb.; and Mr. Green's b. f. Betty Lop, by Jack Tar, dam by Muley, out of Rosamel, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb.

The Stewards' Purse of 10 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, for three and four-year-old horses which have been bred within sixteen miles of the town of Knighton, and, at the time of starting, bona fide the property of persons residing within that distance; three-year-olds, 9 st.; four, 10 st.; half-bred horses that never won allowed 5 lb.; heats, a mile and a quarter (four subs.)

Mr. W. Tudge's b. g. Jolly Tar, brother to Topsail, four years old ... walked over.

FRIDAY.—The Stange Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages; heats, a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Skerratt's b. c. Hudibras, by Newton, four years old, 9 st. 10 lb. (Marlow) ...	2	3	1	1
Mr. Gough's br. f. Fausta, four years old, 9 st. 10 lb. ...	4	1	2	2
Mr. Robbins's b. c. President, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. ...	1	2	3	dr.
Mr. Frost's b. g. Fitzgambol, four years old, 9 st. 13 lb. ...	3	4	dr.	

The Craigdon Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred; the second horse received back his Stake; heats, a mile and a quarter.

Mr. E. Herbert's ch. c. Tariff, by Safeguard, three years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Jones) ...	0	1	1
Mr. Wheeldon's b. c. by Giovanni, out of Crackman's dam, four years old, 9 st. 8 lb. ...	1	0	2
Mr. Weyman's b. g. Milo, six years old, 10 st. 6 lb. ...	0	3	0
Mr. Brewer's The Bride, by Don Cossack, aged, 10 st. 3 lb. ...	0	0	0
Mr. Gough's b. g. Greenfinch, five years old, 9 st. 13 lb. ...	2	0	dr.
Mr. Robbins's b. c. President, four years old, 9 st. 8 lb. ...	3	dr.	
Mr. G. Carter's ch. f. Linnea, by Obadiah, out of Acco, three years old, 8 st. 2 lb. ...	0	dr.	

The Town Purse of £15, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, for horses that never won £25 at any one time before naming for this race; three-year-olds, 7 st. 6 lb.; four, 8 st. 8 lb.; five and upwards, 8 st. 12 lb.; a winner of the Borough Stakes to carry 14 lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the owner of the second horse received back his Stake; heats, one mile (ten subs.)

Mr. Brewer's b. m. Pussey (late Maid of Gwent), by Windcliffe, six years old (J. Ennis) ...	1	0	1
Mr. Green's b. f. Betty Lop, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. ...	0	1	3
Mr. Thompson's b. g. Sir Harry, by Safeguard, six years old, 8 st. 9 lb. ...	4	2	2
Mr. Mead's b. f. Commercial Lass (late Madley Lass), four years old (half-bred), 8 st. 5 lb. ...	3	0	dr.

Mr. Tudge's b. g. Jolly Tar, brother to Topsall, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Hobbs's ch. f. Bretby Lass, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb.	0	dr.
Mr. B. Davies's b. f. Ophis, by Uncle Toby, out of Colubra, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb.	0	dr.
Mr. Stubbs's br. m. Bounty, by Mulatto, five years old, 8 st. 9 st.	0	dr.

WINCHESTER.—FRIDAY, JUNE 24TH.

Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies and geldings, 8 st. 4 lb.; the new mile; untried stallions and mares, whose produce never won, allowed 3 lb.; only one allowance; the winner of the Derby or Oaks to have carried 7 lb.; the second, 3 lb. extra (four subscribers).

Mr. Etwall's br. c. Palladium, by Defence walked over.

The Hampshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; the owner of the second horse to have received back his Stake; and £50 would have been added if three horses had started; two miles and a distance (nine subscribers, seven of whom paid 5 sovs. ft.)

Mr. King's b. f. Sultana, by The Colonel, four years old, 7 st. walked over.

Foal Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; new mile.

Mr. Etwall's br. c. Palladium, 8 st. 7 lb. (J. Day)	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Flytrap, 8 st. 2 lb.	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Palladium.

Queen's Plate of 100 gs.; for 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-mile heats.

Mr. Wreford's b. h. Wardan, by Glencoe, five years old (J. Day, jun.)	2	3	1	1
Lord G. Bentinck's gr. c. Tripoli, three years old	...	4	1	3
Mr. M. Dilly's ch. c. Doctor Jephson, by Hindostan, dam by Blucher, out of Spell, by Sorcerer, three years old	...	1	4	3
Mr. W. Legg's ch. g. Adrian, aged	...	3	2	4

Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the County Members; T.Y.C.; three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Wreford's b. f. Franchise, by Taurus, out of Escape, three years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (J. Howlett)	1
Mr. Pryse's ch. f. Australia, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb.	2
Mr. Ley's ch. c. by Ellis, out of Partialty, three years old, 8 st.	3

The following also started, but were not placed: Lord G. Bentinck's ch. m. Miss Heathcote, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb.; Mr. King's b. f. Sultana, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb.; Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Tiptoe, three years old, 8 st.; and Mr. J. Howlett's ch. g. Victor, four years old, 7 st. 8 lb.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Miss Heathcote, and 5 to 1 agst. Franchise.

The City Members' Plate of 50 sovs., for any horse, &c., that did not win the Queen's Plate this year, or walk over for the same; three-year-olds, 6 st. 4 lb.; four, 7 st. 9 lb.; five, 8 st. 4 lb.; six, 8 st. 11 lb.; and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners once in the present year to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; thrice, or more, 7 lb. extra; two-mile heats.

Mr. Etwall's b. c. Thistle-whipper, by Beagle, four years old (J. Howlett)	...	1	1
Capt. Rooke's b. h. Stork, six years old	...	2	2
Mr. J. Legg's b. g. Stickler, aged	...	4	3
Mr. Sadler's br. c. Winkey Bos, by Defence, out of Fury, three years old, half-bred	...	3	dr.

COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER RACES.

Stewards: Lord Eglington and the Hon. F. Charteris.

Judge: Mr. Clarke. Clerk of the Course: Mr. Margerum.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29TH.—The Greenway Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 50 added from the Fund if three horses start; two-year-olds, 7 st.; and three, 9 st.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; about the last three quarters of a mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Wreford's f. by Camel, out of Wadastra, two years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (J. Howlett)	1
Mr. Bristow's Haroldstone, three years old, 9 st. (Hardy)	2
Mr. I. Day's Blazer, three years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (J. Day)	3

The Gloucestershire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared on or before the 1st of June; the owner of the second horse saved his Stake; the winner to pay 20 sovs. to the Judge; about two miles (sixty-four subscribers, fifty-one of whom declared).

Lord Eglington's b. m. Bellona, by Beagle, aged, 8 st. 5 lb. (T. Lye)	...	1
Mr. Wormwald's Millepede, four years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Heseltine)	...	2
Mr. I. J. Bristow's b. f. Arethusa, three years old, 5 st. 4 lb. (Arthur)	...	3

Mr. Meiklam's b. g. Wee Willie, aged, 8 st. 5 lb. (Templeman)	...	0
Mr. Isaac Day's ch. h. Tamburini, six years old, 8 st. (Rogers)	...	0
Mr. Carter's ch. g. Delusion, aged, 7 st. 5 lb. (Cotton)	...	0
Mr. Bush's b. g. by Exquisite, out of Maresfield's dam, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Bartholomew)	...	0
Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. Viola, four years old, 6 st. (Howlett)	...	0

The Cheltenham Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added; gentlemen riders; two miles (ten subscribers).

Mr. W. Sadler's b. h. Combat, half-bred, by Defence, 11 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Parr)	...	1
Mr. Tollet's The Tiger, half-bred, 11 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Carter)	...	2
Mr. W. Bryan's b. g. Protestant, half-bred, 8 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Wood)	...	3
Mr. I. Day's b. m. by Nimrod, out of Busk, five years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Sadler) bolted	...	4

THURSDAY, June 30th.—The Southam Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for any horses that never won £100 at one time, before the day of nomination; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 5 lb.; six, 8 st. 12 lb.; and aged, 10 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner of £100 at any time previous to the day of starting, to carry 5 lb. extra; two miles (eight subs).

Mr. I. Day's Marius, by Maseppa, four years old (Rogers)	...	1
Mr. Bristow's b. f. by Uncle Toby, out of Dinah, three years old (Arthur)	...	2

The Sherborne Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages; one mile (nine subscribers).

Mr. Sadler's b. h. Combat, half-bred, by Defence, aged, 8 st. 7 lb. (Rogers)	...	0	1
Mr. Bristow's Haroldstone, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (unknown)	...	0	2
Lord Eglington's b. m. Bellona, aged, 9 st. 8 lb. (T. Lye)	...	3	
Mr. Carter's ch. h. Delusion, aged, 8 st. 4 lb. (Cotton)	...	0	
Mr. Meiklam's b. g. Wee Willie, aged, 9 st. 2 lb. (Templeman)	...	0	
Mr. Rush's b. g. by Exquisite—Maresfield's dam, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Bartholomew)	...	0	
Mr. W. J. Agg na. Protestant, half-bred, four years old, a feather (Darling, jun.)	...	0	

The Tradesmen's and Innkeepers' Cup of 100 sovs., in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; Goodwood Cup weights, and conditions relating to weights, with the exception of weights for horses having run at York Spring, and Liverpool Spring, Chester, Manchester, and Newton Races, in 1842, or at Liverpool Races, in 1842, or in Scotland or Ireland; about two miles and a half (twelve subscribers).

Mr. Holmes's b. h. Vulcan, by Verulam, five years old, 9 st. 9 lb. (J. Day, jun.)	...	1
Sir C. B. Cockerell na. ch. c. Norman, four years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Darling)	...	2
Mr. Isaac Day's ch. g. Marius, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Howlett)	...	0

A Free Handicap of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added from the Fund; the winners of the Gloucestershire Stakes to have carried 5 lb. extra; the second horse to save his Stake; the Cup Course.

Mr. Carter's b. g. Delusion, by Defence, aged, 8 st. (Cotton)	...	1
Mr. Rogers's Combat, aged, half-bred, 8 st. 5 lb. (Rogers)	...	2
Mr. Rush's b. g. by Exquisite, out of Maresfield's dam, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Bartholomew)	...	0
Mr. I. Day's b. m. by Nimrod, out of Busk, five years old, 7 st.	...	0
Mr. Holman's ch. g. The Page, half-bred, 6 st. 12 lb.	...	0

CARLISLE RACES.

Stewards: Hon. C. Howard, M.P., Major-General Wyndham, and A. Johnstone, Esq.
Judge: Mr. Orton.

WEDNESDAY, June 29th.—Match for £50; one mile.

Mr. Harris's b. m. Monarch, aged, 12 st.	...	1
Mr. Smith's br. m. The Nun, five years old, 11 st. 7 lb.	...	2

Even betting.

A Gold Cup, or Specie, at the option of the winner, by subscription of 10 gs. each, for horses, &c., of all ages; 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.; two miles and a quarter (six subscribers).

Mr. W. Ramsay's ch. g. Recorder, by Langar, six years old	...	walked over.
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A 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.

Mr. Kirby's b. c. Sir Robert, by Sheet Anchor, three years old	...	1	1
Mr. Crauford's b. g. Royal Charlie, by Liverpool, three years old	...	2	2
Mr. Thompson's b. m. Countess, by The Earl, four years old	...	4	3
Mr. Clarke's c. m. Maid of Auckland, by Tomboy, three years old	...	3	dr.

TURF REGISTER.

THURSDAY.—The Cumberland Plate of 100 sovs., for horses, &c., of all ages, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 each, 10 fr., the second to save his Stake; twice round and a distance; the winner to pay 5 ga. to the Judge (seven subscribers).
 Colonel Cradock's b. c. Pagan, by Muley Moloch, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Oates) ... 1
 Mr. Ramsay's ch. g. Recorder, by Langar, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. ... 2
 Betting: 3 to 1 on Pagan.

The Tally-ho Stakes of 5 sovs. each, p.p., with 10 sovs. added from the Racing Fund, free for any horse, mare, or gelding; 12 st. each; five leaps over four-foot hurdles; heats, once round and a distance; thorough-bred horses, or the winner of any Steeple-chase or Hurdle Race, 5 lb. extra (five subscribers).
 Mr. W. C. Hobson's b. g. Donald Caird, aged (Robinson) ... 2 1 1
 Mr. W. H. Johnstone's b. h. Calliph, aged (H. Johnstone) ... 3 2 2
 Mr. E. Maxwell's b. g. Poacher, aged ... 0 4 3
 Sir P. Maxwell's b. g. Brush, aged ... 0 3 4
 Mr. Crauford's ch. g. The Laird's Brother, aged ... 0 dis.

FRIDAY, July 1st.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 ga., for horses, &c., of all ages; three-year-olds, 7 st. 9 lb.; four, 9 st.; five, 9 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 10 st.; four miles.
 Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Galax, by Muley Moloch, four years old ... walked over.

The Innkeepers' Plate of 50 sovs., for horses, &c., of all ages; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 4 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; horses, mares, or geldings, that have never won the value of 50 sovs. in Plate or Stake, before the time of starting, allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 ga., &c.; heats, twice round.
 Mr. Maitland's c. g. Clem-o'-the-Cleugh, by Corinthian, aged ... 3 1 1
 Mr. Kirby's br. c. Sir Robert, by Sheet Anchor, three years old ... 1 2 dr.
 Mr. Moore's b. g. Centurion, by Emilius, aged ... 2 dis.

The Whip Stakes of 10 sovs. each, p.p., with 5 added by the Racing Fund; 11 st. each; the last horse to pay the second horse's Stake; heats, one mile and a distance (five subscribers).
 Mr. Ferguson's br. m. Clipper (J. J. Henderson) ... 4 1 1
 Colonel Slinm's b. m. Lady Sarah (Martin) ... 1 2 2
 Captain Atkinson's Sir Robert Hardy (Graham) ... 2 2 3
 Mr. Bingham's b. g. Attila (H. Edwards) ... 3 dr.

LUDLOW RACES.

Steward: R. D. Gough, Esq.

THURSDAY, June 30th.—The Ludlow Stakes (Handicap), of 25 sovs. each, with 30 given by James Ackers, Esq.: once round and a distance (eleven subscribers, four of whom declared).
 Mr. Gough's ch. h. Aimwell, aged, 7 st. 8 lb. (Dodgson) ... 1
 Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, aged, 8 st. 2 lb. ... 2
 Mr. Jackson's b. g. Wings, six years old, 7 st. 8 lb. ... 3

The Maiden Plate of 50 sovs., given by Beriah Botfield, Esq., for horses that have never won more than 250 before the day of entrance; heats, Ludlow Stakes Course.
 Mr. Gough's br. f. Fausta, by Dr. Faustus, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Calloway) 5 1 1
 Mr. W. T. Saunders's br. c. Dr. Allen, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb. ... 1 5 2
 Mr. T. Walter's b. g. Guzbeq, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. ... 2 4 3
 Mr. Fowler's ch. g. Magnum Bonum, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. ... 3 3 4
 Mr. H. Arthur's b. g. The Star, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. ... 4 2 dr.

The Oakley Park Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 given by the Hon. R. H. Clive, for hal hunters; heats, Ludlow Stakes Course (five subscribers).
 Mr. Jones's b. g. Henley, by The Tutor, five years old, 11 st. 11 lb. (Jones) 1 5 1
 Mr. Gough's br. g. Greenfinch, five years old, 11 st. 4 lb. ... 2 1 1
 Mr. Ackers na. ch. g. Tariff, three years old, 9 st. 10 lb. ... 3 2 2
 Mr. T. Botfield na. ch. g. Forester, three years old, 9 st. ... 4 dr.

FRIDAY, July 1st.—A Gold Cup, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added from T twice round, starting at the Chair (six subscribers).
 Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, by Inflexible, aged, 9 st. (C. Marlow) ...
 W. Killick's b. g. Henley, half-bred, five years old, 8 st. 13 lb. ...
 C. Heads-or-Tails, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb. ... (stagg)

The Borough Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by James Ackers, Esq.; the winner to be sold for £300 if demanded; heats, once round and a distance (six subscribers).

Mr. Frost's b. h. Fitzgambol, by Gambol, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Frost)	1	1
Mr. Arthur's The Star, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. ...	4	2
Mr. T. Copeland's ch. f. The Lady Penydaran, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	2	3
Mr. Ackers na. br. g. Tom Moody, by Camel, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. ...	3	dr.

The South Shropshire Forced Handicap, for winners, of 3 sovs. each, 1 ft., free for beaten horses, with 20 given by the Members for that Division of the County; once round and a distance (ten subscribers).

Mr. Filntoff's Wings, by Skylark, six years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Calloway)	1
Mr. Frost's Fitzgambol, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. ...	2
Mr. Owsley's Happy-go-Lucky, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. ...	3
Mr. Tudge's Jolly Tar, four years old, 7 st. ...	4

The Ludlow Hunt Stakes of 5 sovs. each, for hunters *bond fide* the property of gentlemen or farmers resident within the limits of the Ludlow Hunt on the 1st of January, 1842; heats, once round and a distance, over three hurdles in each heat (four subscribers).

Mr. Jones's bk. m. Huntress, aged, 12 st. ...	1	2	1
Mr. Halifax na. br. m. Bramble, by Woldsman, aged, 12 st. ...	2	1	2

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 5th.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, and only 5 ft. if declared by ten o'clock the evening before running, to go to the owner of the second horse, for three-year-olds and upwards; New T. Y. C. (nine subscribers, three of whom declared).

Mr. Rogers's Bridgroom, by Hymen, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Bartholomew)	0	1
Lord Exeter's Abydos, by Sultan, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (S. Mann)	...	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Proof Print, by Birdcatcher, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (J. Howlett)	...	3
Colonel Peel's Hawk's-eye, by Langar, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Nat)	...	4
Mr. Thornhill's Equation, by Emilius, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Pettit)	...	5
Lord Exeter's Saros, by Sultan or Beiram, three years old, 6 st.	...	pd.

The following paid 5 sovs. forfeit:—Colonel Peel's Garryowen, by St. Patrick, five years old, 9 st. 2 lb.; Mr. Price's The Oneida Chief, by Divan, three years old, 7 st.; and Lord Kelburne's c. by Retainer, dam by St. Patrick, three years old, 5 st. 4 lb.

Betting: 3 to 1 each agst. Bridgroom and Hawk's-eye, and 7 to 2 agst. Equation (taken), Abydos and Proof Print, nominally at 5 to 1 each, had no backers. The lead was taken by Hawk's-eye, and maintained by him until near the plantations, when Abydos passed him, and was as every-body thought safe to win, but at the last Bridgroom made a rush and came in even with Abydos, thus making a dead heat. The deciding heat Bridgroom won cleverly by a neck.

Match, 200, h. ft.; New T. Y. C.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Farintosh, by Bay Middleton, out of Camarine's dam, 8 st. 7 lb. ...	received.
Colonel Peel's br. c. Murat, by Slane, out of Hester, 8 st. 2 lb. ...	paid.

Match, 100, h. ft.; last half mile of New T. Y. C.

Lord Albemarle's f. Minaret, by Ibrahim, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (E. Edwards)	1
Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe, by Merchant, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson)	2

Betting: 5 to 4 on Menalippe. Minaret came in first by four lengths.

The July Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; New T. Y. C. (twenty-four subscribers).

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Extempore, sister to Euclid, by Emilius (Pettit)	...	1
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Jerry, out of Macremma (Darling)	...	2
Colonel Peel's br. c. Murat, by Slane (Nat)	...	3
Lord Albemarle's bk. c. Tilcho, by Jerry, out of Perfume (Robinson)	...	0
Lord Orford's gr. f. by Clearwell, out of Goldpin (Chapple)	...	0
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Farintosh, by Bay Middleton (Rogers)	...	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Macremma filly, 4 to 1 agst. Farintosh, 5 to 1 agst. Murat, and 5 to 1 agst. the Goldpin filly; the winner was not mentioned. Extempore was first at starting, kept the lead throughout, and won by half a length: a bad race.

Match, 150, h. ft.; first half of Ab. M.

Lord Albemarle's Nuncio, by Plenipotentiary, three years old, 9 st. (Robinson)	...	1
Colonel Peel's Rook's-nest, by Rockingham, out of Hoax, two years old, 6 st. 10 lb., carried 6 st. 12 lb. (Chapple)	...	2

Betting: 5 to 4 and 11 to 8 on Nuncio. Won in a canter by a couple of lengths.

WEDNESDAY, July 6th.—A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; last half of E. M. (five subscribers).

Lord Orford's gr. f. by Clearwell, out of Goldpin (Nat)	1
Captain Colquitt's Pickpocket, by Camel (F. Butler)	2
Mr. Rogers's b. c. by Hornsea, out of Antelope's dam (Rogers)	3
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by Bolero, dam by Sultan—Prudence (J. Day)	4
Duke of Beaufort's c. by Ishmael or Achmet, out of Taglioni (Robinson)	5

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. the Clearwell filly, and nothing else backed. The running as far as the plantations was made by the Hornsea colt, when he was passed by Pickpocket and the favourite the latter waited to the last, made a rush, and came in first by a head.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; 2 winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; New T.Y.C. (five subscribers).

Mr. Crockford's b. c. by Bentley, out of Bamboo's dam (Rogers)	0	1
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Lisburn, by Jerry (J. Day)	0	2
Mr. Goodwin's Drummer Boy, by The Colonel (E. Edwards)	3	
Mr. Beresford's Indolence, by Rococo (F. Butler)	0	
Lord Orford's f. by Clearwell, out of Chapeau d'Espagne's dam (Nat)	0	

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Drummer Boy, 7 to 2 agst. Lisburn, and 4 to 1 agst. the Clearwell filly. T lead was taken by Lisburn at a very indifferent pace. When at the ropes the Drummer Boy & the Bentley colt went up to Lisburn. This was declared a dead heat between Lisburn and the Bentley colt, the Drummer Boy being third. The betting on the deciding heat was 11 to 8 the Bentley colt, who won the race by half a length, and was afterwards claimed.

Fifty Pounds; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 1 lb.; six and aged, 9 5 lb.; to start at the starting-post of T.M.M., and run to the end of R. C.

Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick, aged	walked over.
General Yates's Seahorse, by Camel, three years old	dr.
Mr. Pettit's Eusebia, by Emilius, three years old	dr.

Match, 100, h. ft.; 8 st. 7 lb. each; New T.Y.C.

Mr. Byng's Dickens, by Velocipede, out of Snowball	received 40 sovs.
Lord Kelburne's Anti-Dickens, by a Son of Woeful, dam by Comus	paid.

THURSDAY, July 7th.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., for all ages (2 year-olds excepted); to start at the starting-post of B.M., and run to the end of New T.Y. (five subscribers).

Duke of Rutland's br. f. by Bizarre, out of Flambeau's dam, three years old, 6 st. (J. Howlett)	1
Mr. Price's The Oneida Chief, by Divan, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Bartholomew)	2
Mr. Pettit's Langolee, by Langar, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Pettit)	3
Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe, by Merchant, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Robinson)	4
Lord Albemarle's Minaret, by Ibrahim, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb.	pd.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Langolee, 3 to 1 agst. Bizarre filly, 3 to 1 agst. Menalippe, and 5 to 1 agst. The Oneida Chief. Won by nearly two lengths.

The Chesterfield Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 4 lb.; the winner of the July Stakes, 9 lb., and the second horse, 4 lb. extra; last half of B. (twenty-three subscribers).

General Yates's ch. c. Canton, by Cain, out of the Dey of Algiers' dam (Nat)	1
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Jerry, out of Macremma, 4 lb. extra (Darling)	2
Captain Colquitt's br. c. Pickpocket, by Camel (F. Butler)	0
Duke of Richmond's b. f. by Physician, out of Young Sweet-pea (Rogers)	0
Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. by Gladiator, out of Anchorite's dam (Holmes)	0
Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Belram or Sultan, out of Fanny Davies (Mann)	0
Mr. Coleman's br. c. Jamal, late Bacon, brother to Goneril (Coleman)	0
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Extempore, sister to Euclid, by Emilius, 9 lb. extra (Pettit)	0
The late Duke of Orleans' b. f. Sister to Jeffy, by Jerry (E. Edwards)	0

Betting: The Duke of Richmond's filly was backed at 7 to 2, Canton at 6, 5, and finally 4 1, and Jamal at 10 to 1; 6 to 1 offered agst. Lord Exeter's two, and 10 to 1 each agst. Extemp and the late Duke of Orleans' filly, formerly Lord Lynedoch's. After half a dozen false starts the lead was taken by Lord Exeter's filly, the favourite second, and the others well up. As she as the hill began to tell, Canton and the Jerry filly closed, and ran a smart race for the first place which the colt obtained, by a length, cleverly. The tailing was not great; Jamal, however, had 1 worst of it.

The Town Plate of £50, for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; B.M.

Mr. Rogers's Bridegroom, by Hymen (Rogers)	1
Mr. Newton's b. f. Ma Mie, by Jerry (F. Butler)	2
Mr. Townley's b. c. by Hymen, dam by Perchance, grandam by Walton, out of Sorcerer (W. Boyce)	0
Mr. Arnall's f. Miss Sally, by Nonsense, out of Rectory (Mann)	0
Mr. Pettit's Epartero, by Emilius (Robinson)	0
General Yates's Seahorse, by Camel (Nat)	0
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Retainer, dam by St. Patrick (Wakefield)	0

Betting: Even on Seahorse, 3 to 1 agst. Ma Mie, and 5 to 1 agst. the Hymen colt; no 2 mentioned. Bridegroom took the lead, the Hymen colt and Miss Sally waiting on him. A 3 plantations the latter dropped off. Won very cleverly by a head.

Match, 200, h. ft.; 8 st. 4 lb. each; T.Y.C.

Colonel Peel's ch. c. by Slane, out of Vulture (Nat)	1
Lord Kelburne's b. c. Deerslayer, by Bay Middleton, out of his Actæon mare (Wakefield)	2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Deerslayer. The favourite made the play, and continued first until within half a distance of the Chair, when Nat, on the Slane colt, went by and won cleverly.

WORCESTER RACES.

Stewards: T. C. Hornyold, Esq., and F. W. Knight, Esq., M.P.

Judge: Mr. White, of Nantwich.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. William Tolly. Secretary: Mr. William Webb.

WEDNESDAY, July 6th.—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.; aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; one mile and a quarter (seventeen subscribers).

Mr. T. Wilkes's br. c. Doctor Allen, by Abbas Mirza, three years old (Stagg)	1
Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, aged (Marlow)	2
Sir Robert Pigot's ch. c. by Cain, out of Miss Chester, three years old (Dodgson)	0
Mr. B. Collett's ch. f. Moonbeam, four years old (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Denham's b. h. Compensation, aged (Hardy)	0
Mr. Taylor's b. f. Sequidilla, four years old (Moon)	0

Betting: 5 to 4 on Compensation, 10 to 1 agst. Dr. Allen, and 10 to 1 agst. Moonbeam.

A Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, with 25 added; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; T.Y.C.; to start on the Five-furlong Course (seven subscribers).

Mr. E. Griffith's b. c. Newcourt, by Sir Hercules (Hardy)	1
Mr. H. Arthur's ch. f. Miss Susan, by Bran (Stagg)	2
Mr. Denham's b. f. Julia (Whitehouse)	3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Newcourt, and 4 to 1 agst. Miss Susan.

The Worcestershire Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 ft. only if declared, with 50 added; the second to receive back his Stake; the winner to pay 20 sovs. towards the expenses of the Course and Judge; two miles (thirty-three subscribers, twenty-three of whom declared).

Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, by Recovery, six years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (a lad)	1
Mr. I. Day's br. m. by Nimrod, out of Busk, five years old, 7 st. (H. Darling)	2
Mr. Frost's b. h. Fitzgambol, four years old, 7 st. (Stagg)	3
Mr. B. Collett's br. h. The Dean, six years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Copeland's b. g. Chantilly, six years old, 8 st. (Marlow)	0
Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. Viola, four years old, 7 st. (S. Darling)	0
Mr. J. Bristow's b. c. Haroldstone, three years old (Arthur)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Chantilly, 4 to 1 agst. Retriever, 4 to 1 agst. Fitzgambol, and 10 to 1 agst. the Busk mare.

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.; aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner of £50 in the present year, 3 lb.; of two £50's, 5 lb. extra; heats, two miles.

Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, by Inflexible, aged (Marlow)	1
Mr. Wright's b. h. Fitzgambol, four years old (Stagg)	2
Mr. G. Tell's br. g. Sir Robert, five years old	3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Fat Jack.

THURSDAY.—The Sidbury Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added; two-year-olds, 6 st. 8 lb.; three, 8 st. 10 lb.; fillies allowed 3 lb.; a winner of the value of £100 at any one time previous to starting, 4 lb. extra; Five-furlong Course (five subscribers).

Mr. F. W. Knight's ch. f. Bird's-eye, two years old (S. Darling)	1
Mr. Arthur's ch. f. Miss Susan, two years old (H. Darling)	2
Mr. Buckley's b. c. David, three years old (Marlow)	3
Mr. Collett's b. c. Heads-or-Tails, three years old (Arthur)	4
Mr. J. Bristow's b. f. Valetta, two years old (a lad)	5

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. David, 2 to 1 agst. Miss Susan, 3 to 1 agst. Valetta, 4 to 1 agst. Bird's-eye, and 6 to 1 agst. Heads-or-Tails.

The Tradesmen's Cup of 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared; the second horse receives back his Stake; the winner to pay 20 sovs. towards the expenses of the Judge and the Course; three miles (eighteen subscribers, nine of whom declared).

Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, by Recovery, six years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (M. Murphy)	1
Mr. Holmes's br. h. Vulcan, five years old, 9 st. 4 lb. (J. Day, jun.)	2
Mr. Carter's b. g. The Tiger, half-bred, aged, 8 st. 2 lb. (Dodgson)	fell.
Mr. Fowler's ch. f. Sunflower, four years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Hardy)	dis.

Sir Orley Wakeman na. br. h. Brother to Rosetta, five years old, 6 st. 10 lb.
(J. Darling) dis.
Betting: 6 to 4 on Vulcan, 5 to 2 agst. Retriever, and 8 to 1 agst. The Tiger.

A Purse of 50 sovs., given by the Members for the Western Division of the County, for horses that never won before the 1st of May last; three-year-olds, 7 st. 12 lb.; four, 9 st. 4 lb.; five, 9 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 10 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; half-bred horses, 7 lb.; and horses bred in the County of Worcester, and *bona fide* the property of an elector of the said County, 7 lb.; heats, two miles.

Mr. E. Herbert's ch. c. Tariff, half-bred, by Safeguard, three years old (S. Denman)	1	1
Mr. T. Walter's bk. h. St. Botolph, four years old (Marlow)	3	2
Mr. H. Woodhouse's ch. g. Hatred, half-bred, four years old	2	3

ODIHAM RACES.—MONDAY, JULY 11th.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund; three-year-olds, 8 st.; four, 9 st. 3 lb.; five, 9 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 10 st.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if claimed, &c.; heats, once round—about a mile and a half (three subscribers).

Sir W. W. Wynne's b. g. Remnant, by Bustard, aged, 10 st. 7 lb.	1	1
Mr. Buckall's ch. g. Gobemouche, four years old, 9 st. 10 lb.	3	2
Mr. Caffallo's ch. g. Adrian, aged, 10 st. 7 lb.	2	dis.

Sweepstakes of 2 sovs., with 10 added from the Fund; the same conditions as the first; winner to be sold for 40 sovs.

Mr. Dicker's Little Nell	4	1	1
Mr. Hewett's Victor	1	2	2
Mr. Cure's Forest Lass	3	3	dr.
Mr. Hotham's Lass-o'-Gowrie	2	dr.	

A Handicap of 1 sov. each, with 5 added, was won by Mr. Buckall's ch. g. Gobemouche, 10 st. (owner), beating Mr. Hotham's Lass-o'-Gowrie, 8 st. 11 lb., Mr. Cure's Forest Lass, 8 st. 7 lb., and Mr. Goddard's g. m. 7 st.

NORFOLK AND NORWICH RACES.

Stewards: Sir E. Stracey, Bart., Sir J. Boileau, Bart., C. Thompson, Esq., Captain Ives, and
— Simpson, Esq.

TUESDAY, July 12th.—The Light Weight Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added from the Fund; the winner to be sold for £150; heats, once round and a distance (five subscribers).

Lord Stradbroke's b.c. by Emilius—Memina, three years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (S. Mann)	1	1
Mr. W. A. Bignold's br. m. Camille, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	...	5
Mr. Skingley's br. m. Fama, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	...	3
Mr. Pettit's Eusebia, three years old, 7 st. 6 lb.	...	2
Captain Ives's ch. m. Folly, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	...	4

The Norfolk and Norwich Handicap Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared; £50 would have been added from the Fund had five horses accepted; once round and a distance (thirteen subscribers, eleven of whom declared).

Lord Orford's Young Quo Minus, by Buzzard, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (S. Mann)	1
Mr. Booty's The Oneida Chief, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (post entrance)	2

Match, £100; 9 st. 4 lb. each; one mile and a distance.

Mr. Tompson's b. f. Petition, by Young Emilius, three years old (Bartholomew)	1
Mr. H. Stracey's br. c. March, by Tarquin, three years old	2

The Tradesmen's Plate of 30 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; the second to save his Stake; heats, once round and a distance (five subscribers).

Mr. C. Button's ch. m. Evasion, by Emilius, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Pegg)	4	1	1
Mr. J. S. Turner's g. m. Alice Hawthorne, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb.	...	1	2
Mr. Tompson's b. f. Passion Flower, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb.	...	2	3
Mr. E. K. Clark's b. m. Sister to Glencoe, three years old, 9 st. 3 lb.	...	3	dr.

The Hurdle Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Officers of the 13th Light Dragoons, quartered in Norwich; heats, twice round and a distance (four subscribers).

Mr. Blyth's b. m. Fidelity, aged, 12 st. 9 lb. (Brett)	...	3	1	1
Mr. B. Land's m. Romp, half-bred, five years old, 11 st. 7 lb.	...	1	3	3
Mr. H. Stracey's ch. g. Young Protempre, by Mayfly, dam by Sir Edward, half-bred, six years old, 11 st. 7 lb.	...	2	2	2
Mr. W. Butcher's g. m. Kate Kearney, late Zarah, six years old, 12 st. 3 lb.	4	boltd.		

WEDNESDAY, July 13th.—The Norfolk and Norwich Plate of 50 sovs., open to horses *bona fide* the property of Norfolk Farmers; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Tompson's Petition, by Young Emilius, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Bartholomew)	1	1
Mr. Button's Evasion, three years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	2	2
Mr. Land's Romp, five years old, 10 st.	3	3
Mr. B. Brandford's Prince Albert, four years old, 9 st. 11 lb.	4	4
Mr. Turner's Alice Hawthorne, three years old, 8 st. 4 lb.	5	dr.

The Light Weight Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added from the Fund; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, once round and a distance (three subscribers).

Mr. Price's The Oneida Chief, by Divan, three years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Bartholomew)	3	3	1	1
Mr. Pettit's Langolee, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	1	2	3	2
Mr. W. Bignold's br. m. Camille, six years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	2	1	2	3

The Members' Plate of 30 sovs.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. J. Skingsley's br. m. Fama, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 9 st. 1 lb. (Macedonald)	1	1
Mr. Bligh's Fidelity, aged, 10 st. 2 lb. (post entrance)	2	dr.
Mr. Scott's b. m. Ellen, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb.

A Free Handicap of 1 sov. each, with 10 added; once round and a distance (eight subscribers).

Mr. Land's Romp, five years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Edwards)	4	1	1
Mr. Pettit's Sweetmeat, three years old, 7 st. 6 lb.	2	2	2
Mr. Rainham's b. c. Ambassador, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb.	1	3	3
Mr. Holl's Lady Essex, aged, 8 st. 4 lb.	5	4	dr.
Mr. J. S. Turner's Alice Hawthorne, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb.	3	dr.	
Mr. Blyth's b. m. Fidelity, aged, 9 st. 7 lb.	6	dr.	

MANSFIELD MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 12th.—The Sherwood Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added; heats, about a mile and a half.

Mr. Wheelson's b. c. by Giovanni, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Bradley)	2	2	1	1
Mr. Allen's br. m. Margaret, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb.	1	3	3	2
Mr. Orton's b. c. Fitzgambol, four years old, 9 st. 9 lb.	3	1	2	3
Mr. Rhodes's br. m. Gambolette, six years old, 9 st. 13 lb.	4 dr.

The Innkeepers' Purse, for ponies, was won in two heats by Mr. Wood's b. m. Sarah (a lad), beating Mr. Colclough's bk. m. Village Maid, Mr. Whitehead's ch. h. Tiresias, Mr. Lowe's b. m. Lady Mary, three years old (bolted), and Mr. Chaloner's gr. m. Lady Sheffield.

A Sweepstakes of 1 sov. each, with 10 added, about one mile and a half, was won in two heats by Mr. Harrison's b. m. Oak Branch, five years old, 9 st. (Bradley), beating Mr. Doncaster's ch. m. Miss Ferguson, six years old, 9 st. 4 lb., and Mr. Bullock's ch. m. Crazy Jane, five years old, 9 st., half a neck.

WEDNESDAY.—The North Broxtowe Stakes of 2 sovs., with 20 added; heats, about a mile and a half.

Mr. Allen's br. m. Margaret, by Margrave, six years old, 10 st. 4 lb.	1	3	1
Mr. Harrison's b. m. Oak Branch, five years old, 9 st.	4	1	2
Mr. Rhodes's br. m. Gambolette, six years old, 9 st. 13 lb.	5	2	dr.
Mr. Storey's b. m. Callista, by Demon, six years old, 9 st. 4 lb.	2 dr.
Mr. Orton's bk. m. Gay Lass, by Gamble, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb.	3 dr.

The Sweepstakes of 1 sov. each, with 20 added, once round the course, five subscribers, was won in two heats by Mr. Orton's bk. m. Gay Lass, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Denman), beating Mr. Doncaster's ch. m. Miss Ferguson, six years old, 9 st. 4 lb., Mr. Wilmot's br. g. Johnny, and Mr. Storey's b. m. Callista, by Demon, six years old, 9 st. 4 lb.

The Handicap of 5 sovs. was won by Mr. Doncaster's ch. m. Miss Ferguson (Yarker), beating the Village Maid and Callista.

LIVERPOOL JULY MEETING.

Stewards: Lord G. Bentinck, Sir R. Bulkeley, and Lord Stanley.

Secretary: Mr. Lynn. Clerk of the Course: Mr. Eddy. Judge: Mr. Clarke.

WEDNESDAY, July 13th.—The Croxteth Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 30 added; three-year-olds, 6 st. 8 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; one mile and a quarter (eight subscribers).

Lord Westminster's br. c. Satirist, by Pantaloon, four years old (Marson)	1
Mr. Heseltine's br. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old (owner)	2

Duke of Richmond's br. h. The Carrier, by The Saddler, six years old (Rogers) 3
 Sir J. Gerard's ch. f. Meal, by Bran, three years old (Bell) ... 4

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Satirist, and 2 to 1 agst. The Shadow.

A Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3 lb.; two miles (seven subscribers).

Lord Derby's br. f. Fortuneteller, by Voltaire, 8 st. (Holmes) ... 1
 Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. by Beagle, out of Jemima, 8 st. 3 lb. (Darling) ... 2

Betting: 5 to 4 on the colt.

The Bickerstaffe Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for foals of 1839; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3 lb.; each subscriber named two foals, with the option of changing one of them on the last day of the July Meeting, in 1840, upon paying a bonus of 10 sovs., to go to the owner of the second horse; one mile (three subscribers).

Lord Westminster's br. c. Candahar, by Pantaloon (Marson) ... 1
 Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. Peloponnesus, by Ellis, 8 st. 4 lb. (Rogers) ... 2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Candahar.

The Sefton Stakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 4 lb. each; once round (nine subscribers).

Mr. Meiklam's ch. f. Florence, by Velocipede (Templeman) ... 1
 Colonel Crauford's br. f. by Langar, out of Mermaid (Oates) ... 2
 Lord Stanley's br. f. Fortuneteller, by Voltaire (Holmes) ... 3
 Mr. W. Thompson na. b. f. Princess, by Physician (Thompson) ... 4
 Mr. Edmonstone's ch. f. The Nun, by Bran (Marlow) ... 5

Betting: Even on the Mermaid filly.

The Mersey Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the second horse received 50 sovs. out of the Stakes; T.Y.C. (twenty-two subscribers).

Mr. G. Clarke's ch. c. Philip, by Jereed, dam by Catton, out of Green Mantle's dam (Holmes) ... 1
 Lord Eglinton's br. f. Egidia, by Sheet Anchor, out of his Zillah (Lye) ... 2
 Lord Westminster's b. f. Maria Day, by Physician, out of Young Lady Erin (J. Day) ... 3
 Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Colin Clink, by Velocipede—Henrietta (Cartwright) ... 4
 Mr. Whitworth's b. f. Gipsy Queen, by Tomboy, out of Lady Moore Carew (Templeman) ... 5

Betting: 2 to 1 on Maria Day.

A Sweepstakes of 500 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 8 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; untried stallions or mares whose produce never won, allowed 3 lb.; Stable Corner-in (eight subs.)

Lord Westminster's br. c. Auckland, by Touchstone, 3 lb. ... walked over.
 Mr. Greville's b. c. Gunter, by Bay Middleton, 3 lb., withdrew his Stake, and received 300 sovs. out of the forfeits.

A Maiden Plate of £70; 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. G. Clarke's ch. c. Woldsman, by Hampton, three years old, 4 lb. over (Nat) ... 6 6 3 1 1
 Mr. Graydon's ch. c. Recompense, by Recovery, three years old (Howlett) ... 0 1 4 2 2
 Mr. Johnstone's br. f. by Voltaire—Proserpine, four years old (Marson) 5 6 1 3 3
 Lord Stanley's b. c. Fatalist, by Voltaire, four years old (Holmes) 0 7 2 dr.
 Mr. King's br. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Lilla, three years old (Foster) ... 4 2 dr.
 Mr. Langshaw's b. f. by Speculator—Ambuscade, three years old (Barker) ... 3 3 dr.
 Mr. Singleton's ch. c. Smike, by St. Nicholas, three years old (Oates) 7 4 dr.

THURSDAY.—A Free Handicap of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added; one mile and a quarter (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Graydon's ch. h. Clinker, by Turcoman, six years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Nat) ... 1
 Mr. Loy's br. h. Ararat, by Liverpool, six years old, 7 st. 13 lb. (Francis) ... 2

Betting: 5 to 4 on Clinker.

The Foal Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; 3 lb. allowed, once round and a distance (seven subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. Peloponnesus, by Ellis, 3 lb. (Rogers) ... 1
 Lord Westminster's ch. c. Bonâ Fide, by Pantaloon, 3 lb. (Marson) ... 2
 Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. by The Mole, out of Acanthus, 3 lb. (Darling) ... 3

Betting: 6 to 4 each agst. Peloponnesus and Bonâ Fide.

THE CUP.

The Tradesmen's Cup, or 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 of July; 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, to have carried 5 lb. extra two miles (ninety-one subscribers, fifty-nine of whom declared, &c.)

Mr. Holmes's b. h. Vulcan, by Verulam, five years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (J. Day, jun.)	0 1
Lord Chesterfield's ch. m. Rhodanthe, by Velocipede, five years old, 7 st. (Chapple)	0 2
Duke of Richmond's br. h. The Currier, by The Saddler, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Rogers)	0
Lord Westminster's br. c. Sattirist, by Pantaloon, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Marson)	0
Lord Eglinton's b. m. Bellona, by Beagle, six years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Lye)	0
Lord Milltown's ch. m. Cruiskeen, by Sir Hercules, aged, 8 st. (Stagg)	0
Mr. Peace's h. h. The Lord Mayor, by Pantaloon, six years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Holmes)	0
Mr. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Marlow)	0
Mr. Moety's b. c. Prince Caradoc, by The Colonel, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Bower's b. f. Collina, by Langar, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Francis)	0
Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, by Recovery, six years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Wynne)	0
Mr. Bower's br. h. Black Beck, by Mulatto, five years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Nat)	0
Mr. Lichtwald's ch. f. Miss Stilton, by Saracen, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Bell)	0
Mr. Graydon's ch. h. Clinker, by Turcoman, six years old, 7 st. 6 lb., carried 7 st. 11 lb. (W. Noble)	0
Mr. Hornby's br. h. Champagne, by Mulatto, five years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (G. Noble)	0
Mr. Bell's b. c. Thirsk, by Voltaire, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Bumby)	0
Colonel Cradock's b. c. Pagan, by Muley Moloch, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb.	0
Mr. Watts's b. c. Forester, by Verulam, four years old, 7 st. (Cartwright)	0
Mr. Treen's Una, by Glaucus, four years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (J. Howlett)	0
Mr. Allen's b. c. Phaon, by Humphrey Clinker, jun., or Belshazzar, four years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Joy)	0

Betting: 9 to 2 agst. Thirsk, 5 to 1 agst. Una (tk.), 8 to 1 agst. Miss Stilton, 12 to 1 agst. Prince Caradoc, 12 to 1 agst. Black Beck, 12 to 1 agst. Forester, 14 to 1 agst. Retriever, 16 to 1 agst. Vulcan, 16 to 1 agst. Rhodanthe, 20 to 1 agst. Portrait, 25 to 1 agst. Pagan, 25 to 1 agst. Sattirist, 25 to 1 agst. Collina, 30 to 1 agst. The Currier, 30 to 1 agst. Clinker, 30 to 1 agst. Phaon. Deciding heat. Betting: 6 to 4 on Vulcan.

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).

Mr. Toke's br. m. Ermengardis, by Langar, four years old, 7 st. (Bell)	1
Lord Westminster's b. c. William de Fortibus, by Plenipo, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Francis)	2
Lord Eglinton's b. h. Dr. Caius, by Physician, five years old, 9 st. (Lye)	0
Mr. Moety's b. c. Prince Caradoc, by The Colonel, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Darling)	0
Sir John Gerard na. br. f. Lady Mary, by Voltaire, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Oates)	0
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. Cerito, by Birdcatcher, four years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Allen's b. c. Phaon, by Humphrey Clinker, jun., or Belshazzar, four years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Bumby)	0
Mr. W. J. Hutchinson's ch. m. Maria Monk, by Revolution, five years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Joy)	0
Lord Milltown's b. f. L'Uccello, by Irish Birdcatcher, three years old, 6 st., carried 6 st. 3 lb. (J. Howlett)	0

Betting: 7 to 4 on Dr. Caius, 5 to 1 each agst. Ermengardis, Prince Caradoc, William de Fortibus, Cerito, and Phaon, and 6 to 1 agst. Maria Monk.

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, 9 st. 2 lb.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Meiklam's b. c. by Physician, out of Solace, three years old (Lye)	4 1 1
Mr. Watts's b. c. Forester, by Verulam, four years old (Wynne)	1 3 3
Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, four years old (Mr. Jones)	3 2 2
Lord Westminster's b. h. Sleight-of-Hand, by Pantaloon, six years old (Marson)	2 dr.
Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Marshal Soult, by Velocipede, four years old (Holmes)	5 dr.
Mr. Graydon's ch. c. Recompense, by Recovery, three years old (Malay)	dis.

The Chesterfield Stakes was "no race."

FRIDAY.—The Stanley Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 30 added, for two and three-year-olds; two-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; three, 9 st. 2 lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 2 lb.; the second to save his Stake; T.Y.C. (eight subscribers).

Lord Westminster's b. f. Maria Day, by Physician, two years old (J. Howlett)	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Misdeal, by Camel, three years old (Rogers)	2
Mr. Bell's b. f. Frea, by Romulus, three years old (Marson)	3
Sir John Gerard's ch. f. Meal, by Bran, three years old (Templeman)	4

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Frea, 5 to 2 agst. Maria Day, 3 to 1 agst. Misdeal, and 3 to 2 agst. Meal.

Mr. Caffall's ch. g. Adrian, aged (Powell)	1	2	1
Mr. Jobson's b. g. Frank, six years old	4	1	2
Mr. Sadler's br. h. European, five years old	2	3	4
Mr. C. J. Sadler's ch. f. by Ishmael, out of Dewdrop, three years old	3	4	3
Mr. Cheyney's b. m. Introduction (late Canace), six years old	5	dr.	

IPSWICH.

TUESDAY, July 19th.—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.; two-mile heats.

Mr. Bignold's b. c. by Emilia, out of Memina, three years old (T. Pegg)	...	1	1
Mr. Combe's br. c. The Nob, four years old	...	2	dr.

The County Members' Plate of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 6 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; any mixed-bred horse allowed 7 lb.; winners once this year to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; three times, 7 lb. extra; the winner of a Queen's Plate, 10 lb. extra: the winner to be sold for £300 if demanded; two-mile heats.

Mr. Rogers's b. c. Sir Hans, by Physician, four years old (Rogers)	...	1	1
Mr. Pettit's Espartero, three years old	...	3	2
Mr. Boyce's b. c. by Hymen, dam by Perchance, three years old	...	2	3

WEDNESDAY.—The Town Members' Plate of 50 sovs., the conditions as for the County Members' Plate; the winner to be sold for £200 if demanded, &c.; two-mile heats.

Mr. Rogers's b. c. Prosody, by Doctor Syntax, three years old (Bartholomew)	...	1	1
Mr. Pettit's Espartero, three years old	...	2	2

The Town Purse of 50 sovs., conditions as for the County Members' Plate; the winner to be sold for £200 if demanded, &c.; two-mile heats.

Mr. Rogers's Prosody, three years old (Bartholomew)	...	1	1
Mr. Abel's b. m. Frailty, aged	...	2	2

A Free Handicap Race of 3 sovs. each, 1 ft., with 20 added by the Officers of the 13th Light Dragons, quartered at Ipswich, open to all horses; the second horse saved his Stake; heats, once round the course (five subscribers).

Mr. Skingsley's Fama, by Doctor Syntax, 8 st. 13 lb. (Cassidy)	...	3	1	1
Mr. Smith's Ambassador, 6 st. 13 lb.	...	1	3	3
Mr. Abel's Frailty, 8 st. 11 lb.	...	2	2	2

GUILDFORD.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 20TH.

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.; two-mile heats.

Mr. Wreford's ch. h. Wardan, by Glencoe, five years old (J. Day, jun.)	...	1	1
Mr. Nightingale's ch. c. Ajax, four years old	...	2	dr.

LANCASTER RACES.

Stewards: W. R. Ramsay, Esq., M. P., J. Bowes, Esq., M. P., J. Edmondstone, and J. Meiklam, Esqrs.

WEDNESDAY, July 20th.—A Handicap of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and five only if declared, added to a subscription of 70 sovs., the gift of the Members for the Borough; two miles (seven subs).

Mr. Toke's Ermengardis, by Langar, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Stagg)	...	1
Mr. Meiklam's Wee Willie, aged, 9 st. (Templeman)	...	2
Mr. Smith's br. c. Candide, three years old, 6 st. 2 lb. (White)	...	3

The Maiden Plate of 50 sovs., the gift of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon; heats, two miles.

Mr. King's br. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Lillah, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Poster)	...	1	1
Mr. Johnson's br. f. by Voltaire, out of Wagtail, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Lyc)	...	4	2
Mr. Hayes's br. h. Nicholas Nickleby (Hallhouse)	...	3	3
Mr. J. Smith's br. c. Candide, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (White)	...	2	dr.

THURSDAY.—The Cup Stakes of 10 sovs. each, p.p., with 30 added; two miles and a distance.

Lord Stanley's b. c. Pagan, by Muley Moloch, four years old (Templeman) walked over.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Kitchen's br. f. Priscilla Tomboy, by Tomboy, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Oates)	...	1	1
--	-----	---	---

Mr. Toke's Ermengarda, four years old, 9 st. 1 lb. (Stagg) ... 2 2
 Mr. Melklam's b. c. by Physician, out of Solace, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Lye) 3 3

A Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for beaten horses; one mile and a distance.

Mr. Melklam's Wee Willie, by Liverpool, aged (Templeman) ... 1 1
 Mr. Hutchinson's Maria Monk, five years old ... 2 2

NEW CITY OF LONDON.

WEDNESDAY, July 20th.—A Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Proprietors of the Course; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 6 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners once in 1842 to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; three, 7 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Kling's b. m. Dahlia, by Samarcand, five years old (Balchin) ... 1 1
 Mr. Isaac Day's Mulciber, five years old ... 0 2
 Mr. Hale's b. f. Laurestina, four years old ... 2 0
 Mr. G. Clifton's ch. c. Vigo, three years old ... 0 0
 Mr. A. Dixon's br. g. Ragman, five years old ... 0 0
 Mr. Phillimore's b. c. Finchley, four years old ... 0 0
 Mr. Tollet's Fiery Oaks, five years old ... 0 0

The Hatcham Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; five, 9 st. 3 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 6 lb.; the owner of the second horse received back his Stake: the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; two-mile heats.

Mr. Hornsby's b. m. Revoke, by Camel, six years old (Hornsby) ... 1 1
 Mr. Booth's Colchicum, six years old ... 0 2
 Mr. Balchin's Affection, four years old ... 2 0
 Mr. Goodman's b. c. by Bentley, out of Bamboo's dam, three years old ... 0 0
 Mr. I. Day's ch. g. Royal Priuce, by Belshazzar, out of Varia, five years old ... 0 dr.
 Mr. Tollet's Delusion, aged ... 0 dr.
 Mr. Langham's Goblin, aged ... 0 dr.

A Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added; weights as for the first race: the winner to be sold for 100 sovs.; heats, once round (eight subscribers).

Mr. Sherrard's b. f. Lady Mary, by Emilius, four years old (Buckle) ... 0 1 1
 Mr. Quartermaine's br. m. Tenebrosa, six years old ... 1 0 2
 Mr. Bacon's ch. f. Fairplay, by Langar, out of Portrait's dam, four years old 2 2 0
 Mr. Smith's ch. f. Ishmael, out of Balance, three years old ... 0 0 0
 Mr. Templeton's ch. g. Little Fairy, late Lepreuchaun, six years old ... 0 0 dr.
 Colonel Charritte's Billy Beau, aged ... 0 dr.
 Mr. Tollet's Delusion, aged ... 0 dr.
 Mr. Beffert's Little Dan, aged ... 0 dr.

THURSDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added; weights and conditions as for the first race, first day; a winner the first day to carry 5 lb.; twice, 7 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs.; heats, once round and a distance (nine subscribers).

Mr. Balchin's b. h. Dromedary, by Camel, five years old (Balchin) ... 1 1
 Mr. I. Day's Mulciber, five years old ... 0 2
 Mr. Baker's b. g. Montezuma, six years old ... 2 3
 Mr. Goodman's b. c. by Bentley, out of Bamboo's dam, three years old ... 0 dr.
 Mr. G. Clifton's Vigo, three years old ... 0 dr.
 Mr. Tollet's Fiery Oaks, five years old, carried 3 lb. over weight ... 0 dr.

The New Cross Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added; for three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; five, 9 st. 3 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 6 lb.; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs.; heats, two miles (five subscribers).

Mr. Phillimore's ch. c. Solomon, by Wisacre, three years old, carried 5 lb. over weight (Sly) ... 1 3 1
 Mr. Hornsby's Revoke, six years old ... 0 1 2
 Mr. Goodman's The Knight, aged ... 2 2 3
 Mr. I. Day's Royal Prince, five years old ... 0 dr.

A Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 6 lb.; maiden three years old allowed 4 lb.; four, 7 lb.; five and aged, 10 lb.; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs.; one-mile heats (ten subscribers).

Mr. Templeton's ch. g. Little Fairy, by Zealot, or Skylark, six years old (H. May) ... 1 1
 Mr. Smith's ch. f. by Ishmael, out of Balance, three years old ... 0 2
 Mr. Quartermaine's Tenebrosa, six years old ... 2 3
 Mr. Francis's br. g. Cloister, four years old ... 0 0
 Mr. Bacon's Lampedo, three years old ... 0 0
 Mr. Jenkins's Kate Kearney, aged ... 0 0
 Mr. Mason's Dispatch, four years old (fell) ... 0 dia.
 Mr. Hale's Laurestina, four years old ... 0 dr.

DUDLEY AND TIPTON.

MONDAY, July 25th.—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 allowed 3 lb.; horses having started three times in the present year, without winning, allowed 3 lb.; heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Peel's ch. c. Barelegs, by Pantaloon, four years old (G. Whitehouse)	1	0	1
Mr. Arthur's b. g. The Star, four years old	2	1	2
Mr. Tudge's b. g. Jolly Tar, four years old	0	0	3
Mr. Weldon's b. f. Fanny (half-bred), three years old	0	0	0
Mr. Holker's bl. f. Tariff, three years old	0	2	0
Mr. Parke's ch. f. by Physician, dam by Soothsayer, three years old	0	0	0
Mr. Dalby's b. m. Young Matilda, six years old	0	0	0

The Horsley Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added by the Club, for three and four-year-olds; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; four-year-olds, being maiden at the time of nomination, allowed 3 lb.; the second horse received 10 sovs. out of the Stakes; one mile and three quarters (twelve subscribers).

Mr. Whitworth's Lady Mary, by Voltaire, four years old (W. Oates)	1
Mr. T. Wilkes na. Doctor Allen, three years old	2
Mr. Chalder's br. f. Nix my Dolly, three years old	3
Mr. Skerratt's b. c. Hudibras, four years old	4

The Tipton Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added, for horses not thorough-bred; heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Killick's b. g. Henley, by The Tutor, five years old, 11 st. 3 lb. (J. Jones)	1	1
Mr. Ekins's br. c. Corsican, four years old, 9 st. 13 lb.	3	2
Colonel Anson's b. f. by Colwick, out of Prize-flower's dam, three years old, 8 st. 4 lb.	3	3

The Yeomanry Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with a Silver Cup added; ridden by Members of the Troop; 13 st. each; the second horse received 5 sovs. out of the Stakes; the winner to be sold for £70 if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Graham's gr. m. Gipsy Lass, five years old (G. Parish)	1	1
Mr. Morris's gr. m. Creeping Jenny, aged	2	2
Mr. Pain's gr. g. Prestwood, aged	3	3

TUESDAY.—The Dudley Castle Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added by Lord Ward; 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 1842, to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; thrice, 7 lb. extra; the second horse to have received 10 sovs. out of the Stakes; heats, one mile and a half (seven subscribers).

Mr. Skerratt's b. c. Hudibras, by Newton, four years old ... walked over.

The Gold Cup of 150 sovs., in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c.; the owner of the second horse saved his Stake; two miles (nineteen subscribers, nine of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Whitworth's Lady Mary, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Oates)	1
Mr. Gough's ch. g. Aimwell, aged, 7 st. 8 lb.	2
Mr. A. Smith's br. m. The Maid, five years old, 7 st. 13 lb.	3
Mr. T. Wilkes na. Doctor Allen, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb.	4

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. Jones's b. g. Tubalcain, six years old, 8 st. 6 lb.; Mr. Copeland na. ch. f. The Lady of Penydaran, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb.; Col. Anson's br. c. Henri Quatre, four years old, 7 st. 13 lb.; Mr. Warwick's Esperanza, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb.; Mr. Murray's br. f. Lady Paramount, four years old, 6 st. 13 lb.; and Mr. Collett's Moon-beam, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb.

The Ashwood Hurdle Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added by Edward Dixon, jun., Esq.; 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 any one Stake before naming, to carry 5 lb.; of two, 8 lb.; of three, 10 lb. extra; and a winner of a Cup or Stake of £50, to carry 8 lb. extra in addition; and a winner of a Cup or Stake of £100, to carry 14 lb. extra, in addition to the above extra weights; half-bred horses allowed 5 lb.; heats, one mile and a half, with six leaps in each heat, over hurdles four feet high.

Mr. Davies's gr. f. Vagary, by Saracen, dam by Militaman, four years old, half-bred (Saunders)	0	1	1
Mr. Holmand's ch. g. The Page, six years old, half-bred	0	1	2
Mr. Carter's bl. h. Negro, out of a hunting mare, half-bred	0	2	3
Mr. M'Kay's b. g. Bill Sikes, aged	2	3	4
Mr. Caltem's b. m. Bellona, six years old	0	0	0
Mr. Thompson's b. g. Sir Harry, six years old	0	0	0
Mr. Pugh's b. g. Halberley, six years old	0	0	0
Mr. Hill's b. g. Deception, aged, half-bred	0	0	0
Mr. Ekins's b. c. Corsican, four years old, half-bred	0	0	0

The Himley Park Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for horses having run and not having 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.; one-mile heats.

Mr. Gough's ch. g. Aimwell, by Actson, aged (Dodgson)	1	1
Mr. Dalby's b. m. Young Matilda, six years old	2	2

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1842.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM SCOTT, THE CELEBRATED JOCKEY; PAINTED
BY HARRY HALL:

AND

A SCENE OF CHARACTER—"SEND 'EM ALONG."

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WHEN, by an oversight of the binder, either plates or sheets have been left out of any numbers of this work, they can be had by application to the Publisher. Parties resident in the country can obtain them, through their Booksellers, without expense.

“The Old Coaching Days” wants incident and facts. If our correspondent will furnish notices of any of the celebrated drags, that may have come under his observation, he will oblige us.

“A Midland County Fox-hunter.” His suggestions have been anticipated; but our thanks are not the less due to him.

We purpose giving a gallery of those portraits:—F. C. M.—York.

The application to which C. C., Paris alludes, was made, and, of course, rejected. Another blow will speedily follow.

Vols. I. to VII., bound in fancy cloth boards, and lettered, are now ready.

HYDE MARSTON ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN'S LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST:—A TETE-A-TETE.

“ The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
 We pout upon the morning, are unapt
 To give or to forgive: but when we have stuff'd
 These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
 With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
 Than in our priest-like fasts.”—CORIOLANUS.

It might have been from the effects of that unparalleled collop and jug of spiced Bourdeaux which the providence of Mr. Wright had furnished, or of that genial glow of patriotism wherewith men are said to be affected on revisiting the land of their birth, but whatever the cause, if a painter had desired to sketch peace and contentment from nature, he could not have found a more perfect study than my uncle afforded, as he drew the folds of his cloak more closely together, and nestled himself in the corner of his carriage. The sun had still some hours to sojourn in the west as the heights of Dover grew less in the distance, and the garden of England spread widely and luxuriantly before and around us. Johnson, who rarely said a foolish thing, whatever he may have done, declared that life contained few feelings more delightful than those produced by rapid vehicular transit. Thy notion was not a bad one, oh, sage! and, with taste so orthodox, it is pitiful to reflect that thou wast cut off, ere the chance could have been thine to have taken the air on the box of the Brighton Age, with the ribbons drawn through thy philosophic fingers! Our condition, albeit lacking the wild rapture of theirs who, in the days of England's glory—

“ When every *mile* of ground maintained its *horse*”—

made hill and valley burn beneath the wheel of Mail or Telegraph, was still vastly better than that of the wight confined between the panels of a “yellow postchaise.” A travelling chariot and attendants—the whole in a sober livery, with four posters—that invention

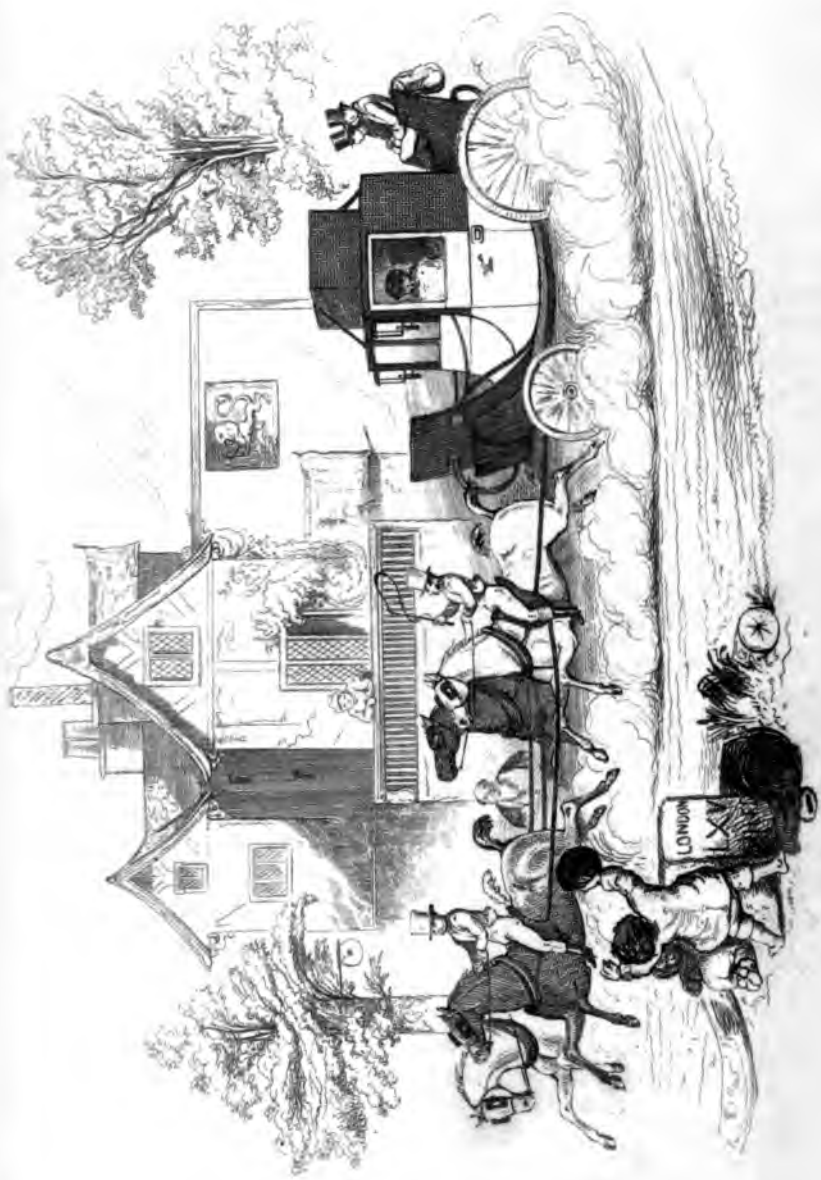
of the gods!—could man be borne on his pilgrimage in a fashion so fitted to his nature? Not as it seems to me, or as it seemed to uncle and nephew on the occasion with which we are now dealing, as *tête-à-tête* they rolled onwards for “the city of the world.”

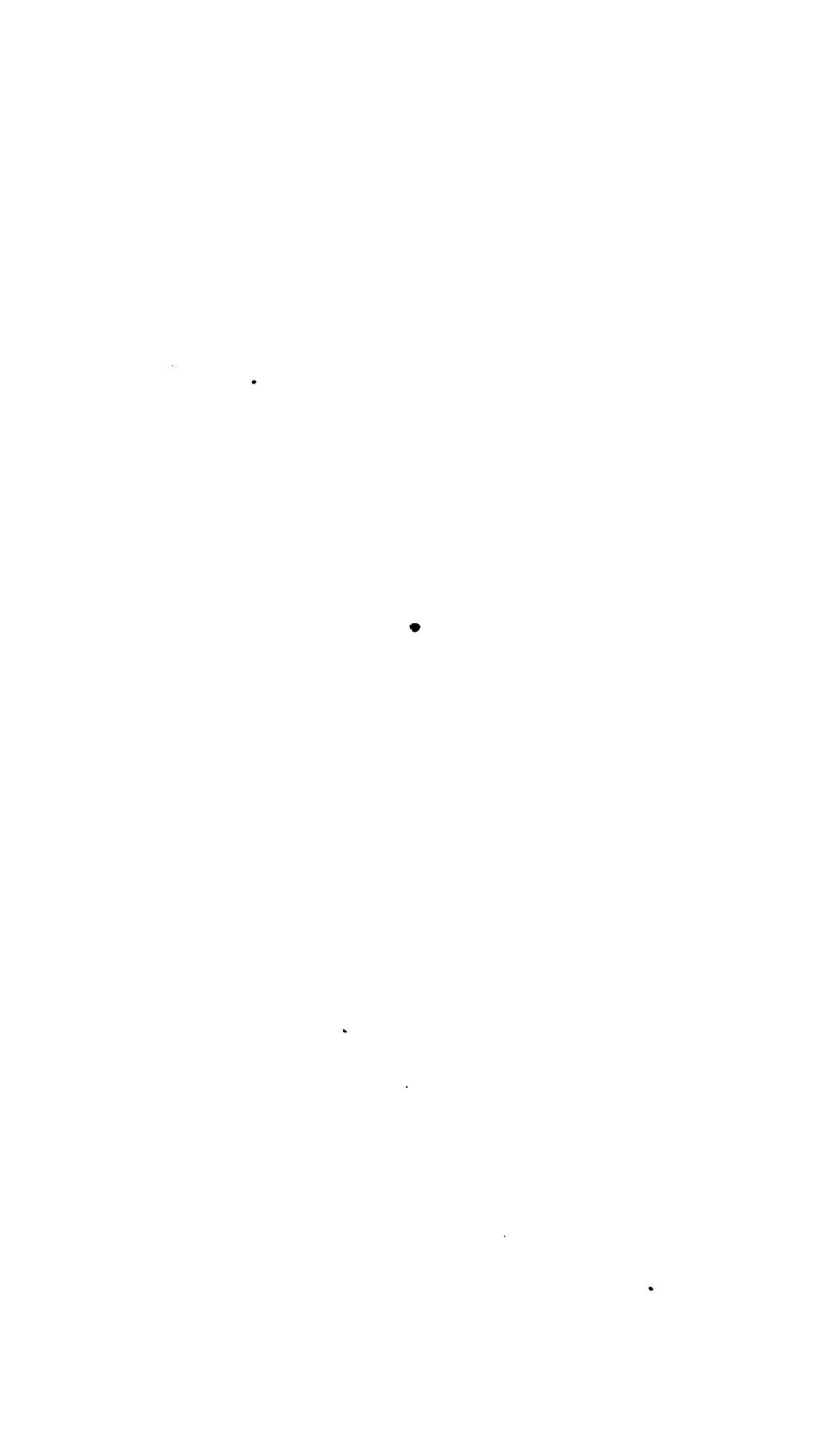
“Young gentleman,” said my companion, withdrawing the weed from his mouth as we closed the fifth milestone, and for the first time disturbing himself into speech; “they lunch you meritoriously at the Ship, but there appears to me to be a peculiarly digestive property in a gallop, and I have serious thoughts of refreshing at Rochester—indeed, of setting up my staff for the night at the Bull:—favour me with your sentiments regarding such course.”

“It has occurred to me, sir,” was my reply, “that the practice of illustrating an urgency with allusion to a case of life and death, bespeaks great ignorance of human nature: to describe a pressure beyond mortal resistance it should be called a case of gastric: you say well; ‘the Bull this night shall be our bed’—and board.”

Barham Downs were created for the especial exercise of post-horses—Canterbury and Sittingbourne for their supply. Backwards flew red lions—rampant—couchant—pendant: onwards came milestone toppling over milestone: crack went the whips: the road smoked; and, as the evening star waxed bright in the deep blue firmament, the long—long High-street of Rochester was threaded to its extremest limit, and the portals of the Bull passed in safety. This hostel, at the period of which I write, neither thought small beer of itself, nor was held in weak consideration by the denizens of the good city wherein it was situate. Not more than six years before, the barmaid had been kissed by the Emperor of Russia, what time he was *en route* for the British metropolis, and the establishment still *smacked* of the imperial condescension. The waiters, in black silk stockings and consequential faces, moved about with the airs of lords-chamberlains—the landlord received you as if he were holding a *levée*—the landlady with a drawing-room obeisance, and the chambermaids—but there I cannot help you to a comparison; nothing in mob-caps and long sleeves ever approached the semblance of those chambermaids!

We had a good dinner, of course—good dinners constitute portions of travelling equipages with two servants in the rumble. Few people have any idea of the systematic principle upon which your free vintner exhibits his rations of solids and liquids: accident alone let me into the secret. I happened to be in the act of ascending the stairs of one of the free-and-easies in the vicinity of Covent-garden, dedicated to midnight melody and mutton chops, as the waiter from the landing-place thus bespoke the *chef de cuisine*: “Cook, six muttons, four Welsh-rabbits, and three steaks (*professional*),” with a fall of the voice—





Never having seen steaks of that sort, I watched for their appearance with some curiosity. As I entered the room, "Glorious Apollo" was in full grind; first, second, and third pumping out his lungs as for dear life. The song ended, in came the supper; each of the glorious Apollos being supplied with a slice of flesh "all bone and gristle, like a dying gladiator:" I never see a dog's-meat barrow without thinking of a professional steak.

We are constantly finding fault with our climate, with true human ingratitude—abusing its fogs, vapours, and the whole catalogue of its misty malefactions, without remembering the inexpressible luxury of a lounge beside an autumn evening's fire, for which the close of every English summer supplies so reasonable a pretext. We had dined; the canal coal threw its cheerful glow over the well-appointed chamber: the table was furnished with such fruit as you get only in England—there was the vintage of France—but I saw by my uncle's look that he was not quite satisfied. "Hyde," he at last began, "you have comfort here, to be met with nowhere else—that is a settled question: this is the land of comfort, and this house affords a very fair sample of it. I liked that hockheimer at dinner; but don't ye think the claret deficient in body? Sound, safe tippie, but too light for fifty-one degrees of north latitude, eh?"

"My dear sir," I rejoined, "this most respectable jug of Lafitte in no way offends my palate; though, probably, the salt-water you swallowed this morning interferes with your appreciation of its flavour. You want a wine of more character—permit me to take the Bull by the horns, and order a bottle of port."

The black-strap fulfilled the measure of Mr. Longueville's content. He drained a bumper of it in silence, then, filling again, he held the glass before the lamp, shut one eye, and examined it mysteriously with the other. After a brief space the second was engulphed, and, inhaling a pinch of his favourite Martinique and Bolongaro, the old man fell back into the embrace of his easy chair, ejaculating—"that will do," in a tone which might have moved the envy of a Sybarite. It was after some minutes thus passed in Elysium that, still cultivating his ease at an angle of forty-five degrees, my Mentor entered upon the following commentaries, being a man of the world's code of conduct for a modern Telemachus:—

"Hyde, my boy, if there be one thing for which I have a greater taste than another, it is philosophy—I'll trouble you for a slice of that pine, there, to the right, where it seems ripest.—Philosophy has been, all through life, the apple of my eye (by Jove what an exquisite pine!) and as you are, as I may say, standing on the threshold of the world, I cannot better evince my regard, than by sharing with you the

fruits of my experience. In the first place, a word upon our own sex. I take it to be unnecessary to warn you against the unfortunates who perpetrate raspberry tarts and lemonade in the noon-day. Common instinct will teach you to avoid persons who jam or jelly before sunset. But, in London, where I design you shall forthwith make your *début* in earnest, you will find occasion for more senses than nature metes out to the human race in common. You will, probably, fall in with a set known as well-meaning people—a *clique* you should fly as you would the enemy of mankind—who will advise you against the society of men having reputations for sharp practice.

“The error here is not altogether in the counsel, but in its deficiency of modification. Do not suffer yourself to fall into the clutches of the keen contriver: become not his friend, but use him as the bee does the nightshade. The rogue’s experience may help you to some point of device; never mind the agent—always take heed for the end. Shun a fool like a pestilence: it is bad enough to be without family, friends, money, or means; but, on this side the grave, there is no want so hopeless as the want of wit (except, indeed, the want of appetite). This must suffice you on the score of your fellows: ‘man delights me not’—it’s a monstrous dry subject—you do well to prepare that libation, prophetic of the toast for which I was about to call on you to crown your glass—‘*LE BEAU SEX*,’ from the Sandwich Islands to Baffin’s Bay—heaven bless them all!”

Now, when we call to mind the wide berth uncle Tom had given the sex during his sublunary voyage, one is puzzled to reconcile his theory with his practice. That he drank the sentiment with sincerity there can be no doubt: how far he felt it may be gathered from the sequel, upon which he entered as soon as it became convenient for him to open his mouth without forfeiting the flavour of his bumper:—

“Having thus disposed of the common pottery of human clay, we will proceed to its ‘precious porcelain.’ From the first great epoch in the history of the world, we learn that woman is the most momentous of all human agents. Her influence is not the most conspicuous, but in its subtilty consists its power. Being unseen, it is secret from all but those on whom it is designed to act; and no intimation of its existence is permitted to them until it is *felt*. Man’s fortune is always, in some degree, effected by woman—very generally she makes or mars it. Let this unassailable proposition—this great truth, be ever present with you: never cease to bear in mind that her spirit, when it is nature’s heritage, is good—when the world’s dowry, it is evil. You will marry, of course, for love, or money, or ambition. If for the first of those despotic motives, and the step be taken while your age is green, it is most probable you will be disappointed. Whatever

stage your years may have arrived at, and either of the latter considerations induce you to conjugate, your union will never lead to that bower of bliss—a 'sweet home.' Should you postpone Hymen for Venus, you place yourself beyond the reach of all suggestions save such as may tend so to direct the course of your true love, that it shall run smooth. Well, one who has more than once found the Syrens' isles under his lee, may haply help you to a wrinkle or two about that navigation. Let your golden rule be that which Chesterfield inculcated upon his son in the matter of other men's nuptials. You have been tolerably improper for a young gentleman in his teens; but I think that is a folly—to say nothing of the sin—of which you have as yet steered clear.

"Do not blush, for I say what I believe, without any design of flattery. Unless you can speak the truth, hold your peace: if the birds *will* come to hand without being whistled into the snare, I suppose it is to be concluded their purpose is to be *captivated*. There, you see my code is not a very strait-laced one. The world is now before you: you have your course to choose—to select the path of vice or virtue. The first *may* lead to temporary enjoyment; the latter, though not always strewn with flowers, is certain, ultimately, to conduct to peace and contentment."

I wonder whether the reader is as weary of Mr. Longueville's oration as was the party to whom it was addressed? Misfortunes are said never to come in single files; surely, a man who is half-drowned in the morning, may be spared the ordeal of a course of moralities the same night, though at the expense of the proverb. Even while the old man spake, fell the soft and soothing solace from his lips. The hearth is no longer a mass of golden blaze—it fades into purple—into azure—into grey mist, like to the twilight:—and all is dark. How glorious is the land of dreams! Passing fair are the sylphs with which its bowers of roses are peopled; its sounds are music, its air perfume. O uncle mine! would thou wert again of the things that be: again to syllable forth thy most narcotic humanities, and once more to "med'cine me to that sweet sleep," for the which, twenty autumns since, I was indebted to thee in the best drawing room of the Bull at Rochester.

As we slowly crept up Gadshill on the following morning, the *tête-à-tête* was a silent—perhaps a painful one. Where anxiety and solitude exist, there is little room for pleasurable sensations from extraneous objects. Few scenes in England are more national or replete with rural beauty than that which a bird's-eye view affords from the summit of the aforesaid classic eminence. But the pair who looked upon it on that occasion, was not in a mood to relish the picturesque. Each had that before him which shadowed all present prospect; and,

when the ascent was conquered, and I called to the boys, "Send 'em along," my neighbour's smile evinced his coincidence in the order, and his gratification at its fulfilment. No news had reached us since our departure from Paris of the state of affairs in Shropshire—or at Cheltenham. My care was for my father: my uncle's spirit was full of misgivings and passionate resentments against his sister—evidently less on her account than his own.

Though, as I have said, my father's position gave me much concern, other causes greatly harassed and disquieted my mind and heart. How many of my young and best feelings had been outraged by the discoveries that marked my sojourn in the French metropolis—how much of self-reproach and shame attended the return to my country and my home! I had found a member of my own family the leader of a band of broken men, for whom no enterprise seemed too desperate or too vile. I found him the instrument or agent of one steeped to the lips in sin and shame, whom my conscience whispered I had made that which she had become.

It is the first weight that the buoyancy of the spirit feels ever the most difficult to support. That which throws despair upon our youth scarce casts a passing shadow over our maturer years. Like the writing on the wall, from which the eye might not turn away, sunny memories of home, and its tranquil, happy associations, rose, mingled and confounded in the whirl of debauchery, vice, and violence, the recollection of which clung like a troubled dream around me.

Thus had I contrived to colonize the present with a handsome muster of blue devils, when we pulled up with the purpose of putting on the drag for the descent of Shooter's Hill. As we rattled down, we overtook a stage-coach, which was compassing the declivity at a more orderly pace. It is probable I should not have observed it at all, had it not borne so remarkable a resemblance to a colossal flower-stand upon wheels. From box to gammon-board it was one waving mass of flowers, that put nature to shame by the variety and brilliance of their hues. As we gave it the go-by, it stood confessed the Dover "Eagle" in a plumage of the choicest inventions that the skill and taste of the Palais Royal could contribute—an eagle in the centre of a bevy of birds of Paradise.

"I say, Hyde," exclaimed uncle Tom, looking up at the load on the roof, "there are your Venuses, fresh from the foam—why don't you acknowledge all those 'nods and becks and wreathed smiles,' you frozen mummy? By Jove, the fellow's asleep." Like uncle Toby, I could with truth have said, "I wish I was—" but I spoke not till another hour delivered us at Jordan's in St. James's-street.



WILLIAM A. M. ...

HE ...

...

DONCASTER RACES.

BY "CRAVEN."

"NEVER spur a free horse," quoth the proverb; whence the deduction is, that when we meet with a drone it is lawful and right to stick in the toasting-forks. At all events, the application of the moral was found of especial service in the case of the corporation of Doncaster. That body becoming sluggish, the Jockey Club had recourse to the persuaders, the consequence of which has been that good and energetic racing succeeded a long reign of the slows. The late meeting was the best within the last dozen years, and coming anniversaries "cast their *lustre* before." Already the classic northern turf assumes fresh verdure, and we may calculate on a goodly harvest in due season.

A summer, such as England has not known for a century, was mellowing into the loveliest of all autumns, when men went forth for a week's pleasure among the golden vales of the West Riding of York. If steam be a boon to the human race in general, it is a blessing to the racing race in particular. For a turfite, whilom accustomed to be dragged to his destination, as Paddy says, "like a horse's head to a bone-fire," there is an ecstasy in the act of fleeing to his goal at a better pace than the T. Y. C. is familiar with, beyond the power of graven letter to convey. When, therefore, mankind is made to understand that, on the 11th ult., I breakfasted in Waterloo-place and dined in Doncaster, they will infer (to borrow a novel and appropriate form of rhetoric), that my feelings may be more easily imagined than described. The distance from Euston-square to Swinton, some couple of hundred miles or thereabouts, was done in nine hours, including two stoppages—the first at a place called Wolverton, where the Birmingham trains take in Banbury cakes—and the latter at Derby, where the North Midland are supplied with mock-turtle soup by pages in sky-blue tunica, and copious eruptions of sugar-loaf buttons. To be sure, when we got to Swinton, as aforesaid, we found matters in a state that admitted of improvement—but who would care for the sunshine were there no clouds from June to January? According to an ancient philosopher, "anything is fun in the country"—and the axiom was fulfilled to the letter on the afternoon of our arrival at the Swinton Station. A score or two of London particulars (stuck in and about a convenience that bore more resemblance to a hearse out of mourning than anything else that ever revolved on wheels) were shouting with delight because the artist, who officiated as charioteer, encased his wooden leg in a top-boot, and wielded his double thong in a fashion that might have put the most brazen of threshing-machines out of countenance. By these appliances Doncaster was gained, and, after an hour spent in a search after accommodation, I managed to deposit myself in "comfortable lodgings," for the use of which, for five days, was required a sum that, were I a sworn appraiser, I could conscientiously aver was more than the worth of all the household furniture of the establishment. We'll say nothing more of the events of that Sunday, but leave it to the reader to imagine how,

after the course of regimen and theology recommended by Byron, we "sought our pillows"—(and wished we might get them *subanditur*).

As soon as the sun had opened the portals of the day, and the landlady that of her street-entrance, I was up and away for the exercise-ground. The Monday morning of Doncaster Meeting is a very important item in its integral interest. It draws together every mortal sinner in the vicinity (which means every living biped with a soul in or about it), and a batch of race-horses numerically and actually the best, probably, to be seen in the same compass in any part of the world. The first thing that struck me, on reaching the course, was the contrast between those of its occupants who had arrived by the mail-train at seven A. M. of that day, and such as had enjoyed the luxury of a "turn-in." The former, with lack-lustre eyes, dirty boots, and faces to correspond, were listlessly wandering about to pick up news they hardly had energy to listen to: the latter, brisk and *debonair*, all life and patent leather, smirked and smoked, and looked as natty and knowing as a May Fair "tiger." At eight the galloping began. The first to exhibit was old Bee's-wing, who "sweated." What a sight for a philosopher would have been that 'six thousand pounds' worth of live stock, wrapped up in a set of ragged rugs, and rattled along, like grim death, by a wild urchin in a hairy cap, whose only purpose seemed to be to do his charge some grievous bodily harm! Many of the Leger horses cantered, and a more indifferent company has rarely been seen preparing for so goodly a spectacle. Fireaway looked well, but went badly—as if he had rather let it alone: he galloped behind The Shadow, as if prophetically the "coming event cast its *shadow before*." Ballinkeele, a stilty, lanky, weedy brute, stalked along as little like a racer as a "dandy-horse." To ride him came James Robinson from Newmarket, for which he received £100, with the contingency of £500, or £1000, "if he won!" As far as appearances went, £10,000, depending upon such a chance, would have been dearly bought with a "syce dollar." Eboracum, the hope of Hesseltine's stable, is, as they say of the charity children, finely grown for his age. He can go a slapping pace, but not quite fast enough. Should he get bigger and better, he'll be what Paddy calls "a great horse entirely." Policy is short, and "duck-gaited" with the near hind limb. He certainly is a very nice little nag, and would mount a young lady in the Park to her heart's content. There is not wear and tear sufficient in him for large fields and indiscriminate running. He will, no doubt, win yet, if they keep him in training, but not in a scurry, such as the Leger, or one of the great handicaps.

Rosalind is another nice racer; she goes and looks prettily, and that is all that can be said for her. There was a report (strengthened by the prediction that she was to win) to the effect that she had been tried at Newmarket, with Bridegroom, and beaten him in a canter. How strange it is that racing people should have been led thus by the nose, Had any such trial taken place, inasmuch as the colt and the filly belong to different proprietors, it must have been entered in the trial book, at Newmarket, within an hour of its coming off, or Rogers, the trainer, might have shut up shop; for the £10 penalty would not have settled the affair for him by a good deal. Cabrera, who was thought much of by non-betting parties, is a racing-like colt, of a good

shape, but a bad colour. Cattonite seemed to me without a single property that constitutes a race-horse; his style of going was execrable. Marion is a handsome filly, "straight all over," as the stable term goes, and a good mover. Priscilla Tomboy is of the same class; she struck me as the best of the two, and so she proved. These, with the exception of Pharmacopœia—to my thinking, an undeniable bad sort—and Scalteen, with three inches of blubber on his ribs, were all of the Leger lot that showed. Seahorse had "hit his leg," and was, consequently, scratched for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, and Attila, waited on by Master Thomas, did not leave the paddock behind the saddling stables.

It is now noon, and, having done justice to a handsome section of a native ham, and the lion's share of a brace of devill'd grouse, the time to look in at the Rooms was arrived. There the first intelligence gleaned was, that a brace of new fielders was added to the list, in the persons of Lord Eglinton's Blue Bonnet, done at 100 to 1, and Happy-go-lucky, at not even nominal odds. The mare, however, was backed out and out for such "lumps of money," that she speedily rose to 30 to 1, takers eager as hungry gudgeons. The cards of the day announced four races, but business was confined to two, the Champagne Stakes, and Great Yorkshire Handicap. For the former they backed the Caster at even; and Charles, at 4 to 1 against him, was the favourite for the latter. The weather was beautiful, and at two o'clock, the hour specified for the start for the Champagne, the appearance of the course was brilliant for a first day. Upwards of 1,000 persons had taken guinea tickets for the Stand, and the anticipations of a first-rate meeting were thus far realized. I never remember the course in such order—indeed, it was perfect, and the Judge's new seat, arranged by Mr. Clark, and placed on the ground, was a great improvement on the old nook, projecting from the Steward's Stand, where the Judge was wont to sit, with his feet on a level with the jockeys' heads. Of the nine left in for the Champagne Stakes, five came to the post. The race is soon described. At the end of the first hundred yards, A British Yeoman headed the lot by a length, where he remained to the finish, winning in a canter. Maria Day was a fair third, but the other pair was close to her. It was run fast and true: the winner wore a bar-plate, and showed an ugly sand-crack on the near fore foot. He is not my fancy, as a Derby horse. A better field than most recent Legers could boast, came together for the Great Handicap. After a bungle, caused by Retriever's eagerness, the lot of fourteen got off, the Irish horse splitting away in front as hard as he could crack, and leading them over the hill at a suicidal pace. In the flat he fell back, and Iliona went on with the running to the Red House, where Brother to Garland closed with her, as did Disclosure and Little Wonder, who broke down at the same moment. These ran together to the road, where Brother to Garland was first, led them gallantly to the Chair, and won by a length very cleverly; Disclosure was second, and Little Wonder third, where Robinson, with his electric rush, landed him on three legs, the fourth being gone, when he broke down, hopelessly! Moss Trooper won the Queen's Hundred, after a horrid journey of four miles; and Lara walked over for the Four-year-old Produce Stakes, 100, h. ft., three subscribers, netting the same amount

of money, without any labour. Even horses are "born to good luck."

In the evening, at the Rooms, there appeared an American giant, Freeman by name, who then and there stated that his purpose was to do battle with any man on earth who might desire his custom. Of course "a fight" will be contrived for the accommodation of the gentleman, and such as happen to be in his confidence. The ring, though its exhibitions were always questionable incitements to physical honour, and barbarous relics of barbarous times, had, at least, in former days, the personal courage of the combatants to win for it popular admiration. Now, a prize-fight is either a scene of positive poltroonery, or of barefaced plunder. This, however, is not the place to deal with so important a question as the effect of gladiatorial spectacles on the national character; but it shall not be lost sight of, nor so monstrous a libel on Englishmen suffered to remain uncontradicted, as that they can only be induced not to massacre each other by the examples of fair play afforded by these professional prize-fights. "The ring" is unknown in Ireland; and has the knife superseded the sprig of shillelagh? Prize-fighting is not a popular sport north of Tweed; is Caledonia, therefore, a land of "common stabbers?" and do Scotchmen cut and slash each other when the blood is up?—and yet there are those who dare to say that English yeomen can only be preserved from becoming assassins and savages by the agency of the polluted scoundrels of the prize-ring, and the more ignoble blackguards who set them on!

Tuesday dawned, and set as fair a day as ever September gave birth to. Scarcely had the sun risen when the sounds of hoof and wheel gave notice that the town was already astir. Few went to the exercise-ground, for there was a gala on the *tapis*, and pleasure seemed everybody's aim and end. Every window was open, and the joyous groups assembled round the well-garnished breakfast-tables, told how Yorkshire men are wont to open their festivities. By noon the town was crowded, and the high street as full as a fair. The Rooms overflowed with men busy and broiling—the *pavé* with dames in smiles and silk attire. Leaving these to be happy as best they may, let us turn to the serious matters of the tryst. Since Epsom Races the Leger had been the great event on which betting round was done, and, notwithstanding the *settling* on the Derby, much money was invested on it. As the issue is so well known, I deal with it here as if we had not to go to the course to see it run over again. In the series of anticipatory notices which I wrote of it in the "Morning Herald," I held to the belief that the field would prove better than the favourite. This I did, because to the extent that announcement had gone, I knew that field to be good; but I counted on its being better. I reckoned on several to go whose names had never appeared among those stated as likely to start. In this way of thinking I reached Doncaster, and on Monday morning took the measure of many of the understood field, and gleaned the characters of the others. Also I saw the favourite, and *knew* the opinion the stable entertained of him. They told me the truth about Don John; I had no cause to doubt their assertions concerning Attila. I selected his opponents, and assigned my reasons for believing not one of them could beat him; in that impression I was supported by every racing man with whom I spoke on the subject.

The issue was such as no one by possibility could count on, save the parties who knew how the winner had been tried; but it is one that will happen more frequently than it has.

The present extended trade of betting round makes it a grand move in the great game of turf speculation to keep a first-rate three-year-old *dark*—if it be possible. This Dawson had in Blue Bonnet, as also the certain means of ascertaining her length—not merely with Charles—for a trial with one racer of the first class may be false from the accident of his being under his form—but from the possession of a stable full of good ones. Blue Bonnet was only in the market a few hours, and those connected with her, I am convinced, actually won more money on the Leger than the Attila party did on the Derby. Engage a colt heavily—try him at two years old to be a flyer, and forfeit all his engagements. "Never mention him" in connexion with Derby or Leger till a few days before whichever event you mean to run him for; then pick up your hundreds to one, and stand to win a fortune, or hedge to a comfortable independence. This, by all the rules of the most scrupulous honour, you are entitled to do. Racing is no longer a mere invention for the improvement of the breed of horses. It is a pastime wherein are sought enjoyment and excitement. "What is a gentleman without his recreations?" The days are not yet come when "there shall be no more cakes and ale."

A great multitude—some in chariots, and some on horseback, but more on their natural locomotives—set out for the course at one o'clock. In front of the Salutation stood Mr. Tattersall, thus illustrating the bankrupt condition of this unhappy country:—"Sixteen hundred guineas bid for Hetman Platoff: thank you. Sixteen hundred and fifty: there's plenty of room to go on." I went on, musing upon the state of affairs in an island where seven and eight hundred pounds apiece are given for foals—and where the price paid for many a three-year-old would empty the exchequer of a "reigning prince" of the Continent. The Grand Stand was full, and so was the Terrace, where the betting people muster; and so was the course, where the tag-rag and bob-tail congregate: it was a Leger day like which lately there had been but few. There is no need here to recapitulate the state of the odds published already in half a score of daily papers, and repeated in as many Sunday journals. Enough to say that of the lot announced as likely to constitute the field, about a fourth came to the post—"the Agreeable horse" being *hors de combat*—Palladium with his *penates*, and so on with others. However, the muster amounted to seventeen; and, with as perfect a start as ever was effected in a match, off they went. The pace with which Scott raced for and from the front, the moment the flag fell, was the most tremendous, in a race of nearly two miles, that I ever saw in my life. No horse that ever lived could have held it from end to end of the Leger course. Thus, though he led them a clear length over the hill, and down it, at the mile post Eboracum was closing him fast, and these twain were, in fact, repeating the scene between Launcelot and the Melody colt for last year's Derby. They are now hard by the Red House, and, rounding the turn, they fall back into the crowd, composed of Fireaway, Cabrera, Blue Bonnet, Priscilla Tomboy, and Seahorse, who had been making great efforts to bring up the ground he lost at the start. At the road,

Fireaway, who had been leading from the turn, was caught and passed by Blue Bonnet, and then by Seahorse.

At the distance, the man who was doing duty for a jockey upon Fireaway, stuck in his spurs, whereupon the indignant Irisher struck out his heels, and so his prospects were dished. Priscilla Tomboy was now next Blue Bonnet, the pair of mares running head-and-head to the Stand, when the latter ran the fastest, and was winning easily, till Chapple brought up Seahorse with a rush, and stuck to her haunches to the Chair, where he was only beaten a length, having been, at one part of the race, a furlong, or thereabouts, from the leader. The winner was undeniably inferior to two or three that she defeated. James Chapple is a sound, good rider, but his *forte* is not a crowd. Suppose he had been riding Seahorse in a match against Blue Bonnet, can any one doubt he would have beaten her? Or had another James — Robinson steered Fireaway, *would* not the Leger have crossed the channel? But it was run in good faith, and won by a good friend to the sport, and thus ever may it be. There were a few "stains upon the snow" of its fair fame, no doubt, but the best of us are exposed to temptations, and backslidings will occur so long as this globe shall endure. There was no incident in the day's sport that will bear notice after the all-absorbing event thus brought to a conclusion; so the curtain is dropped upon act the second.

Our play, according to the practice with the highest class of the drama, consisted of five acts, and on Wednesday commenced the third. The only race of any importance was that for the wealthy Municipal Stakes of 500 sovs. each, six subscribers, which Napier—Scott's Derby clipper—won in a canter from end to end, beating Aristides, with 2 to 1 on him, and Mr. Wreford's Monimia colt; the latter, however, certainly not fit. The history of Napier is somewhat odd. He was bred by Mr. Allen, who has bred so many good ones, and by him sold to a farmer. This farmer fell into difficulties, and never paid for the foal, which was at the same time picked up by John Scott, to whom the farmer was indebted, and by Scott sold for £300 to Col. Anson. Thus was a stake worth £1600, won by a nag for which the breeder never received a shilling.

More people from the surrounding neighbourhoods visit Doncaster on the Cup than on the Leger day. On Thursday the town was thronged by noon, and the course lined from the Stand almost to the Red House, to see a burlesque on a race. Bee's-wing, with 6 and 7 to 4 on her, ran away from Charles XII.—dead amiss—the Shadow, and Attila—poor broken-spirited, half crazy Attila. As a racer, his career is over; as a sire, few, I should think, would fancy a son of Colwick so like his father. The Two-year-old Stakes, which preceded the Cup Race, was, however, a very different affair. It was one of the most honest and exciting contests ever witnessed over turf. Eleven came to the post; but, almost from the turn, it may be said to have been a match between "A British Yeoman" and Maria Day. Stride for stride they ran, and struggled every yard home, the colt winning on the post by a head. It was just such a contest as became a pair destined, during the winter, to figure as first favourites for the two great southern Three-year-old Stakes. Friday's sport was very good and very interesting. *First*, there was the defeat of the Leger winner by Sally for the Park

Hill Stakes ; and then of the winner of the Oaks, who ran last of a string of nine, for the Innkeepers' Plate. Brother to Garland, who won the Yorkshire Handicap, showed that there was stuff in him by defeating easily, at even weights, Master Thomas and Moss Trooper. Queer things, those handicaps—and yet, can we do without them? I fear the answer will be found in the Olympic exhibition for the Doncaster Gold Cup in this our year of grace.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

BETTINGS FOR SEPTEMBER.

☞ We give the latest betting upon the St. Leger, although the event has been disposed of, because it is important as a record of the state of that race up to the finish of the Metropolitan traffic. The business in the market, during the last week of the month, embraced the Cesarewitch, to be run for in the Second October Meeting at Newmarket, and the Derby for 1843. The former, being a handicap executed by an eminent artist, is a sample of "oscuro" beyond our skill to enlighten; of the latter a few words may be conveniently said. Already is one of the field at odds very little, if at all, under 10 to 1. Unless the Newmarket running introduce a flyer, at the top of the tree he remains for the winter—and the "nobbler" make a fortune of him. He is not a horse to *last* three quarters of a year (at 10 to 1), and then win a Derby. Scott will be in unusual force for the great southern stakes; and so will other north-country stables. The Derby for 1843 will be a great betting race—in spite of the defalcations of this year, or, rather, we should say, in consequence of them. Most of the "glove makers" of the ring have disappeared, while the good men and true remain. We repeat it—heavy speculation awaits the coming Derby; let the bettors round be on the look-out.

MONDAY, August 29.

ST. LEGER.			
Attila	5 to 4 agst. (tk.)	Sir Harry	50 to 1 agst. —
Fireaway	12 to 1 — (tk.)	Edmund	100 to 1 — —
Policy	12 to 1 — —	DONCASTER CUP.	
Seahorse	14 to 1 — —	The field	2 to 1 on —
Eboracum	16 to 1 — —	DERBY, 1843.	
Cabrera	16 to 1 — —	Aristides	25 to 1 agst. —
Ballinkeele	20 to 1 — —	Queen of Trumps colt.....	50 to 1 — (tk.)
Rosalind	25 to 1 — (tk.)		
Cattonite	30 to 1 — (tk.)		
Golden Rule	50 to 1 — —		

THURSDAY, September 1.

ST. LEGER.			
Attila	5 to 4 agst. (tk.)	Cabrera	15 to 1 agst. (tk.)
Scott's lot, bar Attila	10 to 1 — (tk.)	Agreeable colt	20 to 1 — —
Fireaway	12 to 1 — (tk.)	Ballinkeele	25 to 1 — (tk.)
Policy	12 to 1 — (tk.)	Rosalind	25 to 1 — (tk.)
Seahorse	18 to 1 — —	Master Thomas	30 to 1 — —
Eboracum	15 to 1 — (tk.)	Cattonite	50 to 1 — (tk.)
		Belcœur	50 to 1 — —
		Sir Harry	50 to 1 — —

MONDAY, September 4.

ST. LEGER.					
Attila	5 to 4	agst. (tk.)	Master Thomas	33 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Policy	10 to 1	—	Sir Harry	50 to 1	—
Fireway	10 to 1	—	Cattonite	50 to 1	— (tk.)
Cabrera	11 to 1	—	DERBY, 1843.		
Eboracum	15 to 1	—	Philip	25 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Agreeable colt	16 to 1	—	Cotherstone	27 to 1	—
Seahorse	20 to 1	—	Aristides	33 to 1	— (tk.)
Rosalind	20 to 1	—	Napier	33 to 1	— (tk.)
Ballinkeele	25 to 1	—	A British Yeoman	40 to 1	—

THURSDAY, September 8.

ST. LEGER.					
Attila	6 to 4	agst. —	Cabrera	8 to 1	agst. —
Policy	11 to 1	— (tk.)	Agreeable colt	14 to 1	— (tk.)
Fireway	12 to 1	— (tk.)	Seahorse	14 to 1	— (tk.)
			Rosalind	16 to 1	— (tk.)
			Artful Dodger	30 to 1	— (tk.)

Monday, September 12, and Thursday, September 15.—This being the Doncaster race week, no business was done at Hyde Park Corner.

MONDAY, September 19.

CESAREWITCH STAKES.					
Blue Bonnet	7 to 1	agst. —	Lord Exeter's and Sir G.		
Florence	9 to 1	— (tk.)	Heathcote's lots	8 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Ralph	10 to 1	—	A British Yeoman	11 to 1	— (tk.)
			Philip	20 to 1	—
			Napier	25 to 1	— (tk.)
			Cotherstone	25 to 1	—
			Winesour	25 to 1	—
			Queen of Trumps colt	33 to 1	— (tk.)
Scott's lot	7 to 2	agst. (tk.)	Newcourt	40 to 1	—

THURSDAY, September 22.

CESAREWITCH STAKES.			DERBY, 1843.		
Florence	7 to 1	agst. (tk.)	Scott's lot	7 to 2	agst. (tk)
			Winesour	30 to 1	— (tk)
			Queen of Trumps colt	33 to 1	— (tk)

MONDAY, September 26.

CESAREWITCH STAKES.					
Florence	8 to 1	agst. (tk.)	Arcanus	15 to 1	agst.
Blue Bonnet	9 to 1	—	DERBY, 1843.		
Portrait	10 to 1	—	Cotherstone	2500 to 100	agst
Bellissima (take 12 to 1) ..	10 to 1	—	Queen of Trumps colt	1500 to 50	—
Ralph (no backers)	10 to 1	—	Progress colt	1500 to 50	—

RACES FOR OCTOBER.

THE FRENCH TURF,
WITH A NOTICE OF FRENCH COACHING.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

THE sudden and violent death of the Duke of Orleans has produced one universal feeling of deep and heartfelt sorrow. The demise of this gallant soldier—heir-apparent to the throne of the French—is a calamity which may, at no distant period, prove most portentous to the French empire. How striking was the exclamation of his illustrious mother the queen:—"What a dreadful misfortune has befallen our family; but how much greater is it to France!"

His Royal Highness was not only a munificent patron of racing in France—which, by his improvement in the breed of horses, he raised to its present eminence—but was also a sportsman, delighting in the chase, and keeping hounds at St. Germain, Fontainebleau, and Chantilly. On the very day of his death, Mr. Hancock, of the British Tavern, Rue Favart, arrived in Paris with a splendid pack of hounds, purchased in Yorkshire, for his Royal Highness. Of the Prince's success on the turf, the pages of this work have borne ample testimony. The French boast of the antiquity of their races, which commenced at Semur, a small town in the east of France (formerly the place of meeting of the states of parliament of Burgundy), and which have been carried on ever since the reign of Charles V. The races have always come off on the same day—the Thursday after Pentecost. The prizes have undergone no alteration since 1350, and are a gold ring, a white scarf, a pair of gloves trimmed with golden fringe, and a purse, containing forty francs. Century after century have these humble races been always looked forward to, at the appointed day, by the inhabitants of the surrounding neighbourhood, but several ages elapsed before this premature love of sport was engrafted into other parts of France. Before we find the annals of any other races, we must leap from 1350 to 1776, from Semur to Paris, from Charles V. to the Count D'Artois, and the Duke de Chartres. The Duke de Chartres visited England, where he was much taken with the English customs and habits, especially their method of training horses. On returning to France, his Anglo-mania was so violent, that he always appeared in public in top-boots and leathers, and either a "pink" coat or a Newmarket one; his whole time and attention were given up to horses, bets, and jockeys; and the young nobles of the court were delighted at finding this wide field of pleasure and excitement thrown open to them. The huge powdered wigs, the red heels, the silk and velvet coats and waist-coats, the lace frills, were thrown aside, and Paris looked like a vast stable-yard. On the 5th of November, 1776, a match was got up between the Duke de Chartres and Major Bankes, but it did not come off. On the following days there was, however, some good running by Barbary and Comus, both belonging to the Count D'Artois; Partner, belonging to the Duke de Chartres; Pilgrim, to the Duke de Lauzan; Nip, to the Marquis de Conflans, and a French horse, called

L'Abbé, belonging to the Prince de Guemenée, who carried off every prize. Whether L'Abbé was *bonâ fide* of French or English extraction we will not pause to inquire. In 1777 we again find L'Abbé beating eight English horses. On the same day the Sweepstakes for forty horses came off at Fontainebleau. This was not a bad beginning for noviciates on the turf. But under this love of sport was hid a source of considerable public utility: France was centuries behind our "native land" in the art of improving the breed of horses; and the French, like other children, must be amused while they are instructed. Napoleon, in the midst of his political projects and stupendous undertakings, found time to encourage and foster this growing taste amongst the nobility. In 1805 he gave prizes to be run for; and in 1806 he regenerated, on a footing of solid magnificence, the Haras, or breeding establishments of the old monarchy, in all their pristine splendour, adding to it every horse that was worth having, from Mecklenburgh, Hesse, and Baden. Louis XVIII., notwithstanding his embarrassments, founded several prizes. In 1815, during the encampment of the Allies in and about Paris, English races, open, however, to the whole world, were established on the plains of Neuilly; and the French seemed to take delight in the excellent sport that was furnished. In 1819 we find Latitat, belonging to the Count de Narbonne; in 1820, Enigotte, the property of Monsieur Reinssec; 1823 was distinguished by the good running of Nell, the first thorough-bred mare foaled in France; as 1824 by Lucy, belonging to the Duke D'Escars. France owes this improvement to the Duke de Guiche, who was brought up in an excellent school (the 10th Hussars), and who so ably superintended these breeding establishments, that, under his auspices, Truffle, Milton, Tancredi, Rowiston, and Rainbow, were destined to regenerate the bastardized equine race of France. Charles X. was too fond of shooting to care much about horse-racing. The Duke de Guiche, however, induced him to give some prizes; and, in 1827, Vittoria, by Milton, out of Geanne, added lustre to the sporting annals of his reign. In 1828, Monsieur Delarogue, a Normandy breeder, ran his famous horse, Zephyr, by D. I. O., out of Hebe, and who proved himself a worthy scion of his cup-bearing mother, by carrying off all the prizes. In order to show the form of this horse, I give his performances in England, premising, however, that, in his first match, he was not in condition:—

EPSOM, 1831.—Lord William Lennox's ro. m. Miss Craven, by Mr. Lowe, aged, 9 st. 10 lb. (F. Boyce), beat Count D'Orsay's b. h. Zephyr, aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; three miles; 100, h. ft.

GOODWOOD, 1831.—Mr. Dockeray's b. h. Zephyr, 9 st. 3 lb. (Arnall), beat Captain Byng's ro. m. Miss Craven, 10 st. 1 lb.; three miles; 50 sovs., h. ft. 2 to 1 on Zephyr.

In 1829 appeared Monsieur de Bastide's mare, Vesta. In September, 1826, Lord Henry Seymour made his *début* upon the French turf. He paid forfeit, with his horse Felix, to the Lady of the Lake. His successes since have amply repaid him for his ill-omened commencement. At the change of dynasty in 1830, Louis Philippe appointed Monsieur de Strada to succeed the Duke de Guiche. When Louis Philippe presented the Haras to the Duke of Orleans, that ill-fated and lamented Prince appointed Monsieur de Cambis to be director. Under his auspices the Haras attained the highest degree of

splendour, as the triumphs of the stud, both in France and England, proved. In the year 1834, during a *séjour* at Boulogne, I had the good fortune to be honoured with much of his late Royal Highness's attention; and nothing could exceed the kindness and affability of his manner. There was no subject upon which the Prince could not converse fluently; and his admiration for that country in which his family had found an asylum was unbounded. He talked of England with the greatest affection, and dwelt upon the happy hours he had passed in it.

To those who knew his Royal Highness it would be superfluous to say that he was a prince of most polished manners, a gallant soldier, a friend to literature and learned men, and the illustrious patron of all that refined taste could produce to throw lustre on civilized and polite life. He had a heart feelingly alive to the claims of humanity—a benevolence truly magnificent, and a hand “open as day to melting charity.” The veteran warrior, the painter, the sculptor, the author—all were alike the objects of his bounty and protection, and all acknowledged the liberality of his hand, the graciousness of his manner, and the kindness of his heart. Such was the heir-apparent to the throne of France, whose remains now lie entombed in the mausoleum of his ancestors, and who received, in his premature death, a nobler testimony to his virtues than all the honours that funereal pomp scatters on the bier of royalty—the genuine tribute of public sympathy.

“Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.”—HORACE.

HORSE-RACING IN BRITTANY.

Poor, lank-looking horses in the mountains and less fruitful parts of the country, heavy horses without vigour or blood, where food is abundant—such is altogether what you behold in Brittany, which, not long ago, supplied whole regiments of French cavalry, and now scarcely yields three hundred horses to that department of the service. Yet, notwithstanding all that has been done to change their habits and manners, the Bretons still value the horse in the highest degree, that animal being connected with all their wants and habits. The Bretons of the mountains are always on horseback. Nothing is more curious than to see those rustic cavalcades wind on the hill sides, on their return from the fair or market. It is on horseback that they repair to their *fêtes*, christenings, funerals, or to transact family affairs; but it is, above all, that at weddings cavalcades are indispensable. Woe to the guest who has not a horse to ride on such solemn occasions; and fortunate is he who possesses a lively, and, above all, a swift nag, for the festivities will not be complete unless several races be run in honour of the marriage. But if horses are the ornament of all festivities, they have also their own particular *fêtes*. On Saint Eloiday (the patron-saint of farriers), all the horses of the country, to the number of several thousands, are brought from all quarters to the chapel dedicated to him; there is a fountain where the horses are made to drink; some drops of its water are poured into their ears, and they are then galloped home. The horse that has accomplished this pilgrimage is exempted from disease or accidents for the whole year. This custom evidently goes back to heathenism. The rural races of Brittany are derived from remote antiquity—a young heifer, a sheep, or a hat and ribbons, such

are the prizes bestowed on the winner ; a few francs will supply that, but the honour lies not therein ; it is in the branch of laurel which the winner will have a right to tie to his horse's head, in the crowd's applause, in the pride of a victory perilously won. The news spreads afar ; it is conveyed from cottage to cottage, and, on the day appointed, the competitors come up from all sides, and sometimes from a considerable distance. The horse that is to run is from the mountains—what in our country is called “a rum-un to look at, but a good-un to go.” His saddle is a bag padded with straw, and fastened with a rope ; often he has no saddle at all ; his bridle is a strap of leather, or a rope tied above his head. The jockey is a little fellow, between twelve and fifteen ; his shirt and canvass trowsers are his only covering, a handkerchief keeps up his long hair ; his feet are bare, he has spurs, but their buckles often wound his ankles, and his blood often mingles with that which flows from his steed's side.

The crowd gathers round the competitors. The hour of starting approaches, the jockeys receive their instructions, and off they go like Mazeppa's desert-born steed—

“ Away ! away !—and on they dash !
Torrents less rapid and less rash.”

The ground they have to traverse is, in general, awful. In one part it is a hard and uneven road—in another a miry marsh must be crossed, or they must dash along narrow paths winding over rocks. There a torrent must be crossed, or a rapid declivity passed—here a thick slough must be forded ; nothing stops them ; and thus they run for many miles. They reach the goal—shouts of enthusiasm arise from all sides—everybody takes an interest in the conqueror ; man and horse are objects of universal and eager attention, and laurels and ribbons deck their heads. The steed and his rider are the heroes of the *fête*, and the exclusive theme of all conversation.

FRENCH COACHING.

“ Hark ! I hear the sound of coaches.”—BEGGARS' OPERA.

“ Dans un chemin mo-ntant, sablonneux, mal-aisé,
Et de tous les côtés au soleil exposé,
Six forts chevaux tiroient un coche.”

It is nearly two hundred years ago that La Fontaine wrote the above lines, which begin his fable entitled *Le Coche et La Mouche*. At that time public and private vehicles had not yet undergone any very notable improvements. When an inhabitant of Bordeaux or Macon took his departure for Paris, he made his will, leaving, among other things, “*son corps à la diligence*.” Eighty years before, in the middle of the sixteenth century, private vehicles were not very numerous, if we judge by the predicament in which Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre, found himself when he wrote to Sully. “*Je n'ai pis aller vous voir hier, ma femme ayant pris ma coche*.” That *coche*, which we in England still call coach, and the driver of which has obtained the name of *cocher*—coachman, was either a *coche de terre*, or a *coche d'eau*, both conveying travellers and goods. The *coche d'Auxerre* alone had survived in France until our days. The steamboats have sunk it in despite

of its heroic resistance. It was only in the first years of the seventeenth century that *coches* or *voitures* were first ornamented, and provided with leather braces; they then assumed the generic name of *carrosses*, derived from *char* and *charrette*. It would be too long a task to write a history of their transformations and successive improvements, and to follow step by step the aristocratic succession of the *carrosse*, *calèche*, *berline*, *landau*, *dormeuse*, *char-à-banc*, *demi-fortune*, *vis-à-vis*, *coupé*, not omitting the *cabriolet*, *phaëton*, *bogwey*, *tilbury*, *kibitka*, *britchka*, and other vehicles of the young fashion of all times. The public vehicles have made slower progress. The *diligences* long continued worthy of their grandfathers, the *coches*, and very unworthy of their new name. At the beginning of the present century, in which everything now moves on so rapidly, two days and a night were still required to pass from Paris to Orleans; travellers slept on the road at Etampes, or Pithiviers; a spot rendered immortal by Perlet's admirable personification of the *Comedien d'Etampes*. Inn living, with its good fare, and bad beds, being preferred to highroad-living, with its *obligato* accompaniment of broken-down cattle, upset coaches, and highwaymen armed to the teeth. The *diligences* gave birth to the *messengeries*, *chaises*, *chaises de poste*, and, at a later period, to the *malles postes*; which, however, does not prevent certain provinces from still enjoying a sort of progeniture of ancient *coches*, under the various names of *voiturins*, *guimbardes*, *carrioles*, and other instruments of torture, thanks to which the traveller can easily accomplish, as the old saying was, "twenty leagues in fifteen days." Now, however, the real *diligences*, the real *messengeries*, have obtained a degree of comfort for which the public must be grateful. To the frequent changes, and improvement of the horses, must be added the comfort of the vehicle, and last, not least, the lowness of the prices. As for the *malles postes*, destined for the more rapid conveyance of letters, and, at the same time, of travellers eager to get over their journey quickly—thanks to the attention of the administration—the most ingenious improvements have rendered them vehicles perfectly well adapted to the public service, the primary object of their establishment, and to the private service of those who wish for comfort in their travels. The *caisse* containing the despatches, the high station occupied behind by the *courier-conducteur* of the mail, the *caisse* reserved for travellers, the shape and size of which vary according to the seasons, and the comfortable seats for the passengers, deserve every praise. If a few trifling improvements were superadded, of which some have already been applied to many private carriages, it would be impossible to wish for anything better. What can one desire more, when, with such advantages, one travels from Paris to Bayonne, two hundred leagues, in fifty-six hours? The humbler history of the *fiacre* also deserves to have a place here. The *carrosse* gave birth to the *fiacre* in the seventeenth century. That was the first coach devoted to public use. The headquarters of those vehicles were in Rue St. Antoine, at the sign of *L'Image St. Fiacre*, whose name they have retained. They were, moreover, called *carrosses à cinq sous*, because five sous was the price of the hour. The *fiacres* long had a very bad name, and not undeservedly so. Who does not remember, even in our days, the wretched equipages that stood on the rank? Who has not had, at least once in his

life, a quarrel with the miserable and vicious horses of the old *fiacres*, and with their drivers, more vicious still than their cattle? The cabriolets for town and country, and the *coucous*, whose other name

“ Oh ! no, we never mention it—
At least to ears polite,”—

were scarcely superior in that respect ; we have all of us woefully experienced it. But times are altered, and, in the course of a few years, incredible improvements have taken place, not only in the vehicles, but also in the horses and their drivers. What a number of felicitous transformations, almost as wonderful as Cinderella's fairy carriage, have been effected ! The carriages better constructed and suspended, and more comfortably arranged inside ; the creation, too, of one-horse *coupés* (Brougham's) has successively provided for all the wants of the public. In latter times a vast number of new companies, under various names, have vied in skill, and conferred upon the people, vehicles of tasteful shapes, with horses in good condition, unlike the *rosses* of former days ; harness neat, drivers in uniform liveries, and, above all, civil and attentive. Surely we must be fastidious were we not satisfied.

To complete this sketch, let us pay a parting tribute to the *omnibus*, that accommodating carriage which takes you up at all hours, at every moment, in the street, or at your door, and carries you, without any delay, to any street or door you wish to alight at ;—sociable vehicles, which, for the trifling sum of thirty *centimes*, carry you two leagues from the *Barrière de l'Etoile* to that of the *Trone*, and from the *Madelaine* to the *Place de la Bastille*. Would that I could review all the varieties of that obliging vehicle, which, it is said, appeared at Nantes before it invaded the streets, quays, and boulevards of the capital. But were I to enumerate the *Hirondelles*, *Favourites*, *Dames Françaises*, *Parisiennes*, *Beauvaises*, *Orléanaises*, &c. &c., and point out all their graces and charms, it would lead us on to the history of locomotion by conveyance, and the celebration of steam, steamboats, railroads, trains, and their marvellous rapidity. France does not shine foremost yet in this respect, and I had better conclude with the observation, that the number of vehicles of all sorts which daily circulate in the streets of Paris, exceeds 61,000 ; the cabriolets, hackney-coaches, diligences, and omnibusses (or, as the erudite coachman called them, *omnibii*), amounting, out of that number, to 20,000.

FIELD SPORTS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

“ Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.”—HORAT.

HAVING, in the effort to dispel a few hours of the *ennui* attendant upon a long voyage, employed myself in sketching some desultory notices of the sports to be met with in such of the Australian colonies as I have lately visited, I forward them for the service of the **SPORTING REVIEW**, should they seem suited to its pages.

As, in my humble opinion, hunting, be it of what description it may, must always bear the palm, I commence by a short description of the animals principally pursued for that purpose. The first of these, from its being common to all parts of Australasia, and found in the greatest abundance, is the kangaroo, described by that class of men, deeply peculiar to zoology, yclept showmen, as "a *hanimal* of very extraordinary propensities; having five claws on his fore feet, and three totons on his hind; and yet he hops on his tail." In this last assertion, however, they are not borne out, as the tail never comes in contact with the ground, except when the animal is feeding, or, at times, when going very slowly. When hunted, on the contrary, it stands straight out behind, and probably acts as a rudder, and steadies the body in the immense length of strides, or, more properly, jumps taken by the kangaroo. The three totons on the hind feet are exceedingly awkward customers, as those who possess valuable dogs know to their cost; and there are few that have acquired any celebrity, that do not bear marks of severe wounds inflicted by these natural weapons. Those, however, which have gained knowledge by experience (and how else can it be so well gained by either man or beast?) seldom attempt to kill the very large kangaroos by themselves, but are content to keep them at bay till the arrival of some person to their assistance.

The kangaroo is of more sorts than one; two varieties being principally the objects of diversion to the sportsman. The "boomer," as he is called, is, when full grown, a very large animal; and, when standing at bay, he raises himself on his hind legs, will frequently measure six feet in height; and, when old, will scarcely run away from a dog. The females are smaller, and much more shy, and, when arrived at their full growth (at which period they are called "flying does"), afford the best runs of any, and require a good dog to kill them. The other kind, called "the brush kangaroo," is much smaller, and easily killed by any tolerable dog; the flesh of these, however, is to be preferred, though, indeed, to be good eating at any time, it requires to be exceedingly well cooked, being by nature very indifferent meat. Both these last, as well as the larger kind, in countries not much disturbed, will be found in large herds, sometimes amounting to forty or fifty together; they are all, however, very shy of the approach of civilization, retiring gradually before the advances of man. So much is this the case, it frequently happens that, to obtain any sport, it is necessary to sleep in the "bush" for several nights together, so as to arrive at a greater distance from any habitations. I shall not mention any other varieties of this animal, as they very rarely come under the attention of the sportsman.

The next animal to be noticed is the native or wild dog. In appearance, he always forcibly reminded me of the United Stater in the farce, where he is described "as half man, half horse, and half an alligator, for he seems to partake equally of the fox, the jackal, and the dog. He enjoys most of reynard's sly ways, and is equally destructive to poultry, but, like the second animal, extends his ravages also to lambs, and occasionally to sheep. They are, consequently, much dreaded by the farmer, particularly as they are very bold in their advances towards houses, and appear to collect a good deal in the neighbourhood of farms. They are generally larger than a fox, and

sometimes as much as twenty-four inches in height; the head much resembles a fox, with most of his cunning expression; and the brush, which is frequently used as an ornament for the head by the natives, is nearly as handsome. The colour comes near that of the fox, but a shade or two lighter, though I have heard of their being seen of a brindle colour. They show good sport before hounds, but are not met with in Van Diemen's Land. In this island rabbits are imported by different individuals, and they are now sufficiently plentiful, in some places, to afford a good day's shooting.

I must not omit to mention the emu, as it is principally pursued by dogs. It appears to form a connecting link between the beast and feathered tribes; for, though covered with feathers like the latter, it has no power of flying, its wings being little more than apologies for those members. I need not, however, give a description of it, as it has already been so much better done by writers on natural history; nor, indeed, is it my intention to touch upon anything here which has not strict reference to the pursuits of the sportsman.

The emu is a very powerful opponent for a dog, and many have been killed by a single kick from one of these birds. He is also a troublesome customer for one that does not understand killing him, as he frequently finds that, instead of getting hold of the emu, he has nothing better than a mouthful of feathers, nearly enough to choke him, panting as he is from his previous exertions, and quite sufficient to put a stop to his running till the game has got clear off. On this account many dogs that are very good for kangaroo, are of no use for emu. These birds are found in the same countries as the kangaroo, and are hunted in the same manner, that is, with two, three, or, sometimes, half-a-dozen dogs, though three good ones are far better than more, and two quite sufficient in most countries.

Many of the dogs used for this sport are exceedingly fine animals; and, in the colony of Western Australia, ten sovereigns is by no means an out-of-the-way price for a good one. What the breed is obtained from originally it is very hard to determine in the present day, but certain it is that the greyhound must be the foundation, with more or less of the mastiff in some; while in others I fancied I could detect a small dash of foxhound blood lurking in their veins.

In Van Diemen's Land some persons have a fancy for a cross of the sheepdog, but in that island the kangaroos are mostly of the brush kind, consequently an inferior dog does the business; and, indeed, I observed a manifest superiority in the Western Australian dogs over those in the other colony: those I took with me from the latter place, though considered good at home, were not of the slightest use in the former. However, let the breed have been obtained how it may, it is a very valuable one for the work, and would, I think, be found exceedingly useful in England by those who, among other pleasant things, possess a good park well stocked with deer. It retains the speed of the greyhound very slightly diminished, combined with the scent of the hound. They have one very sagacious property which appears to run in the breed, as many will possess it without any instruction. These are called "show dogs," by which is meant that, after having killed their game even at the distance of several miles, they will return and show the way to the spot where they left it. This property is much and

justly esteemed, especially in those districts which are too thick to ride in, and that includes the greater part of these colonies. Indeed, in Western Australia, with the exception of the Toodyay and Dale districts, there are scarcely any parts where it is possible to ride at all near the dogs. The former of these districts is composed chiefly of sandy plains, so open as to admit of seeing the kangaroo at the distance of half a mile or more; you have then merely to gallop to the spot and lay the dogs on. This sport has been described to me by a good sportsman who resides in that district as equal, or even superior, to coursing, and he often asked me to his abode for the purpose of witnessing it, which invitation I was sorry it was never in my power to avail myself of during the hunting season. I regretted this the more as I understood he possessed some very good dogs. I think tolerable sport might be obtained here by hunting the native dog with foxhounds. In most parts a good rider might get to them, as the pace would be slower than that of the kangaroo dog, and he would also have the advantage of the use of his ears. At Sydney, I have been told, good sport is shown in this way.

A few words concerning the natives may not be inaptly introduced in this place, as they are very useful attendants upon a sportsman in the "bush." They possess an extraordinary facility of tracking, and follow the footsteps of either man or beast, with astonishing correctness and rapidity; indeed, so accurate is their eye that they can tell what other native has gone before them, by merely seeing the print of his foot in the sand. I have frequently been kept at a good run by these fellows when tracking up after the dogs in chase, over ground where I could not discover the slightest trace of either dog or kangaroo having passed. But whatever Mr. Ogle* may say about their ability to give Ude a lesson in dressing fish, or our taking a hint from their manner of cooking a kangaroo steak, as far as my *experience* goes, the words of Somerville may be far more aptly applied—

" On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taste, nor skill'd, as yet, in nicer arts
Of pampered luxury—"

for I certainly never saw them attempt anything more than to throw their food into the embers of a wood fire, and, as soon as it became warm through, to devour it, ashes and all; and I must say they always reminded me of a pack of hounds breaking up their fox.

Notwithstanding this, however, they are not bad fellows in their way, and are exceedingly useful as guides in the "bush;" for, though it is not a very difficult task to steer your way, yet, without their knowledge of the country, the traveller in those regions might very possibly go for whole days without finding water, so badly is this country supplied with that element. I have myself been indebted to them for that greatest of all possible luxuries, when sleeping in the "bush"—a fire. Having, upon one occasion, forgotten to take any means of striking a light with me, the want was thus supplied by my aboriginal companion: the process is performed by them in a very simple and ingenious manner. In the first place, they cut the dry reed from the top of the grass tree, or "black boy," as it is commonly termed, from its being easily

* Ogle's "Western Australia."

mistaken, at a little distance, for a juvenile native. Having got this, they next cut it in two pieces, in the centre of one of which they make a small hole, just large enough to admit the end of the other. They then sit down, holding the piece with the hole in it flat upon the ground with their feet, having previously placed a few dry leaves, and any other combustible matter they can procure, under it. When in this position, they insert the end of the other piece of reed into the one on the ground, and commence rubbing it backwards and forwards between their hands, in the most industrious manner imaginable, and by this method a light is obtained in two or three minutes. They are as inoffensive and harmless a race of beings as can possibly be met with in the savage state, and, in many instances, make themselves very useful to the settlers, by watching herds, flocks, &c., but they have an unconquerable aversion to hard work. In the pursuit of the opossum they manifest the greatest activity, and, in climbing the trees after these animals, they are not at all inferior to a monkey.

The southern and western parts of Van Diemen's Land are, generally speaking, very impracticable for riding, being much intersected with narrow valleys and rocky hills, or "tiers," as they are there termed. The northern districts of the island, however, have many parts more "negotiable" for a horse. In this island there is a pack of hounds kept by T. G. Gregson, Esq., who resides at Risden, a few miles from Hobart Town, on the opposite side of the river Derwent. As there are no native dogs, he is obliged to hunt the kangaroo, and an old "boomer" not unfrequently shows good sport. Not having been there in the hunting season, I have never had the good fortune to see them in the field. Mr. Gregson is, I know, a very good and keen sportsman, and a good horseman, and what is also of great moment with a master of hounds, he is very gentlemanlike in the field, where, by-the-bye, he generally musters a fair sprinkling of "pink." When I saw his hounds, however, about two years since, it struck me they wanted a little more high foxhound blood in their veins. I have reason to believe it is a long time since he has had any fresh hounds from England, consequently he has been reduced to the necessity of breeding "in and in" too much. The breeder of hounds in this country has one great advantage over his brethren in the Old, as he is free from all distemper, which masters of hounds have too much reason to dread at home. Riding to hounds in Australia is quite a different affair from doing the same thing in England; nevertheless, a good timber-jumper is indispensable; though, as neither live fences nor brooks are ever met with, no other kind of jumping is necessary. Fallen trees, some of them of no inconsiderable height, are the principal obstacles, except when the hounds get into the open, and then strong post and rail is the order of the day. There is one description of fence which I never saw anywhere but in Van Diemen's Land, which is frequently a "puzzler," and at all times a "rasper:" it is made thus:—three, four, or sometimes five trees, of moderate size, and about eight or ten feet in length, are placed one above the other, in the manner of an ordinary post and rail; but, instead of being supported by posts, they are raised above each other by shorter pieces of wood, laid at right angles between them, and in this manner they are kept together by their own weight; thus, they do not run in exactly a straight line, but rather "in and out." These fences are often

considerably upwards of five feet in height, and as they are not unfrequently met with in cramped places, it requires a "good one" to face them.

I cannot help thinking that stag-hunting would be the sport best calculated for this country in its present state; it would be more likely to give a burst in the open, and, from the retiring nature of the kangaroo, I fear blank days may be anticipated: at all events, it might be worth while trying the experiment, by importing a good buck from England.

Having thus briefly alluded to the condition of the chase in the far West, I proceed to a summary of the sports that may be obtained by the lovers of the trigger, and disciples of old Isaak. Those whom either inclination or business may call to these regions, must neither expect the vast slaughter, nor the numerous attendants and keepers of the battue; for these they must substitute about a dozen head of different sorts bagged, after considerable toil, with a black fellow for game-keeper. In place of the bold and ever-varying scenery of the moors, they must content themselves with the monotony of the "bush," where the foliage approaches nearer to brown than green; and where the picturesque dell, and wooded banks, the favourite resort of the woodcock, are wholly wanting.

The game consists chiefly of the quail, snipe, bronze-winged pigeon, wild turkey, black swan, ducks, teal, and various other kinds of waterfowl. The first of these, the quail, is so well known, that it is needless for me to dwell upon it. It is an inhabitant of the whole of New Holland, and of most, if not all, of the adjacent islands. There are the stubble quail, and the bush quail; the latter, as far as I have seen, being rather the smallest; possibly the difference in size may be attributed to the better feed to be obtained on agricultural land. The great point of difference, however, is, that the bush quail retires from, whilst the other flocks to, farming districts. In Van Diemen's Land there are many cultivated spots, where good sport may be obtained with a steady pointer; but in New Holland I never saw or heard of any sport where the "hush" was cleared and cultivated, though plenty had been found previously. The snipe is only seen in Van Diemen's Land, in which island good sport can be obtained. In the neighbourhood of Jerusalem I have known a good bag made up. These birds are rather larger than the common snipe in England, in all other respects the same. The bronze-winged pigeons are found in both colonies in abundance, during the latter part of summer and autumn, at which time plenty of shots may be got at them. As they lie exceedingly close, I should recommend steady spaniels for this purpose, unless with any one who is not a good hand at quick shooting, when, perhaps, pointers or setters are to be preferred. The wild turkey is as large as a moderate-sized tame one, but considerably longer in the wings, and decidedly the finest bird that attracts the attention of the shooter. It is, however, rarely to be met with, except at a considerable distance from habitations, and even where it is plentiful is very difficult of approach. Some persons prefer a rifle for shooting them; but this mode is attended with much uncertainty; for, unless the ground is nearly devoid of underwood, which is not often the case, there can be but small chance of seeing them, as, according to that system, they must, of course, be shot on the ground. Though they are so difficult of approach on foot, they

will frequently suffer a horseman to come quite close to them. They are not met with in Van Diemen's Land. Natives will be found of far greater use in this sport than any dog, as they track the birds, and, from their extraordinary powers of eyesight, discover them on the ground at great distances, then get to "leeward," and creep up to them. As the least thing will disturb them, it is impossible to be too cautious in the approach.

There are now ~~only~~ the different sorts of water-fowl to describe; among these the black swan takes precedence. This bird is about the size of a hooper, or wild swan, and is common to the whole of Australia, but is not found in such numbers as formerly. There are, however, yet enough to be seen on some waters. I have observed plenty of them on Lakes Evescent and Sorell, in Van Diemen's Land; but they always take care to keep so far from land, that nothing but a ball has a chance with them. Large quantities of these birds are taken annually on the river Murray, in Western Australia, during the moulting season, at which time, being unable to fly, they are easily caught by pulling after them in boats. They are, however, worthless for the table when caught, being both hard and insipid, unless rendered otherwise by a judicious use of the "*batterie de cuisine*." Then follow mountain ducks, common wild ducks, and teal. The first of these birds is considerably larger than the common duck, with very handsome plumage; the second is much more common, and differs very little from the same bird in England. The teal are like our own birds of that name, and not so numerous as the common wild duck. There is also a bird, with very handsome plumage, called the "swamp hen;" its colour is rich blue, with beak, top of the head, and eyes of a fine red. In size it is between the two above-mentioned birds, but much longer than either in the leg. It is very common, but not worth much when killed. In its habits it takes after the water-hen; but, in form, it is of the duck species. There is also another description of duck, met with in vast numbers, usually known by the name of "shags." These birds are often a great source of annoyance to the duck-shooter. They are perfectly useless when killed, and, from their being much more vigilant than the other water-fowl, frequently give the alarm of approaching danger to the more valuable species, by which many shots are lost.

I need not give directions for this kind of shooting, as it is generally so well understood. I think the hut shooting, on the French plan, would be found to answer exceedingly well.

On many waters the wild-fowl are very difficult of approach, from the swampy and rushy nature of the banks; and in these places little sport can be depended upon unless the shooter is prepared with a good stock of patience to watch the spots where they feed. The black fellows will be found first-rate retrievers on these occasions, the only difficulty being to make them "run mute" during the time of watching. When sent out by themselves, however, they display the most exemplary patience, and seldom return home without some success; but as they rarely hazard a shot till the object is within ten yards of their noses, the odds are, of course, in favour of their blowing the game to pieces. In all the different varieties of shooting, especially in the vicinity of swamps, the sportsman is in considerable danger of losing

his dogs, from the snakes, the bite of which is exceedingly venomous, especially of those in Van Diemen's Land. I myself, one day, was witness to a small terrier dying in the space of three minutes after having been bitten by one of these reptiles, which, after it was killed, proved to be a black snake, measuring full five feet in length.

There is also a description of night-shooting, which is occasionally practised in these countries. It is opossum, or 'possum-shooting, as it is there termed, and is carried on during moonlight nights. The sportsman, equipped with his gun, and attended by a couple or more of yelping curs, sallies into the bush, where his canine assistants soon succeed in finding the game, which, at that hour, is feeding on the ground. As soon as friend 'possum perceives himself to be disturbed in his nocturnal rambles, he betakes himself to the nearest tree; and now, such a chorus is kept up, at the foot, by the attendants, as to conduct their master to the tree, when, by placing himself so as to derive the greatest advantage from the moon, he soon discovers 'possum among the boughs, from whence he speedily dislodges him with a charge of shot.

I have now enumerated every bird which I can remember as a general object of interest to the shooting sportsman. There are several other sorts which he may meet with in the prosecution of his sport; but either from the scarcity of them, or their not properly belonging to those birds which may be classed as game, I have not deemed it necessary to take any further notice of them.

The island of Van Diemen's Land is capable of affording more amusement to the fly-fisher than to any other class of sportsmen, as he is there able to obtain his favourite diversion in a manner more congenial to his previous ideas on the subject. It is true, he will not meet with the intense excitement attendant on the pursuit of the lordly salmon, or the no less sporting trout, as the fish which rise to the fly are here much smaller; but when the water is in a good state, and the wind in the proper quarter, he may expect not unfrequently to find a fish at each fly. Indeed, I think I may fairly pronounce it to be quite equal to samlet-fishing, as practised in the upper part of the river Severn, in North Wales. Any person who has fished in that stream in the months of April and May will understand me. However, for the benefit of those of my readers who have never been in the way of enjoying that sport, I will add a more lengthened description, and endeavour to convey to them some idea of the diversion to be obtained by a colonial piscator. About these same samlets, by-the-bye, there has been great difference of opinion, and no small arguments have arisen therefrom—some contending that they are the salmon fry, and, therefore, to be protected at that age; while others maintain, with equal pertinacity, that it is a distinct species. From my own experience, I must own I am a disciple of the latter belief, consequently see no harm in prosecuting the sport whenever opportunity may offer. The reader will, doubtless, say—"What has all this to do with Van Diemen's Land fishing?"—my answer is, that, many persons believing these fish to be the salmon-fry, I wish to clear myself from the imputation of doing anything by which the quantities of that noble fish might be diminished in our rivers. But, methinks, I hear a "halloo back." To return, then, to the original subject.

Should any disciple of quaint old Isaak, domiciled at Hobart Town, be desirous of enjoying a day's sport, he has only to betake himself to New Norfolk, a small settlement, very prettily situated on the river Derwent, twenty-two miles by land, or about thirty by water from the former place. Should he not be blessed with a conveyance of his own, he must, I fear, put up with the steam-boat, which, during the summer months, plies up and down the river, between these two places, daily; for I regret to say that, since the all-powerful "steam pot" has assumed his sway upon this river, the coach which always ran previously has been taken off. Having arrived at New Norfolk, by whatever conveyance he may adopt, he will find very comfortable accommodation at the Bush Hotel, kept by a most civil and respectable man, of the name of Elwin, and he need be under no apprehension but Mrs. E. will cater to his satisfaction, let his appetite be ever so keen. The fishing-ground lies about two miles farther up the river, at a part called the Falls, but which might more properly be termed the Rapids, for I never could perceive any fall in the place; but *lucus à non lucendo* is an old saying, and may often be applied in the colonies. The road, from the settlement to this spot, winds prettily by the side of the river, a short space above it, up a hanging and slightly wooded bank. Should our fisherman feel disposed to be accompanied by a guide to the best spots for fishing—which, perhaps, he may find no bad plan at first—there is a very civil and useful fellow to be met with, delighting in the name of Lumsden, who will be glad to point out all the best spots (as he generally goes there himself, morning and evening, on the same errand) for a few lengths of some good gut, or a few good fly-hooks, both of which are rarely to be obtained tolerably perfect in the colonies, and often not at all. Should the water be in such a state as to require a boat, which is sometimes the case, this same piscator will be willing to accommodate at a reasonable rate.

The fish are here called mullet, and when a slight fresh of water has just come down the river, with the wind from the land, nothing can exceed their voracity. When the weather is hot, the fisherman should begin in the morning, as early as he can see to distinguish his flies on the water; he may then continue as long as the fish will rise, which they will generally do till about ten o'clock, after which he cannot do better than consign his inner man to the care of his hostess of the Bush. He may be again on the ground, with rod in hand, by four, p. m., from which time he will continue to have sport till quite dark. In cool weather, they will rise all day.

Any small, gaudy fly will take well. I always found orange-silk for body, either with or without gold twist, with wings from either grouse or woodcock, or merely warped round with a red or furnace hackle, very killing; but the fly with which I saw most sport, as near as I can now recollect, was made thus: body, orange silk; wings, grey drake's feather, with a red hackle for legs. This, I need not add, is a fancy fly, but I always found the fish prefer it to any other. I had the luck to hit upon it by chance, but never saw it used by any other person. Nos. 2 and 3, Kendal, are the best size for hooks, or even smaller than those sizes will do well. For myself, I always prefer what is called the "snake bend;" this, however, must be left to the fancy of the angler, and, at last, more depends on the manner in which it is used than the shape of the hook.

In favour of my opinion, I may be allowed to mention that, one day, when fishing in this water with some Irish flies (which these fish are very partial to), one of the hooks drew out nearly straight, and that with a small fish. This, I am aware, is contrary to the generally received opinion, as Limerick hooks are, by most persons, supposed to hold the heaviest fish better than any other sort.

It is a common practice with those who angle for these fish, to put a gentle over the bend of the hook. Not considering this by any means an orthodox style of fly-fishing, I soon determined to try without, much against the advice given me by others, who told me I should not catch a fish. However, upon trial, I never found that I caught any fewer from the want of it; and it certainly has these advantages, that you not only are not troubled with the gentles, but there is also a cleanliness in fishing with the artificial fly, which is entirely destroyed when you are obliged to be continually handling the "grubs." I had previously seen this plan adopted in holes for samlets. These fish will also take a worm, and, at times, prefer it to a fly. They have been met with, I was informed, in the greatest abundance, in the little river Plenty, which flows into the Derwent, a few miles higher up. They are also met with close to the town of Launceston, in a small stream running into the Tamar, also in the Esk, a nice stream about twelve miles from that town, and, I believe, in several other streams. In this part of the island they are known by the name of herring, which is, I think, a better name for them than mullet, as they have considerable resemblance in flavour to that fish. They never exceed half a pound in weight, and the average is not more than half that size. When first caught, the smell exactly resembles that of a cucumber. They are, by far, the best fish for the table I have tasted in the colonies.

There is no other kind of fishing that I ever met with in this island. At Perth, the principal settlement in Western Australia, the placid bottom-fisher may, on some days, pull out fish resembling small perch, there called yellow-tails, as fast as he can throw in his line. The best bait for these fish is shrimps, which are easily procured in the river, though they will also take a grasshopper freely. I have also seen fish caught there by a sort of trolling, or, rather, something between that and bottom-fishing, baiting with a small fish, about the size of a minnow, or small gudgeon. By this method a good many fish may be taken, principally of a kind called "guardfish," much resembling an eel in shape, only with an exceedingly long head and nose, and when caught may, with great propriety, be classed with the chub, and called "*un villain*." I cannot enter into the mysteries of this fishing, not having practised it myself, as I never was a lover of any branch of that sport, save the more enlivening one of fly-fishing.

I now come to the amusements of the turf, upon which no small degree of attention has been expended in Van Diemen's Land, and great praise is due to those persons by whose spirited exertions it has been raised to the excellence which it has attained. Indeed, the racing exhibited at the last Hobart Town meeting would have been no disgrace to most provincial places in England, and many might have had good reasons to be proud of it. The amount of the stakes ran for shows the liberality which is manifested by all classes in the support of this truly British sport, and the number of horses in training plainly indicates

that there is a strong attachment to it. The colonists deserve the greater credit for the excellence they have arrived at, from the fact that, during the time their present Lieut.-Governor has been among them, they have experienced no official encouragement, which, as its utility, in a national point of view, is past all doubt, I must own, I think they had a right to expect. His Excellency's reasons I cannot for one moment doubt are most conscientious, and such as are unfortunately held by a large body of persons in the present day. They are founded on the idea of the immorality occasioned by numbers of the lower orders of a community, such as may be expected in a penal colony, being collected together. Be the theory as it may, I can only say that, practically, I never observed any worse conduct on a race-course there than I have in other parts of the world. The effect it produces on the Hobart Town meetings is at once obvious. I do not mean to say that it makes any difference in the sport (though a Governor's £100 would be a nice stake to run for), but there is a very visible difference between the company which is collected on this course, and what is to be seen in the north of the island at Launceston. Now, in my humble opinion, the presence of the ladies enhances, to no inconsiderable extent, the pleasures of the race-course, and to the fact of these meetings not having been patronized by the royalty (if I may use the term) of the place, may be attributed, in a great measure, the paucity of that interesting portion of her Majesty's subjects, who enliven us with their presence on that ground, whilst at Launceston the stand is to be seen each day tenanted with all the beauty of the neighbourhood. There is one other thing at Hobart Town that may also tend to produce this effect, and which, from the spirited manner in which things are conducted there, will, I trust, ere long be remedied. I allude to the want of a good stand.

There are, at the present time, three regular race-meetings established in this colony, besides which matches and races of different sorts are not unfrequently run at other times. The season is opened by the Richmond meeting, which lasts two days, and is held about the first week in January (you must recollect that the seasons there are directly opposite to what they are here, January being a summer month). This is a small settlement situated within a pleasant drive of Hobart Town, at the distance of about fourteen miles after crossing the river Derwent. The course, according to my idea, is the best in the island, being formed by nature of ground the best calculated for horses to run over, though one or two corners are capable of much improvement. As in writing all this I am almost entirely dependent on that treacherous friend, memory, I must claim indulgence if I should omit some matters which ought to find a place in these pages, and, amongst other things, I do not recollect all the stakes run for at this meeting. It must, therefore, suffice to say, that, though inferior to the best at the other two meetings, still they are large enough to attract the best horses in the island, and, from being the first of the year, some of the races are naturally attended with additional interest, especially the Produce Stakes for two-year-olds. There is also, if I recollect rightly, the Richmond Plate of Fifty Sovereigns. I cannot refrain from mentioning an anecdote here, as the circumstance occasioned so much amusement at the time. It so happened that, after the racing was over for the first day, a party

of us were enjoying the hospitality of a certain worthy upholder of the law in that place, when after dinner (for who could think of anything but racing on such an occasion?) some difference of opinion arose between two sporting gentlemen present, as to which was not entitled to be classed with the Homeric hero of old, and receive the distinguished appellation of "*ποδας οχρως*." It was agreed to decide the case, *toute suite*, on the road in front of the house. Out accordingly we all sallied, both heroes confident of success, when, to the astonishment and amusement of all present, one of them began with the utmost *sang froid*, to take off the defences from his lower extremities, declaring he could easily beat his antagonist when freed from those encumbrances. At the word "off," away they both went at best pace, straining every nerve. But now, unfortunately, difficulties began to manifest themselves, part of the course lying over some newly broken stones, when, I need not say, the want of defence for the feet was most severely felt, and a case of "bolt" was the result.

The next meeting of the season is the great Northern one, held at Launceston, and I can assure you there is not more rivalry between our own great north and south country meetings, than is to be met with between the relative ones in this new country. The time of these races taking place is the end of February, and they continue for three days and sometimes a fourth. The principal stakes are the Town Plate, value 100 sovs., a St. Leger, worth altogether about 230 sovs.; the Wanderer and Little John Stakes of 30 sovs. each for two-year-olds, the produce of those horses; the Tavern Plate 50 sovs.; Ladies' Purse 50 sovs.; All Age Stakes 50 sovs., with some other minor ones. This course is the worst of the three, and, I fear, is not capable of much improvement in its present state. In the first place, it contains some very nasty corners, which, without additional space, cannot easily be altered, as they are much hampered by fences. It is also uneven, and over some part of it the surface is bad. These two latter defects, however, are not so difficult of cure. There is a nice small stand, and it has the advantage of being close to the town, so that it is very easily got at. Some of the racing men, on this side of the island, complain that their brethren in the south do not patronise this meeting as much as they do the southern ones, by sending their studs. There may be some ground for complaint here, but the fact must out, there are scarcely any racing studs kept in the south.

We now come to the principal meeting of the year, and which is supposed, in general, to conclude the racing season. This is the Hobart Town, or Newtown, as it is commonly called, from the course being at that place four miles from the former. This meeting also affords three days' racing, commencing, generally, about the 20th of March, and many of the stakes are worth winning. The great object of attraction, and which absorbed all the interest the first day of the last meeting, was the Two-year-old Stake of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for which six or seven started, and was won cleverly by Mr. M'Michael's Fairy Queen. To convey, however, a just idea of the manner in which this sport is supported in this colony, I cannot do better than give a list of the stakes run for at the last Hobart Town Meeting. The Stewards were T. G. Gregson, Esq., E. Isham, Esq., 51st Regiment Light Infantry, and R. Dry, Esq., jun.

The **FIRST DAY** was began by a Match, 100 sovs., followed by a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two-year-old colts, 8 st.; fillies, 7 st, 11 lb.; heats one mile.—Town Plate 100 sovs., three-year-olds, 7 st. 8 lb.; four, 8 st. 6 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; heats twice round.—Match, 100 sovs. A Free Handicap of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added from the Fund; twice round.—Merchants' Purse, 40 sovs.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs.; two-year-olds, 7 st. 12 lb.; three, 8 st. 8 lb.; four, 9 st. 5 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and aged, 10 st. 8 lb.: entrance 3 sovs.; heats, once round and a distance.

SECOND DAY. Derwent St. Leger Stakes of 30 sovs. from the Race Fund; colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.: heats, once round: entrance 3 sovs.—Ladies' Plate 40 sovs.; gentlemen riders; three-year-olds, 10 st. 4 lb.; four, 10 st. 10 lb.; five, 11 st. 4 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.: two mile heats: entrance 5 sovs.—A Purse of 50 sovs. given by Lieut. Col. Elliott, and the Officers of the 51st Regiment, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, three-years-olds, 9 st.; four, 9 st. 10 lb.; five, 10 st. 3 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 8 lb.; two mile heats.—Galloway Stakes, 20 sovs. for horses under fourteen hands: entrance 2 sovs.; heats, once round.

THIRD DAY. The Publicans' Purse of 30 sovs.; four-year-olds, 9 st. 5 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and aged, 10 st. 8 lb.; entrance 2 sovs.: heats, once round and a distance.—Trial Stakes of 30 sovs. for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st.; fillies, 7 st. 11 lb.; entrance 3 sovs.: heats, one mile.—The Hunters' Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, by T. Y. Lowes, Esq., for horses of all ages; gentlemen riders, 11 st. 6 lb. To start from the course and go over the fences round a flag to be stationed by the stewards, and back to the starting post.—The Stakes of 25 sovs. for horses beaten at the present meeting: post entry, 2 sovs.: four-year-olds, 9 st. 4 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and aged, 10 st. 8 lb.

This shall not be such a bad "bill of fare" for a colony only founded somewhere about fifty years. I must be allowed one remark on these races, with regard to the thirty sovs. so liberally bestowed by Mr. Lowes. In the first place, it is not the time of year for steeple chases, as the ground must necessarily be so hard as to endanger both horse and rider, and, in the second, they can only be viewed from the course for a very small portion of the distance. Should Mr. Lowes particularly wish to encourage that useful description of horse, the hunter, a hurdle race is more adapted for a race course.

These races are rapidly improving; when I left the colony, there was an intention of getting up a handsome Produce Stake, to be run for by three-year-olds. The course is by no means perfect, there being one very awkward corner immediately after passing the stand, and the surface is very indifferent; indeed, at times, exceedingly rough and bad. Neither of these defects is capable of radical cure, though they may be ameliorated to a certain extent. Indeed, from there being no natural turf in these countries, it is impossible for a race course to be quite what it ought to be. All I can say is, let them go on as they have begun, and, in spite of all difficulties, racing in Van Diemen's Land must and will succeed. The old saying "where there's a will there's a way," is well exemplified here.

Having now given some idea of the value of the stakes to be contended for at the three meetings, it may not be amiss to enumerate a

few of the principal supporters of the turf and owners of race horses at the present time. Mr. Kearney is, I believe, one of the oldest, and certainly is one of the most spirited among its supporters, and I am happy to say, appears, for the most part, to meet with a fair share of success. His most considerable winnings have been by Van Tromp, with which horse he won the Hobart Town Plate twice, also a match with Gulnare for 500 sovs. over the same course, besides various other minor things. With this horse he challenged the whole of the Australian colonies in 1840, for the sum of 500 or 1000 sovs., I forget which. Since that year, however, he has never done anything, having become a confirmed bolter. Mr. K. is also owner of an exceedingly fine two year-old filly, named Victoria, own sister to the above horse, which would have stood a good chance for the Two-year-old Sweepstakes the last meeting at Newtown, had she not bolted, by which, unfortunately, his second son, who was riding her at the time, was thrown against a post with such violence that his arm was fractured. If they can manage to keep her in the course she will be found an awkward customer next year. He is also possessor of Smolensko, which horse has carried off several things; amongst which, running three very severe heats for the Merchants' Purse at Newtown, beating Mr. Baynton's Sancho and Hon. G. Sturton's Stramp, may be classed as his best performance. 3 to 1 offered agst. Smolensko before the third heat. I like the appearance of Mr. Kearney's condition better than that of any other training stable. The generally received opinion in the colony is, that he "draws them too fine," but the commonest fault, in other stables, is, that they are not "fine enough," and are short of "fast work." It is true that many of the horses, being "cocktails," are not so easy to train as thorough-bred ones, but many are brought to the post quite too fat, and, with many, sufficient time has not been allowed for training.

Mr. R. Dry, jun., is also a large proprietor of racing stock, and a very liberal supporter of the turf. This gentleman possesses, amongst others, Jessy and Vanish; with the former of which he won the Officers' Purse, at Newtown, two years in succession; and, with the latter, the Launceston Town Plate in 1842. The next principal owner of horses is Mr. T. Field. With the former he carried off the Newtown Plate in 1841, beating Mr. Kearney's Van Tromp. The latter won for him the Ladies' Purse, at the Launceston Meeting, the following year, in a hardly contested race of four heats, beating three others. This gentleman's brother, Mr. W. Field, is also an owner of race-horses, but, at present, does not possess anything very distinguished. Mr. M'Michael is the fortunate possessor of Fairy Queen, the winner of the Two-Year-Old Sweepstakes at the last Hobart Town Meeting, by which he pocketed a good round sum. He is not, however, a very regular owner of race-horses, but when he obtains possession of any he likes, he backs them very freely. For the rest of the studs, as they contain nothing very remarkable, I will omit any detailed account of them, and merely confine myself to the names of a few of the principal supporters of the turf. They are Messrs. Gee, E. Bryant, Ives, Barnes, Lord, Baynton, &c. Mr. Lord produced a very promising three-year-old, called Priam, at the last Hobart Town Meeting, which, if I mistake not, will distinguish himself another season.

Long distances and King's Plate weights have very wisely been adopted in this colony to a considerable extent; for which reason the horses for the turf have been bred for stoutness in quite as great a degree as speed, and the breed of horses throughout the island has received considerable benefit in consequence. The races, with few exceptions, are run in heats, and those frequently not of the shortest; indeed, in some instances, the old system of four-mile heats is had recourse to. There is, commonly, a large display of bolting, which may, in a great measure, be attributed to a prejudice universal throughout the colonies in favour of snaffle bridles. They fancy that, with a snaffle and martingal, with the occasional addition of a spur upon the cheek of the bit, they must be a match for any horse. I repeatedly urged upon them the use of bit and bridoon, but they had always some objection or other at hand, and the consequence was, the horses continued to bolt. Now, a snaffle bridle horse is, undoubtedly, a very agreeable animal to ride, and I have possessed more than one in my time which could not be ridden in comfort with any other bridle; but it is my opinion that not one horse in twenty is a real "snaffle" nag. How often do we see a man pulling away at his horse, and working at his mouth like a sawyer in a pit, till one expects to see his fingers' ends through his gloves, and his toes through his boots, merely for the sake of being able to say that he wants no curbs—he can hold any horse in a snaffle? It certainly possesses the advantage of keeping him warm in cold weather; and, provided he steers clear of other people, I suppose he has a right to please himself. As to a curb checking the stride of a horse—which is an argument I have heard urged against it—I do not listen to it, as it must be entirely the fault of the rider when such is the case. I would ask these people, how many of our great stakes are won by horses ridden in double bridles? I suspect there would be queer work with the number of three-year-olds which start for the Derby, if all were ridden indiscriminately in snaffles. Now for a word or two about the jockeys, and my task is completed. There is considerable room for improvement among this class of men, many of them understanding but very little of their craft; and there is a great deficiency in good light weights. I will, however, say this in their favour, that, with very few exceptions, I never heard of their having been guilty of any underhand or dishonest practices. The stranger is much struck with their appearance, the contrast between their dress and that of their brethren in England is so great; but in this I have no doubt they will shortly improve, and, in a few years, there will be a larger display of neat bow and breeches on the race-courses. They have one "vanity" exceedingly objectionable, which is, tying a riband of the same colour their jacket, with a large bow, round the knee of their breeches, having a riband of the same colour to do duty for a neckcloth. To show how universal this practice is, I need only mention the following fact. On the morning of the first day of the last Hobart Town racing, I observed the groom of a friend of mine, in all other respects neatly dressed as he could be, with one of these objectionable neck-ribands. My friend being a man of good taste, I remonstrated with him on the enormity of the practice, and need not say that the eyesore was removed. I have one other wrinkle for these jockeys, which is

almost entirely to have escaped their memories. Let them be more particular in taking off their own saddles when going to scale after riding, or they may, perhaps, get caught. There is one circumstance which tends much to make the racing here good. There is no "humbug" amongst the owners of the horses. You may almost invariably make certain that the *best will win*: there is no holding back in one race for the sake of getting favourably handicapped in another, or, to use the phrase of our late lamented naval monarch—"they have no reefs in their topsails."

With regard to the racing in Western Australia, the less said about it the better. Most years there is an attempt to get up something of the sort on the first of June, being the anniversary of the foundation of the colony; but I have seen far better sport at a country wake, with a pony race for a new bridle. The fact is, there are not above half-a-dozen men in the whole colony who interest themselves in the slightest degree in the behalf of that sport.

THOUGHTS ON RACING STOCK.

BY CHIRON.

(Continued from page 201.)

IN my last paper I took a rapid view of the treatment of the race-horse, with respect to ventilation, clothing, and diet, and endeavoured to demonstrate the principles which should guide the trainer on these particular points, without due consideration of which he may, probably, act in direct opposition to the laws of nature. Before I proceed to notice the subjects of exercise and physic, I shall have to make some few observations on the stomach and bowels, without which those remarks which I may hereafter have occasion to offer, respecting the administration of purgatives, might not be sufficiently clear to those who adopt a certain system of training, because other people do so, without comprehending the reason why their treatment of the racer may coincide with, or militate against, the operations of nature.

The stomach of the horse is small in comparison to his bulk. It is placed just below the large muscle which separates the cavity of the chest from that of the abdomen, and which is termed the diaphragm. The primary operations of digestion are performed in the stomach by the action of the gastric juice, which is a natural secretion of that viscus, and by whose agency the food is reduced to a pulpy mass, in which state it passes into the first portion of the small intestines, where, becoming mixed with the bile and the pancreatic juice, those particles, containing the nutritious part of the food, are separated from the in-nutritious or fœcal part, and in their course through the greater portion of the remainder of the intestines, are imbibed by the open

mouths of a set of vessels, termed lacteals, by which they are carried into the circulating vessels of the body, which deposit them in every part of the system that requires renovation or sustenance. The *foeces* are assisted in their course through the whole of the alimentary tube by the contraction of the muscular coat of the bowels, and by the secretion of a viscous fluid, termed mucus, which is poured forth from the membrane lining their internal surface through its entire extent, and which, by its lubricating qualities, very materially tends to facilitate the passage of any substance received into the upper portion of the intestines in its course towards the rectum. Now there is no purgative medicine with which we are acquainted which does not act by irritating the mucous membrane of the bowels, and, consequently, increasing the quantity of its secretion; for, although aloes, which is usually employed as a purgative for horses, is, by most people, thought to operate, in some measure, by exciting the contraction of the muscular coat of the intestines—the proof of which is the griping or spasm which attends its operation—its highly stimulating properties upon the mucous coat are clearly evinced, by giving a full dose of that medicine, which never fails to produce very liquid evacuations, a considerable portion of which is composed of the mucus secreted by that membrane of which I have spoken. The loss of power sustained by the system, by the action of a strong purgative, is considered by every one, at all conversant with the animal economy, to be tantamount to that produced by a moderate abstraction of blood, and hence its efficacy in assisting to subdue inflammation of various parts.

Now there is a law of nature by which no organ of the body can, at any time, be unduly excited without subsequently producing a state of debility of such part, proportioned to the degree of irritation which it has undergone; and such being the case, every reflecting person will perceive that those who are in the habit of constantly administering purgatives to the horse, gradually, but surely, diminish the natural tone of the mucous membrane, and by every repetition of this error create greater and greater debility of this part by temporarily exciting it; so that, at last, becoming incapable of secreting a quantity of fluid sufficient to procure a passage for the *foeces*, these latter accumulate in the intestines, the horse becomes dull and dispirited, humours manifest themselves in various parts of the body, or actual inflammation of some organ ensues, for the cure of which sharp remedies, of a depleting nature, are absolutely requisite to preserve life, and among them, in all probability, are strong purgatives for the purpose of getting rid of the offending matter in the bowels, which are thus again necessarily subjected to the action of those very agents, now employed as a remedy, by which their diseased state has primarily been induced. But purgatives employed for the purpose of alleviating the complaints, of which their too frequent administration has been the cause, must, of course, be followed by a still greater debility of those parts on which they operate; and, consequently, a certain period must be allowed to elapse before, by judicious treatment, they are enabled to regain their natural power; and during this time the horse is thrown out of work, and possibly incapable of meeting his engagements, so that his owner, almost at the moment of calculating on realizing a certain sum by his running, finds himself forced to pay

forfeit, that improper treatment alone extracts from his pockets. Does the trainer, immediately after having used brisk purgatives for a horse, in the state I have supposed, still continue to feed him as usual, and endeavour thus to bring him to the post on the day of his engagement, he is sure to fail in the attempt; for nature will never yield to compulsion, and the aliment given with a view to restore her powers, but helps still further to reduce them; and, instead of imparting strength, increases debility by overloading the stomach and bowels, and calling upon them to perform a duty of which they are utterly incapable. The consequence is again repletion of undigested matter, and an aggravated repetition of the symptoms already detailed.

Were the latent cause of the endless facts of race-horses "being amiss," when they are wanted to run, properly investigated, I believe that more than one half of them would be found ailing from want of knowledge on the part of trainers of the *natural* functions of the digestive organs. They ruthlessly compel a horse to go through a certain quantum of work, to perform which they consider it necessary to allow him a large portion of food: if he cannot digest it, and, after a time, appears unwell (which he surely will do), down goes a urine-ball, which is to make him "all right;" and this expectation unhappily not being realized, the urine-ball is followed by "a bit of physic," and if that fail, a cordial-ball follows, and so on to the end of the chapter, and the end of the horse's health.

Trainers, generally speaking, are men who have begun their career as lads in some racing establishment, where they have picked up such knowledge of the common treatment of horses as is rife among grooms and stable-men all over England, without, however, acquiring the slightest rudiments of the principles upon which such treatment is based. When able to start for themselves, and set up a training stable, they go on physicking, sweating, and cramming, until, in the long run, every horse subjected to such trials of the constitution is sure to fall ill; and when he has swallowed most of the recipes to be found in the trainer's pharmacopœia without improvement, he may, possibly, come under the hands of a skilful veterinary surgeon, who sets the mischief right for the moment, but, perhaps, does not attempt to make any reformation in the usual treatment of his employer, who begins a new routine of physicking, &c., until the veterinary surgeon is again in demand.

Look at every class of animals throughout nature, and, since in every one you find a disparity of powers and of constitution between individuals, how, may we ask, can a set of rules picked up in a racing stable be applicable to every horse that enters it? So far from this being the case, there are, perhaps, no two horses in the largest establishment of this kind in England that, for three months consecutively, can submit to the same treatment, without injury of some kind to the body alone, or to the constitution. In spite of this fact, however, it is customary with most men, when a colt, or a horse of any age, first comes under their *care*, to prepare them for their work by "putting them through two doses of physic," administered with an interval of a few days, or a week, perhaps; and, having gone through this preliminary step to condition, without reference to the food they have been living on, or to the state of the bowels, they are forthwith considered

fit to commence their training career, although, perhaps, weaker than before they took any physic at all. Nevertheless, such is the custom; and, with many men, bleeding, especially in the spring of the year, is considered equally necessary, and beneficial into the bargain.

Now, were a man who has horses placed under his care, capable of reasoning on the causes which render some of his stud incapable of undergoing the work he requires from them, he would find that, although, in many cases, a physic-ball may be imperatively necessary for unloading the bowels, before he can attempt, with any hope of success, to bring them into condition, his medical treatment should, in most instances, stop there, and some alteration should be made in his system, which should, as far as possible, render a subsequent recourse to purgatives uncalled-for. It must be evident to every discriminating person, that, when a horse does not naturally void the fœcal portion of his food, either that his bowels are overloaded, so that their action is impeded (for distention produces debility of every viscus of the body), or that a too frequent repetition of purgatives has diminished their secretions, and impaired their energy. In the first of these cases a dose of physic is requisite, but after its operation, diet, a strict attention to quantity and quality of food, and to the times of giving it, and a nice balance of the powers of the stomach and the food submitted to its operation, justly apportioning, at the same time, the degree of exercise to the bodily powers, are the proper means to be followed for the purpose of invigorating a horse, and of keeping him in health.

It should never be forgotten that physic of any kind is a cure for something *wrong* in the system; and, therefore, that, whenever its administration becomes necessary, we may be very certain that there is something improper in our usual treatment; to find a radical and beneficial change in which should be our earnest endeavour, instead of contenting ourselves with employing a passing remedy to which, after a time, we may be very certain we shall be compelled to recur, provided the same erroneous system be persevered in. Be it likewise borne in mind, that the observations I have made on the operation of purgatives with respect to impairing the functions of the bowels, and producing a depression of power equivalent to their temporary excitement, if too frequently given, are equally applicable to every species of medicine whatever, in reference to their action on other organs. Thus, urine balls, in improper or too frequent doses, will diminish the excretor powers of the kidneys; antimony, that of the skin; and last, not least, cordial-balls, continued for a length of time, so far from increasing the digestive powers of the stomach, will end in producing debility of that most important organ, by undue excitement. In short, since a horse, while under the care of man, is made to live strictly by rule, take his food, his exercise, and his rest, at stated and regular intervals, and to have those minute attentions paid to his well-being which too universally known to require comment, we may generally be that when a horse of naturally good constitution falls off in his appearance or loses condition, the fault lies with his mode of living; unless, indeed, he have contracted any disease, from the atmosphere, for instance, from infection, which it has not been possible to foresee or prevent against.

Errors of diet are by far the most common sources of misc

most horses. Indeed, we seem to look upon the horse very much in the light of a machine that is constructed so as to enable him to perform a certain quantity of work, and consume a certain portion of food daily ; and, on this principle, he is worked and stuffed, until his constitution will no longer bear such usage with impunity. We may be very certain that the organs of every living animal, and particularly the race-horse, are subject to frequent alterations of power from various causes—from over-excitement, from atmospheric changes, and from divers other sources, either arising from natural causes or from improper treatment on the part of man ; and yet if a horse, without betraying symptoms of being actually ill, become of a sudden sluggish and unwilling to go through the work allotted to him, he is forced to perform his task by the stimulus of the spur, and, on his return to his stable, the usual quantity of food is placed before him, which, of course, unless he be absolutely sick, he speedily devours. But there is a limit to the powers of the stomach in secreting the gastric juice, whose office is to perform the first part in the process of digestion, and one of whose peculiar properties it is to prevent those substances that are saturated with it from undergoing putrefaction. Thus, when the powers of the stomach are insufficient for the production of a quantity of gastric juice sufficient to saturate all the aliment that is swallowed, a certain portion of it, placed as it is in the very situation most favourable to decomposition, where both warmth and moisture assist in this process—speedily becomes putrefied, and, in this state, evolves a very large quantity of gas, as do all matters while undergoing putrefaction, which, by distending the stomach and bowels, in the first instance, weaken their powers, besides loading them with a mass of matter in a state of corruption. While enfeebled by these causes, every quartern of oats and every forkful of hay but add to the mischief that is already brewing. The stomach is the key-stone of the constitution ; and connected as it is, by means of its nerves, with all the most important parts of the body, with whose ailments it readily sympathizes, it is not difficult to imagine how easily its functions may be deranged, and how necessary it is to watch for the appearance of those symptoms which indicate such disturbance. When any of these are manifested—such as dulness and the presence of much flatulence in the bowels—not only is the degree of exercise to be diminished, but, at the same time, the horse is to be dieted in such a manner as to give his stomach time to recover its energy by supplying it simply with such aliment as is easily digested, and in extremely moderate quantity at a time. By these means the stomach is allowed to rest from its labour in some measure, and this repose is as necessary to the restoration of its powers as is that of the body generally to the recovery of its usual strength after undergoing fatigue. If physic be absolutely necessary, the trainer can never be too frequently reminded that its use is only requisite for the purpose of repairing the errors he has committed by following an improper system of treatment, and consequently, if he be able to discover his fault, let him carefully avoid it for the future, and not persist in following up one universal mode of training for every horse, and at all times ; which generally ends in racers “ being amiss ” just when they are wanted ; and, if they are favourites for any great race, such an inopportune

occurrence is sure to beget suspicion of unfair play, and to throw something like odium on him to whose care they are entrusted.

"*Festina lente*"—slow and sure—should be the motto for every trainer's stable. It is useless to think of hammering away at a weak-constituted horse, and of rattling him about in the same way as one made of tougher materials, and to suppose that you can do so with impunity to the animal merely by allowing him an extra quantity of hay and corn, every particle of which that remains undigested, so far from invigorating him, does him infinite harm. If a weak horse be made to follow a powerful one that leads the gallop, and, falling off in condition, is permitted to have a greater allowance of food than his stomach can *digest*, instead of improving in appearance and evincing greater muscular power, he loses his appetite after a short time, and becomes daily less and less capable of going through the exercise allotted to him. Then, according to the usual system, follows a dose of physic, to be repeated after a little longer perseverance in the same system; and very probably to terminate, as I have shown, in such an attack of illness as puts all training out of the question, and all this mischief arises from endeavouring to "go ahead" of nature, and attempting to make the body perform more work than the stomach is capable of supplying it with the means of enduring.

The first great step, then, to health, is to invigorate the stomach and bowels, through whose agency nutrition is performed. Exercise, which I shall have next to notice, is one grand agent in promoting this end; but it must ever be proportioned to the bodily strength of any animal, and gradually augmented with the increase of corporal vigour. Those who employ *work* in its strict sense, for the purpose of strengthening the system, put the cart before the horse, and, instead of increasing muscular power, engender debility and, perhaps, disease.

SATAN'S SUMMER SEAT.

A STORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

THIS is the title we have seen proper (in consideration of eyes and ears polite) to prefix to one of the pleasantest and most characteristic stories that wind or steam has borne across the Atlantic for many a year. Apollo be praised, international copyright is still among the ordinances that have not arrived at maturity. Indeed, were it law, as by Parliament and Congress established, we doubt whether the grace would have been in us to withstand the temptation of offering to our readers the *spolia opina* of "Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter." As it is, we give it as set down in a late number of "The Spirit of the Times," without abating a jot, and only regret we could not strip him of three volumes octavo, instead of a few newspaper columns.

"It is not to be expected that a faithful description of the Devil's

Summer Retreat, in Arkansas, will turn the current of fashion of two worlds, from Brighton and Bath, or from Ballston, or Saratoga, although the residents in the neighbourhood of that delightful place profess to have ocular demonstration, as well as popular opinion, that his Satanic Majesty, in warm weather, regularly retires to the 'Retreat,' and 'there reclines in the cool.' The solemn grandeur that surrounds this distinguished resort is worthy of the hero, as represented by Milton; its characteristics are darkness, gloom, and mystery; it is composed of the unrivalled vegetation and forest of the Mississippi Valley. View it when you will, whether decked out in all the luxuriance of a southern summer, or stripped of its foliage by the winter's blasts, it matters not, its grandeur is always sombre. The huge trees seem immortal; their roots look as if they struck to the centre of the earth, while the gnarled limbs reached out to the clouds. Here and there may be seen one of these lordly specimens of vegetation furrowed by the lightning; from its top to the base you can trace the subtle fluid in its descent, and see where it shattered off the limb, larger than your body, or turned aside from some slight inequality in the bark. These stricken trees, no longer able to repel the numerous parasites that surround them, soon become festooned with wreaths and flowers, while the damp airs engender on living tree and dead, like funereal drapery, the pendant moss that waves in every breeze, and seems to cover the whole scene with the gloom of the grave. Rising out of this forest for ten square miles, is the dense cane brake that bears the name of the 'Devil's Summer Retreat;' it is formed by a space of ground, which seemingly, from its superiority of soil, more delicate vegetation than surrounds it has usurped its empire. Here the reed, that the disciple of Isaak Walton plays over the northern streams like a wand, grows into a delicate mast, springing from the rich alluvium that gives it sustenance with the prodigality of grass, and tapering from its roots to the height of twenty or thirty feet, there mingling, in compact and luxuriant confusion, its long leaves. A portion of this brake is interwoven with vines of all descriptions, which make it so thick that it seems to be impenetrable as a mountain. Here, in this solitude, where the noon-day sun never penetrates, ten thousand birds, with the instinct of safety, roost at night, and at the dawn of day, for awhile, darken the air as they seek their haunts, their manure deadening, for acres round, the vegetation like a fire, so long have they possessed the solitude. Around this mass of cane and vine, the black bear retire for winter quarters, where they pass the season, if not disturbed, in the insensibility of sleep, and yet come out in the spring as fat as when they commenced their long nap. The forest, the waste, and the dangers of the cane brake, add to the excitement of the Arkansas hunter; he conquers them all, and makes them subservient to his pursuits. Associated with these scenes, they, to him, possess no sentiment; he builds his log cabin in a clearing, made by his own hands, amid the surrounding grandeur, and it looks like a gipsy-hut among the ruins of a Gothic cathedral. The noblest trees are only valuable for fence rails, and the cane brake is 'an infernal dark hole,' where you can 'see sights,' 'catch bear,' and 'get a fish-pole, ranging in size from a penny whistle to that of a young stove-pipe.'

"The undoubted hero of the Devil's Summer Retreat is old Bob

Herring; he has a character that would puzzle three hundred metaphysicians consecutively. He is as bold as a lion, and as superstitious as an Indian. The exact place of his birth he cannot tell, as he says his parents 'travelled' as long as he can remember them. He 'squatted' on the Mississippi at its nearest point to the Retreat, and there erecting a rude cabin, commenced hunting for a living, having no prospect ahead but selling out his 'pre-emption right' and improvements, and again squatting somewhere else. Unfortunately, the extent of Arkansas, and the swamp that surrounded Bob's location, kept it out of market, until, to use his own language, he 'became the ancientest inhabitant in the hull of Arkansaw.' And having, in spite of himself, gradually formed acquaintances with the few residents in this vicinity, and grown into importance from his knowledge of the country and his hunting exploits, he has established himself, for life, at what he calls the 'Wasps' diggins,' made a potato-patch, which he has never had time to fence in, talked largely of a corn-field, and hung his cabin round with rifle-pouches, gourds, red-peppers, and flaming advertisements, with rampant horses and pedigrees; these latter ornaments he looks upon as rather sentimental; but he excuses himself on the ground that they look 'hoss,' and he considers such an expression as considerably resembling himself. We have stated that Bob's mind would puzzle three hundred metaphysicians consecutively, and we as boldly assert, that an equal number of physiologists would be brought to a stand by his personal appearance. The left side of his face is good looking, but the right side seems to be under the influence of an invisible air-pump; it looks sucked out of shape: his perpendicular height is six feet one inch, but that gives the same idea of his length that the diameter gives of the circumference; how long Bob Herring would be if he was drawn out, is impossible to tell. Bob himself says, that he was made on too tall a scale for this world, and that he was shoved in like the joints of a telescope. Poor in flesh, his enormous bones and joints rattle when he moves, and they would, no doubt, have long since fallen apart, but for the enormous tendons that bind them together as visibly as a good sized hawser would. Such is Bob Herring, who, on a bear hunt, will do more hard work, crack more jokes, and be more active than any man living, sustaining the whole with unflinching good-humour, never getting angry except when he breaks his whisky-bottle, or has a favourite dog open on the wrong trail.

"My first visit to the Devil's Summer Retreat was propitious; my companions were all choice spirits, the weather was fine, and Bob Herring inimitable. The bustling scene that prefaced the 'striking the camp' for night lodgings, was picturesque and animated; a long ride brought us to our halting-place, and there was great relief in again stepping on the ground. Having hobbled our horses, we next proceeded to build a fire, which was facilitated by taking advantage of a dead tree for a back-log; our saddles, guns, and other necessaries were brought within the circle of its light, and, lolling upon the ground, we partook of a frugal supper, the better to be prepared for our morrow's exertions, and our anticipated breakfast. Beds were next made up, and few can be better than a good supply of cane to cover with a blanket, with a saddle for a pillow; upon such a r

couch, the hunter sleeps more soundly than the effeminate citizen on his down. The crescent moon, with her attendant stars, studded the canopy under which we slept, and the blazing fire completely destroyed the chilliness of a Southern December night.

"The old adage of 'early to bed, and early to rise,' was intended to be acted upon, that we might salute the tardy sun with the heat of our sport, and, probably, we would have carried out our intentions, had not Bob Herring very coolly asked if any of us snored 'unkimmonly loud,' for he said his old shooting iron would go off at a good imitation of a bear's breathing. This sally, from Bob, brought us all upright, and then there commenced a series of jibes, jokes, and stories, that no one can hear, or witness, except on an Arkansas hunt, with 'old coons.' Bob, like the immortal Jack, was witty himself, and the cause of wit in others, but he sustained himself against all competition, and gave in his notions and experience with an unrivalled humour and simplicity. He found in me an attentive listener, and went into details, until he talked every one but myself asleep. From general remarks, he changed to addressing me personally; and, as I had everything to learn, he went from the elementary to the most complex experience. 'You are green in bar-hunting,' said he to me, in a commiserating tone, and with a toss of the head that would have done honour to Mr. Brummel in his glory:—'green as a jinson weed; but don't get short-winded 'bout it, case it's a thing, like readin', to be larnt; a man don't come it perfectly at once, like a dog does; and, as for that, they larn a heap in time; thar is a greater difference 'tween a pup and an old dog, on a bar-hunt, than thar is 'tween a malitia-man and a rigler. I remember when I couldn't bar-hunt, though the thing seems onpossible now; it only requires time, a true eye, and steady hand, though I did know a fellow, that called himself a doctor, that said that couldn't do it if you was narvious. I asked him if he meant by that agee and fever? He said it was the agee without the fever. Thar may be such a thing as narvious, stranger, but nothin' but a yarthquake, or the agee, can shake me; and still bar-hunting ain't as easy as scearing a wild turkey by a long shot. The varmint ain't a hog, to run with a w—h—e—w; just corner one—cotch its cub, or cripple it; and if you don't have to fight, or get out of the way, then thar ain't no cat-fish in the Mississipp. I larnt that nigh twenty year ago, and, perhaps, you would like to know about it.' Signifying my assent, Bob Herring got up in his bed, for, as it was the bare ground, he could not well get off of it, and approaching the fire, he threw about a cord of wood on it, in the form of a few huge logs; as they struck the blazing heap the sparks flew upwards in the clear, cold air, like a jet of stars; then, fixing himself comfortably, he detailed what follows:—

"I had a knowing old sow, at that time, that would have made a better hunter than any dog ever heer'd on; she had such a nose! Talk 'bout a dog following a cold trail, she'd track a bar through running water. Well, you see, afor' I know'd her vartu', she came rushing into my cabin, bristles up, and fell on the floor, from what I now believe to have been regular scare. I thought she'd seen a bar, for nothing else could make her run; and, taking down my rifle, I went out sort a carelessly, with only two dogs at my heels. Hadn't gone far 'fore I saw a bar, sure enough, very quietly standing beside a

small branch; it was an old *he*, and no mistake. I crawled up to him on my hands and knees, and raised my rifle, but if I had fired, I must have hit him so far in front that the ball would have ranged back, and not cut his mortals. I waited, and he turned tail towards me, and started across the branch; afeerd I'd lose him, I blazed away, and sort a cut him slantindicularly through his hams, and brought him down; thar he sat, looking like a sick nigger with the dropsy, or a black bale of cotton turned up on eend. 'Twas not a judgmatcal shot, and Smith, thar (pointing at one of the sleeping hunters), would say so.' Hereupon Bob Herring, without ceremony, seized a long stick, and thrust it into Smith's short ribs, who thus suddenly awakened from a sound sleep, seized his knife, and looking about him, asked, rather confusedly, what was the matter? 'Would you,' inquired Bob, very leisurely,—'would you, under any circumstances, shoot an old *he* in the hams?' Smith very peremptorily told his questioner to go where the occupier of the Retreat in Summer is supposed to reside through the winter months, and went instantly to sleep again. Bob continued:—'Stranger, the bar, as I have said, was on his hams, and thar he sot, waiting to whip somebody, and not knowing whar to begin, when the two dogs that followed me came up, and pitched into him like a caving bank. I knowed the result afor the fight began; Brusher had his whole scalp, ears and all, hanging over his nose in a minute, and Tig was laying some distance from the bar, on his back, breathing like a horse with the thumps; he wiped them both out with one stroke of his left paw, and thar he sot, knowing, as well as I did, that he was not obliged to the dogs for the hole in his carcass, and thar I stood, like a fool, rifle in hand, watching him, instead of giving him another ball. All of a sudden he caught a glimpse of my hunting shirt, and the way he walked at me, with his two fore legs, was a caution to slow dogs. I instantly fired, and stepped round behind the trunk of a large tree; my second shot confused the bar, and he was hunting about for me, when, just as I was patching my ball, he again saw me, and, with his ears nailed back to his head, he gave the d—est w—h—e—w I ever heerd, and made straight at me. I leaped up a bank near by, and, as I gained the top, my foot touched the eend of his nose. If I ever had the narvious, that was the time; for the skin on my face seemed an inch thick, and my eyes had more rings in them than a mad wild-cat's. At this moment several of my dogs, that war out on an expedition of their own, came up, and immediately made battle with the bar, who shook off the dogs in a flash, and made at me agin; the thing was done so quick, that, as I raised my rifle, I stepped back and fell over, and, thinking my time was come, wished I had been born to be hung, and not chaw'd up; but the bar didn't cotch me: his hind quarters, as he came at me, fell into a hole, about a root, and caught. I was on my feet and out of his reach in a wink, but as quick as I did this, he had cut through a green root the size of my leg: he did it in about two snaps, but, weakened by the exertion, the dogs got hold of him, and held on while I blowed his heart out. Ever since that time I have been wide awake with a wounded bar—*cartainty, or stand off*, being my motto. I shall dream of that bar to-night,' concluded Bob, fixing his blanket over him; and a few moments only elapsed before he was in danger of his life, if his rifle would go off at a good imitation of a bear's breathing.

“Fortunately for me, the sun, on the following morn, was fairly above the horizon before our little party was ready for the start; while breakfast was being prepared, the rifles were minutely examined, some were taken apart, and every precaution used to ensure a quick and certain fire.

“A rude breakfast having been despatched, lots were drawn who should go into the *drive* with the dogs, as this task in the Devil's Summer Retreat is anything but a pleasant one, being obliged, at one time, to walk on the bending cane—it is so thick, for hundreds of yards, that you cannot touch or see the ground—then crawling on your hands and knees, between its roots, sometimes brought to a complete halt, and obliged to cut your way through with your knife. While this is going on, the hunters are at the *stands*, places their judgments dictate as most likely to be passed by the bear, when roused by the dogs. Two miles might, on this occasion, have been passed over by those in the drive, in the course of three hours, and yet, although ‘signs were plenty as leaves,’ not a bear was started. Hard swearing was heard, and as the vines encircled the feet, or caught one under the nose, it was increased. In the midst of this ill-humour, a solitary bark was heard; some one exclaimed, that was Bose! Another shrill yelp, that sounded like Music's. Breathing was almost suspended in the excitement of the moment; presently another, and another bark, were heard in quick succession; in a minute more, *the whole pack, of thirty-five staunch dogs, opened!* The change from silence to so much noise, made it almost deafening. No idea but personal demonstration can be had of the effect upon the mind of such a pack baying a bear in a cane-brake. Before me were old hunters—they had been moving along, as if destitute of energy or feeling, but now their eyes flashed, their lips were compressed, and their cheeks flushed; they seemed incapable of fatigue. As for myself, my feelings almost overcame me; I felt a colt sweat stealing down my back, my breath was thick and hot, and as I suspended it, to hear more distinctly the fight, for by this time the dogs had evidently come up with the bear, I could hear the pulsation of my heart. One minute more to listen, to learn which direction the war was raging, and then our party unanimously sent forth a yell that would have frightened a nation of Indians. The bear was in his bed when the dogs first came up with him, and he did not leave it until the pack surrounded him; then finding things rather too warm, he broke off with a ‘whew,’ that was awful to hear. His course was towards us on the left, and, as he went by, the cane cracked and smashed, as if rode over by an insane locomotive. Bob Herring gave the dogs a salute as they passed, close at the bear's heels, and the noise increased, until, he said, ‘it sounded as if all h—l was pounding bark.’ The bear was commented on as he rushed by: one said he was a ‘buster.’ ‘A regular built eight-year-old,’ said another. ‘Fat as a candle,’ shouted a third. ‘He's the beauty of the Devil's Summer Retreat, with a band of angels after him,’ sang out Bob Herring. On the bear plunged, so swiftly that our greatest exertions scarcely enabled us to keep within hearing distance; his course carried him towards those at the stands, but getting wind of them, he turned, and exactly retraced his course, but not with the same speed; want of breath had already brought him several times to a stand, and a fight

with the dogs. He passed us the second time, within two hundred yards, and coming against a fallen tree, backed up against it, and showed a determination, if necessary, there to die. We made our way towards the spot as fast as the obstacles in our path would let us, the hunters anxious to despatch him, that as few dogs as possible might be sacrificed. The few minutes to accomplish this, seemed months, the fight all the time sounding terrible, for every now and then the bear evidently made a rush at the dogs, as they narrowed their circle, or came individually too near his person. Crawling through and over the cane-brake was a new thing to me, and in the prevailing excitement, my feet seemed tied together, and there *was always a vine directly under my chin*, to cripple my exertions. While thus struggling, I heard a suspicious cracking in my rear, and looking round, I saw Bob Herring, a foot taller than common, stalking over the cane like a colossus : he very much facilitated my progress, by a shove in the rear : 'Come along, stranger,' he shouted, his voice as clear as a bell, "come along, the bar and the dogs are going it, like a high-pressure nigger camp-meeting, and I must be thar, to put a word in sartin.' Fortunately for my wind, I was nearer the contest than I imagined, for Bob Herring stopped just ahead of me, examined his rifle, with two or three other hunters, just arrived from the stands, and by peeping through the undergrowth, we discovered, within thirty yards of us, the fierce raging fight. Nothing distinctly, however, was seen ; a confused mass of legs, heads, and backs of dogs, flying about as if attached to a ball, was all we could make out. A still nearer approach, and the confusion would clear off for a moment, and the head of the bear could be seen, with his tongue covered with dust, and hanging a foot from his mouth ; his jaws were covered with foam and blood, his eyes almost protruding from their sockets, while his ears were so closely pressed to the back of his head, that he seemed destitute of those appendages ; the whole indicative of unbounded rage and terror. These glimpses of the bear were only momentary ; his persecutors rested but for a breath, and then closed in, regardless of their own lives, for you could discover, mingled with the sharp bark of defiance, the yell that told of death. It was only while the bear was crushing some luckless dog, that they could cover his back, and lacerate it with their teeth.

"One of the hunters, in spite of the danger, headed by Bob Herring, crept upon his knees, so near, that it seemed as if another foot advanced would bring them within the circle of the fight. Bob Herring was first within safe shooting distance to save the dogs, and, waving his hand to those behind him, he raised his rifle and sighted, but his favourite dog, impatient for the report, anticipated it by jumping on the bear, who, throwing up his head at the same instant, the bear received the ball in his nose ; at the crack of the rifle, the well-trained dogs thinking less caution than otherwise necessary, jumped pell-mell on the bear's back, and the hardest fight ever witnessed in the Devil's Summer Retreat ensued ; the hunter with Bob placed his gun almost against the bear's side, and the cap snapped ; no one else was near enough to fire without hitting the dogs. 'Give him the knife !' cried those at a distance. Bob Herring's long blade was already flashing in his hand, but sticking a living bear is not child's play ; he was stand-

ing undecided, when he saw the hind legs of Bose upwards ; thrusting aside one or two of the dogs with his hand, he made a pass at the bear's throat, but the animal was so quick, that he struck the knife with his fore paw, and sent it whirling into the distant cane ; another was instantly handed him, which he thrust at the bear, but the point was so blunt that it would not penetrate the skin. Foiled a third time, with a tremendous oath on himself, and the owner of the knife, 'that wouldn't stick a cabbage,' he threw it indignantly from him, and seizing unceremoniously a rifle, just then brought up by one of the party, heretofore in the rear, he, regardless of his own legs, thrust it against the side of the bear with considerable force, and blowed him through ; the bear struggled but for a moment, and fell dead. 'I saw snakes last night, in my dreams,' said Bob, handing back the rifle to its owner, 'and I never had any good luck the next day, arter sich a sarcumstance ; I call this hull hunt about as mean an affair as damp powder ; that bar thar,' pointing to the carcass—'that bar thar ought to have been killed afor he maimed a dog.' Then, speaking energetically, he said—'Boys, never shoot at a bar's head, even if your iron is in his ear ; it's unsartin ; look how I missed the brain, and only tore the smellers ; with fewer dogs, and sich a shot, a fellow would be ripped open in a powder flash ; and I say, cuss caps, and head shooting ; they would have cost two lives to-day, but for them ar dogs, God bless 'em.'

"With such remarks, Bob Herring beguiled away the time, while he, with others, skinned the bear ; his huge carcass, when dressed, though not over fat, looking like a young steer's. The dogs, as they recovered breath, partook of the refuse with relish : the nearest possible route out of the Devil's Retreat was selected, and two horse-loads took the meat into the open woods, where it was divided out in such a manner that it could be taken home. Bob Herring, while the dressing of the bear was going on, took the skin, and on its inside surface, which glistened like satin, he carefully deposited the caul fat, that looked like drifted snow, and beside it, the liver ; the choice parts of the bear, according to the *gourmand* notions of the frontier, were in Bob's possession ; and many years' experience had made him so expert in cooking it, that he was locally famed for this matter above all competitors. It would be as impossible to give the recipe for this dish, so that it might be followed by the gastronomes of cities, as it would to have the articles composing it exposed for sale in the markets. Bob Herring managed as follows :—he took a long wooden skewer, and having thrust its point through a small piece of bear fat, he then followed it by a small piece of the liver, then the fat, then the liver, and so on, until his most important material was consumed ; when this was done, he opened the 'bear's handkerchief,' or caul, and wrapped it round the whole, and thus roasted it before the fire. Like all the secrets in cookery, this dish depends, for its flavour and richness, upon exactly giving the proper quantities, as a superabundance of one or the other would completely spoil the dish. 'I was always unlucky, boys,' said Bob, throwing the bear skin and its contents over his shoulder, 'but I've had my fill, often, of caul fat and liver ; many a man, who thinks he's *lucky*, lives and dies ignorant of its virtue, as a 'possum is of corn cake. If I ever look dead, don't bury me until you see I don't open

my eyes when it's ready for eating; if I don't move when you show me it, then I am a done goner, sure.' Night closed in before we reached our homes; but the excitement of the morning wore upon our spirits and energy, but the evening's meal of caul fat and liver, and other similar 'fixins,' or Bob Herring's philosophical remarks, restored me to perfect health, and I shall recollect that supper, and its master of ceremonies, as harmonious with, and as extraordinary as is the Devil's Summer Retreat. T. B. T."

A WOLF HUNT ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

A NARRATIVE OF THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY.

BY LEONTINE FOY.

"Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty Nimrod did pursue.
What huntsman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase?"—WALLER.

"Goswell-street was at his feet, Goswell-street was on his right hand—as far as the eye could reach. Goswell-street extended on his left; and the opposite side of Goswell-street was over the way. 'Such,' thought Mr. Pickwick, 'are the narrow views of those philosophers who, content with examining the things that lie before them, look not to the truths which are hidden beyond. As well might I be content to gaze on Goswell-street for ever, without one effort to penetrate to the hidden countries which on every side surround it.'—DICKENS.

WE write of the scenes of a century ere science had unfolded her wings for her loftiest flight, and peopled air with the denizens of earth.

With what admiration would a philosopher of the nineteenth century behold the facility and promptitude wherewith the aërial cars of the present day are guided through the atmosphere! Elated and depressed at will, brought to the ground, emptied and reladen, and again sent upwards through 'recumbent space,' are these graceful gigantic automata—specimens of the force of human volition, sometimes overthrown, but still more often sailing on unobstructedly to their ultimate bourn. Balloons were, indeed, vast improvements on railway machines: even as the light elastic upper air is preferable to the ponderous and vapour-teeming earth as a highway of traffic, so is the present condition of mankind superior to the past.

Gaze upwards in the night-time on the myriad pure carbon-lit lamps of the cars, darting to and fro, obliquely, crossways, up and down, over and under, casting broad light on the exquisitely shaped wings of the air-boats, a thousand times more graceful than the most symmetrical ship; gaze on them floating through the free air, sinking, swimming, bounding, seeming like fire-birds, or glad angels, or heaven's yachts, or the stars playing at leap-frog with each other, or anything grand and absurd, whimsical and majestic, you may liken them to. Gaze upwards, ye ghosts of defunct philosophers, to whom we allow

a peep at our wonders, and sigh that you are out of the flesh in these good new times!

At the close of the twentieth century, the "Rail" was no longer in vogue; noisy, filthy steam had spent its last puffing and gasping breath. The science of the laws of the atmosphere had already attained great practical perfection. The guidance of balloons was so well understood, that neither storm nor adverse wind, neither extremes of temperature nor the electric influences, did more than slightly impede the progress of the aerial messengers of traffic and amusement. As railroads formerly usurped the prerogatives of highways, reducing them to infrequent byways for solitary foot-passengers, so, in the mutable chances of life, had these in their turn become useless and desert. The different *termini* were some in ruins, and others converted into Ascending Stations for the wind cars, or high-flyers, as they were then called. This mode of communication of course, then as now, made our island but a part of the great European continent.

Other changes were effected in the aspect of England. As export and import were so easy, each nation, throwing off the yoke of inveterate custom, consulted only its natural and internal sources of wealth. Thus, while the manufactures of Great Britain were encouraged tenfold, its agriculture was no more. Large pasture lands, interminable flocks and heads of cattle, met the eye in every direction. The metropolis, huge and overgrown, especially on the Surrey side, presented a singular anomaly. Within its precincts the world's wealth and the world's traffic were still seen undiminished; but, like Rome, the eternal city, it now stood alone, unlinked with the country by its former never-ending rows of suburban retreats, snug villas, detached mansions, and, more than all, by its *towns* of mean and poverty-stamped dwellings. Balloon Stations radiated from the great heart like the points of the mariner's compass. Between these, all was desert. This effect had been produced, it is said, like the old French revolution, in great measure, by the efforts of the press. It advocated "that, in a state of enlightenment, men should emulate birds of passage." The fashion once set, the soul of the Wandering Jew insinuated itself into the human corporation.

The aristocracy divided their summers and *ennui* between St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Norway, or the far West; and diversified the tedium of winter by trips to the mild latitudes of Granada or Constantina, of Ashantee or Porto Rico. The civilians of London were, for the most part, contented with the range of the United Kingdom, but the custom, once established, of retiring, after business hours, to residences from at least forty to sixty miles distant, was universal with all save the absolute mechanic. A city shoemaker disdained to sup nearer Blackfriars than New Brighton; a dealer in tripe, at Saffron Hill, took luncheon and a sniff of good air at Lowestoffe, mounted the "Puffin" or "Sea-gull," and again pursued his vocation at home, within the hour; a Pall-mall milliner kept her balloon to sail to and fro between her establishments of York and London, several times in the course of the day. Then, as now, the philosophers of the West urged, with earnestness, the great "velocity principle!" Innumerable treatises, written and published, went to prove that an economy of half a minute of time is of more value than the lives of the million.

Dr. Go-ahead was the most successful essayist on the system. This celebrated inventor of the Electro-balloon, which was (together with some thousand enthusiastic passengers) consumed in mid-air, received a gold medal from the disciples of the ancient Malthus.

However, what with time and speed, there was scarcely a neighbourhood in the known world, nor such a thing as sylvan solitude, or country seclusion, unless adjacent to a great city. Thus, in England, while the shores of the Westmoreland lakes were populous with dwellings, Hampstead Heath extended two miles beyond Muswell Hill without human habitation.

This state of affairs had its advantages and disadvantages. The working classes found commodious sleeping apartments elsewhere than in cellars; and the progeny of the wolves (supposed to have escaped from the Zoological preserves during the fire which destroyed the Colosseum, and laid waste the Regent's Park), multiplied greatly in Caen Wood, now become an extensive forest. The poor kept carefully within the city walls for protection; and its chief dignitary, rather agitated at the refusal of the "*Legion Guard*" (who had just then replaced the Police) to venture on the heights of Highgate after nightfall, issued placards and proclamations, to the effect that no wild beast should be permitted to enter the city precincts, under severe penalties to its officers. For a length of time the wolves seemed to take heed to the magisterial injunctions, either preying upon the wild cats that infested the woods, or on themselves; at last, however, they became insurgent.

One October evening, the New York Balloon, *Convoy*, *via* *Connamara*, met with an unexpected delay—an accident to one of the electric wires, that brought it to the ground near a neglected spot formerly called Kilbourne, or Kilnbourne, the name derived, doubtless, from a former manufacture of bricks thereabouts. Most of the passengers resigned themselves with as patient a spirit as Job's to the misfortune; one choleric-looking man alone alighted, venting his dissatisfaction in the strongest terms with all balloon authorities, and the government of the air in general. Stamping his feet often, buttoning his coat closely round his uneasy-looking, lanky figure, he expressed a concise determination never more to favour that particular current of atmosphere with his company, shouldered his stick, and disappeared towards the Maida entrance of London.

The sky, though dark, was clear and cloudless; the constellations twinkled brightly, and the air was keen for the season; so the long man, glancing warily around, strided briskly onwards.

All was silent; no wagon-wheels rumbled heavily along to early market; no drays, carts, cabs, coaches, omnibuses, family carriages, passed the solitary wayfarer. Only from time to time a whiz sounded through the air, like the flutter of a sea-gull's wing. Entangled and cut off in the mazes of time, night-bustle was no more. Yet, hark! the stranger stops with alarm! What wild sound cleaves the atmosphere, as he nears the gate? A howl—a prolonged howl, caught up and echoed from the uplands. With accelerated motion, and whistling in a panic-struck tone, he knocked at the wicket of the station-gate—once, twice; at the third repetition, a sleepy warder pulls the cord; the door swings noiselessly open—shuts again. The stranger emerges

into the silent streets, and, intersecting the squares, proceeds swiftly down Waterloo Place up the New Strand. From the tongue of the great platina bell of the cathedral of St. Peter's, issue sounds which, tolling over the sleeping hive of men, seem like a solemn requiem. The gaunt man approaches his dwelling, takes a key from his pocket, and applies it to the door of a mean-looking house. As he admits himself, an object, which had stealthily tracked his footsteps, and glided onwards, within the shadow of his form, creeps with him, unobserved, into the house, bare, and lanky, and gaunt as its owner.

On the morning succeeding that October night, the "Photo-Electric Telegraph" communicated, as well in all parts of the kingdom as in London, by means of its instantaneous mechanism, intelligence of a catastrophe *unique* in the city annals:—a ferocious wolf, lurking within its gates, had entered, unseen, the apartment of a house in Gaseous-street, New Strand, and there made a meal of a man! The supposition that the savage creature escaped by the half-opened window of the staircase upon the first landing was corroborated by a track of gore that extended from the bedside of the half-devoured unfortunate to that spot, where all marks ceased. The timorous nature of the blood-thirsty wolf, in opposition to the generous self-devoting courage of his prototype, the dog, is well known. Some slight noise in the house, doubtless, alarmed the man-eater at his meal; swiftly and noiselessly as he came, had he disappeared. From evidence already obtained, it was shown that the man was a lodging-house keeper who had returned, only the night before, from a few hours' voyage into Galway, whither he had fruitlessly pursued an absconded tenant, who gave him not the rent due—that was, of course, out of the question—but a sound thrashing in repayment of the expense and trouble of the journey. Plundered of the costs of his trip, of his patience and temper, he returned home, admitted himself with the house-key, ascended at once to his chamber, and appeared to have jumped into bed and his last sleep simultaneously. No cry had disturbed the stillness of the night, nor the other inmates of the house. The beast, probably, had sprung on the throat of his victim, and despatched him with the first grip of his hungry fangs.

This news spread universal consternation. Knots of men assembled at the corners of the streets, and in the by-places, to discuss the probability of this singular incursion being but a prelude to the attacks of a whole pack. The Lord Mayor called a council that day. Its members, after several hours' deliberation, resolved, that the immediate need was not great. (Their own dwellings were removed more than a hundred miles from the dangerous vicinity!) Several resolutions were, however, carried unanimously:—"That a deep fosse should be dug along that dilapidated district formerly designated the New Road; the dyke to be cut after the Roman fashion, as exhibited on Newmarket Heath." "That the laws passed in the reign of William Rufus should be revived, and a price set upon the head of a wolf." This last proposal, however, fell to the ground, from the consideration of the great difficulty that would arise in collecting together a sufficient number of men able to poise themselves on horseback to hunt them, as well as from the deficiency of horses, except in the stables of the higher

gentry; the discovery of winged machines having altogether superseded any less pleasant mode of locomotion.

While the chief authorities thus provided for future emergency, a pack of wolves entered the city ere sunset, enticed by the taste and scent of human blood, which, once known, becomes their favourite food. Shocking devastation was committed. They entered the market-places and the theatres, tasting whatever lay in their way; strolled into the cake-shops and confectioners, lapping up everything sweet and sour within their reach. In the interim, the men, employed to work in the fosse, struck for higher wages; they urged the risk they hourly ran of leaving their wives and children desolate and destitute; suggested that not alone wolves, but a stray boa-constrictor, a bear, or a tiger, might lie *perdu* in the jungle wilderness of the northern heights. The distracted fathers of the devoured children appealed to the public spirit and authorities for redress, but the first had grown too cosmopolitan to be confined to one locality—it had walked abroad, and was not to be met with at the proper juncture; and the latter refused to endanger the lives of the town-guard by any imprudent act of hostility. The wolves had carried London itself by siege but for the timely interference of a party of Yorkshire squires, who had retired from their county in disgust, because their land was sown with cockneys, and sport was at an end. These injured gentlemen made common cause with the relations, collected a numerous field, a couple of good bloodhounds to put up the game, and half-a-dozen brace of greyhounds. And now—

“ The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are grey.”

Mark a numerous party of horsemen attired in the most approved fashion of the German jager, with belt, baldric, cutlass, scarlet cap, and surcoat trimmed with fur. There is the huntsman with his horn, and there the promiscuous crowd armed with clubs. The chief landed gentry of the West Riding, and lovers of sport from all parts of the kingdom, are present—yesterday, chap-fallen; to-day, inspirited, alert, and elate with the cheers of the assembled multitude, and with anticipation of sport and danger. They emerge from the fine elms at Portman-gate, ascend Primrose-hill, skirt its hollow, cross the delicious furze and the untrampled heather spread around, while the fierce and impatient hounds can scarcely be restrained by all the efforts of their leaders. They reach that part of Hampstead Heath called Golder's-hill. At that spot, with the wide champaign before them, the hunters loosed the bloodhounds, using every art to encourage them. But the wolf is up, the scent warms, and hope beats high in each hunter's bosom. Where the wood seems as if it had never been disturbed, in one open spot were to be seen the prints of wolves' feet, not one or two, but scores; some large, some small, and some, those of the females, long and slender. Hark to the rustling of the brushwood!—the wolf is about, the greyhounds are slipp'd, the hunters close round and despatch him with their clubs, he dies hard as he lived, without sensibility, savagely and fiercely silent. He is an ancient villain, with worn teeth and grey coat. And now, far and near the woodlands resound. Troops

of the noxious and timorous wretches scour along, lost in the thickets below Muswell-hill, and anon exposed to view in the plains beyond, as they double again into cover. Close run by the hounds, the pack turns up by the west of the Heath, down Cricklewood-lane, up Mill-hill into Kilnbourne, and again took for the Heath towards Highgate. Here, in the hollow that intervenes between the high copse, once thickly strewn with villas, but now a vast wolf lair, they made a stand. Sheltered in the passes the sportsmen select each his prey. Surrounded on all sides, circumvented, and losing all the stealthy cunning of their nature, the wolves have collected together in the craggy ravine we have described, formerly denominated the Vale of Heath (probably from its damp and marshy site), and celebrated as the trysting-place of the philanthropist, Leigh Hunt, and his friend, the mystic Shelley; this romantic dell lay as sequestered as though never trodden by the foot of man. There, where philosophy once preached its mildest and most humane crusade, began and ended a terrible carnage. Therefore shall this humble record endure longer than triple brass. Dim, like scenes looked upon through morning mists, are the annals that survive of the huntings of Melton and ancient Pytchley. But hand in hand to extremest posterity shall descend the recollections of Chevy Chase and the first wolf hunt on Hampstead Heath.

 MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

TURF SALES.—During the past month the following dispositions were effected in the great studs of Bretby and Eaton. **LORD GEORGE BENTINCK'S** Leviathan establishment, consisting of upwards of 120 lots of thorough-bred stock, still continues on sale by private contract, by the Messrs. Tattersall. The horses are on view at Doncaster, Danbury, Bone Hill, and Goodwood.

On Friday, the 9th ult., the following lots from the racing stud of the Earl of Chesterfield were sold:

	Guineas.
A Bay Gelding, six years old, brother to Prizeflower; not thorough-bred	44
A Bay Filly, three years old, by Colwick, out of Prizeflower's dam; not thorough-bred	40
A Grey Filly, three years old, by Colwick, out of Mad Moll; not thorough-bred	35
A Brown Colt, by Colwick, out of Mad Moll; not thorough-bred	60
A Bay Filly, two years old, by Jereed, out of Malibrán, by Rubens, &c.	16
A Bay Colt, two years old, by Camel, out of the dam of Knight-of-the-Whistle	17
A Spanish Cream-coloured Stallion, six years old; a remarkably fine goer	21
Johnny Faa, three years old, by Bay Middleton, out of Charity	34
Bay Filly, three years old, by Muley Moloch, out of Young Petuaria	38
The Sluggard (a stallion), foaled in 1833; a Bay Horse, by Napoleon, out of Flora Mc Ivor (the dam of Helena)	190

Brood Mares.

Mad Moll, a Grey Mare (not thorough-bred); covered by Don John	66
Paleface, by Velocipede, out of Young Petuaria; covered by Don John	33

	Guineas.
Mayflower (Prizeflower's dam); covered by Don John . . .	70
A Bay Mare, by Sultan, out of Rowton's dam; covered by Don John	40
Fury, by Bedlamite, out of a Cesario mare (her dam by Sir Solomon); covered by Don John . . .	49
Charity, by Tramp, out of Euphrosyne's dam; covered by Jereed	40
Malibran, by Rubens, out of Bolter's dam; covered by Don John	15
A Mare, by Whisker, out of Tramp's dam; covered by Jereed . . .	42
A Chestnut Mare (foaled in 1837), by Priam, out of Rowton's dam; covered by Colwick . . .	110
A Bay Mare, three years old, by Colwick, out of Vacuna; covered by Jereed . . .	35

Yearlings, with their Engagements.

A Bay Filly, by Touchstone, out of Peri. Engaged in the Produce Sakes at Ascot, 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; in the Dinner Stakes at Ascot, 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; in the Gratwicke Stakes at Good- wood, 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; in the Grand Junction Stakes at Liverpool Autumn Meeting, 200 sovs. each (and allowed 3 lb. for the above stakes); and in the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York August Meeting, 10 sovs. each, with 100 added; all in 1844. . .	300
A Bay Filly, by Colwick, out of Vacuna, by Tramp, out of St. Giles and Bloomsbury's dam. No engagement; . . .	54
A Brown Filly, by Muley Moloch, out of Young Petuaria, by Rain- bow—Petuaria, by Orville. No engagement . . .	40
A Bay Filly, by Muley Moloch, out of Dirce, by Partisan, out of Antiope, &c. No engagement . . .	27

Foals of 1842, with their Engagements.

A Bay Colt, by Jereed, out of Charity, by Tramp, out of Euphrosyne's dam. No engagement . . .	30
A Brown Filly, by Don John, out of Peri (the dam of Sir Hercules, &c.) No engagement . . .	26
A Bay Filly, by Jereed, out of Vacuna, by Tramp, out of Arcot Lass (the dam of St. Giles, Bloomsbury, &c.) No engagement . . .	21
A Chestnut Filly, by Dandelion, out of Miss Lydia, by Walton, &c. No engagement . . .	36
A Chestnut Filly, by Jereed, out of Sister to Ainderby (dam foaled in 1813), by Velocipede, out of Kate, by Catton. No engagement . . .	70
A Chestnut Filly, by Jereed, out of Malibran, by Rubens, out of Bolter's dam. No engagement . . .	40
A Bay Filly, by Don John, out of Mayflower (the dam by Prize- flower); not thorough-bred . . .	21

On the 20th ult., a portion of the Marquis of Westminster's Stud was submitted for sale, at Eaton Hall, near Chester, by Messrs. Tattersall, when about thirty lots were disposed of, including Satirist, Sleight-of-Hand, William de Fortibus, Candahar, Van Amburgh, and Auckland the celebrated for sixty guineas!

There is a *bon mot* connected with Royalty's late visit to the Land of Cakes, of so sporting a character, that we cannot refrain from giving it a place in our pages. On Prince Albert's return from enjoying some excellent sport in the Highlands, her Majesty mentioned that news had just reached her of the infant Prince and his sister. On his Royal Highness inquiring the nature of the intelligence, the Queen replied, "I've just heard of your deer-stalking" (*dears talking*).

YANKEE REGULATION DOG-TAILS.—The proper way for a dog's tail to curl is over, in a handsome round coil, resting gently on the back. Tails should never curl under, tightly, or run out straight a few inches, and then make a curve downward, like a sickle-blade. Some dogs soap their tails to prevent grabbing, but the custom is nearly obsolete.

ELEPHANT CATCHING.—The following notice, of a somewhat novel sport, is extracted from the "Bengal Sporting Magazine," for February. Such as love to penetrate below the surface even of a sporting anecdote, may discover a moral in it, without digging very deeply. From the days of Ulysses to those of Mr. Tupman, inclusive, the wiles of the sex have been sung by the poet, and exposed by the philosopher. Here is another commentary on them:—" *C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,*" that weaves the mesh and secures the prey, whether in shape of a cock goldfinch, for the Whitechapel fancier, or a male elephant of the jungle, for the hunter of the Mooda-Mullee.

"I have enjoyed several opportunities of witnessing this sport in Mysore, particularly at a place in the very heart of the forest, called Mooda-Mullee, merely a timber station. Elephants actually swarm there, often within a few hundred paces of the sawyers and people at work (of whom there are full 200); they are seen and heard day and night. I have generally found them within a quarter of an hour's walk; and how often have I been obliged to jump out of bed, in double quick time, to stir up the fire and make it blaze, awakened by the crush of some huge branches of a tree pulled off, or large bamboo crushed down—by a low, savage growl, or electrifying trumpet, often within fifty paces of my bed! But I must stick to my subject, or I might tell you a tale of frightening away a herd of elephants, with the assistance of only a few biscuits in a tin canister, and other marvels.

"I was at Mooda-Mullee, about sunset. I had just finished my dinner, and was enjoying my cheroot in as lovely a spot as the world can produce, when I observed what I immediately took to be wild elephants, steering right down on my comfortable locality; the next moment I twigged the men on their backs. They came up, and making a low salam, informed me they were the servants of H. H., the rajah of Mysore. I made them heartily welcome, as soon as I discovered their occupation; brandy, beer, or wine, was forthwith at their disposal. They soon picketed their elephants, and, by the time it was dark, we made the fire blaze.

"I did not go to bed that night till one o'clock, and, by that time, I had quite gained the hearts of my fierce-looking friends, who all declared they should not have the slightest objection to go to the devil for me. Verily there are worse friends in the world than these poor fellows, and more hollow.

"In the morning I mounted the finest elephant, and found the seat on the neck rather a ticklish one for the first two hours, but, after that, no chair could feel more easy. The men gave me a large hair cloth, the colour of the animal I was on, and then supposing one of the tame elephants to be a wild one, they went through the whole of the manœuvres before me. I then took a spell, to see if my elephant would mind me, which the sensible and noble creature did most satis-

factorily. In this work they are guided by the slightest touch or signal; and if they have not sense, pray what is it? something still better, surely. We then mounted our guide, and away we stalked, far into the dark and silent forest. This day we were very unlucky; for it was after we had gone over many a mile, that, without having seen a single track of our game, we were all startled by a loud trumpet, close on our left. I had at this time been at the death of many elephants, and, therefore, ought to have taken it easy, as Jacob Faithful says; but, on hearing that trumpet, if ever man's heart jumped into his mouth, mine did so then. Before I go on with this yarn, I must explain how the thing is done.

“By this method of catching wild elephants, nothing but males can be taken, as they only will follow the decoy, intent on paying the ladies the most delicate attentions. As soon as the mahouts observe a herd, or a single male elephant, they pull their cumlies closely over them, leaving out their eyes only; they then lie down, so that the chest rests on the elephant's head, between the ears; their legs hid by the flaps of the ear. The elephants then move slowly up, pulling a mouthful of grass, chewing a bit of bamboo, or brushing away the flies; in fact, doing as wild ones are doing. The male soon perceives them, and now it is a terrific sight to see his advance; carrying his head high, his white tusks well displayed, the gigantic monster stalks proudly up; fearful, indeed, is he, at that moment, to behold. He does not generally approach close at first, as his quick sense of smelling easily discovers that there is something uncommon; but, seeing nothing, he soon gains courage, stalks close up, and twists his trunk round that of one or other of the females—a regular shake hands. The other mahouts then manage to bring their elephants in for a share of his notice, after which they very slowly move away from the herd, having been with them about two hours, in all. When they have decoyed the male to some little distance from the herd, some people, on foot for the purpose, get between the herd and the decoy, and, with sticks, rap loudly on the trees. This is a signal for the mahouts to carry on all sail, and away they go, as if desperately frightened, the male following them, and the herd making equal haste in an opposite direction. After the men think they have given the other elephant a sufficiently wide berth, they slacken the pace, and soon stop. After this, in about two hours' time, when the wild one gets rid of his alarm, if they have any luck, the ropes are in request, and each man is provided with his number. They now quietly get the females into position; the first is placed with her side touching the forehead of the male, two more put their sterns close to each ear, other two come up in the rear, and off these quickly glide the tyers. The men, of whom there are two, one to each hind leg, commence this operation under the legs of the rear tame elephants; five separate ropes are tied on each leg, and laced together in a way that no man but one in the trade could describe.

“I return to where I left off for this description. On hearing the trumpet, all pulled on the cumley. The head man, who called himself the jemedar, and another grey-headed, determined, and fine-looking old fellow (grinning fearfully, as they passed me, and telling me to lay flat, and fear nothing), took the lead, my elephant and four more fol-

lowing in the rear, some ten, some twenty paces. We soon joined the herd, who at first smelt us, and off they started; one followed, at awful speed, trying to appear the most frightened; we were soon in the midst of them, the tame and wild thumping and bumping together, and crashing along at a most break-neck pace. This did not last long; they soon got rid of their panic, and began to amuse themselves with the bamboos, &c. Out marched the male, a huge mukna; he coquetted about a long time, near the tame elephant, but was suspicious; we got quite tired of him, and gave him up. I then got my gun, carrying three ounces of solid brass, went up on the decoy elephant, and put the muzzle of the gun to within a yard of his head. I fired, and he bolted, though dreadfully stunned and groggy in his paces. I loaded again, and killed a large female, and thus ended my first day's sport with the Mysore elephant hunters. The stories that night, over the fire, were, to me, both interesting and amusing, and well told; and I had to start a man off sharp, next morning, for more of the 'cratur.'

"Our next trip gave far better sport. We started about the same time as the day before, and soon found a herd of elephants; and the first we came up to was the wounded mukna of the previous day, looking very seedy, leaning against a tree, with his lower jaw hanging down, and his eyes shut. I took my elephant close up to him, and saw distinctly how I had missed him; the ball had gone down, instead of penetrating in a straight line. He soon smelt me, at least, I suppose so, for he cocked up his ears, stared at me for a second, and made a most frightful rush at my elephant, which she received on her posterior with the most admirable coolness. She also received a severe kick, which made her take to her heels, but she stopped immediately she found the wild one did not pursue her.

"The old gentleman took a line of country of his own, and away he went, making the very earth shake with his giant tread. This time we had no difficulty in forming the herd, but caught no fish, for there were only three young males, who were too much engaged, fighting, to pay any attention to the females. I killed one, and missed killing another that I fired at, and was in some danger of being ran over on foot, for I thought the tame elephants must have been swept away with the herd, who ran right on them."

LITERATURE.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH. In Three Volumes.
Vol. II. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1842.

REFRESHING is it to turn from the fallacies and commonplaces of life to the thought-teeming lucubrations of the learned Professor. Pleasant is it to sojourn with him on the heathy moor and the mountain top—on the shores of the turbid locks of his picturesque country, and amid the wildest recesses of its pine woods. Few can bestir the ever young zeal of the sportsman with so skilful a touch; few raise to its fullest spring-tide height the passion of field-sports, till it shall

sweep away let and impediment, float him over the bar of party politics, give him courage to elude the snaky involutions of that hydra of worldly care—business, and haven him securely, by flood and through field, within the haunts of his prideful youth.

The imaginations of this writer are no less vivid and prolific than are real and tangible his local embodiments. He has an admirable and peculiar talent—that of making pictures with the pen. Hardy and vigorous, his conceptions remain in “the mind’s eye” long after they are read; even to the wind-winged leaf, and the fleecy morning gossamer, he can give a home and an abiding-place within the memory. On every subject is he copious and exhaustless, pouring forth classic lore and personal experience in rich and unhackneyed periods. Although his fancy appear, at times, to run riot, and his musings discursive as night-dreams, yet sense and design pervade the *whole*. His “Recreations” are those of an inquiring spirit, of a religious mind, and of a healthful intelligence.

Our praise is as fully deserved as honestly bestowed; and yet, in our critical vein, we, in the volume before us, as well as on almost every occasion wherein we are called on to exercise our editorial province, have cause to deplore the frailties of style into which fall the most practised authors. Such errors of construction as the following, for instance, too often deform the otherwise elegant idioms of this remarkable book:—“He was a weaver—a Paisley weaver—a useful *trade*.” &c. &c. “He is, indeed, an idiot—an innocent. We remember seeing him near this spot forty years ago—and he was not young then;—*they* often live to extreme old age.” It is an ancient quotation, that *ubi plura nitent*—but it never was more aptly applied than in the case before us. As samples of the truth of this assertion, we extract the following passages, and only regret that our space would not permit us to transfer more such exquisite *morçeaux* to our pages:—

“The dawn is softly—slowly—stealing upon day; for the uprisen sun, though here the edge of his disc, as yet, be invisible, is diffusing abroad ‘the sweet hour of prime,’ and all the eastern region is tinged with crimson, faint and fine as that which sleeps within the wreaths of the sea-sounding shells. Hark! the eagle’s earliest cry, yet in his eyry. Another hour, and he and his giant mate will be seen spirally ascending the skies, in many a glorious gyration, tutoring their offspring to dally with the sunshine, that, when their plumes are stronger, they may dally with the storm. O, Forest of Dalness! how sweet is thy name! Hundreds of red-deer are now lying half-asleep among the fern and heather, with their antlers, could our eyes now behold them, motionless as the birch-tree branches with which they are blended in their lair. At the signal-belling of their king, a hero unconquered in a hundred fights, the whole herd rises at once like a grove, and with their stately heads lifted aloft on the weather-gleam, snuff the sweet scent of the morning air, far and wide surcharged with the honey-dew yet unmelting on the heather, and eye, with the looks of liberty, the glad daylight that mantles the Black Mount with a many-coloured garment. Ha! the first plunge of the salmon in the Rowan-tree Pool. There again he shoots into the air, white as silver, fresh run from the sea! For Loch-Etive, you must know, is one of the many million arms of Ocean, and bright now are rolling in the billows of the far-heaving tide. Music meet for such a morn and such mountains. Straight stretches the glen for leagues, and then, bending through the blue gloom, seems to wind away with one sweep into infinitude. The Great Glen of Scotland—Glen-More itself—is not grander. But the Great Glen of Scotland is yet a living forest. Glen-Etive has few

woods, or none—and the want of them is sublime; for centuries ago, pines and oaks, in the course of nature, all perished; and they exist now but in tradition, wavering on the tongues of old bards, or deep down in the mosses show their black trunks to the light, when the torrents join the river in spate, and the moor divulges its secrets as in an earthquake. Sweetly sung, thou small, brown, moorland bird, though thy song be but a twitter! And true to thy time—even to a balny minute—art thou, with thy velvet tunic of black striped with yellow, as thou windest thy small but not sullen horn—by us called, in our pride, **HUMBLE BEE**—but not, methinks, so very humble, while, booming high in air in oft-repeated circles, wondering at our Tent, and at the flag that now unfolds its gaudy length like a burnished serpent, as if the smell of some far-off darling heather-bed had touched thy finest instinct, away thou fliest straight southward to that rich flower-store, unerringly as the carrier-pigeon wafting to distant lands some love-message on its wings. Yet humble after all thou art; for all day long, making thy industry thy delight, thou returnest at shut of day, cheerful even in thy weariness, to thy ground-cell within the knoll, where as Fancy dreams the Fairies dwell—a Silent People in the Land of Peace.

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“True that, in savage life, men starve; but is that any proof that nature has cursed the race with a fatal tendency to multiply beyond the means of subsistence? None whatever. Attend for a little to this point. Of the real power of the bodily appetites for food, and the way they may attain over the moral nature of the mind, we, who are protected by our place among the arrangements of civil society from greatly suffering under it, can, indeed, form no adequate conception. Let us not now speak of those dreadful enormities which, in the midst of dismal famine, are recorded to have been perpetrated by civilized men, when the whole moral soul, with all its strongest affections and instinctive abhorrences, has sunk prostrate under the force of that animal suffering. But the power of which we speak, as attained by this animal feeling, subsists habitually among whole tribes and nations. It is that power which it acquires over the mind of the savage, who is frequently exposed to suffer its severity, and who hunts for himself the food with which he is to appease it. Compare the mind of the human being as you are accustomed to behold him, knowing the return of this sensation only as a grateful incitement to take the ready nourishment which is spread for his repast, with that of his fellow-man bearing through the lonely woods the gnawing pang that goads him to his prey. Hunger is in his heart; hunger bears along his unfatiguing feet; hunger lies in the strength of his arm; hunger watches in his eye; hunger listens in his ear; as he couches down in his covert, silently waiting the approach of his expected spoil, this is the sole thought that fills his aching breast—‘I shall satisfy my hunger!’ When his deadly aim has brought his victim to the ground, this is the thought that springs up as he rushes to seize it—‘I have got food for my hungry soul!’ What must be the usurpation of animal nature here over the whole man! It is not merely the simple pain, as if it were the forlornness of a human creature bearing about his famishing existence in helplessness and despair—though that, too, is indeed a true picture of some states of our race; but here is not a suffering and sinking wretch—he is a strong hunter, and puts forth his strength fiercely under the urgency of this passion. All his might in the chase, all pride of speed, and strength, and skill—all thoughts of long and hard endurance—all images of perils past—all remembrances and all foresight—are gathered on that one strong and keen desire—are bound down to the sense of that one bitter animal want. These feelings recurring day by day in the sole toil of his life, bring upon his soul a vehemence and power of desire in this object, of which we can have no conception, till he becomes subjected to hunger as to a mighty animal passion—a passion such as it rages in those fierce animal kinds which it drives with such ferocity on their prey. He knows hunger as the wolf knows it; he goes forth with his burning heart, like the tiger to lap blood. But turn to man in another condition, to which he has been brought by the very agency

of his physical on his intellectual and moral being! How far removed is he now from that daily contention with such evils as these! How much does he feel himself assured against them by belonging to the great confederacy of social life! How much is it veiled from his eyes by the many artificial circumstances in which the satisfaction of the want is involved! The work in which he labours the whole day—on which his eyes are fixed and his hands toil—is something altogether unconnected with his own wants—connected with distant wants and purposes of a thousand other men, in which he has no participation. And as far as it is a work of skill, he has to fix his mind on objects and purposes so totally removed from himself, that they all tend still more to sever his thoughts from his own necessities; and thus it is that civilization raises his moral character, when it protects almost every human being in a country from that subjection to this passion, to which even noble tribes are bound down in the wilderness of nature.

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“What is your private opinion, O’Bronte, of the taste of red-deer blood? Has it not a wild twang on the tongue and palate, far preferable to sheep’s-head? You are absolutely undergoing transfiguration into a deerhound! With your fore-paws on the flank, your tail brandished like a standard, and your crimson flews (thank you, shepherd, for that word) licked by a long lambent tongue red as crimson, while your eyes express a fierce delight never felt before, and a stifled growl disturbs the star on your breast—just as you stand now, O’Bronte, might Edwin Landseer rejoice to paint thy picture, for which, immortal image of the wilderness, the Duke of Bedford would not scruple to give a draft on his banker for one thousand pounds!

“Shooting grouse after red-deer is, for a while, at first, felt to be like writing an anagram in a lady’s album, after having given the finishing touch to a tragedy or an epic poem. ’Tis like taking to catching shrimps in the sand with one’s toes, on one’s return from Davis’s Straits in a whaler that arrived at Peterhead with sixteen fish, each calculated at ten tun of oil. Yet, ’tis strange how the human soul can descend, pleasantly at every note, from the top to the bottom of passion’s and imagination’s gamut.

“A tarn—a tarn! with but a small circle of unbroken water in the centre, and all the rest of its shallowness bristling, in every bay, with reeds and rushes, and surrounded, all about the mossy flat, with marshes and quagmires! What a breeding-place—‘procreant cradle’ for water-fowl! Now comes thy turn, O’Bronte—for famous is thy name, almost as thy sire’s, among the flappers. Crawl down to leeward, Hamish, that you may pepper them—should they take to flight overhead to the loch. Surefoot, taste that greensward, and you will find it sweet and succulent. Dogs, heel—heel!—and now let us steal, on our Crutch, behind that knoll, and open a sudden fire on the swimmers, who seem to think themselves out of shot at the edge of that line of water-lilies; but some of them will soon find themselves mistaken, whirling round on their backs, and vainly endeavouring to dive after their friends that disappear beneath the agitated surface shot-swept into spray. Long Gun! who oft to the fore-finger of Colonel Hawker hast swept the night-harbour of Poole, all alive with widgeons, be true to the trust now reposed in thee by Kit North! And though these be neither geese, nor swans, nor hoopers, yet send thy leaden shower among them, feeding in their play, till all the air be afloat with specks, as if at the shaking of a feather-bed that had burst the ticking, and the tarn covered with sprawling mawsies and mallards, in death-throes among the ducklings! There it lies on its rest—like a telescope. No eye has discovered the invention—keen as those wild eyes are of the plowterers on the shallows. Lightning and thunder! to which all the echoes roar. But we, meanwhile, are on our back; for of all the recoils that ever shook a shoulder, that one was the severest—but ’twill probably cure our rheumatism and—Well done—nobly, gloriously done, O’Bronte! Heaven and earth, how otter-like he swims! Ha, Hamish! you have cut off the retreat of that airy voyager—you have given it him in his stern, Hamish—and are reloading for the flappers. One at a time in your

mouth, O'Bronte! Put about with that tail for a rudder—and make for the shore. What a stately creature! as he comes issuing from the shallows, and, bearing the old mallard breast high, walks all dripping along the greensward, and then shakes from his curled ebony the flashing spray-mist. He gives us one look as we crown the knoll, and then in again, with a spang and a plunge, far into the tarn, caring no more for the reeds than for so many winlestraes, and, fast as a sea-serpent, is among the heart of the killed and wounded. In unerring instinct he always seizes the dead—and now a devil's dozen lies along the shore. Come hither, O'Bronte, and caress thy old master. Ay—that showed a fine feeling—did that long shake that bedrizzled the sunshine. Put thy paws over our shoulders, and round our neck, true son of thy sire—oh! that he were but alive, to see and share thy achievements; but, indeed, two such dogs, living together in their prime at one era, would have been too great glory for this sublunary canine world. Therefore Sirius looked on thy sire with an evil eye, and in jealousy—

‘*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!*’

growled upon some sinner to poison the dog of all dogs, who leapt up almost to the ceiling of the room where he slept—our own bed-room—under the agony of that accursed arsenic, gave one horrid howl, and expired. Methinks we know his murderer; his eye falls when it meets ours on the Street of Princes; and let him scowl there but seldom—for, though 'tis but suspicion, this fiat, O'Bronte, doubles at the sight of the miscreant—and some day, impelled by wrath and disgust, it will smash his nose flat with the other features, till his face is a pancake. Yea! as sure as Themis holds her balance in the skies, shall the poisoner be punished out of all recognition by his parents, and be disowned by the Irish cockney father that begot him, and the Scotch cockney mother that bore him, as he carries home a tripe-like countenance enough to make his paramour, the scullion, miscarry, as she opens the door to him on the fifth flat of a common stair. But we are getting personal, O'Bronte—a vice abhorrent from our nature.

“There goes our Crutch, Hamish, whirling aloft in the sky a rainbow flight, even like the ten-pound hammer from the fling of George Scougal at the St. Ronan's games. Our gout is gone—so is our asthma—eke our rheumatism—and, like an eagle, we have renewed our youth. There is hop, step, and jump for you, Hamish: we should not fear, young and agile as you are, buck, to give you a yard. But now for the flappers. Pointers all, stir your stumps, and into the water. This is rich. Why, the reeds are as full of flappers as of frogs. If they can fly, the fools don't know it. Why, there is a whole mosquito-fleet of yellow boys, not a month old. What a prolific old lady must she have been, to have kept on breeding till July! There she sits, cowering just on the edge of the reeds, uncertain whether to dive or fly. By the creak and cry of the cradle of thy first-born, Hamish, spare the plumage on her yearning and quaking breast. The little yellow images have all melted away, and are now, in holy cunning of instinct, deep down beneath the waters, shifting for themselves among the very mud at the bottom of the reeds. By-and-by, they will be floating with but the points of their bills above the surface, invisible among the air-bells. The parent duck has also disappeared; the drake you disposed of, Hamish, as the coward was lifting up his lumbering body, with fat doup and long neck in the air, to seek safer skies. We male creatures—drakes, ganders, and men alike—what are we, when affection pleads, in comparison with females! In our passions, we are brave; but these satiated, we turn upon our heel, and disappear from danger, like dastards. But doves, and ducks, and women, are fearless in affection, to the very death. Therefore have we, all our days, sleeping or waking, loved the sex, virgin and matron; nor would we hurt a hair of their heads, grey or golden, for all else that shines beneath the sun.

“Not the best practice this in the world, certainly, for pointers—and it may teach them bad habits on the hill; but, in some situations, all dogs and all men are alike, and, cross them as you will, not a breed but shows a taint of

original sin, when under a temptation sufficiently strong to bring it out. Ponto, Piro, and Basta, are now, according to their abilities, all as bad as O'Bronte—and never, to be sure, was there such a worrying in this wicked world. But now we shall cease our fire, and leave the few flappers that are left alive to their own meditations. Our conduct, for the last hour, must have seemed to them no less unaccountable than alarming; and something to quack over during the rest of the season. Well, we do not remember ever to have seen a prettier pile of ducks and ducklings. Hamish, take census. What do you say—two score? That beats cockfighting. Here's a hank of twine, Hamish—tie them all together by the legs, and hang them, in two divisions of equal weights, over the crupper of Surefoot.

“ People are proud of talking of solitude. It redounds, they opine, to the honour of their great-mindedness to be thought capable of living, for an hour or two, by themselves, at a considerable distance from knots or skeins of their fellow-creatures. Byron, again, thought he showed his superiority, by swearing as solemnly as a man can do in the Spenserian stanza, that

‘ To sit alone, and muse o'er flood and fell,’

has nothing whatever to do with solitude—and that, if you wish to know and feel what solitude really is, you must go to Almack's.

‘ This—this is solitude—this is to be alone!’

His Lordship's opinions were often peculiar—but the passage has been much admired; therefore we are willing to believe that the great desert is, in point of loneliness, unable to stand a philosophical, much less a poetical, comparison with a well-frequented fancy-ball. But is the statement not borne out by facts? Zoology is on its side—more especially two of its most interesting branches, entomology and ornithology.

“ Go to a desert, and clap your back against a cliff. Do you think yourself alone? What a ninny! Your great, clumsy, splay feet are bruising to death a batch of beetles. See that spider whom you have widowed, running up and down your elegant leg, in distraction and despair, bewailing the loss of a husband who, however savage to the ephemerals, had always smiled sweetly upon her. Meanwhile, your shoulders have crushed a colony of small, red ants, settled in a moss city, beautifully roofed with lichens—and that accounts for the sharp tickling behind your ear, which you keep scratching—no Solomon—in ignorance of the cause of that effect. Should you sit down, we must beg to draw a veil over your hurdies, which, at the moment, extinguish a fearful amount of animal life—creation may be said to groan under them; and, insect as you are yourself, you are defrauding millions of insects of their little day. All the while you are supposing yourself alone! Now, are you not, as we hinted, a prodigious ninny? But the whole wilderness—as you choose to call it—is crawling with various life. London, with its million and a half of inhabitants—including, of course, the suburbs—is, compared with it, an empty joke. Die—and you will soon be picked to the bones. The air swarms with sharpers—and an insurrection of radicals will attack your corpse from the worm-holes of the earth. Corbies, ravens, hawks, eagles, all the feathered furies of beak and bill, will come flying, ere sunset, to anticipate the maggots, and carry your remains—if you will allow us to call them so—over the whole of Argyleshire in many living sepulchres. We confess ourselves unable to see the solitude of this—and begin to agree with Byron, that a man is less crowded at a masquerade.”

We have selected these portions of the volume, not because of their actual application to sporting, but for their extreme beauty, and their illustration of the author's style of writing and thinking. If the reader has half the pleasure in perusing them that we felt, his trouble will be well repaid.

TURF REGISTER.

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

BRIDGENORTH.

WEDNESDAY, July 20th.—The Patahull Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for three and four year old's; twice round, not quite two miles (seven subscribers).

Mr. Owsley's b. c. Happy-go-lucky, by Young Emilius, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Bradley)	1
Sir E. Pigot's ch. g. Roderick, three years old, 7 st. 1 lb.	2
Mr. Raworth's b. c. Cattonian, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	3
Mr. Key's b. f. Image, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	4
Mr. Walters's b. g. Guz-Beg, three years old, 7 st. 1 lb.	5
Mr. G. Pritchard's b. c. Inquisitor, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb.	6

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by T. C. Whitmore, Esq., M.P., for horses that never won £50; two-mile heats (six subscribers).

Mr. Bates's b. f. Country Lass, by Muley Moloch, out of Miss Ellis, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Marlow)	1	1
Mr. Holmes's b. f. The Merchant Lass, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	2	2
Mr. Flintoff's b. m. Constance, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	3	3
Mr. Thompson's br. c. by Shrigley, out of Fenella, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb.	4	4
Mr. Godson's b. f. by Dandelion, out of Lady Harrington, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb.		bolted.

The Members' Plate of £33, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, for all ages; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, by Inflexible, aged, 9 st. 5 lb. (Marlow)	...	0	1	1
Mr. Langley's b. g. Rancour, four years old, 8 st.	...	0	2	3
Mr. Flintoff's ch. g. Intruder, six years old, 9 st.	...	3	3	2

THURSDAY.—The Gold Cup, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each; twice round and a distance (six subscribers).

Mr. Jones's b. g. Henley, by The Tutor, half bred, aged, 8 st. 7 lb. (Marlow)	...	1
Mr. Flintoff's b. g. Wings, six years old, 8 st. 11 lb.	...	2
Mr. Raworth's b. c. Cattonian, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	...	0

The Hunters' Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred; heats, twice round and a distance (eight subscribers).

Mr. Ongley's ch. g. Humility, by Recovery, four years old, 9 st. 5 lb. (Calloway)	1	3	1	
Mr. G. Carter's ch. f. Linnea, three years old, 8 st. 4 lb.	...	0	1	2
Mr. Wheelton's b. c. by Giovanni, out of Crackeman's dam, four years old, 9 st. 8 lb.	...	2	0	3
Mr. J. Pritchard's b. m. Finality, aged, 10 st. 2 lb.	...	0	2	4
Mr. J. Stephens's ch. h. Philosopher, five years old, 10 st. 2 lb.	...	3	0	dr.

The Members' Plate of £50, the gift of Sir R. Pigot, Bart., M.P., for horses never having won more than £50 at any one time; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Hewitt's b. f. Rebecca, by Ishmael, four years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Marlow)	1	0	1	
Mr. T. Walters's b. f. Miss Whinney, four years old, 8 st. 1 lb.	...	0	1	2
Mr. Charlton's br. f. Nix my Dolly, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb.	...	2	0	3
Mr. Thompson's br. c. by Shrigley, out of Fenella, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb.	...	3	4	4
Mr. Bates's b. f. Country Lass, four years old, 8 st. 1 lb.	...	4	2	dr.
Mr. Tallantire's b. f. Sprite, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.	...	0	3	dr.
Mr. Copeland's b. g. Guz-Beg, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.	...	0	dr.	
Mr. Parke's ch. f. by Physician, out of Eliza Teazle, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.	...	0	dr.	

The South Shropshire Hurdle Race of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Town, for half-bred horses; heats, once round and a distance, with three leaps in each heat over hurdles four feet high (five subscribers).

Mr. W. Pugh's b. h. Habberley, by Young Manfred, 12 st. (Mr. Pugh)	...	4	1	1
Mr. Minton's b. m. Kitty, 12 st.	...	1	4	2
Mr. Giles's b. g. Masterman, 12 st.	...	3	2	3
Mr. Nock's br. g. Lancet, 12 st.	...	2	3	dr.

GOODWOOD RACES.

Stewards: the Marquis of Westminster and Sir W. Massey Stanley.

TUESDAY, July 26th.—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 Discord, by Mulatto, out of Melody, five years old (J. Day, jun.)	1
Lord Jersey's f. by Bay Middleton, out of Trampoline, three years old (Chapple)	2
Col. Anson's Elopement, by Velocipede, three years old (Francis)	3
Duke of Richmond's The Currier, by The Saddler, six years old (Rogers)	4
Mr. Forth's b. c. Paul Potter, by Peter Lely, four years old (P. Butler)	5

Betting: Even, 5 to 4, and, at starting, 6 to 4 on Discord, and 5 to 2 agst. The Currier. Elopement took the lead at a good pace, followed by Paul Potter, The Currier, and Discord. At the distance Discord gained the first place, which he kept to the last, winning easily by two lengths.

The Lavant Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., for two-year-olds; 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 (seventeen subscribers).

Lord Maidstone's b. c. The Caster, by Emilius, out of Castaside (W. Scott)	1
Mr. Treen's b. f. Bastille, sister to Barrier, by Defence (Chapple)	2
Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Beiram, dam by Emilius—Augusta's dam (Darling)	3
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Bramble, by Bay Middleton—Moss Rose (Rogers)	4
Mr. Gratwicke's ch. c. Hopeful, by Ellis, out of Frederica (F. Butler)	5

Betting: Even and 5 to 4 on The Caster, and 5 to 2 agst. Hopeful. All went off together, in which position they remained until The Caster took the lead at the distance, and kept it to the end, winning by a length.

The Drawing-room Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with a *bonus* by an independent subscription of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the winner of the Derby or Oaks, 8 lb.; the second for either, 4 lb. extra; the second received 100 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner paid 25 sovs. to the Judge; once round D.R.S.C. (forty-one subscribers to Sweepstakes, and thirty to *bonus*).

Duke of Bedford's ch. c. Envoy, by Plenipotentiary (Robinson)	1
Col. Peel's br. c. Seahorse, by Camel (Chapple)	2
Col. Anson's b. c. Attila, by Colwick, 8 lb. extra (W. Scott)	3
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Misedal, by Camel (W. Howlett)	4
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Eaglesfield, by Hindoo (Rogers)	5
Mr. Greville's b. c. Gunter, by Bay Middleton (Nat)	6
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Albion, by Beiram (Darling)	7
Mr. Goodman's ch. c. Rover, by Muley Moloch (Sly)	8

Betting: 6 to 4 on Attila, 7 to 2 agst. Envoy, and 7 to 1 agst. Gunter. The lead was taken by Misedal, followed by Eaglesfield, Albion third, Envoy fourth, Rover and Gunter next, Attila next, and Seahorse last; and thus they continued for a mile and a half, when Misedal dropped off, and Eaglesfield took his position, followed by Rover and Envoy, Attila and Seahorse following close. In making the turn, Eaglesfield bolted to the right, and knocked a post into the Course. Envoy now had the first place, attended by Attila and Seahorse, all the others having no chance. Attila and Seahorse, at the distance, passed Envoy; but, through the excellent management of Robinson at the last, Envoy passed both Seahorse and Attila, coming in first by half a length. The pace was not first-rate.

A Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., for four-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the Queen's Plate Course, about three miles and a quarter (twelve subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. Mustapha, by Sultan (Rogers)	1
Lord Westminster's b. c. Van Amburgh, by Pantaloon (Marson)	2
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Mehemet Ali, by Ishmael (Nat)	3

Betting: Even on (at one time 5 to 2 agst.) Mustapha, 6 to 4 agst. Van Amburgh, and 4 to 1 agst. Mehemet Ali. Mustapha took the lead, and kept it the whole distance. A very bad race, being won by twenty lengths.

The Gratwicke Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 10 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 6 lb.; untried stallions or mares allowed 5 lb.; both, 6 lb.; mile and a half (sixty-seven subscribers).

Lord Verulam's br. c. Robert de Gorham, by Sir Hercules, 3 lb. (Cotton)	1
Mr. Wreford's ch. c. Wisacre, by Taurus (J. Day, jun.)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. f. Firebrand, by Lampighter (Nat)	3
Duke of Richmond's b. f. by Ellis, out of Baleine, 6 lb. (Rogers)	4
Mr. Bowes's ch. f. Ladye of Silverkelde Well, by Velocipede (Holmes)	5

Betting: Even on Robert de Gorham, 7 to 2 agst. Baleine, and 6 to 1 agst. Wisacre. The lead was taken by Robert de Gorham, at a rattling pace, and maintained; winning by twenty lengths.

The Goodwood Club Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards; to be ridden by Members of the Goodwood Club; Craven Stakes Course (eighteen subscribers).

Mr. Tollet's The Tiger, by Lottery, aged, 12 st. (Gen. Gilbert)	1
Lord Eglington's The Young-un, by Sultan, five years old, 11 st. 12 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's Proof Print, by Birdcatcher, three years old, 10 st. (Lord March)	3
Count Batthyany's b. g. Nicholas, by Jerry, five years old, 10 st. 10 lb. (owner)	4
Mr. Bell's Man Friday, by Gainsborough, five years old, 11 st. 10 lb. (Mr. P. Williams)	5
Mr. Gardnor's Flytrap, by Bay Middleton, three years old, 11 st. (Mr. Oliver)	6
Lord G. Bentinck's Yorkshire Lady, by Voltaire, three years old, 10 st. 5 lb. (Lord Maidstone)	7

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. Man Friday, 3 to 1 agst. Lord G. Bentinck's two, 7 to 2 agst. The Tiger, 4 to 1 agst. Nicholas, and 4 to 1 agst. The Young-un. After the elapse of some time, a start was effected with all but the Yorkshire Lady; Lord Maidstone, not noticing the signal, was left behind. Man Friday made the first running, attended by The Tiger, Flytrap, and Proof Print; in making the turn, Tiger went in front, and led down the hill; Proof Print then passed him; at the distance The Tiger again caught him, the race continuing almost head and head. The Young-un then passed Proof Print, and came in second, The Tiger being first. Won by a head.

Match, 1,000 sovs. each; Cup Course.

Mr. Johnstone's Charles XII., by Voltaire, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Marson) ...	1
Mr. Lichtwald's Hyllus, by Sir Hercules, six years old, 8 st. 2 lb., carried 8 st. 4 lb. (Robinson) ...	2

Betting: 6 (at one time 7) to 4 on Charles XII. The running was made by Hyllus; at the foot of the hill, in returning, Charles moved forward, was up at the distance, and went a neck in advance, keeping the same advantage to the last. This was, certainly, a first-rate race.

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 (seven subscribers).

Mr. Holmes's Vulcan, by Verulam, five years old (Capt. Pettat) ...	0
Duke of Richmond's The Currier, by the Saddler, six years old (Lord March) ...	0

Betting: 7 and 8 to 1 on Vulcan. After a famous race, a division took place, The Currier walking over.

The Ham Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 10 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 7 lb.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3 lb.; both, 6 lb.; T.Y.C. (thirty-two subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's b. c. Aristides, by Bay Middleton, 3 lb. (Lye) ...	1
Col. Peel's br. c. Murat, by Slane, out of Hester, by Camel, 6 lb. (Nat) ...	2
Col. Anson's b. c. Armytage, by Velocipede, out of Louisa (Holmes) ...	0
Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Beiram, dam by Emilius, 6 lb. (Darling) ...	0
Mr. Wreford's b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Margellina, 3 lb. (J. Day) ...	0
Duke of Richmond's b. c. by Ellis, out of Clara, by Filho, 3 lb. (Rogers) ...	0
Mr. Gratwicke's br. f. Mary, by Ellis, out of Margravine, by Little John, 6 lb. (Butler) ...	0
Mr. Wreford's b. c. by Sultan Junior, out of Victoria, 3 lb. (J. Day, jun.) ...	0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Aristides, 5 to 2 agst. Mr. Wreford's two, 4 to 1 agst. Victoria, and 6 to 1 agst. Murat. At the distance Aristides went in front, took the lead, and won in a canter by two lengths.

The Innkeepers' Plate of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; two-year-olds, a feather; three, 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. (four subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's African, by Mulatto, three years old (W. Howlett) ...	1	3	1
Mr. King's Sultana, by The Colonel, four years old (Lye) ...	3	1	2
Lord Roslyn's Cornuto, by Actæon, five years old (Butler) ...	4	2	dr.
Mr. Greville's Pickwick, by Camel, aged (Nat) ...	2	dr.	

Won easily.

WEDNESDAY, 27th.—The Queen's Plate of 100 ga.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 9 st. 2 lb.; five, 9 st. 13 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 4 lb.; about three miles and five furlongs.

Mr. Forth's br. f. Vibration, by Sir Hercules, three years old (Bell) ...	1
Mr. Holmes's Vulcan, by Verulam, five years old (Rogers) ...	2
Mr. Wreford's Warden, by Glencoe, five years old (J. Day, jun.) ...	3
Mr. Bignold's c. by Emilius, out of Memima, three years old (Pegg) ...	4
Lord G. Bentinck's gr. c. Tripoli, by Sheet Anchor, three years old (W. Howlett) ...	5

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Warden, 5 to 2 agst. Vibration, 3 to 1 agst. Vulcan, and 5 to 1 agst. Tripoli. The lead was taken by Warden, at a good pace; Vibration, with the other three-year-olds, following, and Vulcan last. The Memima colt and Tripoli gave way in rounding the turn; Vibration and Vulcan were in close attendance, for some time, on Warden, until Vibration went ahead, and won easily by a length.

The Stewards' Cup, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; T.Y.C. (thirty subscribers).

Lord Jersey's f. Lady Adela, by Touchstone—Adela, three years old, 7 st. (Chapple) ...	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Misdeal, by Camel, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (W. Howlett) ...	2
Col. Peel's Garryowen, by St. Patrick, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Nat) ...	3
Mr. Etwall's Discord, by Mulatto, five years old, 9 st. 3 lb. (J. Day, jun.) ...	0
Lord Roslyn's Camellino, by Camel, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (F. Butler) ...	0
Lord Chesterfield's Marshal Soult, by Velocipede, four years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Holmes) ...	0
Mr. Clarke's Currycomb, by The Saddler, five years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Mann) ...	0
Mr. Forth's ch. g. Knightsbridge, by Bran, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Bell) ...	0
Duke of Richmond's b. f. by Ellis, out of Baleine, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Sharp) ...	0
Col. Anson's Elopement, by Velocipede, three years old, 6 st. (J. Howlett) ...	0
Mr. J. Balchin's b. f. Epaulette, by The Colonel, three years old, 5 st. 12 lb. (Balchin) ...	0
Lord Eglinton's Pharoel, by Velocipede, three years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Lye) ...	0

Betting: 4 to 1 agst. Garryowen, 5 to 1 agst. Discord, 6 to 1 agst. Lady Adela, 6 to 1 agst. Camellino, 6 to 1 agst. Elopement, 6 to 1 agst. Currycomb, 8 to 1 agst. Marshal Soult, 10 to 1 agst. Knightsbridge, and 10 to 1 agst. Misdeal. Elopement took the lead (after two false starts), at a tremendous pace. Won in good style by a head.

The Stand Plate of 50 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.; heats, one mile (eight subscribers).

Duke of Richmond's The Currier, by The Saddler, six years old (Rogers) ...	3	1	1
Mr. Theobald's b. m. Pocahontas, by Glencoe, five years old (Macdonald) ...	1	2	2
Mr. Ley's ch. c. by Ellis, out of Partiality, three years old (Chapple) ...	2	3	dr.
Lord Rosslyn's Gilbert, by Muley, four years old (F. Butler) ...			bolting.

Won easily.

The Goodwood Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; the winner of any class of the Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, or Tradesmen's Cup at Liverpool July Meeting, to have carried 5 lb. extra; of any two of those Stakes, 7 lb. extra; the second horse received 50 sovs. from the Stakes; Cup Course (151 subscribers, 101 of whom declared, &c.)

Major Hay's Retriever, by Recovery, six years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Murphy) ...	1
Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon, four years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Halla) ...	2
Mr. Shelley's b. c. Daddy Longlegs, by Glaucus, three years old, 6 st. (Ealing) ...	3
Mr. Vansittart's Galar, by Muley Moloch, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Darling) ...	0
Mr. Biggs's St. Lawrence, by Skylark or Lapwing, five years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (J. Day, jun.) ...	0
Mr. Greville's Welfare, by Priam, five years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Nat) ...	0
Mr. Sadler's Bellissima, half-bred, by Bizarre, aged, 7 st. 13 lb. (Rogers) ...	0
Mr. Rush's br. g. Brother to Plenipotentiary, by Emilius, six years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Bartholomew) ...	0
Lord Chesterfield's Knight-of-the-Whistle, by Velocipede, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Francis) ...	0
Mr. Harrison's Studley Royal, by Liverpool, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Mann) ...	0
Col. Peel's Seahorse, by Camel, three years old, 7 st. (Chapple) ...	0
Mr. Graydon's Helpmate, by Recovery, six years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Lye) ...	0
Mr. Gregory's Una, by Glaucus, four years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (J. Howlett) ...	0
Lord Exeter's Bosphorus, by Reveller, six years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Pettit) ...	0
Mr. Sterling's The Pocket Viper, by Actæon, four years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Crouch) ...	0
Lord March's Bracelet, by Bizarre, aged, 8 st. 9 lb. (W. Howlett) ...	0
Mr. F. Clark's b. c. Arcanus, by Sheet Ancher, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Fox) ...	0
Sir W. M. Stanley's ch. c. Vakeel, by Plenipotentiary, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Simpson) ...	0
Mr. Forth's Lucy Banks, by Ellis, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Bell) ...	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Proof Print, three years old, 5 st. 3 lb. (Sharp) ...	0

Betting: 4 to 1 agst. Knight-of-the-Whistle, 5 to 1 agst. St. Lawrence, 7 to 1 agst. Welfare, 8 to 1 agst. Bracelet, 12 to 1 agst. Lord Kelburne's colt, 12 to 1 agst. Lucy Banks, 12 to 1 agst. Helpmate, 15 to 1 agst. Retriever, 15 to 1 agst. Daddy Longlegs, 20 to 1 agst. Una, 25 to 1 agst. Bosphorus, 25 to 1 agst. Seahorse. The lead was taken by Retriever, at a slashing pace. On the first going off it was a matter of impossibility to see what horses were next to him; on reaching the distance-post he was followed by Daddy Longlegs, Una, Knight-of-the-Whistle, Bracelet, and three or four others. When again visible, Retriever was leading at a spanking rate, Una second, and Daddy Longlegs third: the tailing now was in good earnest; the very last being Studley Royal and Arcanus. When rising the hill Una gained upon Retriever, but did not keep her position long; at the distance she was shaken off altogether. Retriever continued to gain ground, and eventually won a race which, for speed, had never been equalled at Goodwood. Won by six lengths.

The Cowdray Stakes of 25 sovs. each; two-year-olds, 7 st.; three, 9 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 9 lb.; fillies allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 150, &c.; T. Y. C. (three subscribers).

Sir W. M. Stanley's Cecil, by Camel, four years old (F. Butler) ...	1
Lord Chesterfield's f. by Muley Moloch, out of Young Petuaria, three years old (Nat) ...	2
Lord G. Bentinck's Tiptoe, by Bay Middleton, three years old (Rogers) ...	3

Betting: Even on Tiptoe, and 6 to 4 agst. Cecil. Won by a length. The winner was claimed.

The Members' Plate of 50 sovs., with 50 added by the Ladies, and 10 from the Fund for 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., &c.; heats, once round.

Lord Eglington's The Young-un, by Satan, five years old (Lye) ...	4	1	1
Mr. Gregory's Fitzroy, by Belshazzar, five years old (Treen) ...	1	2	dr.
Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Let-us-stop-awhile-says-Slow, by Camel or Rockingham, out of Enterprise, three years old (W. Howlett) ...	3	3	dr.
Lord Verulam's Concertina, by Actæon, four years old (Cotton) ...	2	dr.	

Won in a canter by two lengths.

THURSDAY, 28th.—A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; untried horses or mares allowed 3 lb.; both, 5 lb.; T. Y. C. (twelve subs.)

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Decisive, sister to Protection, by Defence (F. Butler) ...	0
Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Peter the Hermit, by Gladiator, 3 lb. (Nat) ...	0
Mr. Wreford's, jun., b. c. by Sultan Junior, out of Victoria, 3 lb. (J. Day) ...	3
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Gaper, by Bay Middleton, 5 lb. (Rogers) ...	4

Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 on Peter the Hermit. After a dead heat, Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Sadler agreed to divide the Stakes, and Peter the Hermit walked over.

The Molecomb Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, h. ft.; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; a winner before starting, matches and handicaps excepted, 5 lb. extra; of the Levant Stakes, 7 lb. extra; T.Y.C. (fifteen subscribers).

Lord Maidstone's b. c. The Caster, by Emilius, 7 lb. (W. Scott)	1
Mr. Wreford's b. c. by Sultan Junior, out of Victoria (J. Day)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Bramble, by Bay Middleton (Rogers)	3

Betting: 3 to 1 on the Caster, who won easily by a length.

The Duke of Richmond's Plate (Handicap) of 100 sovs., for all horses; any number of horses the property of the same person were allowed to start for this plate; new mile.

Lord Rosalyn's Camellino, by Camel, six years old, 8 st. (Butler)	1
Mr. Forth's Vibration, by Sir Hercules, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Bell)	2
Mr. Vansittart's Galaor, by Muley Moloch, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Darling)	0
Mr. Herbert's Arctic, by Brutandorf, aged, 8 st. 3 lb. (Rogers)	0
Lord Westminster's Van Amburgh, by Pantaloon, four years old, 8 st. (Marson)	0
Mr. Greville's Rory O'More, by Langar, six years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Nat)	0
Lord Eglinton's The Young-un, by Satan, five years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Lye)	0
Lord Jersey's Snowdrop, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Easing)	0
Lord Verulam's Concertina, by Actson, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Darling, jun.)	0
Sir G. Heathcote's Dark Susan, by Glaucus, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Riley)	0
Lord Rosalyn's Cornuto, by Actson, five years old, 6 st. (J. Howlett)	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Yorkshire Lady, by Voltaire, three years old, 5 st. 12 lb. (Sharp)	0
Lord Exeter's Saros, by Reveller, three years old, 5 st. 4 lb. (White)	0
Mr. Balchin's Epaulette, by The Colonel, three years old, 4 st. 12 lb., carried 6 st. (Balchin)	0

Betting: 9 to 2 agst. Galaor, 6 to 1 agst. Cornuto, 7 to 1 agst. Camellino, 7 to 1 agst. Rory O'More, 7 to 1 agst. Vibration, 8 to 1 agst. The Young-un, 9 to 1 agst. Snowdrop, 9 to 1 agst. Yorkshire Lady, and 11 to 1 agst. Dark Susan. After a good race Camellino came in first.

The Racing Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the winner of the July, Clearwell, Criterion, or Prendergast Stakes, 3 lb. extra; of either Riddlesworth, Column, Newmarket, Two Thousand Guineas, One Thousand Guineas, or Drawing-room Stakes, and the winner of the St. James's Palace Stakes and the 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 Stakes, 12 lb. extra; the new mile (twenty-six subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Misdeal, by Camel, 6 lb. (Howlett)	1
Lord Westminster's br. c. Candahar, by Pantaloon (Marson)	2
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Eaglesfield, by Hindoo (Rogers)	0
Mr. Bowes's ch. c. Meteor, by Velocipede, 6 lb. (Scott)	0
Mr. Wreford's, jun., ch. c. Wiseacre, by Taurus, 3 lb. (J. Day, jun.)	0
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Hydaspes, by Velocipede (Nat)	0
Duke of Beaufort's ro. c. by Camel, out of Miss Craven's dam (Robinson)	0
Mr. Ruah's br. c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Maresfield's dam (Butler)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Meteor, 4 to 1 agst. Eaglesfield, and 5 to 1 agst. Wiseacre. Won cleverly by a length.

The Goodwood Cup, value 300 sovs., the rest in specie, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 100 added from the Racing Fund; the second to receive £100 out of the Stakes; Cup Course (fifty subscribers).

Mr. A. Johnstone's Charles XII., by Voltaire, six years old, 9 st. 9 lb. (Robinson)	1
Mr. Forth's Policy, by Bustard, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Bell)	2
Mr. Ferguson's Fireway, by Freney, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (J. Howlett)	3
Mr. Etwall's Thistle-whipper, by Beagle, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (J. Day)	4
Lord Westminster's Slight-of-hand, by Pantaloon, six years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (Marson)	5
Mr. Bell's The Squire, by The Saddler, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Heseltine)	6
Mr. W. Allen's Belceour, by Belshazer, three years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (W. Howlett)	7
Lord G. Bentinck's Yorkshire Lady, by Voltaire, three years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (Sharp)	8
Mr. Higgins's h. by Priam, out of Seamew, six years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (P. Butler)	9

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. The Squire (taken freely), 5 to 2 agst. Charles XII., 7 to 1 agst. Fireaway (taken), 7 to 1 agst. Slight-of-Hand, 8 to 1 agst. Policy, 12 to 1 agst. Belceour, 100 to 1 agst. The Yorkshire Lady. Thistle-whipper took the lead for the first three hundred yards, Policy then made play at a good pace, followed by Fireway to the turn, when Thistle-whipper passed Fireway. Going down the hill Fireway was first, Policy second, and Charles third. At the distance Charles XII. went away from the others, and won by two lengths easily.

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; new mile (thirteen subs.)

Mr. F. Clark's Currycomb, by The Saddler, five years old, 11 st. (Mr. P. Williams)	1
Lord G. Bentinck's Proof Print, by Birdcatcher, three years old, 9 st. 13 lb. (Lord March)	2
Mr. Graydon's Helpmate, by Recovery, six years old, 11 st. (Mr. Osbaldeston)	3
Sir W. M. Stanley's Cecil, by Camel, four years old, 11 st. (Lord Howth)	4

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Currycomb, 2 to 1 agst. Cecil, and 5 to 2 agst. Helpmate. Won easily by two lengths.

FRIDAY, 29th.—The March Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. if declared by nine o'clock, &c.; to be ridden by Members of the Goodwood Club; heats, the last three quarters of a mile of the Drawing-room Stakes Course (thirty-two subscribers, six in each class, and twenty pay 5 sovs. each to the winner of the Challenge.

FIRST CLASS.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. African, by Mulatto, three years old, 9 st. 10 lb. (Lord March)	1
Lord Rosslyn's ch. h. Cornuto, by Actæon, five years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (Mr. P. Williams)	2
Mr. Herbert's b. g. Arctic, by Brutandorf, aged, 12 st. 3 lb. (Lord Howth)	3
Mr. Bell's Man Friday, by Gainsborough, four years old, 11 st. 3 lb. (Captain Pettat)	4
Lord G. Bentinck's Yorkshire Lady, by Voltaire, three years old, 10 st. 8 lb. (Lord A. Lennox)	5

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Arctic, 2 to 1 agst. African, 4 to 1 agst. Cornuto, and 5 to 1 agst. Yorkshire Lady.—African made all the running, was never headed, and won by half a length.

SECOND CLASS.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Tiptoe, by Bay Middleton, three years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Lord March)	1
Mr. Tollet's Sister to Ferneley, by Gainsborough, aged, 11 st. 6 lb. (Gen. Gilbert)	4
Mr. Graydon's Helpmate, by Recovery, six years old, 11 st. 2 lb. (Hon. A. Villiers)	5
Lord G. Bentinck's Tripoli, by Sheet Anchor, three years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (Lord A. Lennox)	0
Count Bathyan's b. g. Nicholas, by Jerry, five years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (owner)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Tiptoe, 3 to 1 agst. Helpmate, 3 to 1 agst. Nicholas, 4 to 1 agst. Sister to Ferneley, and 5 to 1 agst. Tripoli. Won by two lengths.

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 Stakes, 3 lb. extra; of either Riddlesworth, Column, Newmarket, Two Thousand Guinea, or Drawing-room Stakes, and the winner of the St. James's Palace Stakes and the 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 Stakes, 12 lb. extra; the new mile (twenty-two subscribers).

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dil-bar, by Touchstone (Nat)	1
Lord Exeter's br. Celia, by Touchstone (Mann)	2
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. f. Firebrand, by Lamplighter, 6 lb. extra (Rogers)	3
Sir G. Heathcote's bk. f. Mingrelia, by Camel (Chapple)	4
Lord Westminster's b. f. Evening Star, by Touchstone (Marson)	5
Mr. Bowes's ch. f. Lady of Silverkeld Well, by Velocipede (Holmes)	6

Betting: Even on Celia, 5 to 2 agst. Dil-bar, and 5 to 1 agst. Firebrand. Won cleverly by a length.

The Chesterfield Cup, by subscription of 15 sovs. each, for all ages, two-year-olds excepted (Handicap); Craven Course (thirty-eight subscribers).

Major Hay's Retriever, by Recovery, six years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Murphy)	1
Mr. Byng na Col. Peel's Garryowen, by St. Patrick, five years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Chapple)	2
Mr. Payne's Johnny, by Elvas, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Nat)	3
Mr. C. Litchwald's Hyllus, by Sir Hercules, six years old, 10 st. (Stockin)	0
Mr. Robertson's Little Wonder, by Muley, five years old, 9 st. (P. Butler)	0
Lord Eglinton's b. h. Dr. Caius, by Physician, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Lye)	0
Lord Chesterfield's Marshal Sout, by Velocipede, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Wakefield)	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Mustapha, by Sultan, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (W. Howlett)	0
Mr. Gregory's Una, by Glaucus, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Pettit)	0
Mr. Gratwicke's Clementina, by Sir Hercules, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Bell)	0
Sir W. Stanley's Vakeel, by Plenipotentiary, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (J. Howlett)	0
Mr. Goodman's Rover, by Muley Moloch, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Riley)	0
Lord G. Bentinck's St. Jean d'Acre, by Bizarre, three years old, 6 st. (Sharp)	0
Lord Exeter's Saros, by Reveller, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb., carried 5 st. 13 lb. (Darling, jun.)	0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Retriever (2 to 1 taken to a large amount by the party), 6 to 1 agst. Clementina, 7 to 1 agst. Garryowen, 7 to 1 agst. Dr. Caius, 8 to 1 agst. Little Wonder, 10 to 1 agst. Hyllus, 12 to 1 agst. Mustapha, and 12 to 1 agst. Una. Garryowen was first for a quarter of a mile, Mustapha second, and Retriever third, the last then took the lead, followed by Garryowen. Won in a canter by two lengths.

Match, 200 sovs. h. ft.; Craven Course.

Duke of Bedford's Envoy, by Plenipotentiary, three years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (E. Edwards)	1
Lord Eglinton's Pharold, by Velocipede, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Lye)	2

Betting: 7 to 4 on Envoy, who won in a canter by two lengths.

Match, 25 sovs.; Craven Course.

Lord Eglinton's The Young-un, by Satan, five years old, 11 st. 6 lb. (Captain Pettat)	1
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Lord G. Bentinck's Proof Print, by Birdcatcher, three years old, 9st. 5lb. (Lord March) 2

Betting: 5 to 4 on The Young-un; won by a length.

Match, 100 sovs.; T.Y.C.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Let-us-stop-awhile-says-slow (the Enterprise filly), three years old, 9st. 5lb. (Lord March) 1

Duke of Beaufort's ro. c. Anspach, by Camel, out of Miss Craven's dam, three years old, 10st. 7lb. (Mr. P. Williams) 2

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each; last three quarters of a mile (three subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's Miss Heathcote, by Velocipede, five years old, 11st. 4lb. (Hon. A. Villiers) 1

Sir W. Stanley's Cecil, by Camel, four years old, 10st. 11lb. (Captain Pettat) 2

Colonel Anson's Elopement, by Velocipede, three years old, 10st. 1lb. (Mr. P. Williams) 3

[The original weights in this race were 3lb. higher, but were reduced by consent.]

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Miss Heathcote (taken), 6 to 4 agst. Cecil, and 5 to 2 agst. Elopement. on by a neck.

Produce Match, of 300 sovs., h. ft.; 8st. 10lb. each.

Lord G. Bentinck's Gaper, by Bay Middleton received.
Lord Kelburne's Deerslayer, by Bay Middleton paid.

Match, 200 sovs., h. ft.; one mile.

Mr. Theobald's Glenury, by Rockingham, 8st. 3lb. received.
Mr. Gregory's Defier, by Defence, 8st. 7lb. paid.

ISLE OF SHEPPY RACES.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 27TH.

Stewards: E. Wickham, Esq.; J. Matson, Esq.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. Breeching.

The Town Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with £35 added from the Fund; the winner to be sold for 130 if demanded, &c.; heats, about two miles.

Mr. Skingsley's br. m. Fama, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 8st. 11lb. (Mr. Scott) 1 1

Mr. G. Leese's ch. m. Victress, aged, 9st. 1lb. (Barker) 2 dr.

Mr. Bushell's ch. g. Titus, aged, 9st. 1lb. (Simmonds) 3 dr.

The Hunters' Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with £35 added from the Fund; the winner to be sold for £100; heats, twice round, with four leaps in each heat over hurdle gates (four subscribers).

Mr. Armstrong's ch. g. Bonnet Rouge, by Langar, five years old, 12st. 3lb. (owner) 1 1

Mr. Bushell's ch. g. Titus, aged, 11st. 7lb. (Simmonds) 3 2

Mr. Beeching's br. m. by the Vicar, out of Sister to Parachute, six years old, 11st. (Higgins) 2 dr.

Match, £25 each; once round and a distance.

Mr. Beeching's bk. g. Sorcerer (Brich) 1
Mr. Matson's b. m. Flora 2

Won by three lengths.

SHERBORNE RACES.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 27TH.

A Purse of 20 sovs., for horses that never won £50 at any one time; heats, twice round.

Mr. Wilkins's b. m. Mimic (a lad) 0 1 1

Mr. Bray's ch. m. Maid of the Vale (Carlisle) 1 2 2

Mr. H. Dallimore's br. g. Hydrogen 0 0 3

Mr. Martin's b. g. Doctor S. 0 0 4

Mr. Brewer's br. m. The Bride 2 0 0

Mr. Mullett's br. m. Clarissa 0 0 dr.

Mr. Carlisle's gr. m. Gipay Queen 0 dr.

The Yeomanry Purse of 15 sovs., for horses belonging to the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Dorset Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry, or Yeoman or Tradesmen residing within a mile of the town of Sherborne, twice round, were won in two heats by Mr. Jeffrey's br. m. Maid of the Mist (Carlisle), beating Mr. Godwin's ch. m. Yeomanry Lass, Mr. Whitmore's br. m. Lily of the Valley, and Mr. H. Crocker's br. g. Harlequin.

The Ladies' Plate of 10 sovs., for ponies not exceeding thirteen hands high, once round, was won in two heats by Mr. Trimmer's br. m. Celia (a lad), beating Mr. Whitmore's br. m. Little me, Mr. Westbrook's b. g. Bother'em, Mr. Leman's b. m. Amelia and Mr. Palmer's gr. g. Lauce.

WENLOCK RACES.—THURSDAY, JULY 28TH.

Steward: Sir R. Pigot, Bart., M. P.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Members for the Borough, and 20 from the Race Fund; heats, twice round and a distance (five subscribers).

Mr. Collins's br. c. Rochester, by Rockingham, three years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (H. Darling)	1
Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat'Jack, aged, 9 st. 7 lb. (Marlow)	2
Mr. Saunders's b. m. Kitty Cockle, aged, 9 st. 5 lb. (Whitehouse)	0
Mr. Raworth's b. h. Castonian, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Bradley)	0

Won by three parts of a length.

A Plate of 50 sovs., the gift of the High Hon. Lord Forester; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Arthur's b. g. The Star, by Sir Hercules, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (T. Arthur)	0	1	1
Mr. Bates's b. m. Country Lass, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Calloway)	1	2	2
Mr. Page's b. g. Brewood, four years old, 7 st. 13 lb. (Whitehouse)	0	0	dr.
Mr. Collins's ch. c. Norman, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Marlow)	2	0	dis.
Mr. J. Hilton's br. g. by Turcoman, dam by Waterloo (half bred), five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Denman)	0	0	dr.
Mr. Godson's b. f. by Dandelion, out of Lady Harrington, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Moon)	0	0	dr.
Mr. Standbank's b. c. Hooks, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Copeland)	dis.		

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Members of the Southern Division of the County, and 15 by the Lord of the Manor; heats, twice round and a distance (six subscribers).

Hon. G. Ongley's ch. h. Humility, by Recovery, four years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (Calloway)	1	1
Mr. Robbin's br. c. President, four years old, 10 st. 7 lb.	2	2
Mr. Page's b. g. Brewood, four years old, 10 st. 4 lb.	3	dr.

MARLBOROUGH RACES.—TUESDAY, AUGUST 2ND.

Steward: A. L. Goddard, Esq.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. William Belcher.

The Town Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Tradesmen of Marlborough, for horses of all denominations; heats, a mile and a quarter (six subscribers)

Mr. Stevens's b. m. Bavarian, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (a lad)	1	2	1
Mr. Wilkins's b. m. Mimic, by Barney Bodkin, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	2	1	2
Mr. Day's Miss Prestwood, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	4	4	dr.
Mr. Cowley's ch. g. Adrian, aged, 9 st. 5 lb.	0	3	dr.
Mr. Dixon's ch. m. Lady Georgiana, by Defence, five years old, 8 st. 13 lb.	3	dr.	
Mr. Sweetman's b. m. Grateful, by Defence, three years old, 7 st.	0	0	dr.

A Plate, value £25, given by the Members for the Borough, for horses not thorough-bred, *bound* *sic* the property of persons residing within twelve miles of Marlborough; heats, a mile and a quarter.

Mr. W. Shepherd's b. m. Rumtifoole'em, four years old, 9 st. 11 lb. (R. Trenn)	1	1
Mr. Clarke's br. m. Chance, five years old, 10 st. 11 lb.	6	2
Mr. A. L. Goddard's b. g. by Shortwaist, three years old, 9 st. 11 lb.	2	3
Mr. T. Sheppard's Little Wonder, four years old, 9 st. 11 lb.	3	0
Mr. Brookes's gr. g. Dudley, five years old, 10 st. 11 lb.	4	0
Mr. West's ch. g. Warrior, aged, 11 st. 4 lb.	5	0

Won easy.

The Savernake Forest Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 35 added; the winner to pay £3 to the Fund; heats, a mile and a quarter (four subscribers).

Mr. Cowley's ch. g. Adrian, aged, 8 st. 12 lb.	3	1	1
Mr. Kling's b. m. Dahlia, five years old, 8 st. 8 lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Sweetman's b. m. Grateful, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb.	2	dr.	

The Ladies' Plate, value £25, in specie, for horses of all denominations; heats, a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Sweetman's b. m. Grateful, by Defence, three years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Horseley)	1	1
Mr. Knowles's b. m. The Dart, half-bred, three years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	2	2
Mr. Vivian's b. m. Pussy, five years old, 10 st. 7 lb.	3	3
Mr. Batten's ch. m. Deception, half-bred, four years old, 8 st. 13 lb.	4	4

The Innkeepers' Plate, value £35, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, for horses of all denominations; the second horse to receive £5 out of the Stakes; heats, a mile and a quarter (four subscribers).

Mr. Dixon's ch. m. Lady Georgiana, by Defence, five years old, 8 st. 13 lb.
(Dixon)	0 1 1
Mr. Webb's ch. f. Egypta, three years old, 7 st.	0 2 2
Mr. Wilkins's b. m. Mimic, by Barney Bodkin, four years old, 8 st.	3 3 0
Mr. W. Shepherd's b. m. Runtfoozle 'em, four years old, 8 st.	4 dr.

HUNTINGDON RACES.

Stewards: The Earl of Sandwich; Colonel Peel, M.P.; and Sir F. Pollock, M.P.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. Maule.

TUESDAY, August 2nd.—The Huntingdonshire Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft.; and 5 only if declared, with 50 added; two miles (thirty-three subscribers, twenty of whom declared).

Lord Kelburne's c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon, four years old, 7 st. 3 lb.
(Wakefield)	1
Colonel Peel's 1-am-not-aware, aged, 7 st. 7 lb. (Chapple)	2
Mr. Nightingale's Ajax, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Bartholomew)	3
Mr. Thornhill's E. O., four years old, 7 st. 13 lb. (Pettit)	4
Mr. Booth's Benjamin, five years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Sly)	0
Colonel Peel's Norma, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Cassidy)	0
Mr. Isaac Day's Tamburini, six years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Edwards)	0

The Hinchbrook Plate of 50 sovs.; for three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six, 8 st. 13 lb.; aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1842, or the Huntingdonshire Stakes, 3 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the best of three heats, once round.

Mr. Rogers's bk. c. Prosody, by Dr. Syntax, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb.
(Bartholomew)	3 1 1
Mr. Button's ch. m. Evasion, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Cassidy)	1 2 2
Mr. Booth's gr. h. Colchicum, six years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (Sly)	2 3 dr.
Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Everilda, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (a lad)	3 dr.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies and geldings, 8 st. 2 lb.; the winner of a Gold Cup or Cup Stakes in 1842, 5 lb.; of any other Plate or Sweepstakes, 3 lb.; of the Huntingdonshire Stakes, 5 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile (four subscribers).

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Ends and Odds, by Emilius, three years old, 8 st. 5 lb.
(Pettit)	1 2 1
Mr. Phillimore's ch. c. Solomon, 8 st. 5 lb. (Sly)	2 1 2
Colonel Peel's b. f. Norma, 8 st. 2 lb. (Chapple)	3 dr.

WEDNESDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 40 added by the Ladies, for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the last half mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Bird's ch. c. by Redshank, dam by Amadis (Edwards)
Mr. Booth's Donnybrook	2
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Queen Philippa, by Hornsea—Hatfield's dam	3
Colonel Peel's b. f. by Siane, out of Mary Anne	4
Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan, or Reveller, out of Rhodocantha	5

The Cup Stakes of 10 sovs. each; 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.; the winner of a Queen's Plate, Gold Cup or Cup Stakes in 1842, 5 lb. extra; of the Huntingdonshire Stakes this week, 7 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 400 sovs. if demanded, &c.; to start at the mile post, and run once round and the mile (eight subscribers).

Mr. Rogers's b. c. Sir Hans, by Physician, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Bartholomew)	1
Mr. Thornhill's b. c. E.O., four years old, 8 st. 4 lb.	2

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. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; the winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1842, 3 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for £150 if demanded, &c.; the last mile, best of three heats (eight subscribers).

Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Everilda, by Emilius, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Pettit)	1 1
Mr. Button's ch. m. Evasion, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	3 2
Mr. Follower's bk. f. by Plenipo, out of Linnet, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	2 3
Sir F. Pollock na. br. g. Cloister, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb.	4 4

The Members' Plate of £50, for three-year-olds and upwards; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner of one Plate, Cup, or Sweepstakes in 1842, 3 lb.; of two, 6 lb. extra; the winner of the Huntingdonshire Stakes, Cup Stakes, or Sweepstakes this week, 5 lb.; of two, 10 lb. over and above the extra weights before-mentioned; the winner to be sold for £250 if demanded, &c.; the best of three heats, once round for a heat.

Mr. Rogers's bk. c. Prosody, by Dr. Syntax, three years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Bartholomew)	3 1 1
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Mr. Booth's ch. h. Benjamin, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (post entrance)	1	2	2
Mr. Thornton's b. f. Ends-and-Odds, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb.	...	2	dr.

NEWPORT (SALOP) RACES.

Steward: H. Cartwright, Esq.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. John Stokes.

TUESDAY, August 2nd.—The North Shropshire Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added; 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.; half-bred horses, 7 lb.; a winner once, 3 lb.; twice or more, 7 lb. extra; heats, one mile and a half (seven subscribers).

Mr. Davies's ch. f. by Bran—Greenfinch's dam, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.			
(Castle)	1	1
Mr. T. Walters's b. m. Miss Winney, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	...	2	2
Mr. Standbank's br. c. Hooka, three years old, 7 st. 10 lb.	...	5	3
Mr. Boycott's b. g. Donington, by Hector, dam by Master Henry, six years old, 9 st. 4 lb.	...	3	dr.
Mr. James's b. m. Query, aged, 9 st. 11 lb.	...	4	dr.

The Newport Stakes of 15 sovs. each (Handicap), 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, with 50 added from the Fund; the second saves his Stake; thrice round the course, about two miles and a half (thirteen subscribers, ten of whom declared).

Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, by Inflexible, aged, 8 st. walked over.

The Cavalry Cup, given by Captain Leeke, for horses belonging to the Members of the Sutherland Troop of Yeomanry; three-year-olds, 11 st. 3 lb.; four, 11 st. 7 lb.; five, 12 st. 5 lb.; six and aged, 12 st. 12 lb.; thorough-bred horses, 14 lb. extra; a winner of a Cup or Stake in 1841-2 once, 5 lb.; twice or more, 7 lb. extra; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Phillips's b. g. Taffy, by Young Magistrate, dam by Luck's-all, half-bred, aged, 12 st. 12 lb. (Meakin)	...	1	1
Mr. Haynes's b. m. Miss Middleton, five years old, 12 st. 5 lb.	...	5	2
Mr. Boycott's b. g. Donington, six years old, 12 st. 10 lb.	...	4	3
Mr. J. Phillips's b. g. Slashing Harry, by Master Henry, aged, 13 st. 3 lb.	...	3	4
Mr. E. Baddeley's br. g. by Waverley, dam by Scriveton, half-bred, five years old, 12 st. 5 lb.	...	2	dr.

A Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each, with the Ladies' Purse of 15 sovs., for galloways not exceeding fourteen hands, about one mile and a quarter, were won in two heats by Mr. Walters's br. m. Little Brunette, six years old, 8 st. (Denman), beating Mr. Starch's d. m. Fury, aged, 8 st.; and Mr. Bate's b. f. Jenny Ludford, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.

WEDNESDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, added to the Stand Purse of 20 sovs., for horses of all denominations; 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 a Cup or Stakes in 1842, before the day of starting, to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; thrice or more, 7 lb. extra; half-bred horses allowed 7 lb.; heats, one mile and a half (five subscribers).

Mr. Arthur's b. g. The Star, by Sir Hercules, four years old, 7 st. 13 lb.			
Marlow)	0	1
Mr. Denham's ch. f. by Pantaloon, out of Souvenir, four years old, 7 st. 13 lb.	...	1	4
Mr. Peace's ch. f. Wide-awake, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb.	...	3	3
Mr. Standbank's b. c. Hooka, three years old, 7 st. 1 lb.	...	0	2
Mr. Hewitt's b. m. Rebecca, four years old, 7 st. 13 lb.	...	2	dr.

The Aqualate Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses that have been regularly hunted with the North Shropshire and Albrighton Hounds, or either of them, in 1841-2; to be ridden by Gentlemen or Farmers; four-year-olds, 11 st. 5 lb.; five, 11 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 12 st. 4 lb.; a winner of a Plate or Stakes in 1841-42, to carry 7 lb. extra; thorough-bred horses, 4 lb. extra; heats, two miles (six subscribers).

Mr. Robinson's br. m. Finality, by Cain or Cadland, aged, 12 st. 11 lb. (Mr. Wadlow)	...	1	1
Mr. Phillips's br. g. The Juggler, by Necromancer, six years old, 12 st. 11 lb.	...	2	3
Mr. James's b. m. Query, aged, 13 st. 1 lb.	...	3	2
Mr. Cartwright's ch. g. Bother'em, aged, 12 st. 4 lb.	dis.

The Cavalry Plate, given by his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, for the beaten horses in the Cavalry Cup; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Haynes's b. m. Miss Middleton, by Sir Isaac, five years old, 11 st. 7 lb.	1	3	1
Mr. Boycott's b. g. Donington, six years old, 11 st. 2 lb.	...	2	1
Mr. J. Phillips's b. g. Slashing Harry, aged, 12 st.	...	3	2

The Farmer's Purse of 15 sovs. did not fill.

NEWPORT (ISLE OF WIGHT) RACES.

Stewards: Viscount Seaham, and T. W. Fleming, Esq.

TUESDAY, August 2nd.—The Maiden Plate, for horses bred in the Isle of Wight, which had never won this Plate, or the Isle of Wight Cup; for all ages; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Horlock's bk. m. Young Negress, four years old (Mr. T. Oliver)	...	1	1
Mr. Shaw's b. g. Grasshopper, six years old	...	2	2
Mr. Carter's b. g. Little Wonder, four years old	...	3	dr.

The Hunters' Cup, for horses regularly hunted in the Island last season; heats, two miles.

Mr. Allen's b. g. Hornet, aged (Mr. T. Oliver)	...	1	1
Mr. Herne's br. g. Magnet, six years old	...	2	2

The Garrison Stakes, for horses belonging to the Officers at Parkhurst Barracks; once round and a distance; ridden by Officers.

Mr. Roebuck's (23rd Regt.) bk. g. Rip (Capt. Roebuck)	...	1	1
Mr. P. L. Phillips's (23rd Regt.) b. g. Tipler	...	2	2
Mr. Paton's (91st Regt.) g. g. Bob	...	dis.	

The Ladies' Plate, for horses *bona fide* the property of residents in the Island; heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Buckell's ch. g. Gobemouche, four years old (Hopkins)	...	1	1
Mr. Allen's b. g. Hornet, aged	...	2	dr.

WEDNESDAY.—The Isle of Wight Cup, for horses bred in the Island; heats, two miles.

Mr. Bull's ch. g. True Blue, five years old (Mr. Bull, jun.)	...	1	1
Mr. Hearn's br. g. Magnet, six years old	...	2	2
Mr. Horlock's bk. m. Young Negress, four years old	...	3	3
Mr. Allen's b. f. Lightfoot, three years old	...	boltd.	

A Sweepstakes of 3 sovs., with 20 added; heats, two miles (six subscribers).

Mr. Buckell's ch. g. Gobemouche, four years old (Hopkins)	...	1	1
Mr. Mew's br. g. Substitute, four years old	...	2	2
Mr. Wavell's b. f. Perret, three years old	...	3	3

A Handicap Hurdle Race, for Isle of Wight horses; heats, one mile and three quarters.

Mr. Allen's b. g. Hornet, aged	...	2	1	1
Mr. Shaw's b. g. Grasshopper, six years old	...	1	2	2
Mr. Mallard's Chopping Block	...	2	3	dis.
Mr. Phillips's Tipler	...	3	dr.	

A Handicap for Beaten Horses, except a 3 sovs. Sweepstakes; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Hearn's br. g. Magnet, six years old (Hopkins)	...	1	1
Mr. Carter's b. g. Little Wonder, four years old	...	2	2

HAVERFORDWEST RACES.

Stewards: W. H. Lewis, and G. J. Harries, Esqrs.

TUESDAY, August 2nd.—The Pembrokeshire Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared; two miles (twenty-one subscribers, thirteen of whom declared).

Mr. Gough's Fausta, by Dr. Faustus, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Dodgson)	...	1
Mr. Langley's Rancour, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	...	2
Mr. Parr's Rough Robin, five years old, 8 st. 9 lb.	...	3
Mr. Henderson's b. g. Seabreeze, half-bred, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	...	4

Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 25 added by Sir R.R.P. Phillips, Bart., M.P.; heats, two miles (three subscribers).

Mr. Henderson's Greedy Sam, half-bred, aged, 9 st. (Cheswass)	...	1	1
Mr. Lock's b. f. Maid of the Mill, by Uncle Toby, three years old, 7 st.	...	2	2

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 25 added by R. F. Gower, Esq.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 9 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners in 1842, 7 lb. extra; half-bred horses, &c., allowed 7 lb. if bred and trained in the County of Pembroke; heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Gough's b. g. Greenfinch, by Tamworth, five years old (Ennis)	...	1	1
Mr. Parr's b. f. Ate, three years old	...	2	dr.
Mr. Henderson's Seabreeze, half-bred, four years old	...	3	dr.

WEDNESDAY.—A Handicap Sweepstakes of 1 sov. each, with 50 added; heats, two miles (eight subscribers).

Mr. Gough's Faust, by Dr. Faustus, four years old, 9 st. 12 lb. (Dodgson)	...	1	1
Mr. Parr's Rough Robin, five years old, 9 st. 8 lb.	...	2	dr.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 25 added by Viscount Emlyn, M.P.; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners before starting, 7 lb. extra; heats (two miles).

Mr. Langley's Rancour, by Revenge, four years old (Bradley)	...	1	1
Mr. Parr's b. f. Ate, three years old	...	2	dr.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with the Ladies' Purse of 20 added; heats, one mile.

Mr. Gough's b. g. Greenfinch, by Tamworth, five years old, 10 st. 10 lb. (Ennis)	1	1
Mr. Henderson's Greedy Sam, half-bred, aged, 8 st. 10 lb.	3	2
Mr. Lock's b. f. Maid of the Mill, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb.	2	3

SALISBURY RACES.

Steward: E. Antrobus, Esq.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. W. Vickeray.

WEDNESDAY, August 3rd.—The Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3 lb.; if both, 5 lb.; the winner once of a Produce or Foal Stake, 5 lb.; if twice, 8 lb. extra; a mile and a half (eight subscribers).

Mr. Etwall's br. c. Palladium, by Defence, out of Mantilla walked over.

The Wiltshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, with 50 added; the second saved his Stake; two miles (seventeen subscribers, twelve of whom declared).

Duke of Richmond's The Currier, by The Saddler, six years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (S. Rogers)	1
Mr. S. Herbert's Arctic, aged, 8 st. 10 lb. (Benskin)	2
Mr. Sadler's Bellissima, half-bred, aged, 8 st. 6 lb. (W. Day)	3
Mr. Hobson's Picotee, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (West)	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).

Mr. Wreford's Warden, by Glencoe, five years old walked over.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with the City Bowl and 20 sovs. added, for all ages; 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 2 lb.; heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Sadler's Bellissima, by Bizarre, aged (W. Day)	1	1
Mr. Kingston's Defy, four years old (Rogers)	2	dr.
Mr. W. Sadler's ch. f. by Ishmael, out of Dewdrop, three years old (a lad)	3	dr.

THURSDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for foals of 1839; colts, 8 st. 9 lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3 lb.; both, 5 lb.; a winner once in 1842, 3 lb.; twice or more, 5 lb. extra; one mile (six subscribers).

Lord George Bentinck's ch. c. Peloponnesus, by Elis, 3 lb. walked over.

The Stand Plate of 100 sovs. by subscription, added to a Sweepstakes (Handicap) of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared; the second to save his Stake, and the winner to pay 10 sovs. to the Racing Fund; two miles (eight subscribers, two of whom declared).

Mr. Treen's Una, by Glaucus, four years old, 7 st. (a lad)	1
Lord Palmerston's Iliona, five years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (W. Day)	2
Mr. Sadler's Defy, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (a lad)	3

The Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., in specie (the surplus, if any, to be given to the second), 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 1842, previous to starting, 5 lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; two miles (eight subscribers).

Mr. Herbert's Arctic, by Brutandorf, aged (Rogers)	1
Mr. Treen's Una, four years old (Hornsby)	2

The City Members' Plate of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 3 ft.; three-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st. 6 lb.; five, 9 st. 1 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner of a Plate in the present year, 3 lb.; twice or more, 7 lb. extra; horses that have started and not won allowed 5 lb.; if twice, 8 lb.; if more, 10 lb.; heats, the Stand Course, a mile and three quarters (three subscribers).

Mr. Etwall's Thistle-whipper, by Beagle, four years old (W. Day)	...	0	0	1	1
Lord George Bentinck's Peloponnesus, three years old (a lad)	...	1	0	dr.	
Duke of Richmond's The Currier, six years old (Rogers)	...	0	dr.		

The Scurry Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by subscription, for all ages; T. Y. C. straight in.

Mr. Etwall's Palladium, by Defence, three years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (W. Day) ...	1
Mr. Sadler's Bellissima, aged, 9 st. 1 lb. (Rogers) ...	2
Mr. Herbert's Teetotaler, three years old, 7 st. (West) ...	3

BRIGHTON RACES.

Stewards: Hon. A. Villiers and T. Gardnor, Esq.

Judge: Mr. Clark. Clerk of the Course: Mr. Holman.

WEDNESDAY, August 3rd.—The Brighton Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, with 100 added by the Town of Brighton; winners of any Handicap after the weights were fixed, 5 lb. extra; the second saves his Stake; old course (forty-nine subscribers, thirty of whom declared).

Mr. Theobald's ch. c. Belgrade, by Belshazzar, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Wakefield) ...	1
Colonel Wyndham's Nora Creina, four years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (Crouch) ...	2
Mr. G. Tollet's Tiger, half-bred, aged, 7 st. and 5 lb. extra (Mann) ...	3
Mr. Lichtwald's Miss Stilton, four years old, 8 st. (Bell) ...	0
Lord Chesterfield's Knight of the Whistle, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Nat) ...	0
Mr. Mares's Argus, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Ealing) ...	0
Mr. Gardner's Monops, five years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (J. Howlett) ...	0
Mr. Bush's ch. g. by Plenipotentiary, out of Obelisk's dam, four years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (W. Howlett) ...	0
Mr. Stirling's The Pocket Viper, four years old, 6 st. 2 lb. (Pierson) ...	0
Lord George Bentinck's St. Jean D'Acre, three years old, 5 st. 7 lb. (Sparke) ...	0
Lord Exeter's Albion, three years old, 5 st. 7 lb. (R. Cotton) ...	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Monops, 4 to 1 agst. Knight of the Whistle, 5 to 1 agst. Tiger, 5 to 1 agst. Miss Stilton, 6 to 1 agst. Albion, and 7 to 1 agst. Belgrade.

A Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; winners of 100 sovs. on or before the day of running to carry 5 lb. extra; one mile (three subs.)

Lord George Bentinck's St. Jean d'Acre, 8 st. 12 lb. (W. Howlett) ...	1
Mr. Shelley's Iole, 8 st. 9 lb. (Baker) ...	2
Mr. Goodman's b. c. Chummy, by Bentley—Bamboo's dam, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat) ...	3

Betting: 6 to 4 on Iole.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners once this year, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; three, 7 lb. extra; maidens at the time of starting allowed 4 lb.; the second to receive back his Stake; the winner to be sold for £300 if demanded, &c.; heats, the new course (five subscribers).

Mr. Rush's br. g. Brother to Plenipotentiary, six years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Nat) ...	0	1	4	1
Mr. Mares's Argus, five years old, 9 st. 11 lb. (Wakefield) ...	4	5	1	2
Mr. Goodman's ch. c. by Langar, dam by Cervantes, three years old, 7 st. (Cohen) ...	5	3	5	3
Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Muley Moloch, out of Young Petuaris, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (J. Howlett) ...	3	4	2	dr.
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Saros, three years old, 7 st. (Mann) ...	0	2	4	dr.

THURSDAY.—Her Majesty's Purse of 100 ga.; weights for age and conditions as for the Vase at Ascot; the old course; two-mile heats.

Mr. Goodman's b. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old, 9 st. 4 lb. (Wakefield) ...	1	1
Mr. Rush's ch. c. by Plenipotentiary—Obelisk's dam, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Nat) ...	2	2

Betting: 4 to 1 on The Shadow.

The Railway Plate of 50 sovs., given by the Officers and Gentlemen connected with the London and Brighton Railway Company; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners this year at the time of starting, 4 lb.; twice, 7 lb. extra; maidens at starting allowed 4 lb.; the winner to be sold for £200 if demanded, &c.; heats, new course.

Mr. Stirling's The Pocket Viper, by Actson, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (May) ...	2	1	1
Mr. Balchin's Dromedary, five years old, 9 st. 8 lb. (Balchin) ...	1	2	2
Mr. Goodman's b. c. Chummy, by Bentley, out of Bamboo's dam, three years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Cohen)	dis.

A Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with a Cup and £10 given by Messrs. Saville and Harroway, of the Brighton Theatre, and £10 added from the Fund; three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners once this year, 4 lb.; twice, 7 lb. extra; maidens allowed 4 lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; one-mile heats (seven subscribers).

Colonel Wyndham's Singleton, by Ernest, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Crouch) ...	2	5	1	1
Mr. Smith's ch. g. Knightsbridge, four years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Bell) ...	1	6	2	2
Mr. Rush's br. g. by The Exquisite—Maresfield's dam, four years old, 8 st. (Nat) ...	3	1	5	3
Mr. Goodman's b. c. Chummy, three years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Cohen) ...	7	2	3	dr.
Mr. Theobald's Glenury, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Wakefield) ...	6	7	4	dr.
Mr. Balchin's Affection, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Balchin) ...	4	4		dr.
Mr. Priaulx's ch. m. Sister to Cheat, by Theodore, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Ealing) ...	5	3		dr.

The winner was claimed.

FRIDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; three-year-olds, 10 st. 2 lb.; four, 10 st. 12 lb.; five, 11 st. 5 lb.; six and aged, 11 st. 8 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner once, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for £200 if demanded, &c.; gentlemen riders, according to the Anglesey Stakes at Goodwood; heats, T.Y.C. (five subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's Miss Heathcote, by Velocipede, aged, 11 st. 10 lb. (Hon. A. Villiers) ...	2	1	1
Mr. Theobald's Pochontas, five years old, 11 st. 2 lb. (Capt. Pettat) ...	1	2	2

A Free Handicap of £50, given by the Stewards; heats, the new course.

Sir G. Heathcote's Nora Creina, by Nonsense, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Crouch) ...	1	1
Lord Chesterfield's f. by Muley Moloch, out of Young Petuaria, three years old, 6 st. (J. Howlett) ...	5	3
Mr. Rush's ch. g. by Plenipo, out of Obeliak's dam, three years old, 7 st. (Jennings) ...	4	4
Lord G. Bentinck's St. Jean d'Acre, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (W. Howlett) ...	2	0
Mr. Balchin's Affection, four years old, 6 st., carried 6 st. 8 lb. (C. Balchin) ...	3	0

A Handicap Plate, with 40 sovs. added; heats, one mile.

Mr. Balchin's Dromedary, by Camel, five years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (W. Balchin) ...	4	1	1
Col. Wyndham's Singleton, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Crouch) ...	1	2	2
Mr. Goodman's b. c. Chummy, by Bentley, out of Bamboo's dam, three years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (J. Howlett) ...	2	dr.	
Mr. Theobald's Glenury, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb., carried 6 st. (Ealing) ...	3	dr.	

THE PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, AND CORNWALL RACES.

TUESDAY, August 9th.—The Saltram Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; once round and a distance (thirty-one subscribers, twenty-four of whom declared).

Mr. Croftou's b. h. Muleteer, by Viator, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Wakefield) ...	1
Mr. Roe's b. m. Cerito, five years old, 7 st. ...	2
Mr. Reeves's br. h. Stork, six years old, 9 st. 12 lb. ...	0
Sir S. Spry's bk. m. The Jewess, five years old, 8 st. 8 lb. ...	0

The Plymouth Plate of 80 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 each; heats, two miles and a distance (six subscribers).

Mr. Sweetman's b. m. Grateful, by Defence, half-bred, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Eyles) ...	1	1
Mr. Legg's b. g. Stickler, half-bred, aged, 10 st. 4 lb. ...	2	dr.
Mr. Reeves's br. h. Stork, six years old, 9 st. 7 lb. ...	3	dis.

A Free Handicap of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Members of the Southern Division of the County of Devon; heats, once round (three subscribers).

General Gilbert's ch. h. Pulwaun, by Hindostan, four years old, 9 st. 1 lb. (W. Kingsland) ...	1	1
Capt. M'Leod's b. m., aged, 10 st. 7 lb. ...	2	2
Mr. Downes's b. h. Crackman, six years old, 10 st. 4 lb. ...	3	3

The United Service Plate of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 12 lb.; five, 9 st. 8 lb.; six, 9 st. 12 lb.; and aged, 10 st.; the winner to be sold for £100 if demanded; mares and geldings allowed 4 lb.; heats, the straight run in, about half a mile.

Mr. Downes's bk. g. Definition, by Logic, six years old, 9 st. 8 lb. (Wakefield) ...	1	1
Mr. Parrott's ch. h. Passport, aged, 10 st. ...	0	2
Mr. W. Powell's b. g. Spangle, half-bred, aged, 9 st. 10 lb. ...	2	3
Mr. Rigley's b. g. Eli, six years old, 9 st. 8 lb. ...	0	0
Mr. Applin's b. m. Clementina, four years old, 8 st. 8 lb. ...	0	0
Sir S. Spry's b. c. by Rajah, out of Snarley Yow's dam, four years old, 9 st. 7 lb. ...	0	0

WEDNESDAY, 10th.—The Ladies' Plate of 50 sovs.; heats, once round.

Gen. Gilbert's ch. h. Pulwaun, by Hindostan, four years old, 7 st. (Sherborn) ...	1	1
Mr. Roe's b. m. Cerito, five years old, 6 st. 12 lb. ...	2	2
Mr. W. Powell's b. g. Spangle, half-bred, aged, 9 st. 8 lb. ...	3	dr.
Mr. L. Downes's b. h. Crackman, six years old, 7 st. 13 lb. ...	0	dr.

Her Majesty's Plate, value 100 gs.; three-year-olds, 9 st. 4 lb.; four, 11 st.; five, 11 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; mares and geldings allowed 4 lb.; heats, three miles.

Sir S. Spry's b. m. Grateful, by Defence, half-bred, three years old, 9 st. (Troen)	1	1
Gen. Gilbert's b. h. Northendon, six years old, 12 st.	2	2
Mr. Legg's b. g. Stickler, half-bred, aged, 11 st. 10 lb.	...	3 dr.

The Chelson Meadow Stakes of 2 sovs. each, with 25 added; three-year-olds, 8 st.; four, 9 st. 5 lb.; five, 9 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 2 lb.; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded; the Committee to have first claim; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Rigley's b. g. Eli, six years old, 10 st. 2 lb. (Moon)	...	1	1
Mr. Parrott's ch. h. Passport, aged, 10 st. 2 lb.	...	2	2

The Lord High Steward's Plate of 50 sovs. (Handicap), given by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex; the winner of the Ladies' Plate to carry 12 lb. extra, heats, one mile.

Mr. W. F. Crofton's b. h. Muleteer, by Viator, five years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Wakefield)	...	1	1
Sir S. Spry's b. m. The Jewess, five years old, 8 st. 5 lb.	...	0	2
Mr. Reeves's br. h. Stork, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	...	2	0
Mr. W. Powell's b. g. Spangle, half-bred, aged, 9 st. 6 lb.	...	0	0
Mr. Applin's b. m. Clementina, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb.	...	0	0

THURSDAY, 11th.—The Devonport and Stonehouse Plate of 70 sovs. (Handicap); heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. W. F. Crofton's b. h. Muleteer, by Viator, five years old, 11 st. 4 lb.	...	1	1
Gen. Gilbert's b. h. Northendon, six years old, 10 st. 8 lb.	...	3	2
Mr. Roe's b. m. Cerito, five years old, 7 st. 13 lb.	...	2	3
Mr. Rigley's b. g. Eli, six years old, 9 st. 9 lb.	...	4	0

The Welter Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 25 added, for horses of all denominations; gentlemen riders; once round and a distance.

Gen. Gilbert's c. h. Pulvaun, by Hindostan, four years old	...	3	1	1
Mr. Legg's b. g. Stickler, aged	...	1	2	2
Mr. Parrott's St. Patrick, aged	...	2	dr.	

The Laira Plate of 40 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each, 1 ft., the Sweepstakes to go to the second horse, for horses that have started, and have not won during the races; heats, one mile.

Sir S. Spry's Jewess, 10 st. 3 lb.	...	1	2	1
Mr. Roe's Cerito, 7 st. 9 lb.	...	2	3	dr.
Mr. Parrott's St. Patrick, 9 st. 2 lb.	...	0	dr.	
Mr. Downes's Cracksman, 9 st. 1 lb.	...	0	1	2
Mr. Legg's Stickler, 8 st. 12 lb.	...	0	dr.	
Capt. M'Leod's mare, 8 st.	...	0	4	dr.
Mr. Parrott's Great Western, 7 st. 6 lb.	...	0	dr.	

CANTERBURY RACES.

Stewards: Lord Loftus, and W. Honeywood, Esq.

TUESDAY, August 9th.—Her Majesty'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. Sherrard's b. f. Lady Mary, by Emilius, four years old (Bartholomew)	1	1
Mr. Hodges's ch. c. Dane John, late Oxton, four years old (Buck)	...	2 2
Mr. Cowley's ch. g. Adrian, aged (Drew)	...	3 3
Mr. Hornsby's b. m. Revoke, six years old (Hornsby)	...	4 4
Mr. Templeton's ch. g. Little Fairy, six years old (May)	...	5 dr.

The Canterbury Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 50 added by the City of Canterbury; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners once this year to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, two miles (four subscribers).

Mr. Sherrard's b. f. Lady Mary, by Emilius, four years old (Bartholomew)	...	1	1
Mr. Hodges's ch. c. Dane John, four years old (Buck)	...	2	dr.

The Scoury Stakes of 1 sov. each, with 25 added; the winner to be sold for 150 if demanded, gentlemen riders, was won by Mr. Baker's Montezuma, six years old (Capt. Willan), beating Mr. Sherrard's Jenny Jones, six years old, and Mr. G. Clifton's Vigo, three years old.

The Yeomanry Purse was won by Mr. Neame's Scipio, 12 st. (owner), beating Mr. Minter's Actrese, 12 st. (owner), and Mr. Chandler's Edward, 12 st. (Mr. W. Baldock).

A two-mile race closed the sports of the day, the conditions being similar to the Scoury Stakes, for which Adrian, Vigo, Jenny Jones, and Sister to Fearney started, and they came in in the rotation as above-named.

WEDNESDAY, 10th.—The Ball-room Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., and only 2 if declared, with 50 added; a whip was presented to the rider of the winner by the ladies; gentlemen riders, qualified as for the Anglesea Stakes at Goodwood, with the addition of Arthur's, the Travellers', and those who have been Members of either of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge; two miles (twenty-seven subscribers, nine of whom declared).

Mr. Tollet's Tiger, by Lottery, aged, 11 st. (Capt. Willan)	1
Mr. Hodges's Dane John, late Oxton, four years old, 10 st. 10 lb.	2
Mr. Bell's Sister to Fearnley, aged, 10 st. 12 lb.	3
Mr. Hodges's The Chelsea Snob, four years old, 9 st. 7 lb.	4

The Barham Down Plate of 50 sovs.; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.; weights as for the Canterbury Stakes, except that a winner three times up to the time of starting for this race, to carry 9 lb. extra; heats, two miles.

Mr. Button's Evasion, by Emilius, three years old (Bartholomew) ...	0	3	2	1	1
Mr. Hodges's ch. c. Dane John, late Oxton, four years old ...	4	2	1	2	dr.
Mr. Dockeray's b. f. Dispatch, four years old ...	0	1	3	0	
Mr. Templeton's ch. g. Little Fairy, six years old ...	3				dr.

The Bridge Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; weights, &c., as for the Barham Down Plate; round course; heats, one mile and a quarter (seven subscribers).

Mr. Dockeray's b. h. Lister, by Rowton, six years old (Bartholomew) ...	6	5	1	1
Mr. Sherrard's br. m. Jenny Jones, six years old ...	0	1	2	2
Mr. Bacon's ch. f. Fair Play, four years old ...	0	2	3	dr.
Mr. G. Clifton's ch. c. Vigo, three years old ...	0	3	dr.	
Mr. Templeton's ch. g. Little Fairy, six years old ...	5	4	dr.	
Mr. H. M. Freestone's h. Master May, late Frank, by Priam, six years old ...	4	5	dr.	

The Scurry Stakes of 2 sovs. each, with 25 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 10 st. 10 lb.; five, 11 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 11 st. 12 lb.; half-bred horses allowed 10 lb.; gentlemen riders; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; half a mile.

Mr. Baker's b. g. Montezuma, by Merchant, six years old	1
Mr. Armstrong's ch. g. Bonnet Rouge, five years old	2
Lieut. Willan's ch. g. Robin, half-bred, aged	3
Mr. H. M. Freestone's h. Master May, six years old	4

BANBURY RACES.—TUESDAY, AUGUST 9th.

Stewards: The Right Hon. the Viscount Villiers, and T. T. Drake, Jun., Esq.

The Banbury Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 50 added; two miles (thirteen subscribers).

Mr. S. Scott's Mosque, by Sultan, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Butler)	1
Mr. F. Clarke's Currycomb, five years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Sly)	2
Mr. Nightingale's Ajax, late Nick, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (owner)	3
Mr. Rawlinson's Chilson, six years old, 8 st. (Catchpole)	0
Mr. Collins's Rochester, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (S. Darling, Jun.)	0
Mr. J. Day's Viola, four years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (H. Darling)	0
Mr. Coates's Jolly-boy, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Hardy)	0

The Warden Hill Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; heats, two miles (eight subscribers).

Hon. G. Ongley's ch. c. Humility, by Recovery, four years old, 10 st. 3 lb. (Calloway)	1	1
Mr. Ekins's br. c. Corsican, four years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (Frisby)	2	2
Mr. Newton's br. m. Lapwing, by Napoleon le Grand, five years old, 11 st. 1 lb. (Batten)	0	0
Mr. Robson's ch. c. by Eberston, three years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Bursell)	0	0

The Grimsbury Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; heats, one mile (six subscribers).

Mr. Coates's Jolly-boy, by Tomboy, four years old, 7 st. 13 lb. (Hardy) ...	0	1	1
Mr. Chesdle's br. g. Waterloo, by The Cardinal, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. ...	1	2	2
Mr. Bryan's br. g. Protestant, half-bred, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Darling) ...	2	0	0
Lord Warwick's br. h. Leporella, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Bullock) ...	0	0	0
Mr. R. Wood's b. f. Miss Carnaby, by Carnaby, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. ...	0	0	0
Mr. Stephenson's ch. g. Bounce, by Bolero, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Drewitt) ...	0	0	0

The Hurdle Race Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; heats, one mile and a half, five leaps (nine subscribers).

Mr. Ekins's b. m. Duenna, by Reveller, aged, 11 st. 12 lb. (Frisby) ...	0	1	0
Mr. Robbins's b. g. Single Peeper, aged, 11 st. 12 lb. (Newey) ...	1	0	0
Mr. Stevenson's ch. g. True Blue, by Jujube, aged, 11 st. 12 lb. (Barker) ...	0	2	0
Mr. Bollin's ch. h. Dragsman, late Contentment, six years old, 11 st. 12 lb. (Henderson) ...	0	0	0
Mr. Coates's gr. m. Alice Gray, aged, 11 st. 12 lb. (Horseley) ...	0	0	0
Mr. Hobbs's ch. g. by Belshazzar—Jenny Sutton, five years old, 11 st. 7 lb. (Hunt) ...	0	0	0
Mr. Lamplough's ch. h. Birthday, aged, 11 st. 12 lb. (owner) ...	0	0	0

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1842.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor feels much obliged to his Everton correspondent. A very short period will materially alter the matter to which he alluded.

If "Ornither" will forward a communication it shall receive every consideration.

The "Rhapsody" was inadmissible.

"A Queer Pack of Hounds." If the author will write in confidence to the Editor, he shall receive a reply on the subject of the above article.

"Chiron's" continuation of "Thoughts on Racing Stock" came to hand too late for insertion in the present Number.

Messrs. Baily, of Cornhill, will publish, in December next, an engraving of Bee's-wing, after a painting recently executed for the late Mr. Orde, by Mr. Herring, sen. The character of the publishers and the artist are sufficient guarantees that every justice will be done to a memorial of the best mare that has been seen on the turf in the present century.

"An Original Subscriber."—Dark's work on Cricketing, price about 1*s.* or 6*d.*, can be had at Bernard's, Church-row, Piccadilly. Our correspondent will find his query answered in that little book.

Vols. I. to VII., bound in fancy cloth boards, and lettered, are now ready.

HYDE MARSTON ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN'S LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND :—A FAMILY PARTY.

●

“ Hence—loathed Melancholy !

● ● ● ● ●

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
 In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne :
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity :
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter, holding both his sides.”—L'ALLEGRO.

A QUARTER of a century of peace having made every Briton, at least of the patrician order, more familiar with the continent of Europe than the surface of the island on which he happened to be born, the reader needs no catalogue of the *agremens* of Paris to instruct him in what degree the French metropolis is a pleasant place. The custom, too, that has taught every young Englishman of condition to regard that portion of the globe as appropriated to pleasure—as the scene prepared by nature and art for the peculiar enacting of the *dolce far niente*—unfits him to sympathize with the feeling of soul-prevailing satisfaction that attended my return to my native land. Johnson calls London “the needy villain's” home : without being actually a needy *villain*, I confess that a kind of domestic sentiment always attends my arrival and sojourn in the city—of Westminster. For the more eastern division of the capital I entertain less cordial prepossessions. With hearty welcome, therefore, did I receive the embraces of the fog that enveloped us as we threaded the mighty maze which intervenes between the Bricklayers' Arms and the parish of St. James, and with right good will sniff up the perfume of sea coal, doing duty in Jordan's snug drawing-room, for the odorous vases of the *salons* of the *Fauxbourg St. Honoré*. Not that coming events, indeed, appeared in an

atmosphere *couleur de rose*. From the moment I was clear of the barrier that debouches on the Calais road, I had experienced

————— “ What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam !—
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—
With love for many, and with fears for some.”

Love, indeed, was no very prominent source of trouble to me, but my measure of fears was running over. Whatever stuff a son's heart may be moulded of, a parent's cares must ever affect it, because they are its own. Pleasure, with its roistering chorus, may drown the “ still, small voice” of nature; but, in the silence and solitude of grief, its appeals are trumpet-tongued. In this mood, soothed by the comfort which distinguished all outward things, and inwardly distracted by a thousand misgivings, I was as perfect an incarnate moral of life as philosophy has ever imagined.

Among the changes of this transitory scene, not one of the least remarkable social contrasts now existing, is that exhibited in the venerable galleried inns still to be found in the metropolis and most of our principal towns, and their successors, the gorgeous banquet-halls of railway stations, to which the traveller is suffered little more than simultaneous entrance and exit. Midway between these was the family hotel, a convenience that has nearly disappeared in the provinces, and that will be presently numbered in London among the things that were. The few that still remain are at the point of death from inanition, eeking out miserable existences upon the profits of the two o'clock chop that the lady-guest is pleased to call luncheon, and bitterly pondering upon the turbot and haunch which her lord is discussing at the Carlton. In the good old times of a score of years ago, it was otherwise. Bootle's and White's were fisheries of men, indeed, but not with such baits as three courses and claret at seven shillings a head. Therefore, while his people were disencumbering the carriage which stood in front of his door enshrouded in the steam of its four posters, the landlord, *carte*—or let it be written nationally—bill of fare in hand, presented himself before the travellers. Uncle Tom had already possessed himself of the Englishman's domestic place of honour, which he occupied with all its most minute observances, a residence in climes, where the practice of those rites was not possible, having in no way interfered with his zeal for their performance—Uncle Tom, I say, stood with his hinder part turned towards the hearth, the skirts of his coat drawn asunder, and resting, one in the hollow of either arm, and, to the landlord's most respectful demand as to “ what he would be pleased to order for dinner?” replied, in tones that seemed lubricated with the savoury anticipations they conjured up, “ Crimped cod and rump steaks,

with a prodigality of oyster-sauce—some single Glo'ster toasted—a bowl of swig, and a — sample of your Queensberry port." Lau-dator temporis *agentis!* set me down to a solace for the inward man such as this—with a napkin on my knee, a cheerful fire in the hearth, and a boon companion to share it, and never dream that I will envy your cannibal feast of burning soup and flesh, swallowed against the time needed to boil up another thirty miles an hour.

According to the good old custom of the good old family hotel, as soon as dinner was disposed of, and the sample of Queensberry port, flanked with olives and biscuits (there were, as yet, no ripe filberts), had made its appearance, my uncle inquired of the good old waiter in the powdered periwig, "who might be the present inmates of the house?" In those days, not only families but districts frequented the same inns and taverns in town and country; and thus, while my Lord A—— was secure of meeting his relatives and friends at a particular hotel in May Fair or St. James's, Farmer B—— made sure of finding his neighbour at the "Pig and Tinder-box," or "the Goat and Compasses." Like all human arrangements this habit had its conveniences and inconveniences. Peradventure, there is here and there a metropolitan host who would cheerfully dispense with a part of his gregarious patronage: to my own knowledge more than one rural Boniface has been nearly ruined by the favours of a constant customer. In the good town of Shrewsbury there were—and still are, very possibly—three inns—light the *Lion*, the *Talbot*, and the *Raven*, whereat were weekly holden the market ordinaries, the charge for dinner being eighteen pence a head, beer included. A frequenter of the market and its *tables d'hôte* was one Mr. David Williams, a dealer in Welsh flannel by profession, of whom his friends were wont to say that he was blessed with an excellent appetite, the English of which was, that when he dined at home he ate as much as six ploughmen, and when he dined abroad as much as sixteen. The *Raven* was David's favourite ordinary; and, for many a long year, the landlord put up with the flannel merchant's custom with a resignation worthy a more distinguished martyrdom. At last, when bankruptcy began to stare him in the face, on receiving the accustomed eighteen pence for three fried soles, a rabbit smothered in onions, a pair of roast fowls, a pound of plum-pudding, and half a gallon of ale, his natural politeness forsook him, and he spake thus:—"Mr. Williams, I have no desire any longer to monopolize all your favours. I am quite satisfied of your wish to serve me. *Why don't you give the Lion a turn?*"

But all this time the good old waiter in the powdered periwig is waiting to announce who may be his master's guests. "Town ain't

not quite so full as we could wish, sir," said the ancient serving-man, with that bow of reverence peculiar to the ever present consciousness of a chariot, with two servants in the rumble and four posters in front; "things is dull, as I may say, and there isn't nobody in the house, not in partiklar, except a young gentleman in the little parlour, as is a running away to his parents in Ireland, from some school that he's grown tired of—that's all. The first floor right is occupied by Mrs. Marston and shoot (suite), from Cheltenham."

"Mrs. who?—shoot what?" cried the old gentleman, jumping from his chair. "Ah!—eh?—say that again, you old rascal—'Mrs. Marston'—'Cheltenham'—'shoot!' What d'ye mean by that, you old vagabond?—eh? eh?"

"If you please, sir," replied the waiter, growing as white as his periwig, "I mean as this here: in the small parlour, front, there's the young gentleman as is a running away to his father and mother; this here left drawing-room is your honour's; that there right is Squire Marston's lady's—your honour's sister." And how dared your master not tell me my sister was in his house?" shouted my uncle, with astonishing vigour for his age and habits. "And how dare you speak of her being in the next room, as if I were going to take my coffee with her, eh?" "Because I thought you *was*," rejoined the fellow, his face whiter than the napkin that shivered between his thumb and finger, like the leaf of an aspen. "Mrs. Marston's lady's maid has been into the housekeeper's room, and given orders to have coffee prepared, very partickler, for a gentleman her lady expects this evening. Master and I made sure the gentleman"——

It was fortunate that the energetic ringing of a bell afforded the waiter a pretext for leaving the room before he brought his sentence to a close. My uncle's manner warned me that a crisis was fast approaching, and I felt relieved when the door closed on the unconscious cause of his disturbance. The most pertinacious sticklers for the good old times cannot deny that your fine old English gentleman was remarkable for agility with his heels; and truth compels me to state that, during the delivery of the afore-written explanation, I was conscious of a foot, in my vicinity, poisoning itself for an onslaught. As the door closed, Mr. Longueville sunk into his chair, and, filling a bumper from the sample of Queensberry, drained it in silence. He had proceeded as far as replenishing his glass, when, suddenly setting down the decanter, he said.—"Hyde, it strikes me it might be as well if I *did* take coffee with my sister. While I finish this glass, go and fetch my pistols—quietly:—you understand—*quietly*."

It was evident something sinister was in the wind, and the only hope

I might have of averting unpleasant consequences, should occasion for such arrive, was in the adoption of a conciliatory manner, and compliance with the old man's humour. In his dressing-room had been deposited his case of travelling pistols, and I laid it, without note or comment, on the table before him. This he unlocked, and carefully examined the weapons. Replacing their copper-caps, and priming himself with another bumper of port, he placed a pistol in each coat-pocket, and, rising from his seat, politely asked, "had I any objection to join a small evening party quite *en famille*?" Having expressed my readiness, we set out. It was but a step from one drawing-room to the other: the door was thrown open with "the gentleman, ma'am, if you please." The room was a large one, and but half lighted by a lamp that stood on a table near a sofa at its farther end, on which sat a lady reading. While, therefore, we were in obscurity, the rays of the lamp, falling on the sofa, disclosed my mother. Though she always dressed well, on this occasion her toilette had manifestly been particularly cared for. The waiter's voice caused her to start from her seat, and, dropping her book, to pass rapidly forwards. By the time she had reached the centre of the room, we had also gained that point, and the light, serving all alike, revealed each to the other. The lady stood as if turned to stone, the gentleman regarding her with the benevolence of a basilisk. The former (I was about to say, of course) was the first to speak.

"My dear brother, what an unlooked-for gratification is this!" she exclaimed—"and Hyde, too! This is really an unexpected pleasure."

"I fancy it is, madam," replied Uncle Tom, leading her towards the sofa by the tips of the fingers, handling them as a man might those of one stricken with pestilence, "and equally un hoped for. You had no idea we were in England?"

"Not the most remote," was the reply; "but"—and, not seeming to notice her brother's manner, she continued, "tell me when did you arrive; what kind of a journey you had. Ring and call for coffee: the French, of course, have taught you the impossibility of doing without coffee and *chasse*: '*eau de vie de Dantzic*,' or '*parfait amour*,'—come, confess to the latter, at all events, *mon frère*."

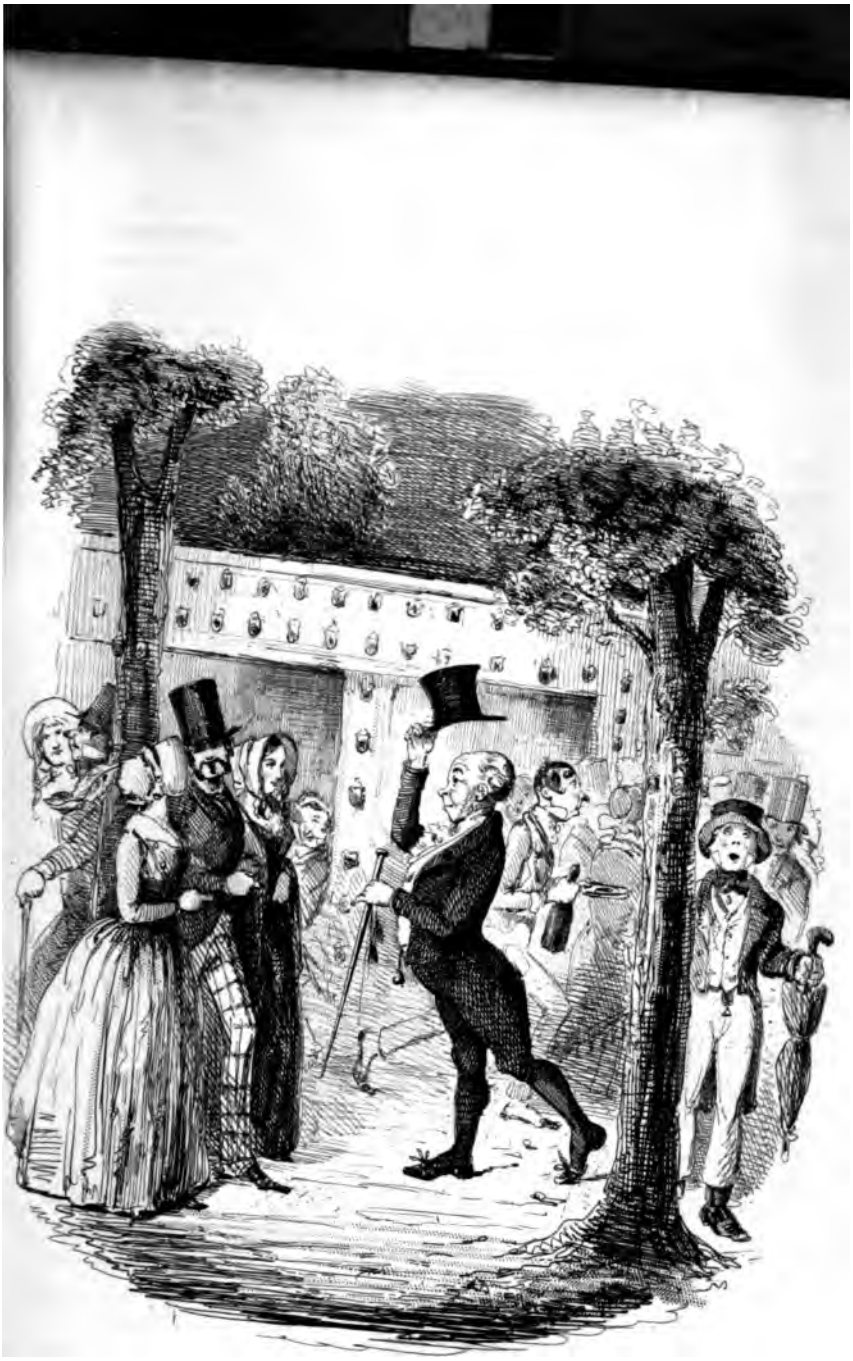
"Madam," rejoined the brother, "the relish for coffee and *liqueurs* is not confined to the French, nor the aptitude for making proselytes to: *taste*. What do you say to the Germans? It's my impression they sometimes do as much in the '*parfait amour*' line as their neighbours. What's *your* opinion?"

The motive of my uncle's strange conduct was instantly revealed to me, and his allusion was not lost upon my mother. She appeared

faint, and walked towards a window, which I opened. At the same moment a carriage drew up, and I observed a man emerge from it, and enter the house : my mother also saw him, clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, " Thank God, he is come at last."

Mr. Thomas Longueville, who had taken up his favourite position, with his back to the fire, gazed fiercely at her ; and, as steps were heard upon the stairs, drew forth a pistol from either pocket. The door opened ; some one was about to enter, and there issued from a throat, hoarse with rage—" Cross the threshold, Mynheer Von Dunk ! cross the threshold—and, damme, you are a dead man ! He raised his arm, and, as I struck it aside (for passion had mastered him, and I knew not what he might do), my father was before us ! A lady lies fainting upon a sofa—an elderly gentleman hangs over her—another stands by, bristling with pistols, like the armoury in the Tower, and his hair on end—a youth is looking on aghast—the curtain falls on a scene that would have furnished a tableau for a pantomime.

The following morning assembled around the breakfast-table a group which could hardly be expected to have been formed out of the materials of the preceding evening. The parties chiefly concerned had, apparently, kissed and made friends ; while my uncle did the amiable on a large scale ; though, when a Perigord pie was put on the table, he made an allusion to German sausages that might as well have been left alone. For my part I was really happy ; spake of the household virtues like Plato ; and, although I declined joining the family circle at dinner, left them impressed with the conviction that I was an exemplary young man. That night I dined at Long's with a couple of quiet men, on curried turbot and spitched oyster-rashers (an immortal *plat!*), washed down with a peculiar claret, of which (John Long assured us) the more a man drank the more good it did him. If such was the fact, we must have been very nearly perfect when we reached Vauxhall. There, with Lydian measures in my ears, a lovely Thais on either hand, blessed as the gods I felt, when an apparition in black approached, and, bowing himself in twain, said, " Sir, a right honourable and most noble party request the honour of your company in box No. 36." I followed whither he led ; and, as I entered, became conscious that two pair of parental eyes regarded me fixedly, while a voice whispered, " Sit you down, my Socrates the second ; you are remarkably drunk."



Knickerbocker, Twenty Years Ago.



THE AUTUMNAL MEETINGS AT NEWMARKET.

BY CRAVEN.

“ Qui studet optatam *curso* contingere metam
 Multa tulit, fecitque.”—HORAT. DE ARTE POETICA.

“ He who would turn to good account the course,
 Himself must toil much harder than his horse.”
 FREE TRANSLATION.

FOR what cause the Spring and Autumn race weeks at Newmarket are made to tread on each other's kibes, is not easy to divine. In the days of Charles the Cheerful, indeed, allowance might be made for the custom, seeing that the condition of the roads was so indifferent that the monarch was compelled to establish a halfway palace at Newport, there to pass the first night of his journey, *with his baggage*.^{*} But now that one can effect the passage of the Devil's Ditch in four hours from May Fair (the only place in which one can be supposed to live), wherefore are the three courses served so closely as to pall upon the palate? The result is, as with all over-feeding—people cannot find stomach for every dish, and consequently there is no appetite for the Second Spring, and great shyness for the First October Meetings. My business being here to record the events of that latter tryst, from the foregoing it will be anticipated that it was far from a brilliant *reunion*. The weather was shocking; the attendance and sport the same; and therefore the sooner we get over its few details the better. Don't be afraid, gentle reader; I am not about to inflict upon thee chapter and verse of the running—a wily device of the getters-up of “periodical” sporting intelligence, who, in the cultivation of their proper exchequers, use news as husbandmen do manure—long after the materials of which it is composed have become rotten. In these days it is bad enough to meet, in your Sunday newspaper (?), intelligence of events whose details are familiar as household words; but in a monthly periodical, to be cheated into reading reports given in the daily paper thirty-one days antecedent, is positively an obtaining money under false pretences. When my grandfather's pigtail waxed strong, and flourished exceedingly, the Gentleman's Magazine, and the Old Sporting of that ilk, were the channels through which intelligence was wont to stagnate into the rural districts. But the time is come when people scoff at even weekly journals, as weak inventions for the supply of news, brought wet with the morning dews of the London daily press, to the remotest quarters of the island, ere the sun has set upon the place from whence they came. I by no means intend to convey that many of the weekly papers do not possess high literary excellence; neither that they do not constantly contain information of interest, as well as much admirable miscellaneous matter; but in racing, where the issue is in general the only point

* No scandal about Nell Gwynne, we hope.—*Printer's Devil*.

about which people are concerned, is it not cruel to be required to read on Sunday that with which we were made familiar on the preceding Tuesday?

With these convictions before my senses, I almost hesitate to set down the First October Meeting as dating from Tuesday, the 27th of September last past. However, on that day it did begin, and up to Thursday, when it ended, produced little of mark beyond, here and there, a two-year-old that people wanted to see for the sake of the future. The Buckingham Stakes were won in a canter by Murat, a Derby colt, that shows well for Colonel Peel's stable. As his performances will be spoken of hereafter, I may as well here state that, unless those who can judge are mistaken, he is a thriving nag, and likely to improve greatly in his three-year-old form. His legs seem good, though there is too much of them, and his appetite, they say, is undeniable. He can run: if he can "run on," there will be eyes upon him before May next. For the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, won by Misdeal, Canadian died. What an odd course has Canadian run! His fame and exploits, piped by the small treble of the horse-boy, and thundered forth from the brazen lungs of an Attorney-General—the slight uneasiness of his gait paid for by an unwary observer in gold enough to have bought him an easy competence for life. It is reported that Mr. Greville is about to withdraw from the turf: as the man in the play says, "he has had his crosses." In a match, Mr. Osbaldeston rode against Robinson, and was beaten—of course. The squire used many arguments to prove there was no reason why other people might not ride as well as James Robinson. He *did* not, however. This is said without intending any offence, or being meant as the cause of his not winning. We are informed, on the authority of "Bell's Life" of the 2nd ult., that, "in making this match, Mr. Osbaldeston *had Skipton in his eye.*" If that were the case, no wonder he made a blind bargain.

Pickpocket, who ran a rogue in the summer, won the Hopeful very cleverly. There is some racing about him; and, if his temper has become better, he may do something yet. He is in the Derby. Testy, a nice little filly (but too little for my taste), won the Rutland in a canter. She belongs to Isaac Sadler, who generally contrives latterly to have a good two-year-old, that don't train on. A son of Plenipo won the Queen's Plate. Is the blood of his sire about to vindicate itself?

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

As if to do honour to the good company, and excellent sport provided for them, the weather during this Meeting was an improvement upon that common to a flattering July. As there was food for the amateur, as well as professional turfite, the supply of both was considerable. These came to amuse themselves, and speculate upon the probable fate of the Derby and Oaks, from the issues of the two-year-old races—those to bet round (if it might be possible) upon the Cesarewitch, or any other little providential chance. Thus the Second October was replete with interest, and well found in that most rare material the means of pleasing everybody. Monday's racing was indifferent, *quoad* quality. The match between St. Francis and Caius was its principal feature. This was ordered "shocking bad." The distance being short—A. F.—was it not monstrous that Francis did not go away at

score, and so hold, at his best, from end to end? Every lad at Newmarket knows that the old horse is as slow as a cow, but an honest sticker. Tommy Lye, with his perfect knowledge of pace, timed every stride, and of course won as he pleased. The gala common to Tuesday was shorn of none of its glories on this occasion. There was summer sunshine, and there were holiday folks enough for the most fastidious. The sport, too, was first-rate, though the interest was confined to two events—the Clearwell and the Cesarewitch. The former brought out but five, and brought in but two—the pair placed being alone at the finish. These two, Napier and Murat, certainly ran as game a struggle as ever was seen. Albeit they do say, that had not Butler, who rode the former, got his leg across the knee of Nat, Murat's jockey, Napier would scarce have won. The combatants "locked" in the last few strides—that is beyond a doubt—as also that, when they again met on Friday for the Prendergast, Nat gave his old adversary a wide berth, and beat him with ease.

Now, here let me tell all I know about Napier, because some people hold he is Scott's *card* for the Derby. A more Derby-looking colt never stripped at two years old. I thought, moreover, that he went fast at Doncaster; but since then I have had cause to lean to another opinion. Aristides, whom he there beat so easily, I have since been assured, was amiss from the Goodwood Meeting, and very short of work when brought out for the Municipal Stakes—too rich a prize, however, not to warrant a toss for luck. But all these rumours must be taken "*cum grano salis*." The running of the young stock, as it is nine seasons out of ten, has been "in and out" with the whole team; that which is well to-day, and, therefore, a winner, being ill to-morrow, and, consequently, easily defeated.

The Cesarewitch claims our notice now. Is it not strange to see races of such a character in favour at aristocratic Newmarket? What is the handicap, in fact, but racing republicanism; the levelling principle—Owenism—Socialism—Chartism—Cannibalism—as applied to the turf? Emilius cheap at £20,000, and Hook'em Snivey dear at the six light sovereigns paid for him at Ben Robinson's, come together in your handicap, "hail fellow, well met," and the latter wins in a canter. Away with your vanities, ye masters of the Burghley, Riddlesworth, Euston, Breby, and Eaton studs! Wherefore seek ye to breed coursers that shall devour the earth, when, for the price of an opera-box, you may become proprietors of the most likely of the season's handicapped? But, seriously, whatever political inconvenience may attach to universal equality, a lot of horses in that category is an animated spectacle. Thus for the Cesarewitch—onwards they rushed through the gap, like some mighty natural or social convulsion; all who looked on, breathless in uncertainty of the result. A finer race to look at, or a safer to have stood on for the bettors round, none need have desired. The winner, Arcanus, the property of Mr. F. Clarke, made a return upon the original investment, that few speculations realize. Eighteen started, and two placed! This is pretty, because it argues that there was a strong party up at the end. I have reason to know that such was the case in another sense of the word. When eighteen horses start at Newmarket, it is necessary to ascertain that all have passed the post, before you venture to cross the running ground. Sometimes, in a race

A. F., when the leaders have reached the weighing-house, the tailers (tailors?) are *working up the cords*: *verb. sep.*

Beyond the Prendergast, of which I have already spoken, there was nothing of more than temporary interest in the Meeting. Sport was abundant. Some very heavy Derby betting also prevailed. The Whip was not challenged for. And, with the announcement that, in future, the Jockey Club would have nothing to do with other people's wagers, on Friday the turf week was brought to an end.

THE HOUGHTON MEETINGS.

This week opened with indications that Dame Nature meant to give us a bumper at parting. It rained awfully when Monday dawned, yet, despite all, the attendance was very good, and the promise of an excellent meeting kept to the hope. It is the fashion at Newmarket, just now, to serve all the good things in the first or second course; upon this occasion they were presented on the arrival of the guests; or, in other words, Monday's bill of fare contained the choice *morceau* of the feast. To these my notice is confined; partly because it may serve all the reader's purpose, and, partly, because it ministers very considerably to mine own convenience. In the midst of rain and tempest, the meeting opened with a small handicap, which was won by the lightest weight; the only feature of any mark being that the Shadow ran, and was beaten, of course. That mare has probably *raced* little less than a hundred miles this season. Who will talk of the pampered ease of a racer after that? Two or three matches succeeded, and then came the last important two-year-old stake of the year—the Criterion. The field consisted of eight; and, in the ring, the winner was two hundred per cent. worse than anything that was backed. The story is soon told; for he, Gaper, led from end to end, and won with all ease. The colt by Yaxley was second, beating Testy, third; Canton and Cothelstone not placed. Now, what becomes of all the fine Derby lines? "Hard lines" are they to work out a betting system from. Gaper had been out twice previously, in both instances at Goodwood, where he received in a Match from Deerslayer, and was nowhere in a Twenty-five Sovereigns Sweepstakes, for which Peter the Hermit and Decision ran a dead heat. As the Cambridgeshire Handicap was the great monetary event of the week, it drew all eyes, and some breaths, when the moment arrived for its decision. Of course there were some "artful dodges" both in the matter of getting *on* and getting *off*. The betting, I fancy, was tolerably efficient for the profession, and the race satisfactory. Eighteen started, and Ralph, with 8 st. 7 lbs., and James Robinson, won in a very stylish fashion. He ran a better nag than I gave him credit for being, and will, no doubt, prove worth his keep. A good son of Dr. Syntax ought to go on and prosper. The remainder of the week's business needs no mention. The sport was good; the weather improved as the Meeting progressed; everybody was satisfied; and, that no seasons in future years may close under worse auspices, is the wish with which I set my last words upon this sheet.

AN ANATOMY OF PUGILISM.

“Si quis nunc quærat: quo res hæc pertinat? illuc
Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.”

HORAT. Sat. i. lib. 2.

AMONG the legacies of philosophy bequeathed to us by the greatest of the Roman satirists, there are not many of more homely worth than the trite as true aphorism contained in the second line of the couplet prefixed to this paper. In few instances has it been more plainly demonstrated than in the matter with which I purpose dealing. That last and infinitely disgusting relic of British barbarism, prize-fighting, had become, in consequence of its own enormities and the general diffusion of a liberal civilization, nearly extinct, when some three or four years ago there occurred two cases of homicide that straightway produced a popular sensation wholly disproportioned to the cause. Macbeth's air-drawn dagger moved him not more, than did visions of creeses, tucks, Malay-knives and stiletos terrify the souls of the cockneys. The inhabitants of London and Westminster, when called abroad by their affairs, slunk through the streets in instant dread of being stuck against the walls like puffs of patent medicines and bills of the play. At that period one solitary London journal was still found, in whose columns, on each returning *Sabbath*, public decency was outraged by the base and brutal records of the ring. Its providers were not slow in turning the popular feeling to their account. A general taste for butchery, we were assured, had sprung up in every quarter of the island, and nothing could stay the progress of one common assassination but an immediate adoption of their “antidote for the knife.” “The ring” was the specific; and the editor of the journal aforesaid, *in the language* of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, called upon the lieges to “fight, to prevent a misunderstanding.”

As there yet are a few English citizens, in the position of gentlemen, who, acted upon by the leaven of old prejudice, or modern interested sophism, countenance pugilism, under the impression that it upholds and promotes a spirit of manliness and honour among the lower classes, let us, touching briefly such arguments as bear on that proposition, pass to the unassailable logic of facts. We need not stay to inquire whether Greece and Rome were, beyond all the nations of later times, distinguished for the personal valour of their citizens: “*vixere fortes ante Agamemona*,”—and since—in places where the profession of the gladiator was never heard of. Is there an Englishman who, in these days, will question the individual or collective courage of the French? If such there be, I refer him to the records of the Peninsula and Waterloo—to the testimony of every British soldier eager to do justice to the character of an enemy, whose conquest he feels to have been a proud triumph. We will take the Frenchman as he is known to be—brave to prodigality—and carrying the point of honour to a fault—and ask, whence does a nation derive these properties,

which is ignorant of the prize-ring, and the chivalrous heroism of which it is both parent and nurse?

The advocate of prize-fighting shall bring forward his arguments in its favour. It promotes, he urges, the spirit of fair play and honour among those who do not derive such principles from inheritance or education. How far prize-fighting is calculated to encourage the practice of fair play in encounters between individuals, I will attempt to illustrate when I come to anatomize the rules and regulations of the ring. How far the institution is formed to instil a love of honour may best be shown by the subjoined *catalogue raisonné* of a few of its professors. For this list I am principally indebted to a paper which appeared several years ago in the "United Service Journal,"—a work whose design it cannot be supposed is to injure the cause of manliness, neither to misrepresent any portion of the economy of British courage. The author thus prefaces his collection of worthies:—

"We wish to expose several very general and pernicious errors that have conduced to the practice of prize-fighting: and, above all, we wish to lay bare the nefarious tricks of the ring, by which a gang of execrable sharpers have always 'plucked' such of our nobility and gentry as, from high but misdirected animal spirits and gross delusions, or who, from natures prone to craft, and insensible to aught but gain or brutal *stimuli*—have directly or indirectly patronized what, in the slang phrase, is 'the fancy, or prize-ring.' The prize-ring has, for a short period, been at its lowest ebb, and has recently been almost defunct, *but impudent attempts are being made to bring it again into fashion*; and though such efforts must eventually prove unavailing, yet, before they are suppressed, and their authors punished, an extensive field of fraud may be re-opened, with countless ramifications of imposition in all the gambling-houses, betting-houses, and other resorts of infamy throughout London, and the principal cities and large towns of the kingdom.

"If it be the general character of proverbs to condense much of natural sagacity and practical wisdom, there are certainly some strong and important exceptions to the rule. The popular adage that there is 'honesty among thieves,' and the popular notion that the practice of boxing engenders a manly spirit, and keeps up the good old English feeling of sturdy valour, and the manly habit of our ancestors in deciding quarrels, are about as fallacious and mischievous as any vulgar prejudices that ever prevailed in this or any other country.

"The practice of boxing among all connected directly or indirectly with the fancy, is almost destructive of even animal courage. It totally annihilates all sense of right and wrong—all manly sensibility to benefits or injuries—all feelings of individual independence and integrity—all disposition to defend the injured, or to punish insolence and aggression; even the instinctive, or, at least in England, the indigenous love of 'fair play' is destroyed, and everything is resolved into a base, truckling, and yet insatiable thirst for plunder, which is to be gratified by the most brutal means, and is attended by a cowardly and treacherous violation amongst each other of all those practices of good faith and mutual understanding which are held sacred as the common bond of fellowship and co-existence among outlaws, bandits, and the worst of *criminals*. The English prize-fighter is a being *sui generis*."

Non meus hic sermo, but to its general principle I cordially subscribe. It has been my fortune to have had opportunities of studying the characters of men who have stood high in the prize-ring; and I am anxious to do them the justice they so well merit. Langan I knew well through the whole of his career as a pugilist, and I ever found him honest, well-meaning, and inoffensive. But he left his profession the hour he could contrive to exist independent of it; and he had reason. Were either of his "national fights" with Spring contested in "fair fields," and with "no favour?" Undoubtedly not. I do not mean to say he ever could have beaten his antagonist; but, in his first battle at Worcester, the ring was broken into, and he was severely thrashed with sticks; and in his second, when, on the eve of the battle, he arrived at Leamington, in the belief the ring was to be formed on Warwick race-course, he found that "*arrangements had been made*" for the affair to come off in Goodwood Park, whither he had to set off, and travel *the whole of* a suffocating June night, to be in time for the morning's encounter. Spring had been brought to Chichester direct from his training-quarters, and ascended the stage after a refreshing night's rest, while Langan was half licked before he put up his hands. Perhaps there was no premeditated foul dealing here; but I think there was, and so did others of more experience than in the management of prize-fights.

I now proceed to transcribe the before-mentioned list of the professors of pugilism, who, by their lives, gave evidence of that devotion to the principles of fair play and honour, which the advocates of boxing assert can alone be attained by a course of the philosophy of the ring.

Adams, John: transported for seven years for robbery. On his release from the hulks, he fought Donovan, Richmond, and others.

Allen, William, *alias* Dick the Painter: transported for seven years for robbery.

Ayres, Dick: twice transported for robbery. Released from the hulks, he fought Dick Curtis (*a cross*), and Barney Aaron. Became an utterer of base coin; then took to pocket-picking, and again transported.

Bishop: hung at Newgate for "burking" the Italian boy.

Belasco, John: transported for fourteen years for a robbery at Epsom.

Byrne, Simon: killed Mackay, who was "*hocussed*" during the fight. Byrne was killed by Deaf Burke.

Belasco, Abraham: fought Randall, Sampson, and others. He has been for years the keeper of the most infamous houses of ill fame in the metropolis.

Burke: fought Jem Belcher, "the Game Chicken," and others. He was transported for life for robbery.

Cribb, Thomas: charged at Bow-street for ill-using his wife, and leaving her and his children wholly destitute.

Carter, Jack: fought Oliver, Molyneux, Spring, &c. Transported for seven years for robbery; and, on his return, became again a pugilist and resurrection-man.

Cooper, Tom, the gipsy: fought Young Dutch Sarr Sentenced to death at Chelmsford for robbery.

Curtis, George : fought P. Inglis, and twice transported for seven years.

Curtis, Dick (his brother), " the Pet of the Fancy : " received £650 for fighting a " cross " with Perkins.

Dick, West Country : a great favourite with the " Fancy." He was a bully to an infamous house in Shire-lane, and subsequently transported for robbery.

Flynn, Paddy : transported for life for burglary.

Giblets, Charley : transported for seven years for sheep-stealing ; then imprisoned for six months for body-snatching ; and, finally, transported for fourteen years for robbery, accompanied with horrible violence on a French sailor. He fought all the leading men of the day, and a celebrated " cross " with Rough Robin.

Harris, Kiddy : the most promising boxer of his day. Hung at Newgate for shocking cruelty in an attempt to murder a woman.

Husband, John, *alias* " the Sprig of Shamrock : " fought Norman, and the Portsmouth Champion. Transported for robbery.

Holt, Harry : described in " Boxiana " as a " duffer " by trade.

Mendoza, the star of the old school : lived to be a beggar, and to see his daughters on the streets, and his son transported.

Oliver, Tom : once champion of England. His son sentenced to death, but finally transported.

Perkins, —, who fought the " cross " with Dick Curtis, was transported for robbery.

Parish, — : fought Randall, Holt, &c. &c. Transported for life for stealing a watch *at a fight*.

Reuben, Solly : fought Brown, " the Sprig of Myrtle," Smith, " the Sailor Boy," &c. &c. Transported for robbery.

Savage, William : fought Harry Jones. Imprisoned for a criminal attempt on his own daughter.

Thurtel, John : seconded Martin against Randall, and was said to have got up the " cross " between Spring and Painter. Hanged for the murder of Mr. Weare.

Scroggins, Jack : one of the best men of his day. He was a very vile fellow, desperately flogged for misdoing in the navy, and died a beggar.

Ward, Jem : once champion of England. Fought a " cross " with Abbot, and was turned out of the ring. Readmitted, and fought another " cross " with Josh Hudson. Planned another " cross " with Simon Byrne, was detected, and again expelled the ring. Again readmitted, and matched to fight Simon Byrne ; he offered to sell the fight for £500, but, demanding the money beforehand, he was refused, but not exposed.

Next month I purpose giving a series of modern instances.

K. R.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE HIGHLANDS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

No event, since her Majesty's accession to the throne, has given more unfeigned delight to a large portion of the Queen's most true and loyal subjects than the late royal visit to bonny brave Scotland. The whole progress was one of the most splendid passages ever made by a crowned head through the dominions over which a monarch presided. It was one scene of triumph—the triumph of a gracious Sovereign passing through a happy land, inhabited by a brave, wise, and happy people, anxious to testify their loyalty and attachment to Victoria the First, and their devotion and gallantry to their young and interesting Queen. Her Royal Consort, too, was greeted everywhere with the most cordial demonstrations of good feeling, everywhere cheered by the voices of thousands and thousands of the people of Scotland, anxious to evince their respect for the public and private virtues with which the Prince adorns his exalted station. The whole line of road from Auld Reekie to the Highlands and back, was decorated with emblems of the affection and loyalty of her Majesty's brave subjects. There were a succession of triumphal arches of heather, laurel, flowers, and oak, built by honest hands, and planned by warm hearts. At every town and village there was a host of people to give welcome to their beloved Sovereign and her Royal Consort. The whole road presented a great rural festival—flags flying, bells ringing, handkerchiefs waving, and the voices of thousands wafting blessings and good wishes to the royal pair.

On Tuesday, the 6th of September, the Queen and Prince Albert left the ducal palace of Dalkeith in an open carriage and four, for their visit to the Highlands. After partaking of a luncheon at Dupplin Castle, the Royal *cortége* proceeded to the "gude auld town" of Perth, and reached Scone about four o'clock in the afternoon. Upon the following day, the royal pair, after enrolling their names in the guildry books of Perth, as follows—

" Dieu et mon Droit.
Victoria R.
Treu und Fest.
Albert."

left for Dunkeld, where the Highland gathering of Glenlyon awaited them. Proceeding to Ballianagund, thence to Aberfeldy, they reached Taymouth at a little before six o'clock. On arriving at the castle, a most animated scene presented itself. On the lawn fronting the entrance, above three hundred of the Breadalbane clan, in their Highland dresses, and a numerous party of the Menzies clan, with the gay tartans of their chieftain, the venerable Sir Neil Menzies, Bart., with his arms proudly emblazoned, borne by his standard-bearer, were assembled, and formed in line two deep. A detachment of the 6th

Dragoons, and a guard of honour of the 92d Highlanders, were also drawn up before the castle, as also a square, formed of the boatmen of the Tay. No sooner had her Majesty and the Prince alighted from the carriage, than they were received by the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane, a royal salute was fired from the fort on the opposite mountains, and the standard of the United Kingdom was hoisted on the Glenorchy tower, amidst the enthusiastic greetings of the thousands assembled.

There is, perhaps, no house in the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, that, taken as a whole, can compete in the general beauties of site, architectural elegance, and characteristic keeping (with the natural features of the landscape of which it forms a part), with Taymouth Castle. It is a noble castellated quadrangular building, of four stories, with wings, and a tower 150 feet in height. The castle is situate near the foot of Drummond Hill, in a park of many hundred acres of fine greensward, ornamented with stately oaks and elms, and surrounded by hills bold and abrupt, and towering almost to the clouds, the Tay winding beautifully behind the castle, between it and the base of the hill. In front there is an extensive lawn, which, after presenting a fine level for a considerable space, is seen to ascend the opposite side of the valley, until it joins the forest which runs to the top of the eminence. Towards the west stretches Loch Tay, and on every side the eye loses itself amidst Alpine scenery. The Scottish poet, Burns, thus describes Taymouth:—

“ Admiring nature in her wildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 The abodes of covey'd grouse, and timid sheep,
 My savage journey curious I pursue,
 Still famed Breadalbane opens to my view.
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
 The outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
 The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,
 The palace, rising on its verdant side;
 The lawns, wood-fringed in nature's native taste,
 The hillocks dropt in nature's careless haste;
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
 The village, glittering in the noon-tide beam.”

The following morning, the 8th of September, was ushered in by dense clouds of mist enveloping the sides, and completely concealing the summits of the surrounding hills and mountains, and shortly after sunrise these misty clouds fell in alternate heavy showers and drizzling rain. At half past nine o'clock, despite the pitiless storm, Prince Albert proceeded with his noble entertainer, the Marquis of Breadalbane, to the summit of Tullohoule, to enjoy a day's sport in the Highlands. The Prince and the Marquis left the castle on horseback, and were joined by Sir Alexander Campbell, Bart., of Bar-caldine, having under his charge the gamekeepers and foresters, upwards of thirty athletic men, all dressed in full Highland costume of shepherd tartan. W. Bowie Campbell, Esq., joined at the same time, with upwards of one hundred Highlanders in full costume of the Breadalbane tartan, and all marched in files of two deep to the base of Tullohoule, where Prince Albert and his noble host dismounted; and his Royal Highness,

having received his double-barrelled fowling-piece from his own yager, begun the ascent of the steep hill where the sport was to commence. Sir Alexander Campbell and W. Bowie Campbell now pointed out the way in which the sports of the day were to be carried on, and it differed but little from one of those ancient hunting-matches so beautifully described by Scott, when a whole district poured forth its inhabitants, who, forming a ring of great extent, called a "tinchel," and, advancing and narrowing their circle by degrees, drove before them the alarmed animals of every kind, all and each of which, as they burst from the thicket or the moorland, were objects of the bow, the javelin, or whatever missile the hunters possessed. Others were run down and worried by large greyhounds, or brought to bay, when the more important persons present claimed for themselves the privilege of putting them to death with their chivalrous hands, incurring, individually, such danger as is inferred from a mortal contest even with the timid buck, when he is brought to the death struggle, and has no choice but yielding his life, or putting himself upon the defensive by the aid of his splendid antlers, and with the courage of despair. Upon the present occasion the men diverged to the right and left of the Prince, and soon extended over a circle of several miles, when they gradually closed towards the centre, forming a less and less circle, clapping their hands, and shouting at the height of their voices, startling the roes and other game, and ultimately concentrating numbers into a circle of about five hundred yards in diameter. The frightened roes bounded past with great swiftness, and all broke through the ranks without being within shot, with the exception of three who fell under the Prince's aim. Previous to the concentration of the second formed circle into a small compass, which was near the northern extremity of the forest, the rain cleared off and the weather became fine. The scene was one of the most romantic description that could be imagined; and, as thence simultaneously emerged from among the trees, and copse, and heather, in form of a crescent, extending nearly two miles in length, and gradually approximating to each other around the Prince, it reminded the spectator of that spirit-stirring scene, in the "Lady of the Lake," when Clan-alpine's warriors appeared to the Knight of Snowdoun. While this circle was gradually lessening, several black-cocks were startled, and his Royal Highness brought his first bird down at a distance of nearly seventy yards. A grey-hen then rose at about fifty yards, and was doomed to the same fate. A hare was now started, and the Prince's second barrel took effect, proving the coolness and correctness of the royal sportsman's aim. The Prince had now several excellent shots at this spot, bagging several grey-hens, muir-fowl, partridges, and hares, previous to the forest-rangers closing in the circle to its smallest compass. By leaping over a stone dike, and placing himself in a favourable position, the Prince had a good opportunity of displaying his skill, which he did effectually by killing nine roes in a few minutes.

At an elevation of about three hundred feet above the banks of the Tay, the Prince had some excellent sport, having, from amongst the magnificent and venerable birch trees, brought down a capercaillie, fortunately only slightly wounded in the wing. This splendid bird, nearly equal in size and appearance to an eagle, was shown to her Majesty, and will, in all probability, be kept alive at Windsor Castle.

The beaters again formed their usual circle on a smaller scale, and his Royal Highness killed two more roes. Shortly after Prince Albert's return, the foresters, in their picturesque garb, with a party of the Breadalbane Highlanders, came from the woods with the produce of the day's sport; each roe being borne, by the fore and hind legs, by two foresters, and the rear brought up by the foresters, bearing the birds in each hand, the pipers at the same time playing one of their spirit-stirring tunes. This scene was particularly interesting, as her Majesty came to the windows to witness the produce of the day's sport enjoyed by her Royal Consort.

The return of the killed was as follows:—Nineteen roe-deer; four brace and a half of black game; three brace of grouse; one capercaillie—(one taken alive); two brace of partridges; thirteen hares; one rabbit; one wood-pigeon.

Prince Albert seemed quite at home in the sports of the moor; and it was one of the grandest sights that can well be imagined, to witness the beloved husband of our gracious Queen, the sire of England's fondest hopes, enjoying the field sports of the Highlands of Scotland, and breathing the pure, invigorating mountain air. Throughout the day a thousand voices hailed the youthful chieftain, as he appeared in the flower of manhood and activity.

“ His limbs were cast in manly mould,
 For hardy sports or contest bold;
 And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
 And weaponless
 His stately mien as well implied
 A high-born heart, a martial pride,
 His ready speech flow'd fair and free,
 In phrase of gentlest courtesy.”

Nothing could exceed the joyousness with which his Royal Highness entered into the incidents of the *chasse*, sparing no personal exertion in the pursuit of his object, never getting over-excited, and thereby placing the lives of some of her Majesty's liege subjects in jeopardy, but working steadily throughout the day in a most sportsmanlike manner.

Previous to leaving Taymouth, her Majesty and Prince Albert planted each two trees, an oak and a Scotch fir, and shortly afterwards proceeded to the place of embarkation, where the barge was in readiness to convey the royal party to the extreme end of Loch Tay to Achlady. The flotilla which conveyed and accompanied the Queen, consisted of seven small boats, rowed by sturdy Highlanders, including two galleys, in which were the regimental band of the gallant 92nd, and the Marquis of Breadalbane's pipers. As the royal fleet passed under the arch of Kenmore Bridge, the cheers of the spectators were given with enthusiasm. The flotilla then reached the small islet, where formerly stood the priory founded by Alexander I., where slumbered the remains of his consort, Sibella, daughter of Henry I. of England, and then bent its course onwards, keeping a westerly direction. The day was most auspicious for the excursion; the sky bright and clear, the air balmy, and everything wearing the aspect of joy and happiness. The magnificent bosom of the lake was a scene to gaze on with delight, with its clear waters, and the fairy-like fleet floating like a flock of water-fowl on their surface. At twelve o'clock the flotilla hugged the

shore, to the south of the lake, for the purpose of enabling her Majesty to catch a sight of the sublime scenery which adorns its northern bank. Woods and thickets run up the sides of the mountains, and disappear among the sinuosities formed by the winding ravines which separate them from each other; but, far above these specimens of a tolerable natural soil, arise the swart and bare mountains themselves. Some are peaked, some broad crested, some rocky and precipitous, others of a tamer outline; and the clan of Titans seem to be commanded by their appropriate chieftains—the frowning mountain of Ben Lowers, and the still more lofty eminence, Ben Mohr, arising high above the rest, whose peaks retain a dazzling helmet of snow far into the summer, and sometimes during the whole year. At half-past two o'clock, her Majesty and suite reached Killin, near which, at a shooting-lodge of the Marquis of Breadalbane, refreshments were provided. After partaking of luncheon, the Queen proceeded in an open barouche and four towards Lochearnhead, the first stage towards Drummond Castle. The scene at the moment of her Majesty's departure was interesting and exciting to the highest degree; the Highlanders presented arms, the band of the 92nd struck up the national anthem, the pipers blew a farewell, and the assembled crowd joined, with heart and soul, in the prayer, "God save the Queen."

The royal *cortége* now proceeded through the wild and desolate pass of Glen Ogle, traversing the shores of Lochearn, and passing through the small village of St. Fillans, reached the town of Crieff, supposed to be the scene of Waverley's arrest, after his parting with Fergus Mac Ivor, at the pass of Bally-Brough, and in a few minutes afterwards arrived at Drummond Castle. The castle itself, with respect to its architectural beauty, possesses little attraction, as it is only the remains of the ancient foundation of the stronghold of the Perth family, for the original structure was, in a moment of devotion to a cause espoused by the heroic wife of the noble possessor, demolished, and its various defences blown up, in order that they might not fall into the possession of the military force, whose successful operations at length led to the confiscation of the family estates to the crown. All such animosity of feeling is now happily passed away, and it is a gratifying fact to know, that the existing female representative of the gallant Perth family is, and has been for nearly half a century, restored to the noble domains of her ancestor.

The situation of the castle is unrivalled in what may be properly termed the low country, and commands a view so varied and profuse, as to render it famous in all parts of Scotland. Placed on the most advantageous position to enjoy the magnificent and various expanse around, it looks over scenery scarcely anywhere equalled. From the terrace the view is, beyond description, lovely and picturesque. On the north is the great Highland chain from Ben More to Dunkeld, inclusive of the peak of Ben Lowers, all distinctly visible; on the west, Ben Lomond is discernible in clear weather, and the bold forms of Ben Ledi; and, more to the north, Ben Voirlich are to be seen at all times; on the south are the Ochil Hills; and on the east, the open country permits the eye to wander over the fair plains of Perth; while, from the windows of the castle, the whole of the valley of Strathearn is taken in at a single glance.

The avenue to the castle was lined with 500 of the tenantry on horseback. A body of the gallant 42nd was drawn up as a guard of honour, and upwards of 100 Highlanders, equipped in the Drummond tartan, with Lochaber axes, swords, and bucklers, contributed to the splendour of the royal reception. The honest pride of the brave and hardy Highlanders in beholding their Sovereign—

“ The fair-hair'd daughter of our isles,
The love of millions,”

within the ancient castle of the chief of their clan, knew no bounds; and, flushed with enthusiastic feeling, their bursts of cheering rang through the domain.

Shortly after six o'clock, on the morning of the 12th, the Prince, accompanied by Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, left the castle, to enjoy a day's deer-stalking in lone “ Glenartney's hazel shade.”

On arriving at the forest, his Royal Highness left the carriage, and mounted a shooting pony, to convey him to the hills. He was here joined by Alexander Campbell, Esq., of Monzie, a first-rate sportsman, and one who kens right well “ the wiles o' dun deer stalking,” and ould Donald Cameron, the head forester. Shortly a noble herd of deer was pointed out, and his Royal Highness dismounted, and began to thread the wild glens, and deep corries, toiling up the rugged ascents, crossing the cleughs and mountain burns, until within shot of the wary animals. Here one of those ills occurred that all sportsmen are heirs to. Just as the Prince's rifle was raised to his shoulder, some unexpected incident disturbed the herd, and away sprung the antlered monarchs over rock and glen. Nothing daunted, his Royal Highness continued his sport, and shortly came within sight of another herd; but here a second time fortune was unpropitious. Gaining the summit of the mountain, his Royal Highness, with the aid of his telescope, espied a noble herd, and, after drawing on his game in a manner that would not have disgraced Donald Caird, brought down a hart of ten tynes. Before returning to the castle, at half-past two, one hart and three hinds fell to his Royal Highness's rifle. The newspapers of the day have noticed that, in the front of the royal carriage, was a Scotch bonnet, understood to be part of Prince Albert's costume in the Highlands. This circumstance has brought to my mind an old song,

“ Oh, bold and true,
In bonnet blue,”

long a favourite in the Land o' Cakes; and it is so appropriate, that I cannot resist inserting it, with some slight alteration, feeling assured that every Scottish heart will respond to the sentiment:

“ Oh, *Fest und Treu*,
In bonnet blue,
That fear or falsehood never knew;
Whose heart was loyal to his word,
Whose hand was faithful to his sword—
Seek Europe wide, from sea to sea,
But bonny blue cap still for me.

I've seen Almain's proud champions prance—
Have seen the gallant knights of France,
Unrival'd with the sword and lance;
Have seen the sons of England true
Wield the brown bill, and bend the yew;
Search France the fair, and England free,
But bonny blue cap still for me.”



RED DEER.



DARK HARBOUR.

A TALE OF GRAND MANAN.

BY M. H. PERLEY, ESQ.

BUT few, even of the inhabitants of New Brunswick, are acquainted with the wild and picturesque beauties of the Island of Grand Manan for the dread with which it has been regarded by "tempest-tossing mariners, has tended to render it a place rather to be shunned than visited. Yet no island on the coast of British North America boasts of more bold and striking scenery than is presented by its northern shore, whose stupendous cliffs oppose their rugged breast to the howlings of the winter's blast, while the angry and icy waves of Bay of Fundy rush upon them, for months together, with sullen unceasing roar. The southern shore slopes gradually to the Atlantic Ocean, and is provided with many good harbours, which, in summer season, are the resort of numerous fishing vessels, and are surrounded by neat and well-cultivated farms. But of all the singular places in this singular island, none is more curious than I Harbour, now completely closed against the entrance of boats and vessels, by a sea-wall of stones and gravel, thrown up by the concussion of the waves, until a dry beach, or sea-wall, has been formed over which the sea does not pass, even at high water; the inner harbour is, therefore, cut off from the sea by this dike of nature's formation.

Not feeling competent to describe the main beauties of Grand Manan, from having but a slight acquaintance with them, yet I say, that a summer visit to its wild and rocky shores would be a pleasant excursion—one which would amply repay the visitant, particularly if he be an admirer of nature in some of her most fantastic forms. My own visit to this secluded portion of New Brunswick was not a summer one, but occurred in November, 1828, when business came to visit its surf-beaten shores at an unusually boisterous period. Tempestuous weather detained me long after my business was concluded; and, for lack of other occupation, I employed myself in shooting sea-fowl, and collecting some of the wild legends current in the island. In the latter occupation I was much the most successful, and this success rendered me more ardent in pursuit of information.

I had taken up my quarters at the house of a fisherman named Johnstone, a rough, but kind-hearted old fellow, and a sort of "Da Dinmont" in the island; clear-headed and shrewd in all matters within the scope of his limited information, but ignorant of all beyond his sphere; of tall and powerful frame—of a strong and manly cast of features, bronzed by the exposure of half a century to the weather elements, both on sea and land. His family consisted of one son and three daughters; his son, an athletic, well-built young man of about twenty, mate of a West Indiaman, who had acquired some information from having seen a little of the world, and who laughed

the marvellous stories told by the islanders. The two eldest daughters were good-looking, cheerful lasses; but the third and youngest deserves a more particular description. She was rather below than above the middle height, with a figure so slight, that the idea of weakness voluntarily rose in the mind, until chased away by the well-rounded symmetry of that little person; then would be admired the clear, healthy glow of her cheek—the light, springing step, and the merry glance of a pair of sparkling, goodnatureedly wicked black eyes, with the prettiest dimple on each side of the prettiest little mouth in the world. Her features could not be called strictly or classically beautiful, yet have I never seen among the high and titled dames, who imagine beauty to be their peculiar prerogative, any whose features were so fascinating, or whose smile was so captivating, as those of the fisherman's daughter. Of a lively and happy temperament, her very laugh still rings in my ears, and, in fancy, I yet hear her wild but sweet notes, as she carolled away in the innocent gaiety of her heart, unconsciously giving utterance to this expression of her happiness.

When the stormy winds of winter have stripped the forest of its verdure, we do not readily perceive that the tall and gnarled oak, and the slight and graceful sapling by its side, have sprung from the same stock;—but when the genial warmth of spring has again clothed both with the same bright foliage, the relation is at once recognised. Such was the resemblance of Alice to her father; when the features of both were in a state of quietude, it would have been difficult to trace in the bright countenance of Alice, any resemblance to the somewhat stern features of the old man; but when *he* relaxed into a smile, and *her* features were lit up by some piece of merriment, the resemblance was most striking.

After having thoroughly fatigued myself, one bleak and stormy day, by scrambling over the rocks, in an unsuccessful attempt to shoot wild ducks, I returned late in the evening to my quarters; and while a homely but substantial repast was preparing, my dripping garments were changed, and the meal which followed was heartily enjoyed. Then the family gathered round the huge fire-place, piled with blazing logs, in a large apartment which served both as kitchen and hall, and the Johnstones, father and son, with myself, were each furnished with a capacious can of whisky-toddy smoking hot. In answer to the inquiry where I had been all day, I endeavoured to describe the various scenes I had visited in my rambles; but on mentioning one spot which had particularly struck me, from its strange and gloomy scenery, I observed the smile of Alice (I like to write that name!) suddenly change to a more serious expression, as she gravely remarked, "You have been at Dark Harbour!" Her manner excited my curiosity, and I soon drew from the elder Johnstone, who, can in hand, was just in the humour for story-telling, the following tale of guilt and fear, connected with the dreary shadows of Dark Harbour.

About the year 1786, in the earliest settlement of New Brunswick, a pirate vessel which had been pursuing its bloody course near the Spanish main, found it expedient to withdraw, for a season, from the scene of its daring exploits, and, pursuing a northern course, fell in with the Island of Grand Manan. Finding it very quiet and secluded, the crew resolved on wintering in the outer cove of Dark Harbour,

and the necessary preparations were made for that purpose. The vessel was snugly secured, and all looked forward to a long continuance of rest and revelry. But the short gloomy days, and long dark nights of a northern winter soon affected the spirits of the crew. The wearisome monotony of such a life to men who had for years been constantly engaged in scenes of turmoil and excitement, was excessively galling and irritating; and jealousy and ill-feeling, not amounting to an open quarrel, arose among the various members of the crew, which was composed of people of all nations, climes, and colours. Several Spaniards who were on board, headed by the boatswain, one of their own countrymen, determined upon leaving the ship, and taking up their abode on shore, there to remain until the fishing vessels (which, even at that early period, frequented the shores of Grand Manan), should, in the spring, return to their accustomed stations, when they fully expected to be able to secure one to their own use, and take their departure for some more sunny region, there to resume their old pursuits of blood and rapine.

A fair division of the enormous amount of plunder on board the pirate ship was made, and the Spaniards received their share, with an ample supply of arms and provisions. They at once removed their wealth on shore, where they built a camp, and spent their days in idleness and drunken revelry, while the pirate ship, as early as possible after their landing, took her departure, to resume operations on her old station. After the ship had left, the boatswain was tempted to possess himself of the whole wealth of the party; and, being a man deeply stained with crimes of the darkest dye, he hesitated not, after a drinking bout, which he induced them to prolong to the uttermost, to murder all of them in their sleep. He did not fully accomplish his diabolical purpose, however, until after a desperate struggle with one of the party, in which he received a severe wound. The murderer, anxious to conceal all traces of the dead, buried the bodies as he could, and then concealed his treasures in another place with great care. The repose, which he so much required after his prolonged exertions, came not; but a raging fever, arising from fatigue, want of sleep, and a neglected wound, attacked him. He was speedily reduced to a state which precluded his keeping up a fire, or providing himself with the necessaries of life. In the silence and solitude of his camp, the misdeeds of an ill-spent life rose in horrible array before him, and the stings of a reproving conscience became almost too dreadful to bear; the last murderous scene was constantly present to his mind, and struck him with the most fearful dread. Horrible visions were ever flitting before him, and the torments of the damned were his; he was soon reduced to utter helplessness, and reason tottered upon her throne; in this state he was discovered by one of the very few inhabitants of the island, who chanced to visit the spot. Such relief as could be afforded was immediately given, and in broken English, and at intervals, he stated who and what he was, giving the foregoing detail. In a few hours, however, it was apparent that he was fast approaching his end; and, during the night which followed, he died raving mad, denouncing the bitterest curses on the treasure, and on all who might ever attempt to regain it.

The pirate was buried near the spot where he died; and many

persons, it was said, had since unsuccessfully attempted to recover the jewels and plate, of which, it is believed, the treasure principally consisted. Numerous as had been the seekers after this ill-gotten and blood-stained wealth, it had invariably happened that, very soon after their researches, they had met with an untimely end ; and it had become the firm belief in the island, that such would be the fate of all who ventured to follow their example. This belief had become so well established, that for many years none had been fool-hardy enough to seek for the fatal spoils ; and they rested securely where they were concealed by the pirate boatswain.

At the conclusion of the story, I noticed that young Johnstone smiled incredulously ; and, giving him a sign, I walked out of the house, and in a few minutes was followed by him. He ridiculed the idea of there being any danger in searching for the treasure, and we agreed to go that night to Dark Harbour, to be enabled to refute, positively, the assertion, that supernatural agency was employed to guard it. We returned to the house, and waited patiently until the whole family had retired to rest ; then, slipping out, we proceeded to the beach, and launching a light skiff, were just pushing off, when we were most unexpectedly joined by Alice, who said she had overheard, and knew our purpose, and was resolved to share in its dangers. Finding, after some remonstrance, that she had determined we should not go unless she accompanied us, we seated her in the stern of the skiff, and pulled rapidly along the shore about three miles, to the entrance of the narrow channel leading in through the bank, or sea wall, which channel has since been completely closed. The night was calm and still, and the moon at full afforded ample light for our voyage. After running up this channel, the outer harbour, as it is called, suddenly opened into a basin of deep water, above half a mile in diameter, from the land side of which another passage, or natural canal, led us into Dark Harbour. This last passage was so narrow that the trees on each side almost obscured the light. For a few minutes we were nearly in total darkness, and the basin we next opened seemed not more than a few acres in extent. Dark Harbour well deserved its name ; the water, although clear, appeared of an unearthly, pale bluish colour ; lofty pines grew to the very verge of the water all around, and every part of the scene, under that bright moonlight, was really and truly beautiful —yet the impression on our minds, although unacknowledged, was one of awe and dread. Two immense blackened pines, standing one on each side of the entrance, said to have been scathed by lightning, appeared fit guardians of the place ; their lengthened shadows, thrown upon the water, assumed, to our imaginations, the form of a gigantic hand pointing to the narrow strait by which we had entered, and warning us to begone. Not a word was spoken, and not a sound, save the light dash of our oars, broke the stern silence of the place until we landed, and endeavoured to penetrate to the spot where the treasure was said to be concealed ; when, as if heaven were displeased with our impious attempt, the moon was suddenly overcast, and we were left in darkness. We were on the point of returning, when Alice refused to do so, saying we must persevere, and that, if we now turned back, we should be laughed at for our cowardice, and scolded well for our rashness. She produced her father's pocket-flask, which she had brought with her, and a sup or two from it assisted in screwing up our courage.

We again set forward, and the moon partially appearing, we were enabled to grope our way, and soon arrived at the place we sought. It was a sweet, secluded little forest glade; and, apart from its horrible associations, it offered as peaceful and calm a scene of sylvan beauty as could well be imagined. This treacherous peace was, however, of short duration; for, as soon as we began to clear away some brushwood, in order to commence our operations, a low, moaning sound was heard. We still persevered; but, at the first blow of the pickaxe, the moaning was redoubled; and, though there was no other indication of the wind having risen, the trees about us began to sway their branches to and fro, to creak and groan, and, as it seemed, even to laugh in fiend-like mockery and derision. I threw down the pick, which was instantly seized by Alice, and, with strength of which I could not suppose her possessed, at one blow she broke through a slab of stone. Loud and distinct groans, and a dry rattling noise, succeeded, and we perceived, to our horror, that we had disturbed one of the depositories of the murdered dead! The broken moonlight exhibited fitfully the ghastly hue of the skeleton, which seemed to move and crawl in its narrow bed, as the moving branches first intercepted, and then admitted, the struggling moonbeams upon the whitened bones!

Hastily covering up the unhallowed grave, we tried again in another spot. At first all was quiet; the sound of our implements alone disturbing the stillness of the night, until my spade struck a hard substance, which returned a dull, ringing noise, like a muffled bell; and we hoped that we had at last found the steel casket, in which the most valuable of the jewels were said to be contained. At this moment a pale blue flame played about our heads, and lit up the scene around us with a most unearthly glare! Confused cries, half in mockery, half in horror, rang in our ears; and even Alice, whose almost supernatural courage I have already mentioned, broke into a shriek of terror. A cold, clammy, death-like hand was laid upon my face, and I felt myself in the grasp of a being of another world—when suddenly the voice of old Johnstone broke in upon the uproar, as he shook me roughly by the shoulder, with—

“Hilloa, my lad, you have let your can of toddy fall upon the hearth; and faith it was a stiff one, for it blazed up merrily, and set your wig on fire. If Alice had not clapped a wet cloth over all, we should have had a regular singed sheep’s head!”

And, most unaccountably, I found myself seated at the old man’s kitchen fire, from whence I had started so long before, with a crowd of grinning faces round me, endeavouring to suppress the mirth, evidently excited at my expense, in which all with difficulty succeeded, except Alice, who replied to my wild stare with a hearty laugh, observing, “that she would brew no more toddy for me, if I thought so little of her brewing as to go to sleep, and let it fall in the fire.”

A year or two since I met Alice on the main land, and reminding her of the old story of “the Pirate’s Treasure,” asked if she still thought there was danger in the search? “Certainly there is,” replied she, archly, “for within a year after merely dreaming of such a thing, you had the ill-luck to be MARRIED!”

St. John’s, New Brunswick.

FIELD SPORTS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

 Colonial Horses—and a few words on Condition.

HAVING spoken of the racing in these colonies, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to devote a few pages to the subject of the breeding of horses, it being one so intimately connected with that branch of sporting. I will, in the first place, speak of it as carried on in Van Diemen's Land, and afterwards offer a few remarks on breeding in Western Australia.

In the former there are undoubtedly many fine animals to be met with; there is, however, a want of first-rate blood, especially in the mares bred from, and I have reason to believe that the breeders here have stumbled against the block so common to their brethren in other parts of the globe. "They have not paid sufficient attention to the dams of their colts." If some spirited individual would only procure from England two or three of those valuable thorough-bred mares that are annually leaving their native country for America, France, Russia, &c. &c., I feel confident he would, in the course of a very few years, find it to his account. There are few, if any, horses imported into this colony now, with the exception of, occasionally, a stallion from England. So far, of course, I have only alluded to those bred for the turf. With regard to the other kinds, I cannot see that much improvement is required; there is a good supply of all descriptions, though they always maintain a high price. That, however, may be expected to fall shortly, as it has hitherto been kept up, in a great measure, by the demands at Port Philip, and other new settlements, having been supplied from this island.

Now come we to the other colony. There are also some good useful nags here, though, from the absence of racing, inferior to those of Van Diemen's Land. Indeed, when we consider the number of horses and mares of Lord Egremont's breed that have been introduced into this colony, knowing, at the same time, as we all must do, that there have been few, if any, more judicious breeders than that venerable nobleman, nor any who possessed better blood, it is a matter of mystery to me what has become of that blood, unless, indeed, these animals were weeds drafted from that nobleman's stud as worthless. Swan River, however, has had quite too much communication with the Cape of Good Hope for the good of their breed of horses. Now, never having been at this last-mentioned colony, it would, of course, be presumption in me to pretend to say whether they possess any good horses there or not; I dare say they do; but all *I can say* is this, that those they send to the Australian colonies are dear at ten pounds a head; they are a set of under-sized, cow-houghed brutes, strong for their size, and, for the most part, hardy; but deficient in blood, and in no respect the sort of animal to lay the foundation of a good breed in a new colony. They are also commonly troubled with considerable infirmity of temper,

and have a nasty habit of striking with their fore feet ; they are also very apt to be sulky, and some are as obstinate as mules. The importation also of horses from England, as conducted with regard to this colony, is little calculated to improve the breed.

The cargoes of this live stock usually consist of old, worn-out machiners and cart-horses, just patched up for the purpose. To prove this, I need only mention a lot of ten, sent out, some time since, by Messrs. Maylis and Co., one of which lived only about three weeks after landing, and another died in about the space of a month, and several of those that did live, I am quite sure, would not have brought above seven pounds if sent into any fair in England. I will not stop to enumerate any other defects, as enough has been said already to prove what I have advanced. I have also reason to believe that much injury was done to these animals from the excessive use of nitre during the voyage. I was told by the groom that had charge of them, that they had eaten " hatsfull ;" this was his own expression, though rather a novel measure : as it was the only drug he had on board, and the fact of one dying of most violent inflammation of the bladder, and the other of inflammation of the kidneys, confirms his statement.

I have also a word or two to say about an importation I inspected that had arrived from Van Diemen's Land. They also consisted of a parcel of old, worn-out screws ; two of them I recollect particularly. They were nominally five years old ; and there was a bungling attempt to get up a five-year-old mouth, but unfortunately they had been unable to round off the angles which proclaimed some *fifteen* winters having rolled over their heads. Until they understand the art of bishoping better, I should recommend them to let it alone.

There is also great need, in this colony, of a tax upon Timor ponies, which have been introduced here by hoards, and many of them are stallions. It is true, there is a fine for one of these being found loose, but that is not enough ; there ought to be a duty of five pounds a head on all landed. I have been given to understand, that something of this kind has been found necessary at Sidney.

Question—Would not that same virtually be a prohibition ?

Answer—That is just what I am aiming at.

The best importations I have seen were a few South Americans. Now, the next question to be considered is, what are these colonists to do ? My answer is simply this :—let them make an agreement among themselves, and some one of them undertake the management of getting a few good mares from England, and not trust to what merchants and others, not interested in the colony, choose to send them ; and, above all things, let them no longer rush with avidity, and give a hundred guineas for old screws scarcely worth the same number of shillings, for no other reason than that they get the advantage of a six months' bill.

I have entered more at large upon this subject than I otherwise should have done, as there is a great idea among the breeders of this colony, of supplying the wants of the Indian market, especially the remount of the cavalry. I cannot say that I see anything impracticable in this plan ; but they may rest assured that, unless they send better horses to India than they receive from other quarters, they will

finger very few "rupees." Some considerable time must also elapse before this traffic can take place, with any degree of profit. They cannot expect to get much above thirty pounds a head for remounts for the cavalry, at the same time they are breeding from mares that have cost them a hundred; putting, therefore, the interest upon this money, together with the expense of sending them to India, not to mention their keep, &c. &c., till three years old, nothing but quantity can make it answer. But I must draw to a conclusion, or I could go on till I had far exceeded the limits of a sporting periodical, and leave no room for your more valuable correspondents. I will, therefore, only tax the reader's patience with a very few words on condition. I should not have touched upon that subject at all, did it not prove one point worthy of consideration to every sportsman in possession of a stud of hunters. I allude to the benefit to be derived by the horse from *warmth*. If I had ever entertained any doubts on this subject, they would all have been removed by my residence in the colony of Western Australia; for I will undertake to say that, in the climate of England, no horse taken up from grass could perform the distance of sixty or seventy miles a day, under a burning sun, with the thermometer at 85° or 90° in the shade (provided it ever rose to such a height), in a badly watered country, over bad, and, part of the way, deep sandy roads, and that at no very slow pace, with impunity; but I have repeatedly known this done in that colony without the slightest bad effect being produced. Indeed, condition is a very scarce commodity, the hay in this colony, as well as the other I have spoken of, being all what is termed artificial, that is, oats cut before they are ripe, and made into hay. I have always thought it was best described by my groom on his first arrival in the colony of Van Diemen's Land, when he sneeringly called it "some kind of straw." It certainly is not nearly so nutritive as our hay, and the oats, also, are far inferior to English, and, indeed, such as they are in Western Australia, they are usually given on so limited a scale, that I am satisfied nothing but the beneficial effects derived from a warm climate can make the horses look as well as they do; beans, that *primum mobile*, are perfectly unknown. There is, however, one good, out of many evils, which may, in part, be attributed to this spare diet. I never saw a horse in Western Australia lame in his feet, unless from accidental circumstances, such as being pricked in shoeing, &c. &c., or else brought there in that state. The absence of hard roads will, of course, also materially contribute to this. I must add, that there is one great bane to which all horses bred in these colonies are subject, viz., being worked too early. They are commonly put to regular work at two years old.

THE ROAD IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

It is not to be expected that a new colony, such as I have been writing about, should afford much food for my present subject. Nevertheless, having briefly noticed the turf, chase, shooting, and fishing, with a few words on the breeding of horses, I cannot withstand the temptation of dwelling, for a few moments, on my favourite hobby—"the Road."

The colony of Van Diemen's Land has not been without some share

of the benefits to be derived from that best friend to dragsmen, the "Colossus of roads," and some of the highways are as good as can be desired by the most fastidious. Indeed, the manner in which they have been carried over such eminences as Constitution-hill on the main road, between the south and north of the island, and Grass-tree-hill, between Hobart Town and Richmond, would have been no disgrace to that truly enterprising engineer who conducted the present Holyhead road in so efficient a manner through North Wales.

In one part of my last communication I mentioned, in a casual manner, my regret that the coach between Hobart Town and New Norfolk had been taken off the road, in consequence of a steam-boat having commenced running on the river. This coach used to start from the latter place every morning, accomplishing the distance to Hobart Town in two hours and a half, returning again in the afternoon. I never travelled by it myself, but, from driving pretty regularly on that road, had good opportunities of forming an opinion about it, and it always struck me to be a steady, good conveyance.

It is not likely that the coaches in this infant colony should be turned out in such a style as to vie with the aristocratic Age, or the ever-to-be-lamented Wonder. The eye here is not gratified with the neat and beautifully-proportioned "drag," nor the equally matched teams, "brilliant in brass and in leather," nor yet the neatly dressed "artist;" neither is there that almost magic quickness of the horse-keepers, which appears to be sleight-of-hand to those unaccustomed to such feats. Time, however, that all-powerful leveller of all human affairs, will, I doubt not, bring all these things to pass. At present there is a coach running twice a week through the whole length of the island, between the two principal towns. This conveyance, however, is capable of much improvement. The distance is only 123 miles, and, with the exception of about twenty of them, where there is a good deal of loose, uncovered sand, there is nothing whatever to stop a coach with a *coachman* on the box of it. What occasion, therefore, there can be for consuming two days in accomplishing this distance, I am at a loss to divine. Surely sixteen hours might suffice! To this may be said that, during the greater part of the year, there would not be daylight. My answer is, they do not require it; for the first twenty-five miles out of Hobart Town, and first two stages at the other end of the journey, may be driven just as well by lamplight. There are, however, new lines of road in progress, by which the sandy parts will be avoided, and then, as there cannot possibly be any further excuse, we may hope to see a new light dawn upon the coaching in this colony.

Now to private conveyances. Tandems are the most common manner in which double reins are used in this colony, and it certainly possesses advantages over every other team in a country such as this, where the roads are not all equally good, two wheels being so much more easily managed in bad roads than four; and in many places, more especially in long journeys, a leader is indispensable to those who are not desirous of literally "putting their shoulders to the wheel." There is, however, great want of instruction among both amateur and professional coachmen. Indeed, I never saw above one or two at all worthy of that name. They generally sit on their boxes like a "cobbler on his bench," with reins slack and knees up to their noses;

nor do I recollect to have seen one who had acquired a proper management of his whip ; and I hold that no man can be a safe coachman with all sorts of cattle (and there are plenty of queer ones to be met with), without a proper use of that implement. For my own part, I very early received a lesson on that subject, which I have never since forgotten ; and if, by mentioning it, I may impress it as indelibly on the minds of my readers, it may have the effect of preventing some serious accidents. It happened some years ago, when, supposed to be "cramming" at a private tutor's in the good county of Stafford, I was in the habit of receiving instruction from Wood (who, at that time, drove the Birmingham and Manchester Royal Express between the latter place and the small town of Uttoxeter), with far greater satisfaction than from my reverend tutor. On the second day of "taking hold of 'em," when driving into the town of Cheadle (which, by-the-by, is no very easy one for a beginner), I perceived the distance between my coach and a coal-cart diminishing uncomfortably fast, in consequence of one of my leaders "boreing." All this time I was most industriously occupied in hauling at my near side reins till I was nearly black in the face, but all to no purpose, till, at last, finding my bars very nearly in contact with the wheel of the cart, I thought it prudent to pull up, and Wood's laconic address on the occasion has never been lost upon me. It was briefly this, "Why don't you hit him?" and all who have had experience on public conveyances (which is the only way to become a coachman), are well aware what a number of horses require a touch of the whip before they can be persuaded to answer their reins.

There is another radical error into which most of the colonial Jehus fall. *They are eternally driving the leader, and leaving the wheeler to himself.* Whereas, it is an acknowledged fact, by all conversant with the craft, that, with a steady wheeler, you may nearly set your leader at defiance. I write in the singular number, as what I am saying respecting these wagoners has principally reference to tandems. It is from such self-taught geniuses as these that tandem-driving has got into such disrepute.

As the roads are, in many parts, very indifferent, I should not recommend a very high "trap." The one which I saw best calculated for the country, and which I drove many hundred miles, was built by a very respectable coachmaker of the name of Frazer, a native of Scotland, but who has now an establishment both at Hobart Town and Launceston, residing himself at the former place. He is also very fair in his charges.

Before closing this, I must be permitted to correct one or two typographical errors which have crept into my last communication. Page 263, in the description of the kangaroo, for "totons" "read "talons;" page 273, fourth line, for "not" read "most;" and in page 275, my memory has led me into error. Instead of saying that Smolensko won the "Merchants'," I should have substituted "Publicans' Purse." The name of the Hon. G. Sturton's horse is "Strauss," not "Stramp." Should my readers in the colonies find any other sins of either commission or omission, they must not be too severe, seeing that these papers were written on board-ship, during my passage home, without any assistance from notes. Still this I will urge in their behalf, that they have one advantage over all the notices I have as yet met with

published in England concerning the Australian colonies—there is no attempt in them to make all sunshine where there are indeed full many clouds. I have spoken of everything as I found it—adhering to the rule to “speak well of the bridge which carries us over safely.” Should they meet the eye of any, who, like myself, leave their native shores for a temporary sojourn in those wild southern regions, they may afford them some serviceable hints as to the fashion of equipment most proper for their new abode, and the sports and pastimes that await them. That the latter may go on and prosper is my fervent wish, for I owe all good aspirations—as well as many pleasant days to the field sports of Western Australia.

HUNTING ADVENTURES IN THE FAR WEST.*

IN March last I left the city of Brotherly Love, fully determined to spend one summer more in the Far West. I had everything packed up for my campaign which a man could need. In three weeks I landed at St. Louis; and having secured the services of an old Frenchman, by the name of Bonnelle, and who had been twenty years in the mountains, in the employment of the American Fur Company, I pushed on for the Council Bluffs, where I arrived on the 6th of April. I found everything and everybody in a state of excitement not easily described. The Pottowattamies, Chippewas, and Ottowas, who live here, had suffered severely from the repeated invasions of the Sioux upon their hunting-grounds. Some ten or twelve of the Pottowattamie hunters had been killed and scalped by their savage neighbours, almost within sight of their principal villages. It is true, as an offset, the Pottowattamies had killed as many of the Sioux, but as soon as information of the fact had been given to Black Eagle, the principal chief of the Santee band of the Sioux, he sent two red pipes into the Pottowattamie country, with a message that he should come down with his warriors, plough their grounds, and put out the fires of their wigwams. This message was received at Council Bluffs about the time I arrived there. A runner was immediately sent to Fort Leavenworth, 200 miles farther down the river, with an invitation to the Delawares and Kickapoos to come and help them to repel the threatened invasion.

As soon as information of these disturbances reached Washington, a troop of the 1st U. S. Dragoons was ordered from Fort Leavenworth to the Bluffs, to prevent the anticipated hostilities. This troop arrived in the Pottowattamie country on the 21st of May, under the command of Captain B. Soon after its arrival, the Sioux deserted their village on Vermilion or Floyd's River, and moved some 200 or 300 miles farther up the country. Still the Pottowattamies, Chippewas, and Ottowas, were afraid to hunt on their old grounds. They were in a starving condition, with no money or means wherewith to procure food for their families. About the middle of June a dozen of their principal

* From an American Journal.

men went to the dragoon encampment, and, after lighting a large pipe, and passing it to the officers, each of the Indians previously taking a puff or two at it, an old chief, by the name of Patcochack, got up and made a long speech. When he had finished, Pierre Le Clerc, a half-breed, who acted as interpreter, explained in English the lengthy oration of the chief in these few words:—

“ Patcochack say we are going to hunt. He be very glad to see you here—this time of day—my friend—now. He be glad our big father send you here. He say he smut his face cause he mourn for our troubles with the Sioux. He say, God dam!—That’s what Patcochack say. Patcochack big chief.—Great medicine man is Patcochack. He say that Patcochack say it.”

The chief then got up, and, after ten or fifteen minutes’ furious gesticulating and loud talking, he ceased, and Pierre again interpreted.

“ Patcochack say he going to hunt. He come to invite you to go. That’s what he say. Patcochack say it. He’s big chief. Great medicine.”

The captain, knowing that their main object in inviting him to go was on account of their fears of the Sioux, told Pierre to tell the Indians that he would go with them, not to hunt, but to give them confidence in themselves, and to free them from the fears they seemed to labour under, that their hunting-grounds were still overrun and occupied by the Sioux. After this was understood, Patcochack again delivered a long oration, which, when rendered into English by Pierre, only amounted to this—

“ Patcochack say he be very glad the captain is going. He want to show the captain the great country our Father gave us. He think if he go with him he can show him the country. That’s what he say. Patcochack say it. Big chief is Patcochack. He say it.”

They accordingly agreed to start the first week in July. I thought I should enjoy a trip of the kind, and determined to go with them. Previous to the time appointed for the hunt, Captain B. was taken sick, and Lieutenant C., with twenty dragoons, was detailed to accompany them, with instructions to protect them, and also to learn, if possible, the true whereabouts of the Sioux. In the meantime all was bustle in the Pottowattamie village. Indians might be seen galloping hither and thither, others running bullets, some mending saddles and bridles, some pounding corn, &c. &c. I bought a stout pony for Bonnelle, and a pack-mule to carry my tent and *needfuls*. After arranging my fishing-tackle, and oiling my shooting-gear, which consisted of my old Damascus double-barrelled shot-gun, and a large Colt’s pistol, I waited somewhat impatiently for the time to arrive when we should start. On the 3rd of July, twenty-five braves, under Half-Day, the speaker of the nation, moved on ahead to break a trail. The main party, with the troops, were to start on the following morning.

On the morning of the 4th of July we all assembled at the house of the principal chief, Joseph Le Flambois—a half-breed. I here counted twenty-four more braves, and some forty women and children, who were to accompany the party to preserve the meat, cook, &c.; all were armed and well mounted. Besides these, there were some twenty-five or thirty led horses and mules, which were to be used in packing home the proceeds of the hunt. Going into a country where

they might meet their enemies, the Sioux, each Indian was besmeared with war paint, and decked off with every ornament and brilliant-coloured garment that could be procured. At nine, A. M., we started with the chief, Le Flambois, at the head—then myself, being a sort of a guest—then the braves in Indian file, the rear being brought up by the women and children, and the led horses, &c. At ten we arrived at the dragoon encampment, where we found the troops which were to accompany us already in the saddle. They were armed with the heavy Prussian sabre, and Hall's carbine. Each man was mounted on a large dappled grey horse. As they filed before us, with their burnished arms and equipage glittering in the morning sun, the Indians raised a loud whoop of welcome and delight. On account of the narrow trail which we had to follow, the troops were obliged to move off in file. The order of march was therefore changed; the officer commanding the dragoons, with his party, and the chief, Le Flambois, took the lead, followed by myself and the braves.

For six miles our march was over the level prairie, called the Missouri Bottom, which extends from Council Bluffs, 100 miles down the river, and 400 up, varying in width from two to forty miles. This prairie is covered with a long fine grass, and is literally painted with flowers. As our cavalcade moved across it, and slowly wound up through the valleys that lie between the high and fantastic mounds of earth called bluffs, which are clad with verdure to their very summits—now crossing some rivulet—now emerging from some beautiful grove—the arms glittering in the sun—the ribbons and plumes of the Indians floating upon the breeze—its appearance was most romantic and picturesque. For five miles after we had passed the bluffs, our road lay through a dense forest of oak and walnut; we then came out upon the Grand Prairie, which stretches from the Missouri to the Mississippi River, a distance of 400 miles. As far as the eye can reach, not a tree can be seen, save now and then a little skirt of timber bordering some distant stream. Our course lay about E. N. E. over this ocean of grass.

About five o'clock, P. M., we arrived at a stream called Little Pigeon, and encamped for the night. The amount of game killed this day was two immense rattlesnakes, and a few grouse. As we did not anticipate finding large game until about the third day's march, we were perfectly satisfied with our luck. At sundown the chief came to Lieut. C., with an expression of the deepest anxiety upon his face. He said that his people wished the dragoons to encamp between them and the stream, for, if the Sioux should make an attack in the night, they would be sure to make it from that quarter. He was assured that his people could be in no possible danger, as it was probable that there was no Sioux within a hundred miles of them; and as there would be a chain of sentinels around the whole encampment, he need have no fears of a surprise in the night. In order that no accident should occur from misunderstanding the countersign, it was always a Pottowattamie word from this night forward.

At four o'clock in the morning we were mounted, and again pushed on, following Half-Day's trail. At eleven we came to a small clump of timber, and a fine spring of water. Here we halted to let our horses graze, and to refresh ourselves. After the horses were stripped and picketed, about half the Indians and dragoons started out on foot to see if they could not procure something fresh for dinner. While they were

gone, five or six traders, with about forty horses, on their way from the Yellow Stone to the lower country, stopped where we were. They furnished us with plenty of dried buffalo meat, together with some valuable information. They said they met the last family of the Sioux three hundred miles above. These Sioux came to the traders' camp, and represented that their horses had strayed away the night before, and that it would be conferring upon them a great favour if the traders would lend them four of theirs to hunt for them. This they did. The traders said they had every reason to believe the Sioux were still hunting for their horses, as they had never returned those they borrowed for that purpose. We also learned that we should find plenty of deer and elk within about forty miles, as they had seen great numbers of them as they rode along. This information seemed to give new life to the Indians, particularly that part of it which related to the flight of their dreaded enemies.

About one o'clock the recall was sounded, when the dragoons and Indians who had been absent, returned with a fine lot of turkeys and grouse. We soon had a most sumptuous repast. I never enjoyed a game supper at Head's with half the relish I did this dinner, spread out as it was upon the green grass, in the open air. At two o'clock we again saddled up. Upon calling the roll, the sergeant of dragoons reported one man absent. A corporal and two men were sent to search for him, with orders to overtake the command as soon as possible. We then pushed on for another branch of the Little Pigeon, which lay about twelve miles ahead. In about two hours we overtook the rear of the party under Half-Day.

We soon after discovered some half a dozen hunters riding at full speed across a ridge upon our left, at a distance of a mile and a half or two miles. No sooner had they disappeared in an intervening hollow, than we saw a large buck bounding across the prairie in a direction which would cause him to cross our path not more than a quarter of a mile ahead. Le Flambois, having called for two of his best hunters to follow him, dashed on at a hand-gallop to the point to which the buck was running. When he arrived there, the buck had just made his appearance over a little knoll, and, seeing Le Flambois, stopped perfectly still, as if to decide upon his next safest course. He had paused but a moment before a bullet from the unerring rifle of the chief had pierced his heart, and he dropped dead in his tracks. The chief immediately dismounted, and, while he was in the act of skinning the buck, the hunters, whom we had descried upon our left, came up to where he was, and inquired whether he had not seen a deer pass there within a few minutes? he replied that he had not seen any *pass*. They said that the one they were chasing they had wounded, and, as he could not have gone much farther, they would go on and try to find him. This they did. After they had left I asked Le Flambois if the buck he was skinning was not the one they had started; he said, "Yes,—see here,—he was shot in the flank. You must know that in hunting, as in war, we Indians take every advantage of each other we can." This I found out to be a fact, though, after the game is killed and cut up, it is divided without stint among all.

By the time we arrived at our contemplated camping-ground for the night, the corporal came up and reported that he had found the missing man. It appeared that he did not hear the bugle. When the

corporal came across him he was cozily seated upon a limb nearly at the top of a large oak tree. He had found a swarm of bees, and was quietly digging out their honey with his hunting-knife, and eating it with great gusto. The bees whizzed around him in clouds, but he did not mind them in the least, being safely protected by a large handkerchief, which left nothing but his eyes and mouth exposed. This was cool—very.

This night we had the whole band together. Half-Day's party, being on ahead, of course got the most of the game. They brought in nine fine deer, and some small game, such as racoons, turkeys, squirrels, grouse, &c. The dragoons were furnished with more venison than they wanted; and, as for myself, although I had not fired my piece once, I was as bountifully provided for by my many friends as the most successful hunter amongst us.

For the whole evening the Indians were in high glee, some dancing, some singing, some playing a queer game of their own with straws, the stakes being their silver and brass ornaments, which were lost and won without their betraying any more emotion than so many gamblers carved in stone. The women were busily employed in boiling the morrow's breakfast, and in folding the skins for packing. When the bugle sounded *tattoo* at the dragoon camp, every noise was hushed, the Indians retiring to rest as orderly as so many regular troops.

Reveille was blown at the first peep of dawn. The horses were brought in—saddled—breakfast eaten—tents struck—everything packed, and all hands mounted and in motion before a man could say Jack Robinson, especially if he stuttered. The object we had in making early starts was to avoid as much as possible the necessity of travelling in the heat of the day; besides, while the dew is on the grass, the deer are up and feeding, and can easily be seen at a great distance. After nine o'clock in the morning they generally lie down in some cool place, and will not be seen again, unless accidentally, until five or six in the afternoon.

As we knew that we should reach the branches of the Bouqua before night—passing in the meantime through some fine islands of timber, it was thought best to make our arrangements for a good day's hunt. Accordingly, the women and baggage, with a guide, and about a dozen men as an escort, moved directly on for a camping-ground previously agreed upon. After they had started, the hunters were equally divided; one half to go under Le Flambois' command—the other under Half-Day's. Le Flambois placed his party on the right of the trail made by our baggage—Half-Day placed his on the left—and the dragoons occupied the centre. We then moved on in line, each hunter gradually diverging to the right or left, until he was at least 150 yards from the next man to him on the side towards the trail. Our line was then nearly four miles long, and resembled very much that of a party of skirmishers displayed in front of a regiment. Every few minutes the report of a rifle or carbine would be heard on one side or the other. At times a dozen would be fired in rapid succession, as a deer would bound along in front. Hardly any that were started up escaped; for if they ran to either flank, or tried to dart through the line, their fate was certain; if they ran to the front their chance was better; but even then, some time in the day, we were pretty

sure to be up with them. By hunting in this way we swept the prairie of all kinds of game which happened to be in the direction of our march, something on the principle of a large seine in a river. No man was allowed to leave the line to chase unless he went to the rear, and then only for wounded game. In this way we proceeded until we saw the smoke of our encampment ahead, then all gradually gathered in toward it as to a common centre. There was not a hunter who had not some kind of game. Seventeen deer were brought in. Turkeys, prairie squirrels, grouse and partridges, were hanging to the saddle-bows of almost every man. When we arrived at the camp it was about one o'clock, so the women had plenty of time to strip and jerk the meat, and dry the skins before sundown. The manner of jerking meat as practised by the Indians is this. The venison is first cut into long and thin slices, then placed upon a wooden rack about three feet from the ground. This rack is made of small willow poles fastened together with strips of cotton wood or walnut bark. A large fire is then placed under it, and kept up until the meat is browned upon both sides. Each piece is then broken into small bits, and laid in the sun to dry. They give it two or three hours' sunning every day for a week, and after that it will last for years if kept from dampness. The afternoon and evening of this day were also spent by the Indians in dancing, foot-racing, gambling and singing. When they are successful enough in hunting to supply the demands of their appetites, I believe there are no people in the world so entirely without care and happy as the Indians. At *tattoo* all was again still, and, save the measured tread of the sentinels as they marched to and fro upon their posts—the occasional neighing of a horse—the distant howl of a wolf or whoop of an owl—nothing could be heard in the late busy and boisterous camp. What an elegant place this is to start up a reflection—to chase it through a half dozen pages at full tilt; heading it occasionally by “soothing influences of night; moonlight shining on arms; deep shadows; deep sleep; emblem of death; troubles over; calmness in air, over land and lea; civilized and savage mingling together, like a streak of fat and a streak of lean; type of millennium; lion and lamb, &c.,” and then, after fairly exhausting it, come in at the death just at the place where “the Indians snore like the very devil.” But I will spare the infiction. Reader, *bon soir!*

This morning we were somewhat surprised at the intelligence we received of having an addition to the *abregoin* (so pronounced by a distinguished member of the Illinois legislature) army of one, since the previous nightfall. There could be no such a thing as a move until our new comer should be duly christened, entered upon the rolls, and mustered; therefore Pierre went from tent to tent by crack of day to tell the inmates the news, and enjoin upon them not to eat any breakfast, as Senochawon, the father of the child, intended giving a feast in honour of the event. We afterwards found Pierre's caution of great service. Two fat bucks were cut up, boiled, and spread out in piles upon a large circle of mats. In the centre of the circle sat Half-Day with the child. The father busied himself in cutting up a quantity of tobacco ready for smoking, and placing it in a pile near the fire. In the meantime Pierre had been despatched to invite the guests. When he went to the dragoon camp, he said he wished Lieut. C. and

ten dragoons would attend the ceremony; the most of the Indians were also invited. At nine we all assembled around the smoking piles of venison. On one mat was a heap of meat for the ten dragoons, much larger than any other in the whole circle. They were told that the largest pile was always set before the most favoured guests, and it was expected the whole of it would be eaten, as it was considered a slight upon the host to leave anything upon the mats but the bones. The Indians who were invited completed the ring. In the centre was a large mat for Lieut. C., Flambois, and myself. The dimensions of our pile were truly terrific, but there was no help, and eat it we must, appetite or not. As soon as all were seated, Half-Day arose, and, holding the child in his arms, looked up toward heaven, and invoked the Great Spirit to bless and prosper it through life; to make it great, wise, and good; and, finally, when it should have fulfilled its mission here, to take it to the beautiful hunting-grounds at the setting sun. This, of course, was all said in Pottowattamie. The morning until then had threatened rain, but, just as he was done speaking, the sun burst forth from the clouds with unwonted brightness. Half-Day continued—"Great Spirit, we dedicate this child to thee; know it, we beseech thee, here and hereafter, as *Fair Morning*." "Ohow!—Fair Morning! Ohow!"—was the greeting given to the little one from all sides. No doubt it was very much flattered by its reception into this mundane sphere, but, being immediately passed to its mother and borne away, I had no opportunity of becoming convinced of the fact. Now began the feast. The task set before the Indians was easily completed, but the dragoons had a harder time of it. At length the sergeant came into the middle of the ring with despair written upon his face, and bearing a large thigh bone in his hand, having upon it full two pounds of fat meat.

"Lieutenant," said he, in tones of agony, "we shall *never* be able to get through it. The men are bursting now."

"Detail the other ten, sergeant, as a relief."

The sergeant dropped his bone with perfect delight, and, in a few moments, the balance slyly took the places of their *suffering* comrades; and, as the number around the mat was always *ten*, the Indians never found out the *ruse* practised upon them. The men being all dressed alike favoured this movement, and, in fifteen or twenty minutes, the mat was cleared to the satisfaction of all concerned. If any other man than Le Flambois had been with the lieutenant and myself, we should have suffered worse than the dragoons, as there was not a soul who could relieve us without being discovered. Le Flambois was a host. He seemed to go entirely upon the principle established by Sir Dugald Dalgetty—"making it a point to lay in provend enough *every* meal to last three days, so in case of a siege he would never be taken unawares and starved out." With his valuable assistance, we got through not only well, but with honour. Then all had to smoke from the pile of tobacco which had been cut. When this was entirely gone, the feast was finished. I will remark here, that no Indian who gives a feast ever partakes a mouthful of it himself, or a pipeful of the tobacco which he provides for his guests; but sits in the centre of the ring attending to the wants of all, and entertaining them with conversation, until the repast has ended, and the last person retired.

We soon saddled up and moved on again. As it was so late we thought we should push on for the Bouqua in a body, without hunting at all, in order to have the horses as fresh as possible when we got there. We arrived at this river about three o'clock. Just as the head of the column reached the wood upon its banks, an immense buck started up from amongst the weeds, and made across the prairie for some hills about a mile off, which were covered with scrub oak. Four or five dragoons dashed after him, but the grass was so high it was impossible for them to overtake him. Fortunately, Lieut. C., who had been following up the trail made by the traders from the Yellow Stone, and which led directly over these hills, was right in the direction of the chase. The buck did not perceive the danger ahead until he was within 200 yards of the lieutenant; he then changed his course, and tried to get by nearer the river. No sooner had he turned, than the Lieutenant gave his horse the spur, and dashed forward to cut him off. The buck immediately tacked again and flew on for the hills. At this instant, a huge pointer dog, belonging to the officer, came up, and catching sight of him, followed on his track with the speed of lightning. Uncle Toby had altogether too many legs for him, for, in less than a quarter of a mile, he was right at his haunches. There the buck unexpectedly came to a wide and deep chasm, and, as he gave a flying leap to clear it, Uncle Toby darted forward like an arrow, striking him while he was yet in the air, and breaking off one of his antlers by the shock. Both fell into the bottom of the ditch. Uncle Toby there grabbed him by the throat, and held him fast until the lieutenant came up and despatched him with his *couteau de chasse*. This was one of the largest and fattest bucks I ever saw. In a few moments, three or four of the dragoons who had given chase went up to where the lieutenant was, and in a short time returned with the meat. We now forded the river, and encamped upon its northern bank. No sooner were the tents pitched, than eight dragoons, and all the Indians, sallied forth in different directions for game. I accompanied Le Flambois and Pierre, and in two hours we each had a deer slung across our saddles, and commenced our journey back towards the camp. Riding on top of all this meat was out of the question, so we took off our curb reins, and, having lashed the venison fast, plodded on afoot through the tall grass for nearly five miles, leading our horses by the snaffle. Eighteen deer were brought in this night by the Indians and dragoons. Some of the soldiers had been sporting with the rod and line in the Bouqua with great success. I recollect one old soldier, who was familiarly called "Uncle Tim" by his comrades: he beat the very devil in luck whenever he threw a line. Other men right beside him could hardly get a nibble once in five minutes, while his hook could barely touch the water without its being nabbed by the largest fish in the stream; and so sure as they nabbed Uncle Tim's hook, so sure were they of being jerked up about it. Perch, cat-fish, buffalo-fish, pike, or hickory-shad,—it made no odds, Uncle Tim understood the very wriggle of their tails, and the wink of their eyes, and he was as ready for the sly nibble of the one, as he was for the bold dash of the other—now paying out line—now gently drawing it in—humouring this fellow—spitefully twitching at that, but catching all.

I will not say that *that* night I felt a little fatigued, or mention anything about my appetite; but I never before enjoyed such a supper (some of Uncle Tim's fine perch, and a splendid cup of coffee), or slept so well.

On account of the large quantity of venison which had been killed, and which it was necessary to have partly cured before we again moved on, we were unable to leave the Bouqua until noon of the fifth day out. As it was our purpose to visit the head waters of the Sioux River, it was deemed expedient not to kill any more game on the route there than just enough to supply the party with fresh meat. We believed that we should find game in great abundance upon the Sioux, and, consequently, all that we took on this side more than we wanted for immediate use, would have to be packed there and back again. At 12 o'clock we took up our line of march, and proceeded with but few incidents worthy of note, until we arrived at the Sioux, on the 9th of July. By the route we had come, we were now 135 or 140 miles above the Council Bluffs. I forgot to mention that, during our stay upon Little Soldier River, which runs between the Bouqua and the Sioux, we trapped one fine beaver, and took a large number of soft-shell turtles, from which we made delicious soup. It was about two, P.M., when we arrived at the Sioux. We immediately established our camp, intending to remain where we were until a full load of meat should be procured. As the horses were much fatigued, no men left the camp that afternoon. Each Indian was busily engaged in making racks on which to jerk meat, running bullets, oiling rifles, &c.; the dragoons in cleaning their arms, equipments, and horse furniture.

Early in the morning, about thirty of the Indians crossed the Sioux at a ford near the camp, for a hunt among the bluffs on the prairie, which extends away to the north from the river. Soon after, Lieut. C., with ten dragoons, accompanied by Le Flambois, Pierre, and myself, and eight or ten hunters, moved up the river, on the southern side, for the same purpose. We rode in extended order, with intervals between each man of 200 yards. The left of our line advanced along the bank of the river, whilst our right extended far into the prairie. In about two hours we had killed five or six deer. Whilst we were proceeding in this manner, and when we had got eight or ten miles from the camp, an Indian, away upon our right, waved his blanket for the party to come where he was. As soon as Le Flambois saw the signal, he sang out, "Elk!—elk!—to the right, ho!—to the right!" The word was passed down towards the river, when all, except two men who had started after a deer they had wounded, galloped over to where the Indian still stood with his blanket fixed upon his rifle, and waving like a flag. As soon as we arrived there he informed us that he had seen four elk laying just behind the ridge he was on. We immediately dismounted, and slackened our girths to give the horses a little breathing time, whilst the lieutenant and Le Flambois crept through the grass to reconnoitre their position with a spy-glass. They soon returned, and, having picked out four good shots to move forward on foot and bleed them, if possible, before they rose, the balance of the party took a wide circle round to the right, to get between the elk and the wind, which was blowing directly from the camp. The object in making this movement was that we might head them after they had been started up by

the hunters on foot, as they always run to windward; and in this way, even though they broke by us, every foot of the chase would carry us nearer home. Everything turned out as we expected, except that the men on foot did not get within gun-shot before the elk discovered them, and came at full speed towards our party. No sooner did they see us than they stood perfectly still. Their pause was but for a moment, for the hunters who had been sent to dislodge them were already in the saddle, and upon their track. I shall never forget their majestic appearance as they stood gazing slowly around upon us, with their huge antlers branching out above their heads like a young forest. All at once they seemed decided upon their course, and, laying their horns back, they dashed through our line like so many race-horses. Their approach was so sudden and so grand, that in our pause of admiration they passed us without a shot being fired. But in an instant we recovered ourselves, and rushed after them like mad. Over hill, vale, brook, and bog, they led us for nearly an hour before they began to lag in the least, and not until they arrived within a mile of the encampment did we come up with them. They then rushed into a small lagoon filled with mud and water, and covered with pond lilies, and, after floundering in it for some time, one reached the opposite bank and pushed on; the rest lay down perfectly exhausted. By this time the dragoons came up and despatched them with their carbines. The aborigines who started with the chase, being mounted upon Canadian horses, did not arrive until a half hour afterwards. The Indians in camp heard our firing, and saw the only elk which escaped us coming directly towards them. They instantly sallied out, and discharged rifle after rifle at him as he passed them, dashing down the bank and across the Sioux. Nearly every one of their shots took effect, for, by the time he had reached a point of timber a quarter of a mile from the opposite shore of the river, he fell and instantly expired. This night nine elk and twenty deer were brought in. Our camp had more the appearance of an extensive slaughter-house than anything else I can compare it to. The two men who, by chasing a deer, missed the sport with the elk, did not come in till nearly midnight, having got lost on the prairie. However, they brought us some glorious intelligence: they said that, while wandering about in search of a trail which might lead them back to the camp, they unexpectedly came across an immense herd of buffalo. They also said that the buffalo had not seen them, and were not more than sixteen miles off. This was, indeed, an item worth the most profound consideration. However, as we had already as much meat as could be taken care of in two days, and as our horses were pretty well used up, the council of war, which deliberated upon the matter, decided that our grand attack upon this new game should not be made until the next day but one; and that all hunting, except a little within a few miles of camp, should cease until then. The next day a swarm of bees could not have been more busy than our people were in curing and packing the meat already killed. A few hunters straggled out, and, after having been gone three or four hours, returned with five more elk, and half-a-dozen deer. To kill deer and elk, with a drove of buffalo within sixteen miles, was rather small business, and was, therefore, put down at once. Henceforward, we felt ourselves above slaying such varmint, and drew consolation from the brilliant

anticipations of our coming fight with cattle more worthy our ammunition.

At daylight we pulled up stakes and moved our whole encampment twelve miles farther up the river. We arrived at the Big Rock at about half-past seven o'clock. This rock is known to all hunters upon the prairie which lies between the Missouri and Mississippi—it being a prominent land-mark, on account of its immense size and height. Near it we again pitched our tents, and learned, from the men who had found the buffalo, that the herd was about four miles to the S. E. from where we then were. We determined not to be in too much haste in searching for them; and, in order that we might make a fresh start, we turned our horses out to graze for an hour or two, and got ourselves a good breakfast. In the interim, about forty elk were discovered by an Indian lying upon a bluff, upon the opposite side of the Sioux. Inasmuch as the buffalo *might* be gone, it was thought desirable to send a couple of dragoons and five or six Indians, to make sure of a little of the game in sight. In a few moments the party detailed for this purpose crossed the river, and soon commenced a spirited chase, which continued for three or four miles, in full view of the whole camp. At length elk and hunters disappeared over a distant hill, and nothing more was seen of, or heard from them until night. At ten o'clock, Lieutenant C. and ten dragoons, with Le Flambois, Pierre, myself, and about thirty Indians, mounted up, and moved off in the direction of the spot where the buffalo had been seen. After travelling about three miles from the Big Rock, we came to a high swell in the prairie, which overlooked the whole country for miles. No sooner had we gained the summit of this ridge than we descried an immense drove of elk, numbering from 100 to 150, quietly grazing upon the side of a gentle acclivity, about a mile and a half still farther on. Between us and the elk there was a large hollow, probably four or five miles in circumference. On three sides of this hollow were three hills, swelling up from it with an easy and gradual ascent. We stood upon one of these hills—the elk stood upon another opposite to us, and away to our right, at a distance of two miles, was a third. Two large streams came down upon each side of the hill occupied by the elk, and, after uniting in the hollow, took quite a circle round, and finally passed out between us and the hill on our right, emptying into the Sioux some miles below the encampment. As soon as the elk were discovered, the Indians believed that they were what the two dragoons had taken for buffalo, and communicated their suspicions to Lieutenant C. The lieutenant immediately called up one of the two men who had reported, two days previous, having seen them, and asked him if he might not have been mistaken. He said he could not have been, but admitted that this was the same hollow in which he and his comrade had seen the buffalo. The most of the Indians, however, believed that the soldier *was* mistaken, and started off immediately, around to the right, to attack the elk. Lieutenant C. told Le Flambois that he knew, from the character and intelligence of the dragoon, that all he said was correct, and that he and his men should advance into the hollow, find the trail of the herd, and follow it up. Le Flambois, and about a dozen hunters who remained with him, with Pierre and myself, determined to keep with

the officers. We took a circle away round to the left, and as soon as we had got at a point where our view commanded the whole hollow, the same dragoon who had first found them gave the joyful cry, "There they are! There they are!" And there they were, sure enough, under the very hill where all our previous discussion had taken place. For nearly a quarter of a mile the prairie was literally black with them. Some were lying down, some feeding, some playing. We could distinctly hear the deep thunder-toned bellow of the bulls as the wind swept up the valley. We knew that, as soon as we attacked them, they would go out of one of the three hollows which opened upon the immense bottom they were in. We therefore divided our party, sending five dragoons and five Indians, with Pierre, around the hill still occupied by the elk, with directions to come down into the hollow upon the other side. In the meantime we were to remain until Pierre and his men had gained this point; we were then to gallop directly down upon the herd, and try to start them that way. We now dismounted from our horses, in order to be concealed as much as possible, and waited (the longest half hour I ever experienced) for the other party to gain its position in the distant hollow. All the time the buffalo were in full view, and not more than three quarters of a mile distant. The herd of elk having seen Pierre and his men as they moved round the hill they were on, dashed down through the valley immediately toward the buffalo. The buffalo, alarmed at seeing the elk run—knowing that the devil *must* be to pay somewhere, though they could not exactly tell where—came directly towards us. I never saw so grand a sight in my life as the valley now presented. Here came this immense herd of buffalo from one direction, apparently in a perfect line, like three or four regiments of cavalry in a charge; the ground trembling under their thousand hoofs like continued thunder,—the air filled with a dense cloud of dust, and resounding with the terrific roar of a countless host of bulls. There ran upwards of 100 huge elk, making a clattering with their horns and hoofs, like an army of coopers driving hoops for dear life; and, to give a sort of finishing touch to the picture, just at this moment scores of cranes rose out of the stream, making a perfect bedlam in the air with their discordant and unearthly shrieks. We did not pause long to admire this grand and animated picture, but mounted our horses and dashed towards the formidable host before us. No sooner were we seen, than each buffalo turned square to the right, like a flank movement of dragoons, and, like a wild, tossing, foaming torrent of black and *visible* thunder, the whole had rushed for the opposite hollow. We followed, but, on account of having to cross the crooked and miry stream a half dozen times, we could not gain upon them until we came to the rising ground upon the other side. In doing this we went within thirty yards of the elk, who, appearing to *know* that we did not want them, paused, and gazed upon us as we passed in utter astonishment. Just at this moment Pierre and his party made their appearance directly in front, and within a hundred yards of the head of the drove. Pierre galloped on, singing out to the dragoons and Indians who were with him, "Stop them! Turn them! Stop them!" But his voice could no more be heard in that horrible din than the faint notes of an æolian harp under the Falls of Niagara. They might as well try to

stop the Missouri River as the angry and terrible stream which swept towards them. The dragoons drew up their horses, and two of the best marksmen instantly fired upon the two bulls who led the herd. It was fortunate for poor Pierre that their shots took effect, or that moment would have been his last appearance on any hunting-grounds in this world. The two leaders, being mortally wounded, turned immediately to the left, followed by the whole drove. They then rushed back through the valley, to escape by the hollow towards the Sioux. By this time all had come up, and we had them between two fires; and if ever bullets flew fast and true they did then. The dragoons and Indians mingled in with the herd—galloping along, loading and firing with a rapidity I have never seen equalled. The dragoons having fixed cartridges, and pieces that loaded at the breech, kept up a perfect stream of fire. The Indians were not slow either, for they carried their bullets in their mouths, and rammed them home without patch or wadding. The whole trail in the rear was marked with dead and wounded buffalo. When the head of the column reached the stream, the leaders got mired in endeavouring to climb up the steep bank on the opposite side. In an instant scores and scores were piled on to them, until the creek was literally filled from bank to bank, making a living, kicking, bellowing bridge for all in rear to pass over. Then came the slaughter in good earnest. A dragoon, by the name of Doll, a tall, athletic man, finding the tube of his carbine choked up, just dropped it, and with a large hatchet actually killed six buffalo on the spot. My Colt's pistol now came in play. Every bullet shot from it was a death warrant to whatever it hit. One old bull, who had got mired, finding, after repeated attempts, that it was useless for him to attempt to climb the bank, turned, and with the speed of lightning rushed out of the creek *on our side*, and was amongst us as quick as thought. I need not say that any of us attempted to stop a charge like that. We clapped spurs to our horses, wheeled, and made a tolerably decent retreat in what might be called *respectable* time on any race track in the world. The sergeant of dragoons, who was nearest to the creek, being in somewhat of a hurry about that time, dropped his carbine, and never saw it afterwards. The bull followed us but a little way, and then turned and walked quietly over the bodies of his fallen brethren until he reached the opposite bank; he then showed us both his bottom and his action in his race to overtake the herd. Whether the sergeant's piece got buried in the mud, or covered with grass and weeds, or whether the bull took it off with him as a sort of trophy—meaning to fight us hereafter with our own weapons—remains to this day a deep and profound mystery. The opinion, however, which is most generally entertained is, that the bull took it off! A few of the dragoons followed on after the retreating buffalo; among them was a private, Anderson, who had first discovered the herd. The wounded bulls seemed to owe him a particular grudge for having betrayed their whereabouts, and two of the largest took after him at the same time. His horse being entirely used up, to escape from them by flight was impossible. He had still about a dozen cartridges left, and thought if he could succeed in stopping their engines, or bursting their boilers, the thing would not be quite a gone case with him after all. So he commenced a sort of *trotting* fire upon them—(*running*

was out of the question)—plugging bullet after bullet into them, in hopes to impede their headway. But at each shot they seemed to get up more steam; and, as they were getting a little too familiar on so short an acquaintance, he waved his cap, and halloed for a reinforcement. Lieutenant C., who was but a short distance off, galloped over to his assistance. As soon as the bulls saw the lieutenant they left the dragoon, whom they supposed had already struck his flag and surrendered, and wore ship for their new antagonist. By doing this they got themselves into warm water, for the lieutenant, having a Colt's pistol, soon dropped one, and then plumped the bullets into the other *ad libitum*. At every shot the bull would give his tail a snap and bellow. But snapping of tails and bellowing would not save him; and in a few minutes the brave spirit he had shown during the whole engagement *gave up*, and departed for the locker of Monsieur Divvy Zhongs, as the Frenchman says.

Thus ended our first and last fight with the buffalo. Upon going over the ground we found FIFTY-SEVEN killed, besides the wounded and prisoners. The latter were mostly calves; and, on account of "their d——d obstinacy," as one of the soldiers said, we untethered them and let them run. It may be as well to observe that the elk, after remaining disinterested spectators of the fight for some time, came to the sage conclusion that, as it was getting *rather* late, they might as well be jogging. So they very quietly put off for home, where, I have no doubt, they arrived in perfect safety.

It was quite dark when we all returned to camp. We found that the men and Indians who had crossed the river in the morning had been as successful in *their way* as we had in ours,—having returned with their horses loaded down with the elk they had captured. One of the dragoons, by the name of Vanroe, performed a feat this day unparalleled in the Pottowattamie annals of hunting. After chasing the elk about six miles, he overtook an immense buck, who, on account of his being very fat, could not keep up with the herd. As soon as he had got abreast, he aimed his carbine at his most vital part, and pulled the trigger. The cap alone exploded. The soldier, being determined not to be foiled in his purpose, drew his bayonet, *seized the elk by his horns* with his left hand, and stabbed him through the back and neck until he dropped dead. All of the Indians considered this the most extraordinary piece of daring, and skill in the management of horse and arms, they had ever seen or heard of. The next two days we were all busily occupied in cutting up and curing our meat. One half of what we killed was left to rot upon the ground, without being touched by a knife.

On the 15th of July we started for the Council Bluffs, every horse and pack mule being loaded down with dried meat and hides. We arrived at the Bluffs on the morning of the 19th, having been absent sixteen days.

The total amount of large game killed was—57 buffalo, 20 elk, 104 deer.

Our small game was *too small* a matter to take any account of at all, and was just thrown in for tally. This successful expedition has become a remarkable era, or sort of mile-stone, in the history of the Pottowattamies. They will refer to events as transpiring so long before or so long since the BIG HUNT.

ROUGH NOTES OF A SPORTING EXCURSION THROUGH
THE MAREMME OF TUSCANY.

CHAPTER I.

Florence—Preparatory Arrangements—Blunders of a French Valet—Journey to Siena—Description of the City—Fête of the Assumption of the Virgin—Horse-racing—Institution of Boxing as a National Pastime.

ON the morning of the 5th of this last December, I was lounging before Gasperini's *Hostellerie* in the Piazza Santa Trinita at Florence, when the young Marquess T—— accosted me, and kindly pressed me to accompany him in a sporting excursion into the Maremme, on which it was his intention to start within a few hours.

I hesitated not a moment in determining to avail myself of his invitation; for not only had I before, many a time and oft, planned such an expedition, but, moreover, I was enchanted at any excuse for winging my flight from Florence at a season when the bitter inclemency of the climate could find no parallel on God's earth south of Iceland. Even as the Marquess and I conversed together, a gust of wind, or, rather, a hurricane swept over the Ponte Santa Trinita, nearly severed in twain a poor woman supplicating alms at the door of the *Casino dei Nobili*, and made my heart rejoice within me at the anticipation of escaping from such a bitter dispensation of Providence.

Two friends of mine, who I refrain from particularizing by name, in compliance with the wishes they expressed to that purport, covenanted to accompany us, and make a *partie carrée*, which being arranged, we dispersed unto the east and unto the west to make preparations for our campaign—to clean up guns, fowling-pieces, and shooting-boots—to purchase cogniac, wadding, and powder, and a thousand other things needful, of which a prolonged residence in Italia's luxurious clime had rendered ourselves oblivious, and our wardrobes and gun-cases destitute.

December 6th.—“To-morrow,” said I to my French valet on awaking this morning—“to-morrow we positively start for the Maremme. Have you all things in readiness as I directed?”

“Certainment, monsieur, tout est prêt,” was that excellent individual's reply, with a most obsequious reverence, and a succession of knoscient shrugs and grins, which were evidently intended to express—“Soyez content, monsieur. Croyez vous que je sois capable de negligier vos ordres?”

“Very well,” said I, with supreme satisfaction at his zeal, and with perfect confidence in his judgment; “very well, indeed,” said I. “By-the-bye, my gun—where is it?”

“Le voilà, monsieur,” he replied, triumphantly, displaying, in lieu of mine admirable Purdey, an antiquated, rust-eaten, tarnished, long-barrelled fowling-piece, which, some months since, I was doomed, for my sins, to win in a raffle, and whose intrinsic value was certainly not

five pauls, and that only to some inventive genius, or to a fire-compelling son of Vulcan, capable of transmogrifying it into a poker.

"Mille diables!! and the powder?"

"C'est dans la caisse de monsieur."

Fortunately, I deemed a personal inspection preferable to his *parole*, and rummaged forth a single box of Scarman's dentrifrice, in lieu of a score of flasks of Pigou and Andrews's destructive.

"Mon Dieu! did monsieur want poudre de canon—poudre for to kill le gibier?"

"Of course I did! Eh bien, le plomb? I suppose you have forgotten that altogether."

"Mille pardons, monsieur, je n'ai rien oublié!" and he produced a bag of good-sized musket-balls.

I asked him no more questions, but proceeded forthwith to *devalliser* my portmanteau, and had good reason to rejoice in doing so; for my worthy valet, who was just as skilful an aeronaut as he was a sportsman, knew as much of shooting as he did of flying, and had, at all events, been at quite as many *parties aeriens* as at *parties de chasse*, had, like Horatio, yet to learn "that there were many things in heaven and earth not dreamt of in his philosophy." All his arrangements had been conducted with the same discrimination and judgment that characterized his selection of the ammunition. He had laid in a stock of nightcaps instead of copper caps—had substituted pumps for shooting-shoes—had purchased a pair of short black gaiters *à la Pickwick*, instead of strong leathern ones, to resist the thorns and briars which I might expect to encounter—and had provided one pack of visiting and three of playing cards in lieu of any card wadding.

Having effected the necessary alterations, and, *in propria persona*, superintended each and every arrangement, and the disposition of my effects and baggage, I wended on my way to Gasperini's, to meet, according to appointment, my *compagnons de chasse*, to consult together, and to decide on the mode of travelling to be adopted.

It being arranged that W—— and the Marquess T—— should set forth together, and be independent in their movements and proceedings of S—— and myself, I covenanted with a vetturino to supply us, on certain considerations, with a calèche and a pair of stout, strong horses, to make the tour of the Maremma; and, moreover, S—— supplicated Sir J—— H—— for the loan of his light German car, which he forthwith sent on, with a clever little English mare (appropriately named Tagliomi after the queen of dance), to Poggibonsi, to be in readiness for us against the morrow.

December 7th.—The morrow came cold, keen, and frosty, and with the morrow, the promised calèche, so miserable an exhibition of human skill and ingenuity, that it must have been fabricated as a parody upon vehicles in general. S——, horrified and appalled at the apparition of the phantom drag, vowed that he would not trust himself therein one moment sooner than dire necessity should compel him to do so. Accordingly, he mounted a hackney, and struck off in a canter, promising to await me at the first relay.

I, being a wanderer of many years' standing and experience, accustomed to the buffeting incidental to travellers, and somewhat philosophically disposed in temperament to boot, wended on my way in the

much despised vehicle, chewing, alternately, the cud of sweet or bitter fancies, as a gleam of sunshine illumined my path, or a blast of the stern easterly wind, penetrating through cloak, coat, and pea-jacket, made me wish myself anywhere but where, at that moment, I was; and transmuted our two squires of low degree in the rumble into knights of the woeful countenance with a vengeance, and made their noses as blue as was my face when an extra jolt or two threatened the instantaneous annihilation of the frail calèche, and impending peril unto my excellent self.

At Poggibonsi, leaving the servants to follow us at their leisure, S—— and I—— leaped right gladly into the German car, and his gallant little mare stepped along at more than ten miles in the hour over the mountainous road to Siena.

“Cor magis tibi Sena pandit,” is the inscription over the Camollia Gate, whence springs the long street which bisects Siena, a city which, although now reduced to a fourth of her original population, scarcely retaining a rank and a name among cities, was formerly powerful and renowned among the rival republics of Italy. The gigantic and massive palaces of the nobles are fine specimens of the demi-gothic style which characterizes all the public works of the brothers Agostino and Angelo, the two celebrated sculptors and architects of Siena at the commencement of the fourteenth century.

The Piazza del Campo is unique in character as unequalled in beauty, and produces an imposing effect. It is in the form of a shell, sloped like an ancient theatre for public games, and constitutes the segment of a circle, in the chord of which stands the Palazzo Publico, which is appropriated to different uses, as heterogeneous as can well be imagined; one portion being assigned to the courts of law, another to the theatre, and a prison fills the rest—a strange union! where, beneath one roof, pleasure is encouraged, crime judged, and criminals incarcerated.

The horse-races, which are annually held in the Piazza, on the grand fête of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, are very singular and extraordinary, and merit to be witnessed as presenting a graphical and correct *tableau* of olden times unaltered by the lapse of centuries, and unchanged in any one individual particular or feature since their earliest institution.

The Fête of the Assumption is a day of universal rejoicing—of common festivity. Siena is crowded with strangers—husbandmen from the Maremme—contadini of the environs, with their gaily-attired wives and dark-eyed daughters—the princes and nobles of Rome and Florence—the inhabitants of the mountain and the dwellers on the plain—all and each glowing with enthusiasm, and inspired with ardent eagerness to witness the remarkable ceremonies to which this festival gives birth.

The Piazza has assumed the appearance of an ancient arena, and the glorious days of the republican splendour of Siena may be imagined to be again roused into vitality; the chivalric spirit that animated her gallant citizens to feats of daring in asserting their independence, to be resuscitated. From every window of the gorgeous palaces which belt the Piazza, wave streamers of silk: from every balcony float banners of velvet; and every house-top, terrace, window, and balcony are crowded

with spectators, and convey the effect of edifices piled on edifices, of which living masses of mortals form the component parts; for before, around, and over us, nought is to be seen but an ocean of waving heads, and smiling faces, and flashing eyes; and be it remembered that, renowned throughout Italy, even more than in olden times, is Siena in these our days renowned for the marvellous beauty of her daughters. They only of all the children of the land perfectly embody and fully realize the critical perfection of the ideal, combining, with tall and graceful forms, flexibility of mien and unfettered ease of movement; voluptuous roundness of body and exquisite symmetry of limb; eyes dark, melting, liquid, and impassioned; teeth whiter than the driven snows on the bosom of the Jungfrau; lips chiselled as by a sculptor, and deeper than the ruby in rosy hues. Each and every attribute of loveliness is theirs; but—

“ Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his fading sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight—
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness?”

The ecclesi, or senators (all base counterfeits, by-the-bye), have paraded through the streets attired in their rich mantles of state and ceremony. The carroccio, torn from the baffled Florentines, and the votive wax-works, have been borne in triumph into the cathedral; and now the impatience of the spectators hath become uncontrollable, their ardour painful, and no longer to be suppressed, for the hour of the palio—of the horse-race, is at hand. As one animal after another is led into the arena and paraded before them, their impatience bursts forth in loud applaudings, exclamations of delight, and shouts of encouragement. “Che bella bestia!” shout the citizens of one ward, as their champion, a Maremman brute, with a head like a fiddle-case, is brought forth. “Carino! carino!” murmur the fair ones of La Contrada dell'Aquila. “Carino! carino!” are the terms of soft endearment with which they hail the appearance of a hideous creature, bearing affinity in form and in attributes to one of the mule creation. “Povero uccellino! E piu lesto che il vento!” exclaim a chorus of other voices as a misshapen miscreant, cat-hammed, broken-kneed, with a Roman nose and long asinine ears, enters the lists to contend for prizes and honours. Thus is each and every animal criticised and abused by the inhabitants of one ward, and eulogized to the skies by the denizens of another. The spirit of rivalry that prevails amongst them is ferocious and sanguinary, and, more frequently than not, terminates in serious strife and in bloodshed. The signal for preparation for starting is given!

————— “ See there! with ears
And tail erect, neighing they paw the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in their redd'ning eyes,
And boils in every vein.”

The clarion sounds! Away they go:—away go the ten fiery Bel-lerophons of the ten rival wards! Away they go upon the pinions of the wind, amidst shouts and acclamations which rend the heavens! Away they go!—away on their headlong course! The excitement, the rap-

ture, the fear, the hope, that the contest inspires among the spectators are intense : they scream, they rave until the Piazza re-echoes their cries ; they wave their hats in the air ; they clasp their hands passionately together : they invoke all the saints in the calendar to their aid ; they vow that a galaxy of tapers shall blaze before the shrine of the blessed Virgin if she will be propitious to their wishes. Their extraordinary gestures, wild actions, impassioned excitement, and ungovernable frenzy, would compel an indifferent bystander to imagine that each and all had been at one and the same moment stricken with madness, and that the entire population had become howling maniacs.

The horses sweep around the arena ; the riders, arrayed in gaudy jackets (the distinguishing colours of the respective wards), cast the flowing reins loose on the necks of their coursers, brandish their ponderous whips, while the lash falls fast and fiercely on the flanks of the flying steeds ; and now, instigated by every evil passion of jealousy, the jockeys assault each and every rival with frenzied ferocity, and appear to be riding a muck, rather than a race. All is riot and confusion ; a Babel turned loose upon earth ; a barbaric exhibition of the pageantry, the strife, and the tumult of olden times. The race is run that was set before them ; the victorious jockey is torn from his steed and borne off in exultation by his triumphant party ; while the vanquished utter deep oaths and fearful imprecations, curse their horses as vile brutes unworthy of existence, and retire to vent their discontent over many a generous flask in the wine-shop, where, brooding over the bitterness of blighted anticipations, they utter terrible threats of vengeance, which nought but a salutary dread of the police prevents them from putting into sanguinary execution.

Indeed, the mutual rivalry and hatred of the inhabitants of the different wards were formerly proverbial, and gave birth to so many serious conflicts, and to such fatal feuds, that, in the year 1200, St. Bernardine instituted boxing, less as a national pastime than in the anticipation that it might supersede the use of the stiletto, and prevent assassinations, which were of frequent occurrence, and sprung from a light word or a sportive jest. The success of the experiment more than realized St. Bernardine's most sanguine expectations. Boxing became a pursuit, a recreation, a pastime at Siena ; on every point of national honour pugilists came forward to display their skill and prowess ; and the art of self-defence was celebrated as a manly science—was sung by poets, recorded by inscriptions, and ranked, by Savini, among the holyday pleasures of Siena :—

“ Tazze, vivande, compagnia d'amici,
Maschere, pagni, ed il bollor lascivo
D'un teatro foltissimo di Belle.”

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHASE.

As fox-hunting has not yet generally commenced, our notices of it extend only to the prospects of such districts as have reached us.

HAMPSHIRE HUNTING.—The fine rains that have fallen since the completion of the harvest, have made the ground in excellent condition for hounds and horses, and cub-hunting has commenced here, under most favourable auspices. Foxes are plentiful both in the H. H. and Hambledon countries. The former pack have (comparatively speaking) a new master, as he only took them at the end of the last season; the same huntsman and whip are with them; they have not so good an entry of young hounds as in some years, but the old ones are looking well, and a good season may be hoped for. The Hambledon are fortunate in having a remarkably fine entry of puppies. I was out with them a few days ago, and highly gratified with the manner in which they set to work. They met on the estate of the Hon. William Gage, where, it was reported, foxes were not abundant, but we were agreeably surprised to find it quite the reverse, as we found plenty, and the young hounds, and their style of working, were greatly admired. Mr. Walter Long continues the management, and Squires goes on as huntsman. They have a fresh whip from the establishment of Mr. Drax. I write from the New Forest, where I am grieved to hear there will be no hunting this season, as, since the lamented decease of Mr. Codrington, no one has been found to take the country, nor is it likely that any one will at present. This is a symptom of money being very scarce, or fox-hunting being at a discount. I hope it is not the latter; and the former is anything but desirable. The want of foxhounds will, I hope, induce the noble master of her Majesty's buckhounds to bring them, for a more lengthened period, to the New Forest during this season.

A subscription pack of harriers has been started at Lymington, which are to be hunted by Mr. Henry Dennett, who formerly kept a pack of his own in this district, and is well up to the work. W. M.

The New Forest country, it is said, has been offered to Lindsay Shedden, Esq., son of Col. Shedden, of the Elms, with the condition that, if he will find the hounds, funds shall be forthcoming to enable him to hunt it five times a fortnight.

About fifty packs of foxhounds took the field for business in the course of the past month. The royal hounds begin their regular season forthwith; they are in great force, and the stable is reported to be admirably directed by the new head groom, Brown. The system pursued with the royal hunters needed change greatly.

DEVONSHIRE HUNTING.

To the Editor of the SPORTING REVIEW.

SIR,—An article, entitled "Devon, as a Hunting Country," having appeared in your number for August, perhaps you will allow me to set him right on some points where he is "at fault." He is evidently not one of "West Countrie," neither should I imagine that he is a "sportsman," in the true sense of the word, though he may be given to "following the hounds." It seems, from his own showing (that is, either

from want of opportunity or inclination, or maybe both), he has never seen either Sir Walter Carew's, Mr. Bulteel's, or Mr. Coham's packs, which, according to his account, are the only packs of foxhounds in the county; and I really think that as (he says) he has never seen the west or southern parts of the county, he can scarcely be called a "jidge" of it as a hunting country; and he is mistaken when he says that those three are the only foxing-packs. Where is "Jack Russell," the far-famed right reverend sportsman of Symonsbath? Will he allow his gallant pack to be scouted? No; nor ought it to be, as it is about the very most perfect in the whole of the "West Country." Allow me to inform my "oriental" friend, that we "barbarians of the West" call "heath" "moor." He says aright when he says that there are MORE than *twenty* packs of harriers kept here; ay, twenty times twenty would have been nearer the mark! Is there a ten square miles of this county, or of its western neighbour, Cornwall, that does not own its "cry?" It is evident that he has never followed even the stag-hounds over the heaths (which we are barbarous enough to be proud of, and call moors), or he would not talk of "pocket-handkerchief fields." Let him bring anything but a first-rate galloper, and he would, I reckon, be "far, far away," as the scent is *burning* on a moderate day, and good ground for going the pace, and, though last, not, to my mind, *least*, very varmint straight running foxes, as wild as the moors themselves. Then he says that "Devon is certainly more to be recommended to the traveller and invalid than to the sportsman," meaning a *hunter*, I presume, as the excellence of a great part of it for its *snipe* shooting, and its *trout* and "*salmon trout*" fishing, is well known: and then says it is quite worth any person's while to go down by railroad, to ride *through the gates*, to see the stag hunted in its wild state. Why ride through the gates? for nearly all the banks and walls are jumpable to "those who are fond of stag-hunting." But before they go to the trouble and expense of railing down to Dulverton, they must not expect to gallop over good soft pasture land, with "*gentleman-like*" fences, for half an hour, but must make up their minds to "wild work" in a "wild country," with "wild game," and last, though certainly not *least*, in your correspondent's idea, "*wild fences*," generally consisting of stiff banks, often faced with stone. He ought to be provided with a clever Irish horse, and, having "hardened his heart" with a fixed determination to "rough it," let him come, and, for sport and scenery combined, I will ensure him that he has never yet "seen the like." He goes on to say that the hounds are *small*. That they may be, if he is used to see twenty-five inch hounds; and complains that they are wanting in *music*. There I do not agree with him; nor can I account for it, if it is so, as there is some of the best foxhound blood in England in them.

WEST COUNTRY.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.
BETTINGS FOR OCTOBER.

☛ In consequence of the Newmarket Autumn Meetings occupying so much of the past month, the business days at Hyde Park Corner were necessarily few. Up to the present date, speculation on the events of 1843 has been confined to the Derby, and even on that race it was limited. We give the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire quotations for the convenience of reference as to the respective positions in the odds of the horses backed for those Handicaps. Several £10,000 books have been opened on the Derby for 1843, and 1844; and, notwithstanding the past panic, betting is in the ascendant. Beyond the notices of the nominations in the market, which will be found in our Newmarket article, nothing remains, at present, to be said. It is probable a good Derby field will be backed during the winter.

MONDAY, October 3.

CESAREWITCH STAKES.	DERBY, 1843.
Bellissima 6 to 1 agst. —	Scott's lot 7 to 2 agst. —
Portrait 7 to 1 — —	Phillip 20 to 1 — —
Blue Bonnet 10 to 1 — —	Napier 22 to 1 — —
Florence 12 to 1 — (tk.)	Cotherstone 25 to 1 — —
Ralph 12 to 1 — (tk.)	Parthian 40 to 1 — —
Arcanus 12 to 1 — —	OAKS, 1843.
Heslington 15 to 1 — (tk.)	Maria Day 8 to 1 agst. —
Roscius 15 to 1 — —	Wee Pet 12 to 1 — —
Lucy Banks 18 to 1 — —	Testy 15 to 1 — —

THURSDAY, October 6.

CESAREWITCH STAKES.	DERBY, 1843.
Bellissima 6 to 1 agst. —	Tamburini 16 to 1 agst. —
Portrait 10 to 1 — —	Lucy Banks 18 to 1 — (tk.)
Blue Bonnet 12 to 1 — —	The Gleaner 18 to 1 — (tk.)
Florence 12 to 1 — —	Lord Kelburne's colt 16 to 1 — —
Ralph 12 to 1 — —	Thistle-whipper 20 to 1 — —
Arcanus 12 to 1 — —	The Shadow 1000 to 50 — (tk.)
Heslington 11 to 1 — —	DERBY, 1843.
	Queen of Trumps colt 33 to 1 — (tk.)

MONDAY, October 17.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.	DERBY, 1843.
Florence 10 to 1 agst. —	Lady Adela 17 to 1 agst. —
Ralph 10 to 1 — —	Vulcan 20 to 1 — —
Buck mare 9 to 1 — —	Whistle Binkle 20 to 1 — (tk.)
Cabrera 13 to 1 — —	Knight-of-the-Whistle ... 6 to 1 — —
Forester 14 to 1 — —	DERBY, 1843.
Topsall 14 to 1 — —	Murat 18 to 1 agst. (tk.)
	Canton 40 to 1 — —

THURSDAY, October 20.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.	DERBY, 1843.
Florence 8 to 1 agst. (tk.)	Knight-of-the-Whistle ... 25 to 1 agst. —
Ralph 9 to 1 — (tk.)	Billingham Lass 20 to 1 — (tk.)
Buck mare 10 to 1 — (tk.)	DERBY, 1843.
Cabrera 12 to 1 — —	Murat 20 to 1 agst. —
Forester 15 to 1 — —	Cotherstone 20 to 1 — —
Topsall 14 to 1 — —	Winesour 25 to 1 — —
Lady Adela 14 to 1 — (tk.)	Progress colt 1000 to 35 — (tk.)
Garryowen 15 to 1 — —	Canton 40 to 1 — —
Vulcan 25 to 1 — (tk.)	Siricol 40 to 1 — (tk.)
Whistle Binkle 25 to 1 — (tk.)	Cheviot 50 to 1 — (tk.)

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

WILD HOGS OF LOUISIANA.—The settlements on the level or low lands of Louisiana are usually along the margins of rivers, lakes, and bayous, there generally being a belt of land from a quarter of a mile to two miles in breadth, which is arable, and rarely subject to overflows; as you recede from these into the still lower lands that are almost annually inundated, you find yourself (unless during a flood of the "Great Father of Waters") in open woods entirely clear of bog or morass, occasionally checkered, here and there, with a cane-brake on the most elevated spots, and then again with palmetto, sometimes in small patches, and again extending for miles, varying in height from two to eight feet on the lowest parts of the swamp. The timber in these lowlands is composed of fifteen varieties of oak, swamp-hickory, persimmon of two varieties, pecan, &c., some of which rarely ever fail in producing an abundant mast. On the most elevated ridges we have a variety of grape-vines, bamboo, two species of the vine producing the trumpet-flower, the green brier, and many other kinds of vines that entwine their pliant folds around every tree within their reach, and render the spot entirely impenetrable to a horseman. In the open parts of the swamp (for, in the south, all land is called swamp that is or ever has been subject to overflow), where the timber is scattering, there are several varieties of the grape which are peculiar to these swamps, and also many weeds and flowers that are in bloom during the winter months. These low lands are not arable, and never will be, as the lowest of them are the reservoirs, not only of the Mississippi floods, but are also the receptacles for the overflows of the Arkansas, the Onachitta, and Red River: the breadth of these inundated lands is from ten to forty miles. Here, then, is our wild hog range.

The wild hogs are usually three or four years in coming to maturity, and frequently weigh from 200 to 300 pounds, gross; their colour is various: black, white, sandy, and pale red, and every variety of mixture which these colours will admit of; their form is ordinary, having rather too much leg, which makes them quite *heely* at times; rather slab-sided, with a roached back, well set off with long, stiff bristles, which, when elevated in battle array, give them quite a formidable appearance. There is, however, much variety in the form and size of these hogs, as they are crossed and recrossed by new recruits which stray off to them in search of mast, or fall in company with them in their rambles near the plantations; hence you occasionally see some of them that might pass for a distant relation to a Berkshire, and again you come across one whose whiteness, and whose rounded hams would say that some of his ancestors had had a letter of introduction to a grazier from the land of St. Patrick. The wild hogs subsist on a great variety of food; in the fall, and winter months, they fare sumptuously on the great variety of mast which the oaks, persimmons, hackberries, pecan, and palmetto yield, together with the grape that contributes its beautiful clusters in great profusion. In the spring, and early in the summer months, their fare is frequently scarce, and they are frequently driven by high water, and hemmed up on the more elevated parts of the

swamp that are covered with cane; they then subsist on young cane roots, the roots of the blackberry, or dewberry, and the wild potato; at this season they usually become quite poor. As the water subsides they fare very sumptuously on fish of every description that have been entangled in the vines, thickets, and cane-brakes, by the sudden falling of the water. Shell-fish of various kinds, such as the loggerheaded turtle, the soft-shell, the common terrapin, craw-fish, and shrimps, add to their bill of fare, and make up quite a variety of fishy food.

The wild hogs usually feed in the daytime, unless they are frequently hunted, in which case they feed in the night, and conceal themselves during the day in brier thickets, cane-brakes, and sometimes in large hollow trees and logs, which are favourite haunts for them in the winter months.

They usually live together in small numbers—sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty old hogs, with their yearling shoats and pigs, generally numbering sufficiently strong to repel the assaults of the wolves, which are very numerous, and, in consequence of their numbers, their most troublesome enemies. The wolves never attack them openly and boldly, but follow after them, and conceal themselves until a favourable opportunity occurs; then they seize a pig or shoat that has carelessly strayed at some distance from the old hogs; for, at the first squeal, the old hogs make a furious charge, *en masse*, while the young cluster in the rear, until their enemies have been beaten off, when they all retreat at the first favourable opportunity. Their sense of smell is much more acute than any person would suppose, who has been acquainted with his swineship in a domestic state only. They can smell a man, who happens to be to the windward of them, some 100 or 200 yards, when there is any current in the atmosphere; and when they are feeding in the open woods, they are generally on the “*qui vive*.” And, in passing, let me say, that these long-faced gentry have not had their eyes stuck above their lantern jaws to no purpose. Their senses of smelling and seeing are acute, and hence a still damp day is usually selected for hog-hunting. They often display a good deal of cunning in concealing themselves; for, when in the thickets or cane-brakes, they will squat, and you may ride within thirty feet of them; and if neither the hunter nor dogs discover them, they will lie close to the ground, until they think they have been discovered, or until their pursuers have passed by. It is common for deer, similarly situated, to do the same.

The month of January is the most usual time for hunting the wild hog, as he is usually fatter at that season than at any other time of the year; and the weather, being cooler, is better adapted to preserving his flesh. Hounds are occasionally brought in requisition in hunting these animals, but they are objectionable, as their noise gives the hogs early notice of the approach of the hunters; and taking the advantage of such a start, it is difficult to overtake them, as they are equal to a four-mile horse in a long-winded chase, particularly if the chase happens to be through heavy cane-brakes, green-brier thickets, and cypress ponds, and these are favourite retreats.

The dogs most suitable for hunting wild hogs are able-bodied, active curs, that take the trail, and follow it up silently, until they come up with the hogs, when they bring them to bay by barking at

them; and if they do not stop, they seize one, which immediately causes them to “rally,” when the dogs in turn retreat a short distance, separate, and by occasionally seizing and again retreating and barking, they occupy the attention of the hogs until the hunters have time to ride up, select each one the largest hog, and shoot them down, at which time the hogs make an attempt to escape, but the dogs again overhaul them, and again the hunters thin out their numbers, until they have killed as many as they can conveniently manage, when they return home; and the remainder of the “gang” make their way to other neighbourhoods, but usually return in the course of a few days to their wonted range, and again, at a suitable time, encounter the same scenes of extermination.

Hog-hunters usually shoot off their horses, if the woods are sufficiently open to admit of it, as it is occasionally dangerous to approach on foot; in fact, horses are sometimes crippled by these hogs, for an old wild boar is as furious and dangerous as a bear, particularly if he has been shot at and crippled, and been much harassed by the dogs.

The wild hogs of the swamps, although they cost neither care nor cash, are a great pest to the planters, for, by frequenting the range of the gentle hogs, they soon impart their wild nature to them, and if they are not closely attended to, they soon quit the plantation to return no more.

LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

THIS being an era in which letters are more valued as instruments of information than as mere agents of amusement, we cannot do better than thus preface our monthly bulletins of such appliances of knowledge as appear to us most worthy of observance. To him who uses the turf, either professionally or *en amateur*, we have strongly to recommend certain lists of the three great races of the year got up by Mr. Dorling of Epsom, clerk to the stewards of the races at that place. They are brought out in repeated editions, so as to give the earliest notice of the changes that are so continually occurring in the economy of the great Three-year-old Stakes, and will be found manuals of essential service, as well to the proprietors of race-horses, as to all engaged in betting. Mr. Dorling's Derby List for next year is now before us, and it is as complete a repertory of the present position of that race as could be compiled.

WHIST: ITS HISTORY AND PRACTICE. By an Amateur. London: Bell and Wood, Fleet-street. 1842.

As the character and conduct of our Amateur's attempt are best developed in his preface, we permit him to speak for himself, as he thus does in his introduction:—

“Why should we write a preface? What introduction needs our youth's amusement—our age's friend—Whist? Is not the name sufficient? Surely ‘a title's sounding charm’ might save us the expenditure of eloquence in pre-

factory pages, penned to excite the sympathy of the generous reader, and soften the ire of the ungenerous critic—a stimulant for the one—an opiate for the other.

“We have written;—it beguiled our leisure, and, like Charles Surface, we cared not to keep so much knowledge to ourselves.

“We have published;—’twas our humour: we were not (make us thankful!) ‘obliged by hunger and request of friends.’

“We have caused our work to be illustrated; the subject (shame on the laggard age!) was never illustrated before; and if it be pleasant to write with a design to see one’s self in print—pleasanter still than the design of print are the designs of Kenny Meadows.

“We could extend this auto-apologetical portion very considerably; ‘no crude surfeit reigns’ in an author’s mind—no fatigue cramps his fingers, when, by writing of himself, he encourages those ingenious chymists who manufacture ink; but we pause out of regard to thee, thrice gentle reader. And now, reader—thou who art gentle by courtesy and prescription—a word with thee as to our doings in the world of whist—as to our lucubrations in the pages thou art about to peruse: we have schooled thee tenderly—we have essayed to lead thee up the high hill, at whose top dwells knowledge, so gently and so gradually, that thou shouldst feel no wearisomeness in the steep ascent; if, unlike Brutus, we are gamesome, we blend a moral with our sport—we strive to entwine amusement with our matter’s abstruseness—‘half flowers—half chains;’ meet us, then, in a kindred spirit; do not adopt our recommendings, and affect to slight our work; make our rules thine own, and heartily art thou welcome; store up our whistic wisdom in the inmost cells of thy mind—read as thou wert cramming for the senior-*wranglership* in whist, but do not, like the glutton in Comus, ‘cram, and blaspheme thy feeder;’ let not, for peradventure the logician who—but hold!—are we not writing a preface, rather than an apology? We fall back upon our apology—we write, corrected—we solicit pardon.”

The little volume is divided into divers chapters abounding in mirth and matter; of these we transfer the following to our pages—merely observing that, as tastes are proverbially antagonist, peradventure we have culled that which the reader might pronounce the worst, for that cause the reader, to avoid self-reproach, the most poignant of all censure, should buy the book, and judge for himself.

“We affect not to give instructions that will meet every difficulty—that is impossible; for every deal deserves the epithets, ‘varium et mutabile,’ more than the ‘*fœmina*,’ to whom Virgil unhandsomely applied them. The possible combinations of the fifty-two cards in whist are almost beyond arithmetic. Four dozen figures (save one) are required, according to some authorities, to enumerate these combinations:* it may be done in figures, but we have not words to make up the sum ‘inexpressible,’ like the distance the angel flew—

‘By numbers that have name.’

Here is the long array: 16,250,563,659,176,029,962,568,164,794,000,749,006,367,006,400.

“Good play is an art ‘unteachable, untaught’ by mere precept. Were we to print five hundred maxims—all golden rules, who could remember them!

* “It appears that if the entire population of this

— ‘dim spot’

Which men call earth,’

if some billion or so of rational beings were to deal packs of cards, whist-fashion, quitting not their employment, as Branksome’s ten knights quitted not their armour ‘neither by day nor yet by night,’ and were they to do this for a hundred millions of years, accomplishing sixty deals every hour, they would not have exhausted one hundred-thousandth part of the essentially different ways in which fifty-two cards can be distributed, in equal numbers, in four divisions.—See LIBRARY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, — *Part I.—On Probability.*

It would be like early moonlight in the Strand, an excellent thing wasted. Attention, recollection, reciprocity, are *the* rules—practice is the instructor. No two first-class players play exactly alike; the prevailing colour may be the same, but the shades are different. Let the tyro, then, remember our injunctions—make them his ground-work, and rear a fair edifice thereupon. Let him, in minor matters, form a system of his own; and let him, in playing, never ‘turn pale and tremble at a cruel card;’ let him show, neither by word nor gesture, by shoulder shrugged, or eyebrow elevated, by peevish ‘hah,’ or significant ‘humph,’ surprise, satisfaction, or displeasure; it is illegal, and worse, ungentlemanly. Let him *never* scold; he may, occasionally, ‘just hint a fault, or hesitate dislike’ of any particular play, when the thirteenth trick is gathered together—but let him do his remonstrance gently: if he be vehement or snarlish, he shall be held all unfit for whist, and be avoided when avoidance is possible; he shall incur the penalty Sir Toby invoked upon his own devoted head, and often mutter to himself—‘Call me—cut!’ Miserly, too, shall he be accounted, that a paltry loss, or a smaller gain than he hoped, has made him angry; he shall be pronounced—

‘As fond of fivepence as the veriest cit,
And half as much detested as a wit.’

“He who cannot command his temper should resign his seat at the whist-table, and employ his leisure in pursuits that need no fellowship. Lacks he such pursuit? There are open questions, still, to exercise the ingenuity of the most ingenious; let him solve these queries, or some of them:

“Where was Homer born?

“Where is Junius buried?

“Who launched the first pun?

“What were the domestic habits of that bold man who first broke into the house of life of an oyster, and swallowed the astounded native?

“What would King Cophetua have paid to the income tax, had it been 3 per cent., in the days when he ‘wooed the beggar-maid!’

“Who was Jacko Thebenstocq?

“Did Ossian’s son, ‘the car-borne Oscar,’ keep his own car, or drive a job; and what might be the nature of jobs, generally, at that period?

“What was the municipal government, and what the police uniform of Troy city, under King Ilius; and was corporation reform agitated therein?

“Who was the first jilt, and did she originate mock turtle?

“How did the architect of Stonehenge spell his name?

“What tune played the Thracian Orpheus (Mus. Doc.) when he descended into the infernal regions? Was it ‘Down, down, hey derry down?’

“There may be some difficulty in some of these inquiries, but they will be, one and all, pleasanter and more profitable avocations than *cross-questioning* at cards.

“The rules are laid down in the understanding that you play with those who are versed in the niceties, and imbued with the spirit of whist; but if it perversely happen that you play with bad—emphatically, bad players (who conceit, notwithstanding, that they can play), care for no rules—be selfish, intensely selfish; think but of your own hand. In other cases this would show as vilely in you, as Prince Hal thought it did in his greatness to long for the poor creature, small beer: ‘tis allowable—nay, necessary, in untoward circumstances like these; you must proceed as you should with bad doings generally—stand aloof—have no communion therewith; keep yourself, as it is vulgarly phrased, to yourself. Should you happen to win, receive the stake in the spirit in which Mr. Robert Powney, a stationer, ‘a very honest man, and of great gravity of countenance,’ welcomed a small bill Fielding owed, and—paid him; he looked upon it ‘as so much money given him.’ The fates were propitious!

“It is in vain that you indicate, by any play, to persons such as these, your whistic wishes; your partner will have as precise a notion of them as he has of the present whereabouts of the last year’s snow; you must abide it; reason not

with him, quote nor Burney nor ourself; what cares dulness, all-sufficient dulness, for authorities? If, indeed, the creature's credulity (as sometimes, though rarely happens) be on a par with his obtuseness—if his faith be firm in Mr. Robinson Crusoe, and Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, and if he look upon Mr. Murphy as upon an unerring barometer, he may have some regard to *printed maxims*, not else, for a fool's lawgiver is himself. Charles Lamb says there is such a thing in nature as *sick whist*; let any one play with the people we have described, and he will soon pronounce Lamb an oracle—let him play with them frequently, and he will hardly afford a morsel of commiseration to Dr. Johnson, when that most sententious of philosophers regretted to the ever sympathetic Boswell, who, like Sir Roger's widow, was 'far-gone in friendships,' that he did not know the cards. Strange that so familiar a phrase as



'FOUR BY HONOURS'

should be entirely without meaning to the lexicographer.

"When you play with tyros who know their incompetency and wish to learn, a change must come over the spirit of your demeanour; explain, instruct, prove, urge the study of this work—say, though it be a truism, that its axioms should be engraven, like so many illustrations, on the memory; you will thus render your young friends yeoman's service.

"There be three things we recommend, when you cut in with, instead of away from, the insufficient; we speak not of mere novices, but of well-aged dullards:

"Firstly. **FORCE OUT TRUMPS**; deprive the partner, whom the turn of the cards, or the malice of the stars, have given you, of his capabilities of harm; you so pinion the wretch, and restrain his flights of mischief: leave this uneffected, or unattempted, trust him with trumps, and should he ever be void of a suit, he is certain to pounce upon your otherwise certain trick, and clutch the doubly-assured treasure exultingly from the board, even if you are realizing your long suit: such a partner (by courtesy so entitled), unfeelingly, as un-faillingly, trumps, just as Othello says he loved 'not wisely,' certainly not, 'but too well'; the injury, mayhap, is irretrievable. What remains? Why, to discharge half suppressed sighs (or worse), and wholly reluctant shillings (or worse), and to wish, with the knight of old, that it were bed-time, and all well.

"Secondly. Abjure fine play, finesse little, proceed to quote Dr. Parr when he had an inefficient partner, as if you 'had *three antagonists*,' and depend upon your unaided skill, and your own right hand.

"Thirdly. Change your table, or, rather, your *whist-mates* (so called), at the first dawn of an opportunity; if that be not possible, feign hydrophobia.

"We have declared it important to attend to the preliminaries—to the prologue, as it were (and 'tis a drama of domestic interest), of the *play* of whist; the epilogue claims yet more regard—in plainer terms, we would impress upon our docile pupils, that there is an important duty to be performed when the fifty-second card has completed the ultimate trick—the score! the score! the score! Perpend, *mark*, despatch. It is indispensable to be careful in this respect; every experienced whister will admit how strangely difficult it is often found to determine the honours, or even the deal.* With regard to the deal, the use of two packs of cards, one being always placed in readiness at the left hand of the incoming dealer, obviates any difficulty in ascertaining the rightful claimant, and gives the memory a holiday; the packs should vary in colour, as at a contested election, so that each party may know their own; the placing them soon becomes mechanical, like shuffling, whether practised at whist or elections.

"We do not know any method so cursory to certify the honours, wearisome, especially after the unheeded chimes at midnight, when the French proverb is often realized literally, and 'the game is not worth the candle:' wearisome—parliamentarily wearisome and perplexing are the debates as to where so-journed the magnates of the august Trump family; whom Fortune deigned to visit; whether she came severely simple in the austerity of an ace, or robed in the gorgeous array of king, queen, or knave; these may be called the four *card*-inal virtues of whist, and, certainly, they are treated more respectfully than any four virtues in the work-a-day world. We recommend every player to mind his cue, and let not an honour be played without its being enrolled in his mind's register; let him do this perseveringly, and it becomes a thing of course, and of ease; no mistakes need occur, and all disputations, all applications to the tricks on the table, or of the nails to the head, be rendered unnecessary. Let the declaration follow the conclusion of each deal, whenever a score may be established; assuredly, gentlemen cannot be too nice, or too prompt, in adjusting their affairs of honour."

A HISTORY OF BRITISH FOREST-TREES. By Prideaux John Selby, F.L.S., M.W.S., &c. London: Van Voorst, Paternoster Row. 1842.

THIS is the eleventh and completing number of this admirable work, which, both in its style of treatment and getting-up, is every way worthy the national subject to which it is addressed. Mr. Selby's book is destined to become the manual of the planter. We regret our space permits us only thus briefly to illustrate the import of effects that may wait upon judicious breeding for the forest, as well as for the field.

"For several years the operations of the Duke of Athol were necessarily restricted, by the difficulty of procuring a sufficient number of larch plants; but as the deficiency gradually became lessened, in consequence of a constant succession of the earlier planted trees arriving at a cone-bearing age, and the importation of seed from abroad, plantations upon a scale of gigantic magnitude were successively undertaken and finished; and we find that, at the period of the duke's decease, which occurred in 1830, an area of nearly 10,000 acres had been planted with larch alone, and that the aggregate number planted upon the property at Blair and Dunkeld, from the time of its introduction, amounted to the enormous number of 14,096,719 plants, of which nearly 13,000,000 were planted without mixture, the remainder having been dispersed in plantations of pine, or in others of a mixed character.

"At the time the late duke succeeded to the title, the larch, with the exception of the three experimental acres, as we may call them, planted by his

* "Who deals?" "You led, we're three by cards—had you Honour in hand?" "Upon my honour, two!"—CRABBE.

father, had been mixed, at distant intervals, with pines and other forest trees, and mostly in sheltered situations, and at a low elevation, or not more than 500 feet above the level of the sea, as the tree was at first supposed to be of a more delicate constitution than the Scotch pine, which was sometimes carried as high as 900 or 1000 feet up the mountain slopes. The more rapid growth, as well as the hardier nature of the larch, did not, however, long escape the notice of the duke, and he accordingly began to lessen the number of pines, and increase that of the larch, in his plantations, pushing, at the same time, the latter tree to higher elevations, where it was found to grow as vigorously as in the lower sites, and soon to outstrip the pine, and become a tree, where the latter remained a stunted bush. In the account contained in the 'Highland Society's Transactions,' already referred to, it is stated, that a plantation of Scotch pines, 'planted at 900 feet above the level of the sea, had the vacancies, occasioned by death or accidents, filled up, ten years after, with larch, as an experiment. In 1800, when the duke was again anxious to extend his larch plantations, the effect of this experiment confirmed him in an opinion he had previously conceived of the very hardy nature of the larch. The Scotch pines, in a period of nearly forty years, had only attained a height of five or six feet, while the larches, which had been planted among them ten years after, were from forty to fifty feet high.' After so decisive a proof of the superiority and hardier constitution of the larch, the duke no longer hesitated in carrying his plantations, consisting entirely of this tree, to the summits of the hills, and he forthwith commenced those extensive operations which now clothe a wide extent of the mountainous district around Blair and Dunkeld with a forest of larch.

"Of the importance and prospective value of this forest some idea may be formed, from the calculation that, at the age of seventy years, it ought, as timber for naval purposes, to produce the enormous sum of £6,500,000 sterling, and this exclusive of a return, during the above period, of £7 per acre for thinnings, after deducting all the original outlay of planting and other expenses. Further, we may here remark, that the improvement of the pasturage beneath the larch, produced by the fertilizing effects of the fallen and decayed spicula of this tree, and other causes, is such, that in the course of twenty-five or thirty years, it has been found that land which, previously to its being planted with larch, was covered with heath, and not worth one shilling an acre, at the end of that period, and after all the thinnings of larch had been completed, was covered with a beautiful sward, worth from eight to ten shillings an acre, and forming an excellent pasturage for cattle and sheep. A conversion, in fact, of barren waste into a fertile and valuable soil.

FORGET ME NOT : a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present.
London : Ackermann and Co. 184—3.

It seems odd thus to draw upon our criticism two months before date, but why should not the treasury of genius be anticipated as well as that of gold? This elegant little annual abounds with beautiful embellishments, and literary trifles of most delicate device. It can hardly be expected that its contents should minister to the taste of those who seek their gratifications among the accidents of flood and field; but if therein it lacks supplies, it furnishes us with the means of falling back on the enemy. There are those among the sons of men who quarrel with the pursuits and habits of the sportsman. Now let these peruse the subjoined lines, relating to the conjugality of some teetotaller, Puseyite, anti-dancing-and-music-ite, wont-stay-out-after-nine-ite, or some similar no-mistake-about-night-ite, and take our affidavit, here volunteered before any distribution of affirmations within the bills of mortality, that, had the poor lady who sings been waiting

r a foxhunter's return, he would have found other occupation for her
 ay lips before he pulled off his boots.

“THE WIFE'S FIRST GRIEF.

- “The day had closed around me,
 The vapoury sun had set,
 And evening shadows found me
 Lone waiting for him yet,
 Still waiting by the cottage-gate,
 His faithful hound and I ;
 Whilst gloomy grew the hour, and late,
 And yet he came not nigh !
- “The old house echoed dreary,
 Its darkness awed my sight :
 So by the gate, all weary,
 I told the hours of night.
 I listen'd till new life would start
 At every step or word,
 But the hope within my own sad heart
 Was evermore deferr'd !
- “The Sister-stars moved slowly
 Along the heaven's blue breast,
 The clouds, like something holy,
 Rose in the quiet west.
 I watched from every casement fade
 The friendly taper's ray ;
 And with the shade grew more afraid,
 And anxious at his stay.
- “Ah ! 'twas not when a maiden,
 Within my mother's cot,
 Time came with tears o'erladen
 To mar my tranquil lot.
 I deem'd a maiden's bridal
 Made ever blest her brow,
 But *maiden* griefs are idle
 To that a *wife* feels now.
- “I thought upon the wild wood,
 The home-flowers blowing free,
 The school, where we in childhood
 Went little *sisters three* !
 Now one her quiet grave doth keep,
 The other dwells afar ;
 And I am left to think, and weep,
 And watch each *Sister-star*.
- “The wings of eve departed,
 The dewy dawn smiled sweet,
 Ere first, half broken-hearted,
 I heard his welcome feet.
 He came, but with no kind reply
 To all my doubts and fears ;
 Sharp was the word, and cold the eye,
 Which chid my weary tears.”

ANATOMY OF SLEEP; OR, THE ART OF PROCURING SOUND AND REFRESHING SLUMBER AT WILL. By Dr. Binns.

THE first novel feature in this novel book claiming our notice is the preface, wherein we are told by the author that it was printed by means of the newly-invented system of typography, or, in other words, that its letter-press was got up without the use of men's hands. In like manner (that is to say, by a new process), not by writing a book (*soit dit*), the Doctor develops his plan of putting people to sleep in a very few words at the end of the volume. We leave the solution to the reader's curiosity, only premising that this little work contains evident marks of elaborate research, and learned enthusiasm, and a collection of singular anecdotes respecting mesmeric phenomena, which kept our attention fully awake throughout its perusal. Still there is little original matter afforded, and the utmost praise we can accord to the author is that of presenting to the public a scientific compilation.

THE HARMONY OF THE GREEK AND LATIN LANGUAGES. By the Rev. Thomas Hill, A. M. London: Edwards, Ave Maria Lane. 1842.

THE harmony of Greek and Latin! See what one acquires by years. We have not the good fortune of knowing Mr. Hill, nor the bias of his natural man, but we should like to lay the long odds that, up to entering upon his teens, the melodies of Homer and Horace were a thousand times more abominable to his tympanum than the belchings of a bag-pipe. Great, therefore, is the good he doeth to his kind, who teacheth them early to relish the feasts prepared by

“ The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.”

Towards this end Mr. Hill labours, and we wish his efforts the success they merit. His idea is a happy one, and it is worked out with great ability.

FINE ARTS.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE CHRISTOPHER WILSON, Esq., THE FATHER OF THE TURF. Painted and engraved by Mr. R. Woodman. London: published by Woodman, 118, Jermyn Street, St. James's. 1842.

THIS is a splendid specimen of line engraving, full of character and fidelity. It rejoiced us to behold the accurate portraiture of the “ fine old English gentleman” of universal popularity; and we heartily prognosticate a full sale to so meritorious a work of art, in reason both of the subject and its masterly execution.

TURF REGISTER.

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

NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE AND NEWCASTLE RACES.

Stewards: Richard Buckley, Esq. Judge: Mr. White, of Nantwich.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. Joseph Cork.

TUESDAY, August 9th.—A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Race Fund, for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; fillies, 8 st.; a winner of a Stake, Cup, or Plate in the present year, 3 lb. extra; twice round the course (seven subscribers).

Mr. E. Buckley's David, by Physician, 8 st. 6 lb. (G. Whitehouse) ...	1
Mr. Owsley's b. c. Happy-go-Lucky, 8 st. 6 lb. (Bradley) ...	2
Hon. F. Ongley's ch. g. Roderick, 8 st. 3 lb. (Neale) ...	3
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. f. Ernestine, by Bran, 8 st. 3 lb. (Marlow) ...	0

Betting: even on David, 7 to 4 agst. Happy, and 2 to 1 agst. Ernestine.

The Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added by E. Buckley, Esq., for all ages; the second horse to save his Stake; twice round and a distance (nine subscribers, three of whom declared).

Mr. Whitworth's Lady Mary, by Voltaire, four years old, 7 st. (Oates) ...	1
Mr. Jackson's b. g. Wings, six years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Whitehouse) ...	2
Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Jones) ...	3
Mr. Loy's b. h. Ararat, by Liverpool, six years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Marlow) ...	0
Mr. Skerratt's b. c. Hudibras, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Dodgson) ...	0

Betting: even on Lady Mary, 7 to 4 agst. Portrait, and 5 to 2 agst. Ararat.

A Maiden Plate of 50 sovs., for all ages that never won any Plate, Cup, Match, or Stakes, up to the time of starting (only such races will be recognised that have appeared in the Calendar); 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.; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Griffin's b. m. Miss Kilton, by Chancellor, four years old (G. Whitehouse) ...	3	1	1
Mr. Spinks's bk. f. Margaret, three years old (Oates) ...	1	2	2
Mr. Thompson's br. c. by Shrigley, out of Fenella, three years old (Denman) ...	2	3	dr.

WEDNESDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; fillies, 8 st.; half a mile (four subscribers).

Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Colin Clink, by Velocipede (Cartwright) ...	1
Mr. Whitworth's Gipsy Queen, by Tomboy (Oates) ...	2
Mr. Painter's b. c. by Volney, out of Saturnia (Whitehouse) ...	0
Mr. Davies's br. f. Lady Mayoress, by Dr. Faustus (Marlow) ...	0

Betting: even on Gipsy Queen; 5 to 4 agst. Colin Clink, and 2 to 1 agst. Volney colt. Won by half a head.

A Ladies' Purse of 30 sovs., added to a subscription of 5 sovs. each, for all ages; three-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six, 9 st.; and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; horses having started once in the present year and not won allowed 3 lb.; if twice, 5 lb.; a winner of 100 sovs., including his own Stake, in the present year, 4 lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; heats, once round and a distance (five subscribers).

Mr. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. walked over.

The Selling Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund; three-year-olds, 7 st 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; horses having started three times in the present year and not won allowed 5 lb.; winners of 50 sovs. in the present year once, 2 lb.; twice, 4 lb.; and thrice, 6 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for £150 if demanded; heats, one mile and a half (four subscribers).

Mr. King's br. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Lillah, three years old, 7 st. 1 lb. (Oates) ...	1	1
Mr. Skerratt's b. g. Sidrophel, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Dodgson) ...	0	2
Mr. Halford's b. g. Troilus, by Priam, five years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Bradley) ...	2	0
Mr. Stanbank's b. c. Hookah, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Denman) ...	0	0

Won in a canter.

LEWES RACES.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10TH.

Steward: Edward Monk, Esq.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. Thomas Brown.

Match, £100 each, half forfeit; a mile and a half.

Mr. Shelley's br. f. Iole, by Sir Hercules, three years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Butler)	...	1
Mr. Verrall's ch. c. Junius, three years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Blogg)	...	2
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.; heats, the new course, about two miles and a half.		
Mr. Goodman's b. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old, 10 st. 3 lb.	...	1
(Buckle)	...	1
Mr. Shelley's b. c. Daddy Longlegs, three years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Butler)	...	2 dr.

Betting: 6 to 4 on Daddy Longlegs.

WOLVERHAMPTON RACES.

Stewards: Earl of Chesterfield and Colonel Peel.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. Marshall.

MONDAY, August 15th.—The Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 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, a mile and a quarter (three subscribers).

Mr. Goodman's b. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old (Nat)	...	1
Mr. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, four years old (M. Jones)	...	2
Mr. Toke's br. m. Ermengardis, by Langar, four years old (Stagg)	...	3

Betting: 5 to 2 on The Shadow. Won by half a neck.

A Match, 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; one mile.

Mr. Woodhouse's ch. g. Caltiff, by Cain	received.
Mr. James's ch. g. The Prince, by Dr. Faustus	paid.

The Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1838; once round, a mile and a quarter (six subscribers).

Mr. Fowler's br. f. Fishfag, by Bran, out of Billingsgate, 8 st. (Whitehouse)	...	1
Mr. Marshall's ch. f. Our Nell, by Brat, 8 st. (Lye)	...	2
Mr. T. Walters's b. c. Guzbeg, by Beagle, 8 st. 6 lb. (Marlow)	...	3

Won in a canter.

The Wolverhampton Stakes (Handicap) of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared; the winner to pay 20 sovs. towards the expenses of the Course, and the second to save his Stake; twice round and a distance (forty-two subscribers, thirty of whom declared).

Mr. Bell's b. c. Thirsk, by Voltaire, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Bumby)	...	1
Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, by Recovery, six years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Murphy)	...	2
Major Yarbrough's b. c. Heslington, by Voltaire, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Nat)	...	3
Mr. Jones's b. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, six years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Whitehouse)	...	0
Mr. Treen's ch. f. Una, by Glaucus, four years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Evans)	...	0

Seven paid 15 sovs., and thirty 5 sovs. each, making the value of the Stakes, after all deductions, £410.

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Retriever, 2 to 1 agst. Heslington, 6 and 7 to 1 agst. Thirsk, and 8 to 1 each agst. Una and Tubalcain. After some excellent running Thirsk came in first, beating Retriever by half a neck.

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 (twelve subscribers).

Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Canary, by Cain, three years old (Nat)	...	1	1
Hon. F. Ongle's ch. g. Roderick, by Cain, three years old (Whitehouse)	...	0	2
Mr. Spink's bk. f. Margaret, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Copeland)	...	2	0
Mr. Tranter's ch. f. by Bran, out of Kalmia (Lye)	...	0	0
Mr. J. Carter's bk. g. Negro, by Vespasian (Bradley)	...	0	0
Mr. T. Carter's b. f. by Cain, out of Lydia (Carter, jun.)	...	0	0
Mr. Brooke's ch. g. Caltiff, by Cain, three years old (Stagg)	...	0	0

Won easily.

TUESDAY, 16th.—The Wolverhampton St. Leger of 20 sovs. each, with 40 added, for three-year-olds; cults, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; mile and three quarters (six subscribers).

Colonel Peel's br. c. Seahorse, by Camel (Chapple)	1
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Jack, by Muley Moloch (Nat)	2
Mr. F. R. Price's gr. f. Valentina, by Speculator (Cartwright)	3

Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 on Seahorse. Won very easy.

The Chillington Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; three quarters of a mile (ten subscribers).

Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. The Lily, by The Tulip, dam by Cacci Piatti (Cartwright)	1
Mr. D. Cooke's ch. c. What, by Jereed, out of Liberty (Lye)	2
Col. Peel's ch. c. Cane, by Dr. Faustus, out of Switch (Nat)	3
Lord Maidstone's ch. f. Titania, by Emilius, out of Emineh (Chapple)	4

Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 agst. Titania, 3 to 1 agst. Cane, 6 to 1 agst. The Lily. Won by a neck.

The Cleveland Cup of 100 sovs., with 50 added, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie; the second to receive 20 sovs. out of the Stakes; 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 1842, 9 lb.; of both, 14 lb.; of either and of any other Cup or Cup Stakes, or Queen's Plate, 13 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 sovs. value in 1842, 3 lb.; of two or more, 6 lb. extra; the winner of the Ascot, Goodwood, or Doncaster Cups, Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger, in 1841, 6 lb. extra; maiden four-year-olds and upwards allowed 10 lb.; three miles (fifteen subscribers).

Mr. Lichtwald's b. h. Hyllus, by Sir Hercules, six years old (Stockins)	1
Mr. Charlton's br. f. Nix my Dolly, by Tomboy, three years old (Copeland)	2

The Borough Members' Plate of 60 sovs., for all ages; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Jones's b. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, six years old, 9 st. 4 lb. (Copeland)	1	1
Mr. Owsley's Happy-go-Lucky, by Young Emilius, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Bradley)	2	2
Mr. Flintoff's ch. g. Intruder, six years old, 9 st. 4 lb. (Calloway)	3	3

WEDNESDAY, 17th.—The Wrottesley Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners the present year, 3 lb.; the winner of the St. Leger, 7 lb.; if carrying for a previous winning, 4 lb. extra; once round, starting from the Stand, coming in at the Chair (six subscribers).

Mr. Toke's br. m. Ermengardis, by Tramp, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Stagg)	1
Mr. Bell's b. c. Thirak, by Voltaire, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Heseltine)	2
Mr. Greville's br. g. Palsemon, by Glaucus, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Nat)	3
Mr. Owsley's b. c. Happy-go-Lucky, by Young Emilius, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Bradley)	4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Thirak, 3 to 1 agst. Ermengardis, and 4 to 1 agst. Palsemon. Won by half a length.

The Holyoake Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with the Stand Purse of 50 sovs. added (Handicapped), 10 ft., and 5 only if declared; the second to save his Stake, and the winner to pay 10 sovs. towards the expenses of the Course; the winner of the Wolverhampton Stakes same Meeting, 4 lb. extra; twice round and a distance (thirty-four subscribers).

Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, by Recovery, six years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Murphy)	1
Mr. Lichtwald's b. h. Hyllus, by Sir Hercules, six years old, 9 st. 6 lb. (Stockins)	2
Mr. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Stagg)	0
Mr. Wormald's Millepede, by Velocipede, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Bumby)	0
Mr. Painter's b. h. Ernest the First, by Emancipation, six years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Whitehouse)	0
Col. Peel's br. h. I-am-not-aware, by Tranby, aged, 6 st. 10 lb. (Howlett)	0
Lord Eglinton's br. h. The Young-un, by Satan, five years old, 7 st. (T. Lye)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Retriever, 5 to 1 agst. Millepede, 5 to 1 agst. Hyllus, 5 to 1 agst. Ernest the First, 8 to 1 agst. The Young-un, and 10 to 1 agst. Portrait.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred; heats, once round, starting from the Stand and coming in at the Winning-Chair.

Mr. Davis's ch. f. by Bran—Greenfinch's dam, three years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Marlow)	1	1
Mr. Wheelton's b. c. Robin Hood, four years old, 9 st. 8 lb. (Bradley)	2	2
Mr. Haynes's Miss Middleton, by Sir Isaac, five years old, 9 st. 13 lb. (Whitehouse)	3	3

RIPON RACES.

MONDAY, August 15th.—The Two-year-old Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 sovs. added, for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; a winner of a Two-year-old Stake before starting, 3 lb. extra; horses having started and not won allowed 3 lb.; Two-year-old Course (six subscribers).

Mr. Wrather's b. c. Nutwith, by Tomboy, out of Hackfall's dam, 8 st. 2 lb. (G. Noble)	1
Col. Cradock's bk. f. Peggy, by Muley Moloch—Fanny, 8 st. 2 lb. (Templeman)	2
Captain O. V. Harcourt's br. c. Sir Abstrupus, by Liverpool, 8 st. 2 lb. (J. Marson)	3
Mr. J. Stable's bk. c. by Eberstone, dam by Margrave, 8 st. 2 lb. (W. Oates)	4
Mr. Ayres's b. f. Inheritor, by the Saddler, out of Executrix, 7 st. 13 lb. (Wetherell)	5
Mr. F. Ledley's br. f. by Physician, out of Young Duchess, 8 st. 2 lb. (J. Joy)	6

The Selling Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Race Committee; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 8 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 10 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded in the usual manner, but not to be delivered until the close of the Meeting; one mile and a half (five subscribers).

Mr. Dawson's ch. f. The Biddy, by Bran, three years old (M. Hutchinson)	...	1
Mr. Hutchinson's ch. m. Maria Monk, by Resolution, five years old (Benson)	...	2
Mr. Allen's br. m. Margaret, by Margrave, six years old (Wetherell)	...	3
Mr. Singleton's ch. c. Smike, by St. Nicholas, three years old (W. Oates)	...	0
Mr. Harrison's bk. c. by Muley Moloch, out of Lady Fanny, three years old (J. Joy)	...	0

Fifty Pounds given by Thomas Pemberton, Esq., and Admiral the Right Hon. Sir George Cockburn, G.C.B., Members for the City of Ripon, for horses that never won that value: three-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; entrance 3 sovs. to go to the owner of the second horse; 2 sovs. to be given to the Judge; heats, two miles.

Mr. Orde's b. f. Bee's-wax, by Liverpool, three years old (Mr. Hutchinson)	4	4	1	1
Mr. Wilkins's br. c. Vulcan, by Voltaire, four years old (G. Noble)	...	1	5	2
Mr. R. Harrison's ch. c. Wilfrid, by Muley Moloch, three years old (W. Oates)	...	5	1	5
Mr. Hutchinson's ch. m. Maria Monk, by Revolution, five years old (J. Joy)	...	3	2	4
Mr. Loy's g. f. by Wizard, three years old (Benson)	...	2	3	3
Mr. Singleton's ch. c. Smike, by St. Nicholas, three years old (Jefferson)	...	0	0	0

TUESDAY, 16th.—The Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., and 3 only if declared; twice round (nine subscribers, of whom seven declared).

Captain O. V. Harcourt's b. c. Arnagill, by Muley Moloch, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb.	walked over.
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The Gold Cup, or specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Race Committee; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six, 9 st.; and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; two miles (three subscribers).

Captain O. V. Harcourt's b. c. Arnagill, by Muley Moloch, four years old (J. Marson)	1
Mr. R. S. Gascoigne's ch. c. Quilt Arnold, by Langar, four years old (Templeman)	2

Fifty Pounds, given by the Members of the Corporation and the Inhabitants: 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 1842, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb. extra; horses having run three times in 1842, before starting, and not having won, allowed 3 lb.; two-mile heats.

Mr. Dawson's ch. f. The Biddy, by Bran, three years old (M. Hutchinson)	5	2	1	1
Mr. R. S. Gascoigne's ch. c. Quilt Arnold, by Langar, four years old (Templeman)	...	4	1	0
Mr. Milner's br. h. Humphrey, by Sandbeck, aged (J. Marson)	...	1	0	2
Mr. Allen's br. m. Margaret, by Margrave, six years old (Wetherell)	...	2	3	3
Mr. H. S. Waring's g. h. Saul, by Bedlamite, aged (Clarke)	...	3	0	0

DEVON AND EXETER RACES.

Stewards: Hon. James Dutton, and H. B. Swete, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, August 17th.—The Devonshire Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared; the second saves his Stake (twenty-four subscribers, thirteen of whom declared); once round the old course.

Lord George Bentinck's St. Jean D'Acre, by Bizarre, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (W. Howlett)	1
General Gilbert's Northenden, aged, 8 st. 8 lb.	2
Mr. Roe's Cerito, five years old, 7 st.	3

A Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added; heats, T. Y. C., half a mile; eight subscribers.

Lieut. Crofton's b. h. Muleteer, by Viator, five years old, 10 st. 6 lb. (Wakefield)	1
Sir S. Spry's bk. m. The Jewess, five years old, 10 st. 4 lb.	2
Mr. J. Dixon's ch. m. Lady Georgiana, half-bred, by Defence, five years old, 10 st. 2 lb.	3
Mr. W. Ley's ch. c. by Ellis, out of Partiality, three years old, 8 st. 2 lb.	4
Mr. Downe's b. h. Cracksman, six years old, 10 st.	5
Mr. Pascoe's b. h. Ell, by Eten, six years old, 10 st. 5 lb.	5

A Handicap Plate of 30 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, 1 ft.; heats, new course; one mile.

Sir S. Spry's Grateful, by Defence, 8 st. 3 lb. (Horsley)	1
Mr. W. Ley's c. by Ellis, out of Partiality, three years old, 8 st.	2

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 (four subscribers).

Gen. Gilbert's ch. h. Pulwaun, half-bred, by Hindostan, four years old, 10 st. 3 lb. walked over.

THURSDAY, 18th.—The Home Plate of 50 sovs., given by the Members for the County of Devon, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., to go to the second horse, for horses *hand* the property of subscribers being residents in Devon or Cornwall, to have been in their possession from the 1st of May, 1842, and wholly trained in either of the before-mentioned counties up to that day; to be ridden by gentlemen, or by persons residing in Devon or Cornwall; heats, two miles and a distance (nine subscribers).

Gen. Gilbert's ch. h. Pulwaun, by Hindostan, four years old, 10 st. 3 lb. (owner)	3	1	1
Mr. Downes's b. h. Crackaman, six years old, 12 st.	0	3	2
Mr. T. Bray's ch. m. Maid of the Vale, six years old, 11 st. 10 lb.	0	2	3
Mr. Parrott's ch. g. St. Patrick, aged, 11 st. 10 lb.	dis.		

The City Members' Plate of £50; heats, one mile over the new course.

Sir S. Spry's b. f. Grateful, by Defence, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb.	2	2	1	1
Mr. Legg's b. g. Stickler, aged, 9 st. 1 lb.	3	1	2	2
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. St. Jean d'Acres, three years old, 8 st.	1	3	3	dr.
Mr. J. Dixon's ch. m. Lady Georgiana, half-bred, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	4	dr.		

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, 2 ft., the forfeits to go to the second horse, with 40 sovs. added from the Fund, if three horses start; over the new course, about a mile and three quarters (four subscribers).

Gen. Gilbert's Northenden, aged, 9 st. 7 lb. (Cowen)	1
Mr. Roe's Cerito, five years old, 6 st. 13 lb.	2
Sir S. Spry's Jewess, five years old, 9 st. 10 lb.	3

A Forced Handicap of 2 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Tradesmen of Exeter, for the beaten horses; heats, the new mile (seven subscribers).

Mr. Dixon's Lady Georgiana, by Defence, five years old (Wakefield)	7	1	1
Sir S. Spry's The Jewess, five years old	1	0	2
Mr. Legg's Stickler, aged	5	2	3
Mr. Roe's Cerito, five years old	2	3
Mr. W. Ley's ch. c. by Ellis, out of Partialty, three years old	6	4	dr.
Mr. Pascoe's Ell, six years old	3	dr.	
Mr. Bray's Maid of the Vale, six years old	4	dr.	

A Handicap Hurdle Race of 3 sovs. each, 1 ft., with a Purse of 3 sovs. added; the second saves his Stake; heats, the new mile, over three hurdles (eight subscribers).

Mr. Jones's Selim, aged, 10 st. 4 lb.	1	1
Mr. Heath's Gay Lass, 6 st. 11 lb.	2	2
Mr. Bray's Maid of the Vale, 6 st. 11 lb.	dis.	

TUNBRIDGE WELLS RACES.

Stewards: J. C. Strobe, Esq.; A. E. Fuller, Esq., M.P.; and G. Darby, Esq., M.P.

WEDNESDAY, August 17th.—The Bridge Stakes (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 2 if declared, with 50 added; the second receives back his Stake; one mile and a half (thirty-one subscribers, nineteen of whom paid 2 sovs. each).

Mr. Stevens's b. m. Bavarian, five years old, 7 st. (Evans)	1
Mr. Skingsley's Fama, four years old, 7 st.	2
Mr. F. Clarke's Currycomb, five years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	3
Mr. Kling's Dahlia, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	4
Gen. Wyndham's Aspatria, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb.	5
Mr. C. Mare's b. h. Argos, five years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	6

The Visitors' Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 35 added; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile and a half (five subscribers).

Mr. Skingsley's br. m. Fama, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 8 st. (Ball)	1	1
Mr. Webb's ch. f. Egypta, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.	2	2
Mr. Kling's b. m. Dahlia, five years old, 9 st.	3	3
Mr. Button's ch. f. Evasion, three years old, 7 st. 9 lb.	4	4
Mr. Elman's gr. g. Agitation, half-bred, aged, 9 st. 3 lb.	5	5

The Ladies' Plate of 20 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each; the winner to be sold for 60 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile and a distance (six subscribers).

Mr. Stevens's b. m. Bavarian, five years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Evans)	1	1
Mr. Sopwith's b. f. Allmeade, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb.	4	2
Mr. Bacon's ch. f. Fairplay, four years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	2	3
Mr. Pettit's b. f. Sweetmeat, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.	3	4
Mr. Smith's b. m. Gorsebush, aged, 8 st. 11 lb.	5	5
Mr. Lamb's b. g. Tommy, six years old, 8 st. 11 lb.	6	6

THURSDAY.—The Manor Plate of 50 sovs.; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Skingsley's br. m. Fama, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Bell)	4	1	1
Mr. Baker's b. g. Montezuma, six years old, 8 st. 13 lb.	1 2 3
Mr. Pettit's ch. f. Everilda, three years old, 7 st. 1 lb.	2 3 dr.
Mr. Sopwith's b. f. Allmeade, three years old, 6 st. 8 lb.	3 4 dr.

The Stewards' Purse of 30 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile and a half (four subscribers).

Mr. Webb's ch. f. Egypta, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Evans)	1	1
Gen. Wyndham's b. m. Aspatia, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb.	3	2
Mr. Button's ch. f. Evasion, three years old, 7 st. 9 lb.	4 3
Mr. Balchin's br. f. Affection, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb.	2 4

The Hurdle Race Bonus of 10 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10s. each, for horses not thorough bred, and *bona fide* the property of persons residing within 25 miles of Tunbridge Wells; 10 st. 7 lb. each; the winner to be sold for 40 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile and a distance, with three leaps in each heat (four subscribers).

Mr. C. Edwards's ch. m. by Vicker, dam by Regent, 10 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Simmonds)	1	1
Mr. Bennett's b. g. Little Bob, aged, 10 st. 7 lb.
Mr. Sopwith na. ch. g. Lurcher, aged, 10 st. 7 lb.
Mr. Lamb's b. g. Tommy, six years old, 10 st. 7 lb.	...	fell.

YORK AUGUST MEETING.

Steward: Sir J. L. L. Kaye, Bart. Judge: Mr. Orton.

MONDAY, August 22nd.—The Wilton Stakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; those got by untried horses or out of mares whose produce never won allowed 3 lb.; if both, 5 lb.; T.Y.C. (three subscribers).

Colonel Anson's b. c. by Jereed—Ganymede, by Mulatto, 8 st. 2 lb. (J. Holmes)	1
Sir W. Milner's br. f. by Sheet Anchor, out of Osbertun's dam, by Velocipede, 8 st. 11 lb. (Templeman)	...
Mr. Bell's br. c. Reviewer, brother to Frea, by Romulus, out of Selina, 8 st. 2 lb. (J. Marson)	...

Betting: 2 to 1 on Col. Anson's colt, 2 to 1 agst. Reviewer, and 3 to 1 agst. the filly.

Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; one mile and a quarter (five subscribers).

Sir C. Monk's b. c. by Langar, dam by Filho da Puta—Twinkle, by Walton (T. Lye)	1
Mr. Smith's br. c. Newbald, by Muley Moloch, out of sister to Maria, by Whiaker, (J. Holmes)	2

Even betting.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; for three-years-old, 7 st. 9 lb.; four, 8 st. 12 lb.; five, 9 st. 4 lb.; six, 9 st. 7 lb.; and aged, 9 st. 9 lb.; two miles.

Col. Cradock's br. h. The Provost, by The Saddler (Templeman)	...	1
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. c. Woldsman, by Hampton, three years old (D. Baker)	...	2
Mr. Allen's br. m. Margaret, by Margrave, six years old (H. Fogg)	...	3
Mr. Richardson's ch. c. Aurum, by Tomboy, three years old (Lye)	...	0

Betting: 3 to 1 on The Provost, 4 to 1 agst. Woldsman, and 5 to 1 agst. Margaret.

TUESDAY.—Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; T.Y.C. (five subscribers).

Mr. D. Cook's br. c. Trueboy, by Tomboy, out of Muleteer's dam, by The Æra, out of Bequest (G. Noble)	1
Mr. G. Clark's br. c. Plenipotentiary, out of sister to Memnon (J. Holmes)	2
Capt. Harcourt's br. c. Sir Abstrupus, by Liverpool—Marsala (T. Lye)	0
Mr. Bell's br. f. Zora, by The Bard, out of Zebetia's dam (J. Marson)	0
Lord Normanby's br. f. Telegraph, by Bretby, out of Dispatch (Templeman)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 on Æra, 4 to 1 agst. Sir Abstrupus, and 4 to 1 agst. Trueboy.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for mares; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st.; five, 9 st. 1 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; three miles.

Mr. Lancaster's b. f. Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch, four years old (Templeman)	1
Mr. Allen's br. m. Margaret, by Margrave, six years old (H. Fogg)	2
Mr. Kitching's br. f. Priscilla Tomboy, by Tomboy, three years old (Oates)	3
Mr. Cooke's br. f. Water Lily, by Contest, three years old, half-bred (T. Lye)	4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Alice Hawthorn, and 3 to 1 agst. Priscilla Tomboy.

The Members' Plate of £50, given by the Members for the City; 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, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; thrice, 6 lb., extra; heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. c. Woldsman, by Hampton, three years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (D. Haker)	3	1	1
Mr. Milner's br. h. Humphrey, by Sandbeck, aged, 8 st. 10 lb. (J. Marson)	4	2	2
Mr. Allen's b. f. Cayenne, by Confederate, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Jefferson)	2	3	3
Mr. Richardson's ch. c. Aurum, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (J. Gray)	1	4	dr.

LEGHAM RACES.

TUESDAY, August 23rd.—The Gold Cup of 50 sovs. value, the winner to be paid in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each; if more than ten subscribers the owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake; 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. Gardnor's Monops, by Actson, five years old (Nat)	1
Sir G. Heathcote's Dark Susan, three years old (Chapple)	2
Mr. I. Day's Tamburini, six years old (Wakefield)	3

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Tamburini, 6 to 4 agst. Monops, and 5 to 2 agst. Dark Susan.

A Plate of 40 sovs., given by the Members of the Western Division of the County of Surrey, 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).

Lord Rosslyn's Cornuto, by Actson, five years old (F. Butler)	1	1
Mr. De Winton's ch. g. Witney, half-bred, by Saracen, dam by a half-bred h. (foaled in 1834), five years old (Nat)	2	2
Sir G. Heathcote's bk. f. Mingrelia, two years old (Ealing)	3	dis.

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 (seven subscribers).

Mr. W. A. Bignold's br. m. Camille, sister to Pickwick, six years old (Ling)	1	1
Colonel Wyndham's Singleton, three years old (Crouch)	3	2
Mr. Rush's br. g. by The Exquisite—Maresfield's dam, four years old (Bartholomew)	2	3
Mr. Smith's ch. f. by Ishmael, out of Balance, three years old (Howlett)	4	4
Mr. Gardnor's Ben Brace, four years old (Nat)	5	5
Mr. I. Day's br. m. by Nimrod, out of Busk, five years old (Wakefield)	6	6

WEDNESDAY, 24th.—The Ankerwyke Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 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 (three subscribers).

Mr. Worley's Conjugation, by Dr. Syntax, three years old (Mann)	1	1
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. by Muley Moloch—Young Petuaria, three years old (Nat)	2	2
Mr. I. Day's br. m. by Nimrod, out of Buak, five years old (Wakefield)	3	dr.

The Surrey and Middlesex Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared; the winner to pay 15 sovs. to the Judge; two miles and a distance.

Mr. Greville's Welfare, by Priam, five years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Nat)	1
Mr. S. Scott's Mosque, by Sultan, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Mann)	2
Sir G. Heathcote's Pannakeen, by Muley Moloch, three years old, 6 st. 2 lb. (Ealing)	3

Betting: 5 to 4 on Welfare, 7 to 4 agst. Mosque, and 5 to 1 agst. Pannakeen.

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.; heats, three quarters of a mile (six subscribers).

Mr. Rush's br. g. by The Exquisite, out of Maresfield's dam, four years old (Bartholomew)	4	4	4	2	1	1
Mr. Bignold's br. m. Camille, sister to Pickwick, six years old (Ling)	2	0	0	1	2	2
Count Batthyany's b. g. Nicholas, by Jerry, five years old (Nat)	5	3	0	fell.		
Mr. Dockeray's Pickwick, by Camel, aged (F. Butler)	1	0	3	dr.		
Mr. Gardnor's Mirabelle, by Emilius, three years old (Chapple)	3	dr.				

THURSDAY, 25th.—The Sunninghill Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added (Handicap); three quarters of a mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Balchin's f. Epaulette, by The Colonel, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (C. Balchin)	1
Lord Rosslyn's Camelino, by Camel, six years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (F. Butler)	2
Colonel Wyndham's Nora Creina, by Nonsense, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Crouch)	3
Lord Chesterfield's f. by Muley Moloch, out of Young Petuaria, three years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Wright)	4
Mr. Potto's Short Bob, three years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (Maley)	0

Betting: 5 to 2 on Camelino.

Match, 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; new mile.

Mr. Goodman's ch. f. by Ishmael, out of Balance, three years old, 8 st. (Nat)	1
Mr. Briscoe's Phebe, sister to Chameleon, six years old, 9 st. (W. Scott)	2

Betting: 6 to 4 on the Balance filly.

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. Rogers's ch. c. Bridegroom, by Hymen, three years old (Bartholomew)	0	1
Mr. Forth's Vibration, by Sir Hercules, three years old (Bell)	...	0
Mr. Goodman's The Shadow, by The Saddler, aged (Nat)	...	3
Sir G. Heathcote's Dark Susan, by Glaucus, three years old (Chapple)	...	4

The Egham Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 1 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; winners once in 1842, before or after naming, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; thrice, 7 lb. extra (matches and handicaps excepted); horses that have started twice and not won, allowed 5 lb.; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile and a half (three subscribers).

Lord Roslyn's Cornuto, by Actæon, five years old (F. Butler)	...	1	1
Mr. S. Scott's ch. g. Obelisk, by Jenkins, aged (Simmons)	dr.
Mr. Potto's Short Bob, three years old (Maley)	dis.

Betting: 6 to 4 on Cornuto.

HEREFORD RACES.

Stewards: William Plowden, Esq., and Joseph Bailey, Esq., M.P.

WEDNESDAY, August 24th.—The Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added; about three quarters of a mile (three subscribers).

Mr. Bristow's b. f. Valetta, by Ellis—La Vallière, two years old, 7 st. (Whitehouse)	1
Mr. I. Day's The Blazer, three years old, 9 st.	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on The Blazer.

The Herefordshire Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, with 50 sovs. added; twice round (fourteen subscribers, ten of whom declared).

Mr. I. Day's b. f. Viola, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 7 st. (Arthur)	...	1
Mr. T. Wilkes's br. c. Doctor Allen, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb.	...	2
Mr. Gough's ch. g. Aimwell, aged, 8 st.	...	3
Mr. Morris's b. g. Fat Jack, aged, 8 st. 2 lb.	...	4

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Fat Jack, 3 to 1 agst. Aimwell, 3 to 1 agst. Dr. Allen, and 8 and 9 to 1 agst. Viola.

The Hunters' Stakes (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., and 2 ft. only if declared, with 25 added heats, twice round (fifteen subscribers, two of whom paid 2 sovs. each).

Mr. Robinson's br. m. Finality, by Cain or Cadland, aged, 11 st. 4 lb. (Saunders)	...	0	1	1
Mr. Tollett's The Tiger, aged, 12 st.	...	1	2	2
Mr. H. Hillick's b. g. Henley, five years old, 12 st.	...	0	3	dr.
Baron Rothschild's ch. g. Consul, aged, 11 st. 7 lb.	...	3	dr.	
Mr. Holman's ch. g. The Page, six years old, 10 st. 12 lb.	...	4	dr.	
Mr. Davis's ch. g. Pickwick, five years old, 10 st. 11 lb.	...	2	dr.	

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added by the Citizens of Hereford; heats, about a mile and a half (four subscribers).

Mr. Gough's b. f. Fausta, by Dr. Faustus, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Dodgson)	1	1
Mr. I. Day's b. f. Viola, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb.	...	4
Mr. Carter's ch. m. Sister to Ferneley, six years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	...	2
Mr. Loveasy's bk. h. The Corsair, six years old, 9 st. 8 lb.	...	3

The Farmers' Purse of 50 sovs., given by the Members for the County (40 of which will be given to the winner, and 10 to the second horse); heats, twice round.

Mr. Hall's b. m. Safety, by Safeguard, five years old, 11 st. 1 lb. (Turner)	3	1	1
Mr. Hankins's ch. h. Wellington, aged, 10 st. 5 lb.	...	1	2
Mr. Monkhouse's gr. f. Vagary, four years old, 11 st. 10 lb.	...	2	3
Mr. Oseland's b. f. by Wamba, out of Eleanor, three years old, 9 st. 12 lb.	4	dr.	

THURSDAY, 25th.—The City and County Gold Cup of 60 sovs., in specie, with a Handicap of 10 sovs. each; twice round and a distance (six subscribers).

Mr. Holmes's b. h. Vulcan, by Verulam, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Crickmere)	1
Mr. I. Day's b. f. Viola, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb.	...
Mr. Wright's b. c. Fitzgambol, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb.	3

Won in a canter.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, 1 ft., with 35 added; heats, once round and a distance (seven subscribers).

Mr. Wright's b. g. Fittsgambol, by Gambol, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Marlow)	3	1	1
Mr. E. Wilkes's b. c. Doctor Allen, three years old, 8 st.	...	1	3
Mr. Gough's b. g. Greenfinch, half-bred, five years old, 8 st. 9 lb.	...	2	3

The Selling Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 given by the Ladies of the City and County; the winner to be sold for £50; gentlemen riders; heats, once round (four subscribers).

Mr. Page's b. g. Brewood, four years old, 10 st. 3 lb. (Saunders)	...	1	4	1
Mr. Trotter's b. m. Nell, aged, 11 st. 6 lb.	...	4	2	2
Mr. Hall's b. m. Safety, five years old, 10 st. 12 lb.	...	3	1	3
Mr. Jones's b. g. Vulco Fitzwarine, four years old, 10 st. 3 lb.	...	2	3	4

The Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; heats, about a mile and a half; four leaps in each heat (four subscribers).

Baron Rothschild's ch. g. Consul, by Irish Napoleon, aged, 11 st. 7 lb. (Barker)	1	1
Mr. Carter's ch. m. Sister to Ferneley, six years old, 11 st.	...	3
Mr. Holman's ch. g. The Page, six years old, 10 st. 7 lb.	...	2
Mr. Robertson's b. m. Finality, aged, 12 st.	...	dr.

NORTHAMPTON RACES.

Stewards: W. R. Cartwright, Esq., M.P., Sir C. Knightley, Bart., M.P., T. P. Maunsell, Esq., M.P., and A. S. O'Brien, Esq., M.P.

WEDNESDAY, August 24th.—The Yeomanry Purse, by subscription of 2 sovs. each; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Bull's b. m. Midnight, five years old, 11 st. 1 lb. (Lebird)	...	1	1
Mr. J. Stevenson's ch. g. Bounce, five years old, 11 st. 1 lb.	...	2	2
Mr. Morton's b. m. Forest Lass, five years old, 11 st. 1 lb.	...	3	3
Mr. Pettifer's ch. g. The Lawyer, by Saracen, three years old, 9 st. 6 lb.	...	dis.	dis.
Mr. T. Westley's White Stockings, aged, 12 st. 4 lb.

The Northamptonshire Handicap of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, with 100 added by the Town of Northampton, if five horses start; the winner of the Gloucestershire, Goodwood, Brighton, Wolverhampton, or Holyoake Stakes in 1842, to carry 4 lb.; any two of them, 7 lb.; or any three of them, 9 lb. extra; the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 10 sovs. to the Judge, and 5 sovs. to the Clerk of the Course; two miles (twenty-four subscribers, ten of whom declared).

Mr. Collins's Rochester, by Rockingham, three years old, 6 st. (S. Darling, jun.)	1
Mr. Bell's b. c. Thirak, by Voltaire, four years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Bumby)	2
Baron Rothschild's ch. c. by Sir Hercules, out of Worthless, three years old, 5 st. 8 lb. (Cassidy)	3

Betting: 4 to 1 on Thirak.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; three-year-olds, 9 st. 11 lb.; four, 9 st. 1 lb.; five, 9 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 10 st.; three miles.

Duke of Richmond's The Currier, by The Saddler, six years old, 10 st. (Rogers)	0	1
Mr. Wreford's b. h. Wardan, by Glencoe, five years old, 9 st. 9 lb. (J. Day, jun.)	0	2

THURSDAY.—Northamptonshire Cup Stakes of 10 sovs. each; the winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded; twice round (thirteen subscribers).

Mr. Collins's Rochester, by Rockingham, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb. walked over.

ABINGDON RACES.

Stewards: Lord Barrington, M.P., and E. Tull, Esq.

Clerk of the Races: Mr. E. Burden.

TUESDAY, August 30th.—The Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; untried stallions and mares allowed 3 lb., one mile (four subs.)

Mr. Etwall's b. c. Palladium, by Defence (J. Day)	...	1
Mr. Herbert's br. c. Nessau, by Sir Hercules (Wakefield)	...	2

The Cup, by subscription of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six, 9 st. 7 lb.; aged, 9 st. 9 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner of Cup, Plate, or Stakes of 100 sovs. value in 1842, previous to starting, 7 lb. extra; the second to save his Stake; the winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, about two miles and a half (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Etwall's Discord, by Mulatto, five years old (J. Day)	...	1
Mr. I. Day's Tamburini, six years old (Wakefield)	...	2

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 20 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six, 9 st. 7 lb.; aged, 9 st. 9 lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; half-bred horses, 5 lb.; a winner of 100 sovs. or upwards at any one time previous to the day of starting, 7 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, the Abingdon Course (thirteen subs.)

Mr. R. Etwall's Pelerine, by Tomboy, four years old (J. Howlett)	...	1	0	1
Mr. I. Day's Blazer, three years old (Bell)	...	2	0	2
Mr. Bryan's President, half-bred, four years old (S. Darling, jun.)	...	3	1	3
Mr. Savin's The Baron, five years old (Savin)	...	4	2	4
Mr. Legg's My Pet, three years old (T. Day)	...	5	3	dr.

The Holme Park Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 15 sovs. added; three-year-olds, 6 st. 13 lb.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 1 lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, the Abingdon Course (eleven subscribers).

Mr. I. Day's m. by Nimrod, out of Busk, five years old (Wakefield)	...	2	1	1
Lord Roslyn's Cornuto, five years old (F. Butler)	...	1	2	2
Mr. Herbert's b. c. Teetotaller, three years old (Bell)	...	3	3	dr.
Mr. Cowley's ch. g. Adrian, aged (Evans)	...	4	dr.	
Lord Barrington na. Maid of the Mill, half-bred, four years old (Saunders)	...	5	dr.	

WEDNESDAY.—The Foal Stakes, of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for foals of 1839; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; untried stallions and mares allowed 3 lb.; one mile (four subscribers).

Hon. S. Herbert's br. c. Nessus, by Sir Hercules walked over.

Mr. Etwall's Palladium withdrew his Stake.

The Marcham Park Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, with 40 added by Thos. Duffield, Esq., M. P. for the Borough; the second saves his Stake; two miles (twenty-two subscribers, eleven of whom declared).

Mr. S. Scott's Mosque, by Sultan, four years old, 8 st. (Butler)	1
Mr. Forth's Vibration, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Bell)	2
Mr. Graydon's Helpmate, six years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Mann)	3
Mr. Williamson's Mobarek, four years old, 8 st. (J. Howlett)	4
Mr. Collins's Isaac, aged, 8 st. 9 lb. (S. Darling)	5
Mr. I. Day's Tamburini, six years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Wakefield)	6

The Pusey Horn Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 10 added by T. Duffield, Esq., M. P., and 10 from the Fund, for all ages; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six, 9 st. 1 lb.; aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; and horses having started three times in 1842, and not won previous to the day of starting, allowed 3 lb.; winners once in 1842, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb., or of a Cup or 100 sovs. in 1842, 5 lb.; of any two previous to the day of starting, 7 lb. extra, in addition to the extra weights; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; two miles (sixteen subscribers).

Mr. Lucas's The Traitor, by The Mummy, three years old (Evans)	1
Mr. Pryse's Australia, four years old (F. Butler)	2
Mr. Etwall's Pelerine, four years old (J. Howlett)	3
Mr. J. Blandy na. Wildfire, by Jerry, three years old (Bell)	4
Mr. S. Day's Viola, four years old (Wakefield)	5

Won by a head, after a fine race; the third horse was beaten half a neck only.

The Berkshire Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, for all ages; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, the Abingdon Course, starting at the distance (eleven subscribers).

Mr. I. Day's m. by Nimrod, out of Busk, five years old, 9 st. (Wakefield)	...	1	5	1
Hon. S. Herbert's Teetotaller, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Bell)	...	2	1	2
Mr. Pryse's Romance, three years old, 5 st. 13 lb. (S. Darling, jun.)	...	6	3	3
Lord Barrington na. Maid of the Mill, half-bred, four years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Evans)	3	4
Mr. Bryan's President, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (R. Bell)	5	2
Mr. Legg's My Pet, three years old, 6 st. (J. Howlett)	4	dr.

The Old Berkshire Hunt Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., for horses that have hunted with any pack of hounds; three-year-olds, 9 st. 2 lb.; four, 10 st. 5 lb.; five, 11 st.; six, 11 st. 5 lb.; aged, 11 st. 7 lb.; winners of 100 sovs. value, 7 lb.; thorough-bred horses, 10 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the second to save his Stake; gentlemen riders; heats, two miles (five subscribers).

Mr. Legg's b. g. Stickler, by Grey Skim, aged walked over.

CHELMSFORD RACES.

Stewards: Sir John T. Tyrrel, Bart., M. P., and Thomas W. Bramston, Esq., M. P.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. S. Baker. Judge: Mr. Clark, of Newmarket.

TUESDAY, August 30th.—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.

Mr. Rogers's ch. h. Bridgroom, by Hymen, three years old (Bartholomew)	...	1	1
Mr. Nightingale's ch. h. Ajax, four years old (owner)	...	2	dr.

Mr. Balchin's br. c. Sir Gregory, by Agreeable, dam by Whisker, three years old (Balchin) ... 3 dr.
 Mr. Cook's ch. f. by Nonsense, out of Rectory ... 4 dr.

The Stewards' Plate of 50 sovs.; 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.; the winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes in 1842, 3 lb.; of two, 5 lb.; of three, 7 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded in the usual way; heats, to start at the Distance-post and run once round.

Mr. Booth's ch. m. Benjamin, by Belshazzar, four years old, 9 st. 1 lb. (Sly) ... 1
 Mr. Rogers's b. m. Prosody, by Dr. Syntax, three years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Bartholomew) ... 2

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Members for the County; 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.; the winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes in 1842, 3 lb.; of two, 5 lb.; of three, 7 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded; the second saves his Stake; heats, the new mile.

Col. Peel's b. h. Hawk's-eye, by Langar, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat) ... 1 1
 Mr. Skingsley's b. m. Fama, four years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (Macdonald) ... 2 2
 Mr. Cassidy na. b. f. Snowball, by Plenipo, out of Linnet, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Cassidy) ... 5 3
 Sir John T. Tyrrel's b. f. Miss Sally, by Nonsense, out of Rectory, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Bartholomew) ... 4 4
 Mr. Smith's ch. m. Appleton Lass, six years old, 9 st. (Sly) ... 3 dr.

WEDNESDAY.—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.; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded; three miles.

Mr. Nightingale's ch. h. Ajax, by Dr. Syntax, four years old (Sly) ... 1
 Mr. Rogers's Prosody, three years old (Bartholomew) ... 2

The Town Plate of 50 sovs.; weights and conditions the same as for the Stewards' Plate, excepting that the winner of the Stewards' Plate and 5 sovs. Sweepstakes must carry 5 lb. extra, in addition to all other weights; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded; heats, &c.

Mr. Smith's ch. m. Appleton Lass, by St. Nicholas, six years old, 9 st. 2 lb. (Sly) ... 1 1
 Mr. Skingsley's b. m. Fama, four years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (Macdonald) ... 2 2
 Sir J. Tyrrel's b. f. Miss Sally, by Nonsense, three years old, 7 st. (Bartholomew) 3 dr.

The Hylands Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; the winner of a Two-year-old Stakes amounting to 200 sovs. or upwards, 5 lb. extra; the last half mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Ongley's Gipsy Queen, by Camel, 8 st. 3 lb. (Sly) ... 1
 Mr. Coleman's Jamal, brother to Goneril, 8 st. 5 lb. (Coleman) ... 2
 General Yates's Book's Nest, by Rockingham, 8 st. 5 lb. (Nat) ... 3

Match, 50 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. Cassidy's Miller's Maid, 9 st. (Cassidy) ... 1
 Mr. Smith's Economist, 8 st. ... 2

LEOMINSTER RACES.

Steward: George Arkwright, Esq., M.P.

TUESDAY, August 30th.—The Ladies' Plate of 50 sovs., the gift of Charles Greenaway, Esq., M.P.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Davies's ch. g. Pickwick, five years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (H. Crickmere) ... 1 3 1
 Mr. Hall's b. g. Brewood, four years old, 7 st. 8 lb. ... 2 1 2
 Mr. F. Stubb's b. m. Bounty, five years old, 8 st. 11 lb. ... 3 2 3
 Mr. Lewis's b. g. by Wamba, out of Theophania, three years old ... bolted.

The Herefordshire Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the County Members; heats (four subscribers).

Mr. Davies's ch. f. by Bran—Greenfinch's dam, three years old, 7 st. 1 lb. (Castle) 1 1
 Mr. T. Wilkes's br. c. Dr. Allen, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. ... 2 dr.
 Mr. Robinson's br. m. Finality, aged, 8 st. 11 lb. ... 3 dr.

The Hack Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund; heats (four subscribers).

Mr. Hall's br. m. Kitty, six years old, 9 st. 11 lb. (J. Frost) ... 3 2 1 1
 Mr. Dayus's b. m., four years old, 8 st. ... 4 1 dis.
 Mr. Farmer's b. m. Elizabeth, five years old, 9 st. 5 lb. ... 2 3 dr.
 Mr. J. Poston's b. f. by Obadiah, dam by Dandelion, three years old, 7 st. 13 lb. ... 1 dr.

WEDNESDAY.—The Wolphy Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by George Arkwright, Esq., M.P.; heats, about a mile and a quarter (five subscribers).

Mr. Davies's ch. f. by Bran—Greenfinch's dam, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Castle) ...	1	1
Mr. T. Wilkes's br. c. Dr. Allen, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. ...	2	2
Mr. Hall's b. g. Brewood, four years old, 8 st. 1 lb. ...	3	dr.

The Hurdle Race Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; heats, twice round and the long length, over four hurdles (three subscribers).

Mr. Holman's ch. g. The Page, six years old, 10 st. 11 lb. (owner) ...	2	1	1
Baron Rothchild's ch. g. Consul, aged, 11 st. ...	1	2	2
Mr. Davies's gr. m. Vagary, four years old, 10 st. 1 lb. ...	3	3	3

The Scurry Stakes of 10s. each, with 5 sovs. added from the Fund; heats (seven subscribers).

Mr. Buck's b. g. Dinedor, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Castle) ...	1	1
Mr. Hall's ch. m. Victoria, five years old, 9 st. 2 lb. ...	2	2
Mr. Stille's b. g. Radical, aged, 9 st. 2 lb. ...	0	3
Mr. Harris's ch. g. Win-if-I-can, five years old, 9 st. 2 lb. ...	0	dr.
Mr. Knight's b. m. Crazy Jane, three years old, 7 st. 6 lb. ...	0	dr.
Mr. Jones's b. g. Midnight, six years old, 9 st. 2 lb. ...	dis.	
Mr. A. Quinton's ch. g. Hopping Tommy, aged, 9 st. 5 lb. ...	dis.	

WARWICK RACES.

Stewards: Lord Leigh, and the Hon. Colonel Anson. Judge: Mr. Clark.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. W. Brown, V. S.

TUESDAY, September 8th.—The Guy Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; one mile (six subscribers).

Mr. Fowler's br. f. Fishfag, by Bran, out of Billingsgate, 8 st. 1 lb. (Marlow) ...	1
Mr. Bristol's br. f. by Uncle Toby, out of Dinah, 8 st. 1 lb. (Chapple) ...	2
Mr. Cooke's b. c. Palinurus, by Sheet Anchor, 8 st. 4 lb. (Whitehouse) ...	3

The Leamington Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 3 only if declared, &c., with 100 added by the Town of Leamington; the winners of the Gloucestershire, Goodwood, Brighton, Wolverhampton, or Holyoake Stakes, 4 lb.; of any two of them, 7 lb.; or of three of them, 9 lb. extra; the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes; the winner to pay 15 sovs. to the Judge; two miles (124 subscribers, eighty-three of whom declared).

Mr. Gregory's ch. f. Una, by Glaucus, four years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Chapple) ...	0	1
Mr. Rush's br. g. Brother to Plenipotentiary, six years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Mann) ...	0	2
Lord Chesterfield's ch. m. Rhodanthe, five years old, 7 st. (Chapple) ...	3	
Mr. Greville's br. m. Welfare, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat) ...	0	
Duke of Richmond's br. h. The Currier, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Rogers) ...	0	
Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, six years old, 7 st. 11 lb., and 7 lb. extra (Murphy) ...	0	
Mr. Phillimore's ch. c. Solomon, three years old, 6 st. (S. Darling, jun.) ...	0	
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Eaglesfield, three years old, 5 st. 9 lb. (J. Howlett) ...	0	
Captain Harcourt's b. c. Arnagil, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Noble) ...	0	
Mr. W. Sadler's br. c. The Conqueror, half-bred, brother to Combat, three years old, 5 st. (T. Day) ...	0	

The Warwick St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 30 added by the Race Committee; once round and a distance (six subscribers).

Mr. Bristow's b. c. Haroldston, by Dr. Faustus, 8 st. 8 lb. (Chapple) ...	1
Mr. I. Day's ch. f. Morality, sister to Marius, 8 st. 4 lb. (Wakefield) ...	2
Lord Westminster's b. g. Martyr, brother to Ghuznee, 8 st. 8 lb. (Marson) ...	3
Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Canary, by Cain, out of the Warbler, 8 st. 8 lb. (Nat) ...	4

The Maiden Plate of 50 sovs., given by the Members for the Borough, for maiden horses, &c., and those that never won more than 50 sovs. at any one time before starting for this Plate; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 13 lb.; winners, 3 lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 2 lb.; heats, two-mile course.

Mr. Robbins's br. h. President, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (S. Darling, sen.) ...	1	1
Mr. Coates's b. c. Jolly Boy, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Hardy) ...	4	2
Mr. Fowler's ch. g. Magnum Bonum, four years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Marlow) ...	2	3
Mr. J. Brown's b. g. Mulum in Parvo, by Defence, aged, 9 st. (first, W. Brown, jun.—second, Rogers) ...	3	4

Match of 50 sovs., h. ft.; 8 st. each; one mile.

Mr. C. Booth's gr. f. Snowdrop, half-bred, by Revenge or Vagabond, dam by Sligo, three years old ...	received.
Mr. Robinson's br. f. Rowena, half-bred, by Revenge—Snuffbox, three years old ...	paid.

WEDNESDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 50 added by the Race Committee, for two-year-olds; coits, 8 st. 6 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; T.Y.C. (seven subscribers).

Mr. Bristow's br. c. Pharaoh, by The Mummy, out of Languid (Chapple) ...	1
Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Cane, by Dr. Faustus, out of Switch (Whitehouse) ...	2
Mr. Walters's br. c. Wordaley, by The Tulip (Marlow) ...	3
Mr. Moss's br. c. Mephistopheles, by Dr. Faustus (Marson) ...	4

The Avon Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; once round and a distance (eight subscribers).

Mr. Wreford's Wiseacre, by Taurus, 8 st. 3 lb. (J. Howlett)	1
Lord G. Bentinck's Peloponnesus, by Elis, 8 st. (S. Rogers)	2

The Warwick Cup, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 6 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 13 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; mares allowed 4 lb., and geldings, 7 lb.; the winners of any Derby, Oaks, or Leger, or any Ascot, Goodwood, or Doncaster Cups, 7 lb. extra; maiden three-year-olds at the time of starting allowed 7 lb.; and maiden four-year-olds and upwards at the time of starting allowed 10 lb.; the winner to pay 10 sovs. to the Judge; the four-mile course (seventeen subscribers).

Mr. Holmes's b. h. Vulcan, by Verulam, five years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (Darling)	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Yorkshire Lady, three years old, 5 st. 8 lb. (Arthur, jun.)	2
Mr. Thomas Charlton's b. f. Nix-my-Dolly, by Tomboy, out of Elisiana, three years old, 5 st. 8 lb. (T. Day)	3

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. (Handicap), with 50 added by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the County; heats, two miles (seventeen subscribers).

Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (S. Darling, jun.)	3	1	
Mr. Isaac Day's b. m. by Nimrod, out of Busk, five years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (J. Howlett)	1	2	0
Mr. Copeland's br. h. King Cole, aged, 7 st. 9 lb. (Marlow)	2	dr.	

A Selling Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Race Committee; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 6 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; winners once, 3 lb.; twice, 6 lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; two miles (eight subscribers).

Mr. Collett's b. h. Rory O'More, by Langar, six years old, 9 st. 6 lb. (Whitehouse)	1
Mr. Robbins's br. h. President, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Darling)	2
Mr. Coates's b. c. Jolly Boy, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Hardy)	3
Mr. Speed's ch. g. Emperor, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (M. Jones)	0
Mr. Woodhouse's ch. g. Caitiff, by Cain, dam by Sligo, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Dodgson)	0
Mr. Dixon's gr. c. Fervid, four years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Chapple)	0
Mr. Cheadle's b. c. Waterloo, three years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Moon)	0

THURSDAY.—The Castle Park Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for three and four-year-olds; the mile course (five subscribers).

Mr. Isaac Day's ch. f. Morality, by Mazeppa, three years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Wakefield)	1
Mr. Bristow's br. f. by Uncle Toby, out of Dinah, three years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Chapple)	2

The Stand Stakes (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added by the Committee; two-mile course (nine subscribers).

Mr. Collett's b. h. Rory O'More, by Langar, six years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Whitehouse)	1
Mr. Griffith's b. c. Haroldston, three years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (Arthur)	2
Mr. Isaac Day's ch. h. Tamburini, six years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (Wakefield)	3
Mr. G. Moore's ch. m. Flash, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Marlow)	4

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, the two-mile course.

Mr. Greville's br. m. Welfare, by Priam, five years old (Nat)	1	4	1
Duke of Richmond's br. h. The Currier, six years old (S. Rogers)	5	1	3
Mr. M. Jones's gr. c. Portrait, four years old (M. Jones)	6	5	2
Mr. Owsley's b. c. Happy-go-Lucky, three years old (Bradley)	4	2	dr.
Mr. Goodman's b. m. The Shadow, aged (J. Day, jun.)	2	3	dr.
Mr. Lovesey's bk. h. The Corsair, six years old (Hardy)	3	dr.	

The Town Plate of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 8 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 6 lb.; winners this year once, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb. extra; and the winner of the Cup or Queen's Plate, 4 lb.; or both of them, 7 lb. in addition; mares and geldings allowed 4 lb.; heats, two-mile course.

Mr. Collins's gr. g. Isaac, aged (S. Darling)	1	1
Mr. Lucas's gr. c. The Traitor, three years old (Evans)	3	2
Mr. Charlton's b. f. Nix-my-Dolly, three years old (H. Darling, jun.)	2	dr.

YARMOUTH RACES.

TUESDAY, September 6th.—The Gold Cup, by subscription of 10 sovs. each; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, two miles and a distance (five subscribers).

Mr. R. Oswald's ch. f. Evasion, by Emilius, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Sturgeon)	0	1	1
Mr. Pettit's b. c. Espartero, by Emilius, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Pettit)	1	2	2
Mr. Woodcock's b. c. Eolian, by Emilius, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (West)	2	dr.	
Mr. Tompson's b. f. Pettition, by Young Emilius, three years old, 6 st. 8 lb.	3	3	dr.

A Plate of 50 sovs., given by the Members of the Town; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs., &c.; heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Pettit's ch. f. Everilda, by Emilius, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Pettit, jun.)	1	1
Mr. Woodcock's b. c. Æolian, four years old, 8 st. (West)	3	2
Mr. Bignold's bk. m. Camille, by Camel, six years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Ling)	2	dr.

The Vauxhall Coronation Cup of 30 sovs., presented by the Proprietor of the Gardens, Mr. Symonds, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; the second horse to save his Stake; gentlemen riders; heats, two miles and a distance (three subscribers).

Mr. H. Stracey's ch. g. Protempore, six years old	1	1
Mr. Theobald's b. m. Pauline, aged	2	2

WEDNESDAY.—The Gentlemen's Plate of 50 sovs.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs., &c.; heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Pettit's ch. f. Everilda, by Emilius, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Pettit)	1	1
Mr. Rush's br. c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Maresfield's dam, three years old, 7 st.	...	2 0
Mr. R. Oswald's ch. f. Evasion, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Sturgeon)	4	2
Mr. Woodcock's b. c. Æolian, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (West)	...	3 0

A Handicap Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Tradesmen of the Town; the second to receive 5 sovs. out of the Stakes (five subscribers).

Mr. Bignold's bk. m. Camille, by Camel, six years old (Ling)	...	1	1
Mr. Pettit's ch. f. Everilda, three years old (Pettit)	...	2	2
Mr. H. Stracey's ch. g. Protempore, six years old (West)	...	4	3
Mr. Tompson's b. f. Petition, three years old (a lad)	...	3	dr.

ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM RACES.

Stewards: J. D. S. Douglas, Esq., M.P., and J. Theobald, Esq.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. C. Patterson.

WEDNESDAY, September 7th.—A Maiden Plate of £50, for horses never having won a Plate or Stakes; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; heats, one mile.

Mr. Werrinck's b. h. Patchwork, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Ealing)	...	4	1	1
Mr. Theobald's b. m. Pocahontas, five years old	...	1	0	2
Mr. E. R. Clarke's b. m. Lady Harriet, three years old	...	0	3	3
Mr. Willan's br. g. Young Duke, by Duke Michael, four years old	...	0	0	4
Mr. Beeching's br. m. Lady Viper, by Vicar, six years old	...	3	0	0
Mr. Clifton's ch. c. Vigo, three years old	0	2 dr.
Mr. Wood's bk. f. Goneril, three years old	...	2	0	dr.
Mr. Sherrard's bk. or br. f. by Roderick, out of The Swan, three years old	...	0	0	dr.
Mr. Bainbridge's ch. f. by the Tulip, out of Blaze	...	0	0	dr.

The Rockingham Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added from the Fund; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the second to withdraw his Stake; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded; heats, one mile and a half (four subscribers).

Mr. Skingsley's br. h. Hawk's-eye, by Langar, four years old (Cohen)	...	2	1	1
Mr. Shelley's br. f. Iole, three years old	...	1	2	2
Mr. Hodges's Dane John, four years old	3	3 dr.

The Rochester and Chatham Members' Plate of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner of a Plate or Stakes of 1842, 4 lb.; of two, 7 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded in the usual way; heats, two miles.

Mr. Hornsby's b. m. Revoke, by Camel, five years old (Hornsby)	...	1	1
Mr. W. Scott's b. m. Ellen, three years old	...	2	2
Mr. Tollet's br. g. Fiery Oak, five years old	...	3	3
Mr. Tomline's br. g. Little Tom, aged	...	4	4
Mr. Dockeray's b. g. Lyster, six years old	...	5	dr.

THURSDAY.—The Gold Cup, by subscription of 4 sovs. each, with 40 added from the Fund; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; five, 9 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the second to withdraw his Stake; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, two miles (eight subscribers).

Mr. Mare's br. h. Argos, five years old (Macdonald)	...	4	1	2	1
Mr. Skingsley's br. h. Hawk's-eye, four years old	...	1	3	0	2
Mr. Shelley's br. f. Iole, three years old	...	0	0	1	3
Mr. Hornsby's b. m. Revoke, six years old	...	0	2	3	dr.
Mr. Hodges's ch. c. Dane John, four years old	...	2	4	dr.	
Mr. Baker's b. g. Montezuma, six years old	...	3	dr.		

The West Kent Stakes of 2 sovs. each, with 25 added by Sir Edmund Filmer, Bart., M.P.; the second to receive 5 from the Fund; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner of a Plate or Stakes in 1842, 4 lb.; twice, 7 lb.; three times, 10 lb. extra; maidens of three years old allowed 4 lb.; four and upwards, 7 lb.; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, once round, about one mile (twelve subscribers).

Mr. W. Scott's b. m. Ellen, by St. Patrick, three years old (Cohen)	...	0	1	1
Mr. Tollet's br. g. Fiery Oaks, five years old	...	0	2	2
Mr. Bacon's ch. f. Fairplay, four years old	...	1	0	3
Mr. Dockeray's b. g. Pickwick, aged	...	2	3	dr.
Mr. Hale na. br. m. Laurestina, four years old	...	3	0	dr.
Mr. G. Clifton's ch. c. Vigo, three years old	...	0	0	dr.
Mr. Sherrard's br. m. Jenny Jones, six years old	...	0	0	dr.
Mr. E. R. Clarke's b. m. Lady Harriet, three years old	...	0	0	dr.
Mr. Seffert's b. g. Little Dan, aged	...	0	0	dr.
Mr. Tomline's br. g. Little Tom, aged	...	0	0	fell.
Mr. Varrell's ch. g. Junius, five years old	...	0	0	dr.
Mr. Ford's ch. m. Cuckoo, by Count Porro, five years old	...			dis.

The Hunters' Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added by the Gentlemen of Maidstone, for all ages, 11 st.; four leaps to be taken in each heat; the winner of a Plate or Stakes in 1842, 7 lb.; twice, 10 lb. extra; the winner to pay £2:10s. for weights and scales; the winner to be sold for 120 g. if demanded in the usual way; four horses to start, or the 40 sovs. will not be given, unless by the consent of the stewards; any horse breaking a gate to be disqualified for that heat; the second to withdraw his Stake; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Armstrong's ch. g. Bonnet Rouge, five years old (owner)	...	1	1
Mr. Simmonds's ch. g. Obelisk, aged	...	2	2
Mr. Langham's gr. g. Factotum, by Physician, five years old	...	5	3
Mr. Higgins's ch. h. Roulette, five years old	...	3	4
Mr. Ekina's dun m. Duenna, aged	...	4	5

PRESTON GUILD RACES.

Stewards: R. Townley Parker, Esq., J. N. Farrington, Esq., J. Meiklam, Esq., and W. Standish Standish, Esq. Clerk of the Course: Mr. Orton, of York.

THURSDAY, September 8th.—The Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, did not fill.

The Stewards' (free Handicap) Purse of 50 sovs.; one mile and three quarters.

Mr. King's br. f. Atalanta, by Muley Moloch, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb.	...	1
Mr. Meiklam's br. f. Temptation, by Satan, three years old, 7 st. 6 lb.	...	2

The Guild Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, with 150 added; the second saves his Stake; mile and three quarters.

Mr. Bowers's b. f. Collina, four years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (N. Stagg)	...	1
Mr. Farrington na. Little Philip, five years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (G. Francis)	...	2
Mr. Hornby's br. h. Champagne, five years old, 8 st. (Job Marson)	...	3
Mr. Meiklam's b. g. Wee Willie, aged, 8 st. 12 lb. (S. Templeman)	...	0
Mr. Graydon's ch. h. Helpmate, six years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (W. Keenan)	...	0

The Holme Plate of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; 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.; twice, or more, 5 lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the second horse saves his Stake, and the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, mile and a half (three subscribers).

Mr. King's br. f. Atalanta, by Muley Moloch, three years old (G. Francis)	...	1	1
Mr. Meiklam's b. h. Wee Willie, aged (S. Templeman)	...	2	dr.
Mr. Newham's b. f. Honeysuckle, by Battledore, five years old (W. Huxley)	...	3	dr.

FRIDAY, 9th.—The Borough Members' Purse of 50 sovs., the gift of Sir Hesketh Fleetwood, Bart., and Sir George Strickland, Bart., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs., each, 5 ft.; for two-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; three, 8 st. 10 lb.; fillies allowed 3 lb.; a winner in the present year to carry 3 lb. extra; three quarters of a mile (four subscribers).

Mr. F. R. Price's br. f. Marion, by The Mole, three years old (Templeman)	...	1
Mr. Cook's ch. c. What, by Jereed, two years old (M. Hutchinson)	...	2
Mr. King's br. f. Atalanta, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Templeman)	...	3
Mr. Edmonstone's b. or br. f. The Nun, by Bran, three years old (N. Stagg)	...	4

The Guild Cup, value 100 sovs., in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; the second to save his Stake; heats, two miles (six subscribers).

Mr. J. O. Bowers's b. f. Collina, four years old, 9 st. 2 lb. (Stagg)	...	1
Mr. Hornby's br. h. Champagne, five years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Job Marson)	...	2
Mr. Meiklam's b. g. Wee Willie, by Liverpool, aged, 8 st. 9 lb. (Templeman)	...	3

The Selling Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added; 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 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, two miles (five subscribers).

Mr. Meiklam's br. f. Temptation, by Satan, three years old	...	1	1
Mr. Atkinson's b. f. Lady of the Lake, four years old	...		dis.
Mr. G. Pott's br. g. Short Bob, three years old	...		dis.
Mr. Dearden's ch. c. Jocko, aged	...		dis.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE present Number completes Eight Volumes of the *SPORTING REVIEW*. The Public are the best judges whether the professions made at its commencement have been carried out. Arrangements are in progress for extensive and important improvements in the organization of the Work, and for combining with its present characteristics new materials of originality and interest. Fresh accessions of talent have been secured for the literature, and the embellishments will be, for the most part, practical as well as pictorial illustrations of actual scenes and characters.

“Attila” is like the rest of the world: “give an inch, and take an ell.”

Our copies of the New York “Spirit of the Times” come to hand very irregularly—sometimes three together—sometimes not two in a month. Will the proprietor take the trouble to ascertain the cause; it must exist on his side of the Atlantic.

With the New Year we purpose commencing a series of notices of the Places of Public Amusement in the Metropolis.

The etching of “the Paddock,” in the January Number of the *SPORTING REVIEW*, does not contain a Portrait of any kind.

“Harrow.” If our constant Subscriber in this neighbourhood, however “near an observer” he may be, had the eyes of Argus, he would hardly find them infallible to the affair of typography. Does he suppose the Caster and Seahorse errors were those of the writer of the article? We will tell him a story about a printer’s mistake, should we ever have access to his private ear, that shall turn aside his wrath from us for ever.

Vols. I. to VIII., bound in fancy cloth boards, and lettered, are now ready.

HYDE MARSTON ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPORTSMAN'S LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD :—A DOMESTIC SCENE.

“ So I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins ; at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.”—SHAKSPEARE.

As in geological formations we see veins of trap, and granite, and metal, which indicate the character of the strata they traverse, by their much or little abundance ; so, in human life, there are slender currents of events running counter to the general tendencies, but without which the whole effect is not adequately rendered. Thus, although my reminiscences will chiefly illustrate the haps and chances of a sporting career, memory will sometimes guide the pen (and I give it free licence) to commemorate episodes of domestic comedy, or the gravest events of this work-a-day world.

We had returned some three or four days before from town, having left it immediately after the meeting narrated in the former chapter, when I chanced to leap a fence that skirted a wood-bound meadow to the southward of the house. There, driving the cows to the milking, about four of the afternoon, I encountered an Irish lad, a kind of cousin of Maher, whom he had enticed over, one harvest season, in hope of work, and who, having neither substance nor shadow to lure him back to Paddyland, had been retained as a helper simultaneously by all the domestics of our liberal establishment, my father being the unconscious victim of the force. Poor Con at once became all things to all the men, and the women, too, of the servants' hall. He was Boots to John the footman, knife-cleaner, &c., to the scullion and helper, stable-boy to the grooms, pig-feeder and poultry-butcher to the kitchen-maid, weeder in general to the gardener, and milkman to the dairy-maid. For some time he bore these several honours meekly—the subordinate of the subordinates ; it was Con “ here, there, everywhere, and nowhere.” But, at length, “ a change came o'er the spirit of his dream.” Treated worse than a dog, though that dog were an Irish one, and reminiscences of

poverty allayed by overmuch feeding, he rebelled in turn against every new exaction, and, with true Hibernian pluck, vituperated each offender with a ready stream of epithets not borrowed from the London accidence. Now I don't think I had seen him more than half a dozen times in my life, yet I knew all this at second-hand from Maher.

"Be aisy now," Con was muttering to a restive *taurina*, as I approached him unobserved. "Ye're to the full worse nor any of 'em. Evul eye, indade! Murder on all and aitch of *their* eyes; and what wonder if I was in a fairy ring at home now, may-be the iday would be the thruth, if *wishing* would lay the spell on 'em. It 'od do good to every Jack Pudding among 'em, to translate 'em to a flourishing bog, and nothing but pratee skins to fill their jaws. Evul eye, indade."

"Give some kind of eye to my beast here," said I, dismounting from my hack; "I don't care whether an *oval* or a square one, so as it sees sharply, and two would be better than one. I think his frog touched a stone over that fence. Take him round, and see that no trick is played him."

"Your honourable lordship is it that's come home? Sure I'll be glad to serve you any-how, or the baste as freely, that has always a taste of civility for a poor lad, and that knows ould Ireland better nor those ignoramuses who've niver had bit nor sup outside of their master's pantry." He was leading the *baste* from me, when, pulling his hat quite off (for he always wore one), he said, "If it wasn't too grate a fraydom, I'd appale to your honour, and be bould to ask a question, which was the likeliest to cast an evul eye on the *hins*, I, or fat Bunny?"

"On the *hins*? What are they, in the name of gibberish?"

"The *hins*, yer honour—the cock's *hins*—the fowls that won't lay niver an egg, though I switch them mornin' an' evenin', and peppered their tails nicely into the bargain, and thrust the same into the pratee lavings. But ivery mortal thing that goes wrong in the house, or out on't, it's always 'poor Con's doing.'

"But *what* distemper are you accused of giving the hens, Con?"

"No more nor witchcraft itself! Mrs. Bunn says, 'I'm a pis'nous papish, and casts a spell on 'em.' I'll turn to Ireland to-morrow any-how, and lave them all to their machinations. Sorrow on iv'ry Jack and Gill of 'em all. But, yer honour, I'm proud to do the heir of the house a service, and shall wish ye good luck and duty to the last hour of my life; and glad I am to wipe the dust from your shoes, born jontleman as ye are."

"Suppose you drive me over to the Dillons'," said my lady mother, who encountered me as I crossed the little lawn in front of her morning room. "You have no objection to visit Mrs. Verulam,

your former friend, Emily Dixon?" My consent was of course given. On our way thither, delicately touching the ear of my mother's white pony, "Beauty," a present from my uncle Tom, and as pretty a bit of blood as pony could be, I said, *curiously*—

"Mrs. Verulam's maiden name you mentioned?"

"Did I, I don't remember. She was a Miss Dixon—Evelina Dixon. Don't you recollect she used to stay with me when you were at Eton?"

"To be sure I do," *thought* I, but I said, "You had so many visitors!" "I can account for the lady's code of morality," ruminated I. "So, she is married; and who to?"

"Oh! to a very good kind of man, who is to keep hounds, and give race balls, and make us all very gay."

I was discreet, and asked no more questions. The lady was visible, and received my mother with a cordial shake of the hand. Mrs. Ashby Verulam had seen much of the world in her maiden state, was nearly pretty, and quite clever. She had played her part in acted charades and *tableaux vivants*—had been dubbed a beauty by the "books" of those days, and favoured busts, casts, and miniatures of herself. Indeed, there *was* something fascinating in her little classical head, tightly braided black hair, slender waist, high shoulders and all, which excused her vanity, to men at least. Mr. Ashby Verulam was a man of some wealth, a score of years her senior, whom she married—*for love*. He was a worthy and honourable man, and seemed to be blind to her chief peculiarity, *the gift of romancing* to an unparalleled extent. I was unaware of it also; indeed, maidens are only made melo-dramatic by marriage. In child and girlhood they are automata. The third act of their lives, wedding-hood, brings *character* out in full relief. I mention this lady here, for that my knowledge of her was curiously enwoven with my after-fate, and with Mrs. —, whose acquaintance my boyish enthusiasm for letters dignified with the name of friendship, and for whose amusement I had sacrificed so much time, and cash, and leisure. Truly, I was then, apparently, a fair mark to the worldly, and they made good use of their butt.

"It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, and that craves wary walking."

In my first adversities, with youth's feelings,

"Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's armies,
Quite vanquish'd me."

Now, that I have fallen on evil days, and have but the prosperity I win and wear for myself, I am content to take life as I find it.

We dined at the Dillons', and on reaching home late, or, rather, early, I solaced myself for a dull evening by smoking a cigar in the

bright moonlight. Circumambulating the premises towards the servants' offices, methought I saw a dark object, like a man, leaning forward, or against the key-hole of the great kitchen door. His figure seemed lengthened to an extended line in space—longer certainly than mere mortality would well warrant. I approached near to the cowering form—more near : I observed he wore a countryman's large straw hat, and a loose wrapping great coat indicated a leanness in accordance with his great height. Believing him a drunken fellow, on no good errand, I touched his elbow—it was as hard as a stick ; indeed it *was* a stick, and so was the rest of his combustible person!—a dressed-up pole set there to frighten the maids, doubtless. Unwilling to disturb so delectable a purpose, I soon retreated to my dormitory. I know not how long I had invoked Somnus, when, from various parts of the tenement, screeches, screams, harks, and hilloas, from the voice of my maternity to that of Mrs. Bunn, the housekeeper, rose in a graduated scale like the present corn law, with such an uproar as must have met Sir John Falstaff at the Windsor oak.

I was not bound to leave my warm repository for such an *inferno*, sagely deciding that such noise would do as well as an army to defeat "Legion," either substantial or insubstantial. But though I left the hubbub to the powers of its own creation, it would not leave *me*. So I donned my dressing-gown to give some one a dressing—I did not care whom ; and, hearing my own name repeated, in a lamentable voice, by my mother, I asked her "what the row was?"

"Oh! save me, Hyde! Thieves!—murder! Come and protect me."

"But I can't get in!"

"Oh! the door is double-locked, and I am afraid to open it,—and your father won't move!"

In the hall there were ghostly faces of fright, the men brandishing oaken cudgels, the women tearing their hair and screaming, but all keeping close to each other.

"You set of noisy rascals, what cat or dog have you shut up in the pantry, to demolish the dishes? or what misdemeanour have you committed amongst you, that you execute this judgment upon Christian sleep?"

First, one of the footmen deposed that, on opening the kitchen door, a man knocked him down, by falling over him, and would have despatched him, had his heels not saved his head. Secondly, the dairy-maid, corroborated by a groom, asserted that, in their several places of rest, they had heard unwonted sounds of lowing close to the hall door, and, fearing the cows had broken the fences, they, supported by each other, issued forth, and followed the sounds into the shrubbery,

where a dreadful groaning terrified them, so that they fell on the ground, and then a shower of ordure completely covered them, in confirmation of which they exhibited visages and apparel well *manured*. But the housekeeper's plight was the worst. She had, as she herself would have said, *stopped* down in one corner, where she looked like a hieroglyphic—half woman, half lion. She was the greatest oddity of the chapter of oddities our house comprised. An enormous head, with features closely resembling a lion, was made more picturesque by a crisped muslin cap, that fell down on either side like that noble quadruped's mane. Two little boas' feet, and two podgy paws, came out, like the cardinal points of the compass, at each extremity of the rounded oval of her squat figure. Like a pagan god on a chimney-piece, there she sat, spouting out interjections, and pulling furiously at her elf locks.

"Oh! oh! ah! ah! eh! eh! I'm a haunted woman; I'm a murdered creature! That villain Con! Oh! this comes of letting in papists. Oh! oh! ah! ah! eh! eh! There it is by my bedside: there 't'll be for ever; I know it will. The great fiery eye!"

Seeing some clue out of the mystery, I soothed the poor fierce-looking frightened little woman, and, her terror mitigated, she fell to weeping and relating, that she had, to be sure, rated Con soundly for his dirty Irish ways; and he threatened, in revenge, to haunt her and all of them with the evil eye; that he said was a fairy gift in his country, and "there, there it is," she added, pointing towards the door, and sobbing out afresh.

"Oh! don't, my dear young master, *don't you* go to it."

They all followed me, however, into her room, and truly there, on the pillow of her bed, was a bladder, ingeniously painted; a coarse but unmistakable likeness of a Brobdignag eye, while a small lantern placed within it gave the proper effect.

A horrible stench of phosphorus showed at once the origin of certain diabolical figures on the walls. At this juncture a bellowing was heard outside, that created fresh horror, and, as I sallied forth to encounter this new absurdity, an apparition, seen in the clear equable moonlight, like to a prize-ox in bulk, but Nereus himself for humidity, rushed into the midst of us. Sophocles tells us—

"Swift in its march
Is evil counsel;"—

but the coachman proved that swifter far is fear, even burdened with the weight of *element* in which he was disguised. The servants, mistaking him for the devil "coming among them, having great wrath," turned tail, and with him, stumbling and roaring, gained cover.

"So in the night, imagining some fear,
How easie is a bush supposed a bear."

Venturing into the stable, I perceived, in the soft moonlight, a great trough, so conveniently placed that it was almost impossible to escape a ducking. A bad imitation of hollow groaning attracted my attention towards one of the bins.

"Tremble for your sins, you drunken fellow—you rascal coachman! The horses are bewitched, and spoke to ye for to spite you. Your masher 'll know of the dthrink you swallow the evening, and pray for your sowl, for there's an ind of ye to-night in the body." I groped my way into the corner, and grasped hold of a mop of wool sticking to a human body, which I dragged out of its hiding-place.

"Down on your knees, you rascal!" said I, "and I'll murder you for this racket, be sure of it."

"Och! murther, indade, thin I disarve it for offending your honourable lordship; but, sir, ye'll surely forgive me; it wasn't my intintion but to rivinge myself on iv'ry mother's son of 'em who made poor Con a laughing-stock, and trated him worse nor a dog. Sir, yer honour, they browbate and ridiculed Con the life of the day long, and now, when I'm in ould Ireland agen, I can turn up my nose at 'em. Surely they're mighty brave people, the English."

I put on a severe tone, rated him soundly but briefly, and, advising him to keep close, or mischief would be done him, I returned to my bed.

Little episodes such as these, however insignificant they appear, surround home with an identity as regards position and possession never felt elsewhere, and of which the citizen of the world, as the man of many abiding-places is called, knows nothing. I have set down this humble record, because, when revolving memories of my father's house, it rose before me, invested with an interest I am fain to believe has existence in more hearts than mine. It has truly been said of the thoughts of the past—"Awake but one, and, lo! what myriads rise!" Here was one for whom the impressions of youth were almost as the events of a previous existence, recalling unbidden the veriest trifles—the small fond fancies of long-forgotten years. Does the poet or the painter create, or simply embody lore elsewhere revealed to the spirit? Who shall tell!!

AN ANATOMY OF PUGILISM.

“Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est,
Judiciumque. Esto si quis mala: sed bona si quis
Judice condiderit laudatur Cæsare.”

HORAT. Sat. lib. 11.

THE announcement of a design to publish in the *SPORTING REVIEW* a series of papers on the practice of prize-fighting, and the appearance of the first of those articles, produced a natural and characteristic expression of dismay and malignity from those who thrive and grow fat on the garbage of the ring. In every mitigation of the criminal code, Jack Ketch perceives the decay of the constitution; and a hint at the suppression of the stews is looked upon as a breach of Magna Charta by the patriots of Duke's Place. Public sympathy, however, does not wait on the falling fortunes of the grim servant of Hades, nor the discomfiture that menaces the nymphs of modern Paphos. It is the same with your scavenger and reporter of prize-battles. The public know there are men driven to such resources for the sake of their daily bread, but, should they give them credit for their industry, they do not, therefore, hold themselves bound to cultivate fellowship, or make common cause, with very unsavoury members of society. That, on reflection, every man, whose opinion is entitled to observance, is opposed to the Satanical exhibitions of the prize-ring, is a position it would be an insult to human nature to suppose required proof. I leave the applause of those whose approbation is the bitterest reproach, to the *gentlemen* who have proved the truth and weight of my observations by the personal abuse with which they have honoured the writer, in the earnest hope that every act of my life may be dignified by a similar censure.

In the thirst of excitement which, however differently they seek to slake it, equally affects all mankind, there are, no doubt, those of principle and humanity who have countenanced prize-fighting, and many who sanction it still. I am its fair antagonist—pledged by the conviction of right, to use my most zealous efforts to abolish so foul a disgrace to manliness, and so gross a cheat upon the credulity of its supporters. But I should scarce serve my purpose did I seek to do so by other than straightforward means. The arguments I shall adopt I will take from the materials supplied by its advocates; the appeal for its suppression I address to those who have the power to enforce its abolition, and whose continued indifference to the existence of so crying an outrage against social morals and manners is an outrage on a Christian community.

Gladiatorial contests have ever formed the favourite spectacles of savages. Among their patrons in civilized lands none are found who dare to recommend them as appliances of recreation and enjoyment: those who, for private emolument, labour to resuscitate their defunct popularity, attempt it by describing them as incentives to fair play and manly courage. I will not set up the many and monstrous

instances of dastardly baseness and cowardly advantage I have witnessed in my experience of prize-fights, but quote the following commentary as to its influence upon honourable contest, written by a pugilist a few weeks ago, and published in the Gazette of the Ring. The writer is Peter Crawley, who fought "for love" almost as often as for money, and the extract is the portion of his letter which illustrates the system of fair play that regulates a prize-fight. "As a sincere friend to the interest of the ring, from a firm conviction of its great utility, I cannot but regret to see practised what I consider totally opposed to the very first principles of ring-fighting, as stated in the articles, namely, to be 'a fair stand-up fight.' Many referees appear, when deciding the question of a fair or foul fall, to consider that, when blows have once passed in the round, a man has a right to throw himself down. This must not be. Should a man fall, unless from the effect of an accidental slip, or when, in a close, slipping down from his opponent's grasp, to avoid being thrown, such fall is foul, and ought invariably to be so decided. It cannot be fair stand-up fighting for a man, after having inflicted punishment upon his opponent, to throw himself down to avoid the return which he sees coming." Upon this exposition of the manly character of pugilism, shown in the practice of its professors, the Editor of "Bell's Life" observes, "In our opinion, deliberately to fall without a blow, or from accident or weakness, or to avoid being thrown in a close with a more powerful opponent, is anything but fair." If the gentleman, together with his valuable opinion that "it is anything but fair to fall from accident or weakness," had supplied a recipe for enabling an *Englishman* to keep his legs when he is not able to stand, then, indeed, would the patrons of the ring have become his debtors beyond the possibility of requital. A dainty spectacle would the prize-fight be wherein one or both engaged would exchange the perpendicular only for the horizontal of the grave!

But let [us put Mr. Crawley's case in plain English before the reader. Two men fall out, and agree to adjust their differences by a hostile meeting. They join issue, and as soon as he has struck his adversary, one of them runs away, or falls down—no matter the contrivance, the end and object is the same. What does the instinct of the clown at the plough's tail teach him to regard this? What does the authority of the prize-ring teach him to do? "The principle of fair play is provided for by pugilism," say the advocates of the ring, "and the probability of a recourse to deadly weapons, in casual encounters, thereby lessened, if not altogether obviated." We will test this doctrine. In the average of plebeian quarrels—in ninety-nine out of a hundred—do the combatants meet on equal terms as regards age, size, weight, or any of the ordinary physical properties? A fellow insults and bullies another, whom he might eat without overloading his stomach. The little one has a heart like Achilles; bears, so long as his nature allows, a world of indignities, then falls to, and gets pounded to the consistence of potted beef. With the latest effort of life remaining to him, he draws his knife (woe is me!) or, if a tailor, his scissors: what leads to the catastrophe? Is it a natural thirst for gore in the pigmy, or was it the "truly English" and "fair play" bastinadoing received from an adversary who might have put

him in his pocket, that turned his blood to lava, and his revenge to despair? Man is, by nature, fierce, cruel, bad—sad facts, but not the less true because they are unpalatable. What sort of antidote to these propensities do we furnish to those for whom education has done least, in accustoming them to exhibitions, the object of which is to show to what possible extreme torture can be inflicted and endured?

My assertion that the taste for prize-fighting is fast waning in this country has been contradicted, and I have been taunted for having made the statement. I repeat it, and I am proud that I can do so fearlessly: and more, I avow my conviction that were the true details of the ring made public, so monstrous an outrage against civilization—against humanity—would not another day be permitted to pollute this land. The reports of the ring are not admitted into our leading journals: with but two solitary exceptions all the conductors of the metropolitan press have, to their credit, ceased to defile their columns with its records. It may be that from these two channels flow “the whole truth,” or their directors may keep back or colour facts as best suits their purpose. We have no means of detecting this, as far as regards the London ring. Which way the probability lies may, perhaps, be gathered from the following portion of the account of a prize-battle lately fought in America, *suppressed* in the report of that event copied into “Bell’s Life” of *Sunday* the 23rd October last. The suppressed parts are those printed in smaller type.

The account of this fight is taken from the New York “Spirit of the Times”—the leading sporting print of the new world; and the feeling that pervades the introduction does at once honour to its editor and those whom he addresses.

“FATAL PRIZE-FIGHT between LILLY and Mc COY, for 200 dollars a side, at Hastings, New York, on Tuesday, September 13, 1842. Reported for the ‘Spirit of the Times.’

‘One spirit of the firstborn Cain reigned in all bosoms.’

“The Editor of the ‘Spirit of the Times’ desires to impress upon his readers the great reluctance with which he makes room for the details of this bloody battle. A sense of duty to his readers—an obligation to chronicle each impulse or spirit of the age or time, whether savage or refined, impel him to the mortifying task. The report subjoined is furnished by a gentleman who is in no way connected with this office—one who observed the whole progress of the match with distress—who witnessed its fatal issue with shivering horror, and who cannot recall its shocking passages without extreme pain. It is well known that the Editor of this paper has ever discountenanced *The Ring* and its professors, as such;—that he never has attended a prize-fight; and he would add, moreover, that he had no acquaintance with nor knowledge of any of the individuals referred to in the report which, with infinite regret, he now subjoins.”

This “passage-at-arms,” as such pleasant spectacles are jocularly termed by their historians, endured for two hours and forty-three minutes; the lengthened time of action enlivened by such manly, noble incidents as these:

“*Round 34*—Lilly got in another of his cutting blows on the right

cheek,—a close, and sharp in-fighting, and a bad fall for Mc Coy; Lilly on top as usual, and, in obedience to Sullivan's cries of "Lie on him, Chris! lie on him!" remained on the breast of his gasping enemy until lifted off. The fight had now lasted forty minutes.

Round 45—Mc Coy still bleeding profusely. On going up to the scratch, Sandford said to him, "Go at him now, as I told you Randall did, and you'll have him licked in three rounds!" to which Lilly scornfully replied, "I can lick him, and you after him, on the same afternoon." Mc Coy tolled him on by pointing at his face, which invitation was accepted by Lilly with two dreadful blows, one on the chin, and another, a death stroke in the neck. Mc Coy rushed in, returned it wildly on Lilly's head, and went down.

Round 48—Lilly got in four sharp successive hits, which spread the blood all over Mc Coy's face—he spat part of it back at Lilly, went in, and was again badly thrown.

Round 85—As Mc Coy came up and made a pass, Lilly threw it aside, exclaiming, "O la!" then, after making two splendid hits, rushed in and threw him heavily. On Lilly going to his corner, *Sullivan kissed him in admiration of his prowess.*

Round 88—Though Mc Coy was now well nigh blinded, he came up well, led off, and got in a pretty good body hit. Lilly answered sharp, clinched and threw him heavily, and fell upon him, the blood gushing from Mc Coy's mouth as he lay. Loud cries now broke from the crowd of "Shame, shame! It's a shame to see such a game man beat to death!" The fight had now lasted two hours.

Round 89—On bringing Mc Coy up, Ford and Sullivan cried out—"Oh, take that man away! What's the use of beating him to death? He can't win." "Don't fret yourselves," replied Sandford, "he's got three hours' fight in him yet. He's only beginning to work." "Finish him then, Cris," returned Sullivan. Lilly let fly at the word, catching Mc Coy on the mouth, *sending the blood in a fine spray in the sun*—a rush by Mc Coy, and Lilly thrown.

Round 107—Mc Coy came up slow, sticking his swollen tongue out, and opening his mouth to get air, as if labouring under the sense of strangulation—

"And though his manly heart around
No active currents warmly bound;
Tho' swelled to bursting every vein,
No token gave he yet of pain."

As he stepped slowly up, Lilly cried out to him to come over to his side, upon which Ford, seeing his condition, exclaimed—"Cris, now you've got him, sure!" "Not so sure as you imagine," immediately said the noble fellow, but in a voice so changed, so husky from its passage through the red current that was streaming out his life, that our very flesh crept as we heard it. His enemy could do as he pleased; he hit him with impunity; then rushed in and fell heavily upon him. He was "valiant no longer." The "puniest whipster" might have "bearded" him without dread of harm.

Round 120—Mc Coy was lifted up heavily from his second's knee, and stood on his feet for the last time. He was led slowly to the mark, and took his position—a dying man—but as erect, as dignified, as game as ever, Lilly was also much fatigued, and enduring con-

siderable suffering from the heavy body blows he had received. They both sparred cautiously ; McCoy leading off, as ever, and making two or three good efforts to get in without success ; Lilly then rushed in, closed and threw him very hard, fell with his whole weight upon him, *and remained upon the dying man until lifted off*. On approaching him (McCoy), he was found to be perfectly inanimate, and sank lifeless in his second's arms. Time was called, but not, alas ! for him. Poor fellow ! he was doomed never to hear sound again, till the challenge of the last trumpet shall pierce the portals of his ears, and summon him, with those who did foul murder on him, to a *mark* from which there can be no dodging—no escape."

These agreeable details were not withheld from the patrons of the English P.R. by their caterer-in-chief ; but the catastrophe was thought too horrible for human beings of any class ; read it, Englishmen—*men*—read it, and say, are not prize-fights fitting orgies for fiends ?

" Poor McCoy, on being lifted from the ground, sank, as limp as a rag, in his second's arms. A cry was made for the doctor, and a movement in the mass took place, to give him air. I forced my way in the crowd, and took a look at the dying man. God grant that I may never see such another sight ! He lay upon his back, his face and neck one bruised, unseemly, bloated mass of incipient corruption ; gasping for breath, and sucking, by the violence of his respiration, his bloated lips far back in his mouth. In the next moment he ceased to breathe, and the word went in a hoarse whisper round, that *he was dead !* Never shall I forget the talismanic horror of that expression. The cheeks of old and young, the fledgling villain, and the ruffians steeped in crime, all blanched to ashes, and, exchanging a look of vague and undefined fear, separated silently, and sought their respective boats. I saw but one man unmoved. He knew, with the rest, that another fight had been promised in the same ring, and, unwilling to lose the sport, exclaimed, as poor McCoy was borne to the river-side, ' Come, carry off your dead, and produce your next man ! ' *I should say that that ruffian is doomed to arrive at great eminence in hell ! !* "

That a great majority of the people of this country, of every condition in life, is opposed to the practice of prize-fighting, I assume will not be denied. Upon what grounds, then, is the gross gratification of the few suffered to be pandered for, to the scandal and annoyance of the many ? Is the execution of the laws of England an affair contingent on the caprice or purpose of those to whom their administration is confided ? Prize-fighting is a breach of the peace ; shall a local magistrate say it is his pleasure to promote one misdemeanour and punish another ? Is it, in fact, optional for any party, holding a commission of the peace, to permit the law to remain a dead letter, or to be outraged with his knowledge and consent ? These are not days in which such things are to be done. Let any one, having knowledge that a prize-fight has taken place (not being an amateur of that sport), forward to the lord lieutenant of the county in which it was permitted, proof that such happened with the privity of a district magistrate, and he will, probably, see what a criminal information will do for him. At all events, a lord chancellor *cannot* allow a man to retain a commission for the preservation of the peace, who has sanctioned, or connived

at its public violation. Magistrates are invested with liberal discretionary powers, and very properly; but they are permitted such discretion for its sober, prudent application, and not for its abuse. I by no means advocate legal interference in the case of casual encounters, in which men, having a disagreement, meet "to see it out" fairly, before their neighbours: it is only to those rascally contrivances, "money-fights," as they are called, got up, as they perpetually are, for the purposes of private and public robbery, that these remarks are intended to apply. One of the most respectable hotel-keepers on the Newmarket road had his house stripped of every ounce of plate it contained, on the occasion of a late fight in that vicinity: if that robbery arose not out of the event celebrated on that day, it certainly was a remarkable coincidence in point of time.

A word as to the former portion of this article, and, for the present, I have done. In my anxiety to annihilate a savage and brutalizing practice, I was led to seek my end by means that, upon reflection, seem less legitimate than they appeared under the excitement in which it was written. The only amends left to me I adopt. In the present paper all personal allusions have been avoided; and I deal with my subject upon general grounds only. It has been attributed to me that I accused Spring of having sold a fight. Such was not the case. I know, of my own knowledge, nothing to that person's discredit; the statement has been on record in the pages where I found it, for many years; if it be false the blame is not mine. It is not *my* assertion that Cribb was a less loving lord than he might have been: neither does it rest on my authority that Thurtel ended his days on the scaffold. I will admit that these, and any individual references, may be, perhaps, inconvenient; therefore have I, in the present instance, refrained from them. But nothing shall prevent my holding up to scorn and execration the practice of prize-fighting; or striving, by every effort in my power, to bring it to a speedy and permanent end.

A CRUMB OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

In a very useful Almanack, published by Dorling, of Epsom, at the "small charge" of sixpence, the following morsel of very useful intelligence is given. It will be found of service to very many of our subscribers, and so, indeed, will the Calendar from which we copy it, as it contains more information "for the people" than is often offered "at the price."

LIST OF JOCKEYS, WITH THEIR RESIDENCES.

B. Bartholomew, Newmarket	William Howlett, Goodwood, Sussex
William Bell, Mitchell Grove, Sussex	John Holmes, Malton, Yorkshire
William Boyce, Newmarket	Thomas Lye, Middleham, Yorkshire
Francis Butler, Newmarket	Samuel Mann, Ascot Heath
Francis Buckle, Epsom	William Macdonald, Epsom, Surrey
James Chapple, Newmarket	Job Marson, jun., Malton, Yorkshire
Samuel Chiffney, Newmarket	Charles Marlow, Hednesford, Staffordshire
William Cartwright, Catterick, Yorkshire	William Noble, Scotland
George Calloway, Hednesford, Staffordshire	Robert Pettit, Newmarket
Frederick Crouch, Petworth, Sussex	James Robinson, Newmarket
William Cotton, Gorchambray	Samuel Rogers, Newmarket
Samuel Darling, Bourton Hill, Gloucestershire	Sim Templeman, Burnby, Yorkshire
Samuel Darling, jun., ditto	William Scott, York
John Day, Stockbridge, Hants	Robert Sly, Wellwyn, Herts
John Day, jun., ditto	George Sharpe, Newmarket
Edward Edwards, Newmarket	Thomas Stephenson, Newmarket
James Easling, Lewes, Sussex	William Treen, Beckhampton
Elnathan Flatman (Nat.), Newmarket	— Wakefield, Newmarket
George Francis, Malton, Yorkshire	George Whitehouse, Hednesford, Staffordshire.
John Howlett, Stockbridge, Hants	

COURSING.

THE season in the south opened with the Cockney Union Meeting, which was formerly the Cockney, but for some few years past (particularly since the decease of Mr. Elmore) it had dwindled to a shadow. By the exertion of Mr. Miller, of Frome, and some others, several gentlemen from Bristol and Bath have lately joined it, and on the 26th of October they mustered in great force, and were favoured with fine sport and splendid weather; the first day, on the Everleigh Downs, by permission of Sir Francis Astley; the second, on Enford Down, by leave of Sir Edmund Antrobus, where hares were in abundance; and the last day at Netherhaven, where Mr. Curtis permitted the ties to be run off. The Cup was won by one of the smallest greyhounds I ever saw, called Little Vic; she is by Claret, and was bred by Mr. Hulbert, of Lenton, near Melksam, whose property she now is. She is sister to the bitch that won it last year, and on the second day they drew together, which made the course more than usually interesting; the two, I should think, not exceeding in weight fifty pounds. Little Vic won her course, but had not much to spare, the other making some good points, and never could be shaken off. The principal Stakes were won by the Bristol gentlemen; the condition of Mr. Parkinson's dogs (I believe, the celebrated Dentist, of Bath) was excellent, and he won the Derby very cleverly, with a dog called Pioneer.

THE NETHERHAVEN MEETING.

The Netherhaven Leash Club met, as usual, on the first Monday in November, by permission of Sir Edmund Antrobus, on Stonehenge Down, near Amesbury. Too much cannot be said of the liberal manner in which everything is done by Sir Edmund, to afford facilities to this Club; things must go cross indeed if there exist any impediment to the sport, as, from the landlord to the shepherd, all are favourable; the ground is some of the finest in England, and the hares plentiful. The running at this Meeting forms a singular instance in the annals of coursing. Forty greyhounds were brought there to compete for four Stakes, and the winners of three, and the dog that ran the last tie for the other, were the blood of one bitch. The Cup was won by Mr. Simon Hitchcock's fawn dog Herod, by Glider, out of Mr. Missing's Mirth. The Puppy Stakes, by Mr. Smith's black dog Spring, by Glider, out of Mr. Smith's Snail. The Bulford Stakes by Mr. William Long's fawn dog Lottery, by the Stump-tail, out of Mr. Missing's Mirth; and the Stonehenge Stakes, by Mr. Robert Long's black and white dog Lighterman, by Mr. Heathcote's Hillans, out of Mr. Robert Long's Lady Fly, out of Mr. Missing's Mirth, by his Major. The coursing was of the finest description. The last ties were run off on Stoke Down, by permission of William Brown, Esq., who kindly kept the ground quiet for some days, and afforded every facility in his power to aid the sport. Herod beat, in the last tie, Mr. Smith's Spanker, by Glider, out of his Snail; Spring beat, in the last tie, Mr. Sykes's Locock, by the Stump-tail, out of Mr. Robert Long's

Lady Fly; Lottery beat, in the last tie, Mr. Robert Long's Lady Mary, his own sister, all descendants of Mirth but Mr. Smith's.

THE ASHDOWN PARK MEETING.

This, which is always considered the Meeting of the South, commenced in the most wretched weather, and with one of the worst day's coursing I ever saw there. Hares were scarce on the running ground, though plentiful in the covers, which is strange, and shows want of diligence somewhere, as it is well known the Earl of Craven is most desirous that good sport and plenty of hares should be found for the Club. The second day the weather was rather better, and the sport much superior; the two last days were fine, and the coursing good, particularly the last, when Compton Bottom, as a matter of course, afforded fine running; but, although most of the courses were long, the hares, generally speaking, were killed, which is not often the case. The Cup was won by Mr. Agg's white bitch Amazon, beating, in the last tie, Mr. Kershawe's Kalmia: betting two to one on Kalmia, who was beaten cleverly throughout. No man in the Club is more popular than Mr. Agg, and as no one stands beating better, everybody was pleased at his success. Mr. Kershawe's are, generally speaking, beautiful greyhounds, and in fine condition, and the beating Kalmia on such fine ground, and in so good a course, must have been gratifying to Mr. Agg, and creditable to Cox, his trainer. The Derby was won by the best dog in it, Mr. Bradley's Bayleaf—a fast and good runner, of Mr. Baildon's breed—beating, in the last tie, Mr. Kershawe's Knight-of-the-Garter. The Oaks was divided between Mr. Etwall's England's Queen, and Mr. William Etwall's Win-if-I-can, two good bitches.

The First Class Weyland was divided between Captain Wyndham's Whirlpool and Mr. William Etwall's Willy-go-faster. The Second Class Weyland was won by Mr. Kershawe's Keppel, beating, in the last tie, Mr. Lawrence's Lawyer. The All-aged Craven was won by Mr. Kershawe's Kirkham, beating, in the last tie, Mr. Bradley's Blue Bell. The Second Class Craven won by Mr. Lawrence's Leda, beating, in the last tie, Mr. Etwall's Evens-and-Odds, who dislocated his shoulder. The Lambourn Stakes divided between Mr. William Etwall's Willy-go-faster, and Mr. Lawrence's Lambourn. The Lambourn Puppy Stakes won by Mr. Kershawe's Kelpie, Mr. Bowles's Bascar drawn lame.

The Meeting was graced by the presence of Mrs. Vickers and another lady, who came from Shropshire to attend it. Some ladies on horseback were also present, but not so many as I have seen before. Several matches followed the Stakes, which will appear in the Coursing Calendar. Amazon is by the late Duke of Gordon's Vision, out of Mr. Herbert's Judy; Bay-leaf by Mr. Baildon's Bradford; England's Queen by Mr. Heathcote's Hornsea, out of Captain Delmes' Duck; Win-if-I-can by Mr. Etwall's Bran, out of Mr. F. Long's Liberty, out of Mr. Missing's Mirth, by his Major. Whirlpool's pedigree has often appeared. Willy-go-faster by the Stumptail, out of Mr. Missing's Mirth. Skelpie won the Cup at Altcar, and is, I believe, by Emperor, out of Knavery; Lady of Lyons beat Kelpie; Win-if-I-can beat Lady of Lyons, which makes her running very good. The pedigrees of the other winners I am not acquainted with.

W. M.

ROUGH NOTES OF A SPORTING EXCURSION THROUGH THE MAREMME OF TUSCANY.

(Continued from page 371.)

CHAPTER II.

The Maremme—Prevalence of the Malaria—Departure from Siena—A Scene in the Inn at Fercole, and a Flare-up with the Landlady—Deserted and Melancholy Aspect of the Country—Paganico—Arrival at Grosseto—Introduction on the Scene of four celebrated Cacciatori—First Day's *Chasse*—Snipe-shooting in the Lago di Castiglioni—Springs of Hot, Sulphureous Waters—Misfortunes of one of the Party.

UNDER the denomination of the Tuscan Maremme is included the entire line of coast extending from the maritime port of Leghorn to the frontiers of the papal dominions; while Civita Vecchia, Ostia, the expanse of country between Rome and the Mediterranean, and yet farther, the Pontine Marshes, form an uninterrupted and unbroken link in the chain of those fatal regions, abhorred and dreaded, shunned and deserted alike by man and beast; where grim pestilence, raging with unabating virulence and unceasing devastation, has metamorphosed what was once a garden of Eden into a pandemonium of disease and sufferings.

In former ages the Maremme were the richest and the most thickly populated as the most beautiful provinces of Etruria. Renowned cities crowned the heights of mountains which are now covered by immense forests: the pleasure-houses of the luxurious Etrurians basked on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, and their magnificent villas were the ornaments of rich and fertile plains, which convulsions of nature, unchecked by the counteracting efforts of man, have converted into stagnant lakes and pestiferous marshes. Where flourished a happy and a healthful peasantry, the wild boar makes his lair; and other denizens of the forest stalk over vast regions now thrown out of cultivation, and range, "lords of all they survey," through illimitable wildernesses of the evergreen ilex. The foot of man now seldom, if ever, penetrates these gloomy and pestilential wastes, which, in former ages, resounded with the husbandman's gladsome carol, as, with his noble, fawn-coloured oxen, he urged the ploughshare through a not unfruitful soil teeming with fruitfulness and abundance, and blessed with the golden horn of plenty.

Now, alas! how changed the scene! and yet it is not difficult to assign causes for the unparalleled devastation which nature has poured forth over these devoted regions. Depopulated not only by foreign invaders, but by civil wars and internal feuds, these beautiful provinces of Etruria were swept of their sons, forced by the commands or of sovereign or noble to abandon their farms and families, and to join the banners of warring factions. The arts and sciences ceased to flourish; agriculture was neglected, and, indeed, but few husbandmen were spared from the unhallowed cause of massacre and rapine to till the soil.

What were the consequences?—such as may be imagined in regions which only the industry of man had kept salutary and rendered habitable. Nature, in the ordinary revolution of events, worked out her task of devastation unheeded and uninterrupted: mountain streams leapt from their courses; mighty rivers burst from their beds, and, in the absence of man to restrain their inroads, overflowed the fruitful plains, and formed themselves, in their capricious wanderings, into lakes, whose waters, uniting with those of the ocean, gave birth, by the ill-omened union, to pestiferous morasses, whose pestilential exhalations were augmented a thousand-fold in virulence by the extraordinary agency of nature in casting up thermal springs, the artificial heat of whose waters fostered the rapid growth of that gross and unnatural vegetation which disseminates death and disease throughout those fated districts. We see with grief, mingled with terror, a beautiful province, which, in former ages, was renowned for its salubrity and fruitfulness, now abandoned by man, desecrated by pestilence, and the marvellous phenomena of nature, which have combined together to render it what it is represented as being by the poets—a fit image of the infernal regions.

“ Non credo che a veder maggior tristizia
 Fosse in Egina il popol tutto infermo,
 Quando fu l'aer sì pien di malizia,
 Che gli animali infino al picciol verme
 Cascaron tutti.”

DANTE, DEL' INFERNO, Cap. xxix.

Where the treasure is, however, there will the heart be also; and although the harvest must be reaped upon the breath of the pestilence, yet of labourers there will be many, reckless in defying the terrors of the one, in anticipation of realizing the abundance of the other. Moreover, the Maremmans are all optimists, opining that what is, is best; and their spirits are buoyed up by a full and lively faith in the wisdom of their benevolent sovereign, who has been unremitting, during the last ten years, in devoting all his energies, influence, and a considerable portion of his revenues, to the amelioration of the melancholy condition of the inhabitants of the Maremma; and in the hope and endeavour of bringing neglected lands again into cultivation, and redeeming them from their present desolation and abandonment, he has offered immense advantages to settlers, in anticipation of attracting many thither in spite of the perils of the climate.

In pursuance of his generous purpose, Leopold the Second, Grand Duke of Tuscany, has expended immense sums in making excellent roads of communication through every part of the Maremma; in coercing the rivers within their natural limits; in draining several of the most pestiferous paduli, or morasses, and carrying off their fetid waters by sluices and canals: and all his other works, and the many improvements that he has effected, were not more grand in conception than they are magnificent in execution.

That the beneficent efforts of this wise and excellent sovereign may be blessed with the success they merit, must be the earnest prayer of each and every stranger who may pass through those regions, now infected with disease and desolated by pestilence, but which (as described by Bowring in his excellent and graphically correct report on the

statistics of Tuscany) offer, in their various localities, many attractions to cultivation and to capital; for from mountains to hills, from hills to gentle slopes, from slopes to vast plains, and from these plains to the sea, there is an immense variety of temperature and of soil. It is certain that the heights which skirt the level lands from north to south are rich in mineral productions; and when the cross roads shall have facilitated intercourse with the main branches of communication, and the clearing of the brushwood and the forests on the elevated spots, and of the marshy land in the valleys and plains, shall have made the country inhabitable throughout the year, there will be abundant employment for capital and labour in new and lucrative enterprise.

The distance from Siena to Grosseto, the metropolis of the Maremme, is fifty-two miles, and vetturini ordinarily occupy two days in accomplishing the journey; but to avoid the wretchedness of being victimized at an indifferent resting-place, we despatched, *en avance*, our phantom drag an hour after midnight, and started ourselves at day-break, on the 8th of December, in the German car; and right gallantly did that honest bit of blood, Taglioni, skim over some six-and-twenty miles of mountainous road to Fercole, where we learnt, with profound disgust, that our servants had but just arrived, having required eight hours to creep over the same ground, which we had done cleverly in less than three.

The osteria was aught but inviting; albeit famished nature demanded sustenance, and, rendered desperate by hunger, I plunged into the arcana of the kitchen on a voyage of discovery, and with predatory intentions; but foul bread, somewhat of the blackest, a string of thrushes, and a flask of execrably sour wine, were all that I could extract from an aged Pythoness, who presided over the culinary department; and I had, withal, to encounter the severe glances and stern looks of divers famished vetturini, who had speculated on banquetting on the very dainties which we ruthlessly appropriated unto ourselves.

"This is past a joke," said I to my *compagnon de voyage*, as with immense difficulty I forced my teeth through the last thrush, while my jaws ached and throbbed from the laborious system of mastication to which they had been subjected; "this is past a joke," quoth I, "for our caitiff of a vetturino sweareth that his nags are knocked up and done to a turn (I wish this infernal thrush had been done a turn less, by-the-bye), and that we must, perforce, pass the night in this den of thieves. I would as soon be — as do so, though," I soliloquized, tossed off a horn of excruciatingly sour wine to allay the ghost of the thrush that was hopping about within me undigested and indigestible, and then arose from the (*pro festive read filthy*) board, and dived into a strange place without a name, which three cows, Taglioni, half-a-dozen ducks, the vetturino's nags, and a gregarious crew of cocks and hens, seemed to enjoy in common with all the winds of heaven, which swept and rattled in through the orifices which perforated the walls of this Noah's ark in every direction. In the farthest corner I descried an old white mare pulling away, with a hearty good will, at a gigantic bundle or heap of musty hay, in the centre of which sat, composedly, a stoical pea-hen, either indulging in a siesta, or in the act of incubation. In the which of the two employments she was luxuriating I did not endeavour to ascertain, but hailed a shock black-headed

youth, who was coiled up in some foul straw beneath the manger, and, in obedience to my summons, he unrolled himself from his lurking-place, and came forth attired, not à *la Stultz*, but à *la father Adam*, ere he eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and learnt the use and the value of inexpressibles.

"Whose is this?" said I, illustrating my words by pointing to the old mare.

"Babbo!" responded the youth, ingeniously converting the forefinger of one hand into a tooth-pick, and three fingers of the other into a hair-comb.

"Babbo's, is she," said I; "and, prithee, tell me, my pretty lad, will babbo let us take her to Grosseto for a consideration?"

In lieu of responding unto my question, the knutty boy bolted off like a shot, and, in a marvellously brief space of time, returned in company with a dirty, fat, frowsy, old beldame, who proved to be the true and lawful wife of babbo, and, of course, the dam of my interesting young *protégé*, inasmuch as babbo is a term of endearment synonymous to papa, applied, by small boys and little girls in Tuscany, to their respected sires. The Hecate accosted me with much *empressement*, and desired to know if I really wished to proceed to Grosseto, and to hire her mare for that purpose.

"Yes, in truth, if your terms are moderate," said I.

"Moderate!" quoth she, setting her arms a-kimbo—"moderate! I should scorn to impose upon a *forestière*, or to take in a *gentiluomo Inglese*! From a Fiorentino I should demand a hundred pauls: from your excellenza I only require sixty."

"Sixty devils!" I replied; "what an infernal imposition! Fifteen pauls, if you will; but not a crazia more."

"Impossible, caro lei!" exclaimed the old woman, in a frenzy. "I have asked you the just price; there is not such another mare as Anaconda in the Maremma: la cara bestia will take you to Grosseto in four hours without turning a hair, and you will confess that you never sat behind a more clever animal in your life."

After wasting the best part of an hour in haggling, bargaining, and disputing, ere the old hag would come down a crazia in her demands, I raised my offer to meet hers half way, and it was *une affaire finie*. The white mare was torn from her rack and banquet of musty hay, harnessed to the German car, and away we bowled rejoicing at our escape.

The country appeared to be absolutely deserted and depopulated. Neither house, village, nor any traces of cultivation, nor signs of humanity or civilization, were visible amidst the mountainous scenery through which we swept. One unfortunate city, only, greeted our view—ancient Paganico, of considerable importance, in former days, as a Roman station, almost impregnable in position, and admirably adapted, by the conjunction of art with nature, to laugh defiance at the impotent attacks of hostile besiegers. It is perched on the crest of a magnificent mountain, enthroned amidst scenery of marvellous loveliness, combining the wild with the picturesque, and girt in by waving forests of the ilex, the myrtle, the cork, and the wild olive, whose ever-green foliage holds forth promise of an eternal spring. The lapse of centuries, the brand of hostile invasion, and the torch of civil war, have

swept lightly over the ponderous and massive walls, which stand unscathed in almost their pristine strength, and bear testimony to the important rank which Paganico must once have held among cities—encircling an immense expanse of ground, in which ruins were piled upon ruins; and in the midst of these wrecks of former grandeur and magnificence glared forth four or five tottering cabins; wreaths of smoke issued from apertures in the walls and roofs, and gave signs of life, substantiated by the apparitions of two or three children, a gaunt old man, and a sallow, emaciated woman, all and each crippled with disease, and with the devouring ravages of malaria stamped on their wan and sallow countenances, as they peered forth from amidst the tottering ruins with stealthy steps and cunning yet craintive curiosity, to gaze upon the travellers, who dashed rapidly through the devoted city.

From the crest of the same mountain we looked down on the broad waters of the Mediterranean studded with islands, and the vast plains of the deadly Maremme intersected with stagnant paludi. In the distance the walls and fortifications of Grosseto gleamed feebly in the expiring rays of the setting luminary. We drove, unquestioned and unremarked, over the moat and drawbridge, and swept through the streets, in which a few stragglers, sallow and emaciated with disease, noiselessly pursued their several avocations, and presented a remarkable contrast, in their apathetic indifference and death-like tranquillity, to the inhabitants of other Italian cities, where bustling, noisy activity, an affectation of much and important business, and an assumption of importance, characterize the occupations and pursuits of the lower orders.

We marvelled much to find in the city of the pestilence an excellent hostelry, stored with the good things of this life. My earliest visit was, of course, unto the larder, where a string of woodcocks and snipes, the moiety of a wild boar, and the fillet of a *chevreuil*, gave promise of better things than the future brought forth, inasmuch as they were spoilt, beyond redemption, in the cooking; for Signor Palandri, not being a votary of the immortal Ude, had, from time memorial, been accustomed to thrust all his *vivres* pell-mell and helter-skelter together into an enormous oven, which, of course, extracted all juice and gravy, all tenderness from the flesh, and metamorphosed what were originally in themselves excellent, and endowed with intrinsic good qualities, into an unpalatable and unsavoury mass of dried-up skin and scorched bones.

It was late; indeed, we had dined before the others of our party arrived, for their nags were weary, and their chariot wheels, like those of Pharaoh, drave heavily.

The marquess immediately summoned to his presence and councils one Alessandro Tonissi, the elder of four brethren, who all pursued the avocation of cacciatori, and we booked the services of the quartetto for the period of our sojourn at Grosseto, as the marquess asseverated that, of all the cacciatori of the Maremme, there were none more skillful, zealous, or enterprising in their calling, and none more likely to show us good sport, than the said brethren Tonissi.

December 9th.—It was scarcely daybreak when I was aroused from slumbers, somewhat of the profoundest, by an infernal row in the hostelry by persons rushing to and fro—by trampling of feet, and yelling of dogs. The supremest *battûc* at which I have ever had the felicity

of assisting in England, never occasioned a title of the fuss, noise, importance, interest, and preparation, that did this our campaign in the Maremme against a few straggling wild fowl. At last we got under weigh, and, accompanied by our four cacciatori, an excellent retriever, rejoicing in the name of Dash, and in allegiance to Sir J—— H——, two pointers, the property of T——, and two others, belonging to the cacciatori, with a sixth nondescript animal, combining a variety of breeds in his individual unity, we drave some six miles to a line of coverts approximating unto that pestiferous marsh known as the Lago di Castiglioni.

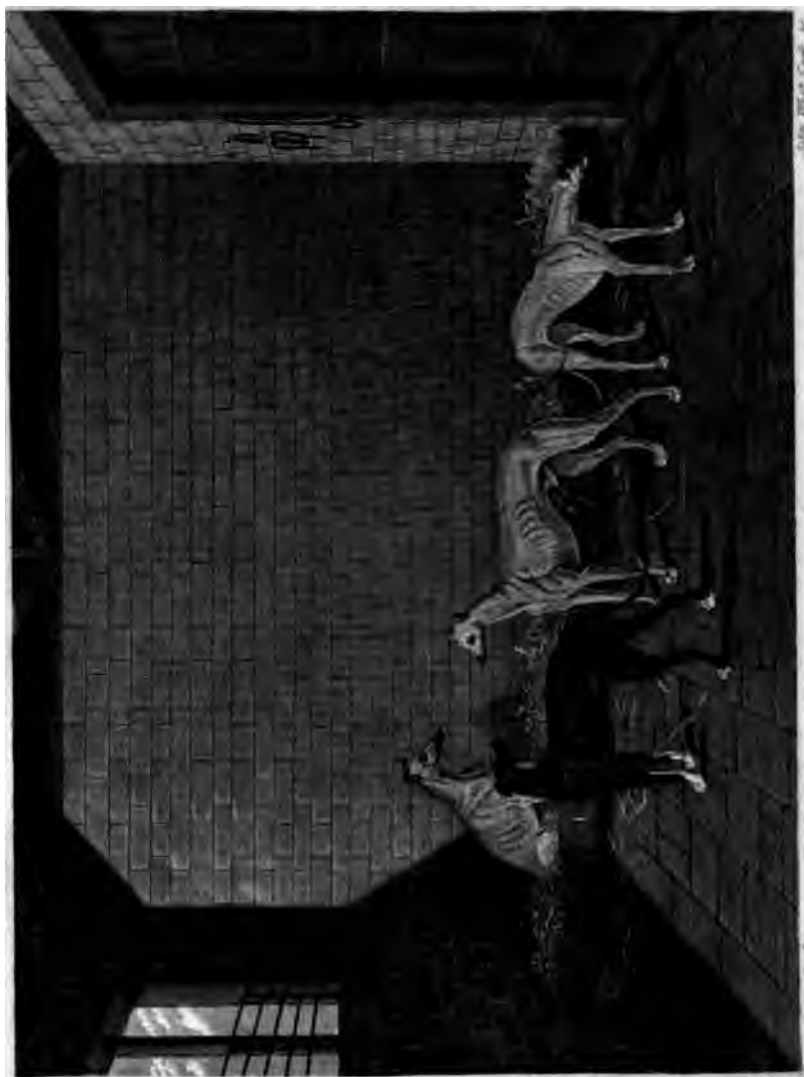
We formed in line, and commenced working our way through some underwood, so thick, high, and impervious, that, even when a cock was flushed, the glimpse of him was but too transitory to afford a chance of aught but a snap shot. I soon became convinced that my chance was out for the day, for the retriever, Dash, kept close to the heels of S——. The marquess's dogs stuck to him like wax; and, when I endeavoured, by soothing words, an enticing whistle, or other fascinating blandishments, to cajole either of the cacciatori's pointers, or the son of many sires, into working through the brushwood around me, down went their sterns, and, with a yelp and a howl, off bolted the distrustful and suspicious quadrupeds to the farthest most part of the covert. I was satisfied, therefore, that, unless I actually trod up a cock, I had no chance whatever of flushing one, and proceeded in aught but a contented and cheerful mood through the thick coverts, where thorns and briars revelled in abundance; and, after tremendous exertions for some four hours—during which period the marquess and the cacciatori got all the shots, and we three unfortunate Englishmen none—I proposed, by way of variety and diversion, to essay the delights of morass-shooting; and my proposition being eagerly seconded by one, and zealously backed up by my other compatriot, was carried *nem. diss.*

On entering the morass, a division of parties took place, for T—— and W—— aspired to immolate wild fowl; while S—— and myself, in the humility of our hearts, declared that we should be perfectly contented with any sport that the snipes might afford. Our humble *chasse* afforded us much diversion and infinite amusement; we flushed snipes at every step, and fizzed and blazed away, until our ammunition was well nigh exhausted: now wading through water up to our knees; now leaping, with immense agility, from one tuft of rushes to another, and now making a false calculation and false step, which immersed us to our waistbands in treacherous mud; and these were the labours, and this the sport, that we pursued indefatigably and unceasingly until the shades of night, creeping over the scene of our exploits, enshrouded it in darkness as with a mantle, and compelled us to terminate the *chasse*, which proved infinitely more prosperous than we had reason to anticipate from the inauspicious auguries of the morning.

The cacciatori directed their steps to a spring adjoining the morass of hot waters, strongly impregnated with sulphur—one of those extraordinary phenomena which foster, by the artificial heat of their waters, the rapid growth of the gross and unnatural vegetation which disseminates death and disease throughout the Maremme.

The cacciatori plunged at once into the pool, whose waters came up nearly to their waistbands; and neither S—— nor I needed any per-





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BENJELI BROGARD REMOND POCOBELLI
The Girl Who Came to Supper

suasion to follow their example; and the hot bath was, indeed, delicious to a crew of poor devils like us, shivering with cold, saturated with wet, encrusted with mud, and slime, and all the foul impurities of the pestiferous morass. Alessandro Tonissi ascribed marvellous properties to these waters, and affirmed that for more than twelve years—during which period he has either shot or fished diurnally in the morass—he has never been attacked by fever or malaria, and that he attributes his marvellous escape, and the preservation of his health, to his having never neglected the precaution of plunging into these hot, sulphureous waters on quitting the paludi.

After our warm bath, a cold drive of five miles or better, in wet and saturated garments, would have been an act little short of madness, with the prospect of malaria before us; and, accordingly, we strode along, on foot, at a pace that completely flew, and well nigh distanced our guides long ere we reached Grosseto. Some two hours later, our friends returned, supremely disgusted with their sport, or, rather, with their want of sport, the *aspetto*, or lying in wait for wild ducks, having proved a failure in consequence of W—— being seized with sudden indisposition, chattering of teeth and trembling of limbs, which compelled them to abandon the *chasse* at the very moment when the ducks were appearing in numbers, and descending in flights on their feeding grounds. We all foresaw and predicted the consequences, when W—— insisted on drawing on a huge pair of marsh boots belonging to one of the Tonissi, in the expectation of walking high and dry! Their weight was so terrific, that a stranger, unaccustomed to their use, had considerable difficulty in dragging one leg after the other! An unfortunate *faux pas*, at the first onset, plunged him up to his chest in the morass, from which he was only extricated by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether of the *cacciatori*; and his latter state was, of course, worse than his first, incarcerated as he was in huge ponderous boots, filled with mud and slush to overflowing, and acting upon his nether limbs as foot tubs of iced water.

(To be continued.)

PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF BOSCOBEL, BROCARD, BENLEDI, AND BENLOMOND.

THESE celebrated greyhounds are the property of J. S. Bowles, Esq., of Milton Hill, Berks, to whose politeness we are indebted for the painting from which the accompanying engraving was made. Boscobel is a yellow bitch, by Mr. Williams's Warwick, out of Swift, Warwick by Mr. Cripps's Charcoal, out of a bitch of Mr. Brinds, by Mr. Williams's Whisker. She has proved herself one of the best greyhounds in the south of England, during the four last seasons, as her performances will show. She is of the middle size, possessing great strength and beauty, and is good in all countries, very enduring, and shows great judgment in running, without anything that may be deemed false. She finished her public career last season, and wound it up by beating Lord Stradbroke's Morel in the deciding course for the second class Ashdown Stakes, in one of the finest courses we have ever seen, from Compton Bottom home. In November, 1839, she divided the Deptford Cup with Brocard (Mr. Bowles's), and Mr. Goodlake's

Graduate. In December, 1839, she won the Cup at Streatley, beating fifteen others. In February, 1840, at Ashdown Park, she divided the Claret Stakes with Mr. Goodlake's Graduate. In the same month, at the Champion Meeting, at the Deptford Inn, she divided the Stockton Stakes with Bustle (Mr. Bowles's), Lord Stradbroke's Melton, and Captain Wyndham's Wrekin. In November, 1840, she won the St. Leger at Ashdown Park, beating, in the deciding course, Mr. Baildon's Blush. In the same month, at the Deptford Inn, she won the Cup, beating, in the deciding course, Lord Rivers's Gilbert. In March, 1840, she was beaten in the deciding course for the Great Champion Stakes, at Hampton Court (56 dogs), and won the second stakes; if the hare had been better, she would, probably, have been the winner—it was merely a rush, and a kill; and a slight lead to the hare by her opponent (Mr. Pfiel's Nelson) was the only feature in the course to govern the decision. We have seen Boscobel in most of these victories, and her only chance of being beaten was in such a course as the last described. She was calculated to compete for honours over the Berkshire or Wiltshire downs, where the courses last from one to two miles, without a tree or bush in the way, to which (without the least undervaluing the dogs, or the convenience of running them there, to those followers of the sport in the immediate vicinity of London) Hampton Court coursing is but mere exercise. In 1841, she won the Fisherton Stakes at the Deptford Inn, beating, in the deciding course, Mr. Biggs's Bentley. In February, 1842, she won the second class Ashdown Stakes, beating, in the deciding course, Lord Stradbroke's Morel.

Brocard is a black bitch, by the Isle of Wight Stumptail, out of Captain Delme's Darling; Stumptail by a dog of Mr. Vivian's, out of a sister of Mr. Heathcote's Horsefly. In November, 1838, she won the Oaks Stakes at Ashdown Park. In November, 1839, she divided the Cup at the Deptford Inn with Boscobel, and Mr. Goodlake's Graduate. In February, 1840, at the Deptford Inn, divided the Chitterne Champion Stakes (not run out owing to frost), with Lord Stradbroke's Madam, Lord Rivers's Gilbert, and Mr. Aggs's Airy.

Benledi, a red dog, by a son of Mr. Wells's Warrener (by Mr. Newell's Nestor), out of a bitch bred by Mr. Hayward of Wallington (Oxon), combining some of Lord Rivers's best blood. In November, 1839, was beaten, in the deciding course, by Mr. Baildon's Bradford, for the Craven All Aged Stakes at Ashdown Park. In December, 1839, at Streatley, he won the Streatley Stakes, beating, in the deciding course, Mr. Goodlake's Graduate. In February, 1840, he divided the All Aged Craven Stakes with Mr. Etwall's Egeny, at Ashdown Park. In the same month, at the Deptford Inn, he divided the Deptford Stakes with Lord Stradbroke's Musquito. In November, 1840, he ran second to Mr. Baildon's Bashful, for the Craven All Aged Stakes, at Ashdown Park. In February, 1841, at Ashdown Park, he won the Body Stakes, beating, in the deciding course, Mr. Etwall's Enham.

Benlmond is a yellow dog, brother to Benledi. In February, 1839, he won the Port Stakes at the Champion Meeting, at the Deptford Inn, beating, amongst others, Mr. Biggs's Blackwater, Sir W. Cockburn's Caliph, Lord Stradbroke's Mealy, Lord Rivers's Ghost, and Mr. Goodlake's Golden Fleece.

Mr. Bowles is a liberal patron of the sport of the leash; and, for so young a man, he has had more than an average of success.

THOUGHTS ON RACING STOCK.

BY CHIRON.

(Continued from page 282.)

THE remarks I have made on the administration of purgatives to horses that have already passed through their first ordeal of training, should be sufficient to demonstrate to every thinking man the principles upon which they act, the mode in which they assist nature in ridding the system of a too great quantity of fœcal matter, accumulated in the alimentary canal through errors of diet or want of tone in the digestive organs generally (probably induced by the same cause), and the reason why too frequently repeated doses of purgative medicine must, by a reiterated stimulus to the same portion of the body, terminate by reducing its powers, and thereby diminish the vigour of the system generally. But the abuse of a remedy is by no means to operate as a preventive to our employing it when we have reason to believe, upon reflection, that its action is necessary, and will probably prove beneficial. Hence, when we have to attempt to improve the condition of a porsy and improperly fed animal, we are obliged in the onset of our treatment not only to administer a purgative for the purpose of clearing away any offensive matter that may be detained in the bowels, but possibly to repeat the dose occasionally, with a view to diminish by depletion the quantity of fat in the body, which, so long as it remains in an undue proportion, impedes the healthy functions of the different viscera, and renders the horse incapable of sustaining such a degree of exercise as is absolutely essential to render him fit to compete with racers in first-rate condition.

I notice this portion of the first treatment of a horse that is not in a fit state to run the more particularly, because there exists a most erroneous opinion among most trainers and stud-grooms, that the fatter a horse is the more violently must he be purged to reduce the state of plethora under which he labours. The fact, however, is precisely the reverse: generally speaking, the more a horse's body is loaded with fat, the greater is the depression of vital power, and few animals in this state will be found to support well the copious bleedings and strong doses of physic that are too frequently employed for the purpose of reducing their bulk. Fat is a symptom of weakness; it is a sign that the assimilating organs of the body are not sufficiently vigorous to enable them to incorporate the nutritive portion of the food received into the stomach with the muscular structure, the glands, bones, &c., of the system. In short, it is an extraneous substance, which is no further useful than in filling up the interstices of the muscles, and in forming, in some parts, an impediment to certain convulsions to which they may be liable. When, therefore, it exists in too great a quantity, it must be got rid of, to a certain extent, before the extreme powers of the muscles can be brought into play, and the natural and full action of the lungs can be exercised. Wind, in a

certain measure, is power; for, if the strength of the muscles be unimpaired, when the lungs are incapable from any impediment of expanding to a sufficient extent, so as to renew, as I have already explained, the arterial blood, any animal is thereby immediately rendered incapable of continuing his speed. Hence the reason why, in my last paper, I adverted to the stomach being placed just below the diaphragm, which muscle separates it from the space principally occupied by the lungs. I did so in order to show that, if a horse be exercised soon after a meal, and while his stomach still contains a great portion of food, the extension of that viscus, by pressing upon the diaphragm, must necessarily diminish the area of that space which is destined for the play of the lungs.

In order to understand the meaning of this expression, I should explain that the form of the diaphragm is an arch, the convexity of which is directed towards the chest, and that, at every inspiration, the expansion of the ribs, by drawing its edges farther apart, forces down the upper portion of this vault, and thus increases the capacity of the thorax in the direction of the abdomen, thereby allowing the lungs to become filled with the atmospheric air, which is again expelled by the subsidence of the ribs to their former position, and the return of the diaphragm to its original situation. This is one mode by which the capacity of the chest is enlarged; the ribs, by their motions, act likewise upon other portions of the same part in a similar manner, and the vacuum thus produced is immediately, by a well known law of nature, filled with air, which acts on the blood in the manner I have already stated. It must, therefore, be apparent that whatever presses upon and impedes the action of those parts concerned in augmenting the area of the thorax, whether it be a loaded stomach or an accumulation of fat, must operate by diminishing the depth of the inspiration, and consequently by reducing the quantity of air received into the lungs and the amount of blood arterialized by this operation. Hence the propriety of getting rid of a superabundant quantity of fat, which may be effected principally by means of three processes, viz., by physic, bleeding, and sweating; and where there exists no valid reason for not employing these three means, it is, perhaps, better to use them conjointly (but with moderation, particularly at the commencement of a course of training), than to depend principally upon one of them, which can scarcely ever be done without temporary injury at least to some part, if not to the whole of the system.

After the caution I have given with respect to very large doses of purgative medicine to very fat horses, it will be needless to say more on that head, and I shall, therefore, now advert to the subject of bleeding with a view to diminish a plethoric state of the body. It is not only unnecessary, but extremely improper, for this purpose to abstract a quantity of blood sufficient to enfeeble a horse; as, if this be done, not only is time lost in restoring his stamina, but the very means by which fat is to be prevented from reaccumulating, cannot safely be put in practice. All the organs of any animal overburdened with fat, some, of course, more than others, may be considered in a state of congestion, that is, the blood does not flow through the smaller vessels as readily as it should do, and they are consequently continually gorged and unnaturally distended. The abstraction of a

moderate quantity of blood will, therefore, tend to relieve this state, and to free the system from the state of oppression to which it was before subjected; but if too large a quantity be taken away, the stomach is called upon to repair the loss sustained, and the healthy appetite of the horse after a time appears to the trainer to be greater than it really is; the constant craving for food is probably construed into a symptom of his being a hardy, thriving animal, and, if his wants be satisfied, the lancet or a physic-ball will, before long, be again required. Thus it is manifest that a considerable degree of tact and observation is necessary to determine, in the first instance, the real state of a horse prior to attempting any improvement in his condition by medical means, and, secondly, in apportioning those means to the furtherance of the end in view. Who that considers this subject, loosely as I have touched upon it, will say that any general rule for bleeding and physicking every horse when first put in training, can, by any possibility, be consonant to the laws of nature, and tend to promote health and improve condition? And who will not condemn the ignorance of the man who sticks a lancet into every horse when first taken up from grass, and pokes a physic-ball down his throat at a period when, perhaps, he is more debilitated than at any other, and this, whether he be fat or lean, hardy or tender, sick or well? Let those who have been in the habit of following this system, and there are many such, reflect whether they have not many times retarded rather than accelerated the progress of condition, and make themselves masters, in some degree at least, of the natural actions that regulate the animal economy, before they determine on blindly pursuing a course that frequently cannot fail to be fraught with mischief, and that, in many cases, to a fatal extent. Were I to attempt to elucidate properly all the various actions of different organs of the body which regulate healthy animal life; to show how derangement of one part is surely attended by disorder of some other with which it is immediately connected, or by that of the body generally by means of that hidden sympathy which nature has universally implanted in the system, I should probably not only exhaust the patience of my readers, but should also far exceed the limits of the slight treatise I have attempted. I must, therefore, content myself with the cursory observations I have made on the subject of physicking and bleeding, and proceed to notice the last agent in reducing fat, under which head will be included whatever remarks I may have occasion to make on exercise, the ability to undergo which must, in many instances, be first acquired by the treatment to which I have adverted. Let me, however, first point out to those who wish to train their own horses, and to trainers in general, that, after having physicked and perhaps bled a fat horse when necessary, so soon as he is able to go out to exercise, he must on no account, until a tolerable quantity of fat be wasted away, be suffered to eat as much as he expresses a desire for. Abstinence, to a certain degree, but not to the point of inducing weakness, is, therefore, a principal mode of reducing plethora, and is generally the more necessary when a fat horse is first taken up from grass, because his very state indicates that he has been in the habit of feeding to repletion, and small quantities of food at a time will therefore be the more requisite for the purpose of giving the stomach time

to recover its true and natural tone. As he progresses in condition his diet may be increased to any quantity that he is capable of properly digesting.

Of the three operations of bleeding, physicking, and sweating, perhaps, the last is likely to prove the least injurious to the system when, not carried to any very great extent at an improper moment, because, although it tends materially to promote depletion, still its effects are not so sudden as are those produced by abstraction of blood, or copious evacuations from the bowels. Indeed it would be almost impossible to lower a horse materially by the mere agency of sweating, unless extraordinary and long-continued fatigue were, at the same time, endured; but strong physic or the lancet may, of course, be employed to produce debility to any extent, or even death itself. A horse in bad condition, when first put into training, is not only incapable of going through much work, but luckily it is by no means necessary to force him to it for the purpose of making him sweat, as the worse his condition the more readily will he do so. For the same reason fast galloping is not at first requisite to promote perspiration; and this is likewise a species of exercise to which he would be unequal for any great length of time at the commencement of his training career, for, until the muscles that move the body have acquired strength by gradual and regular work, not only would the horse be incapable of continuing at speed for a long distance, but, even were these parts not susceptible of fatigue, the power of the heart would not be found sufficiently vigorous to impel the blood through the lungs, which, on that account, retaining too great a portion of this fluid in their substance, become gorged and unduly distended, the immediate effect of which must be an impediment to respiration, which, of course, soon puts a stop to all motion. When, therefore, a horse is to be sweated, he must be put to work in clothes, more or less heavy and warm, according to the quantum of perspiration that may be desirable; the weight he carries and his pace must be regulated by his powers and condition, as must the duration of his exercise; and, if he be a trussy and hardy horse, or one that is required to sweat without much active exercise, he may be taken into deep ground, as a fallow field for example, and moved up and down it at such a rate as may be requisite to promote the end desired. So soon as his exercise is terminated, he must be ridden briskly home, to prevent a chill, and there sedulously rubbed by a couple of men until every part be perfectly dry, after which he may be left alone for half an hour or an hour, and then visited to see if he have not broken out into a second sweat, which will frequently be the case with ill-conditioned horses. If so, he must be rubbed anew, and, when well dried, a little tepid water and some food may be given him, for it may chance that, without such stimulus to the stomach, he may continue to break out every hour or two, the sweating being induced by want of bodily power. In this case not only is sustenance necessary, but, by setting the stomach at work, a quantity of blood is determined to the organs of digestion, and the cutaneous circulation is thereby relieved.

A horse may at first sweat twice a week in tolerable quantity, and on the intervening days he should have plenty of brisk walking exercise, being kept out in the open air as much as possible, for there

is nothing that tends so much to invigorate the stomach and system generally as the constant inhalation of pure air, to say nothing of the beneficial effects of exercise at the same time. As the condition of the horse progresses, the diminution of fat will render the muscles of the body more and more apparent when in motion; the crest will become firmer to the touch, and the flesh generally will feel harder and more resisting as the state of the system improves; the eye, instead of being dull and languid, will become lively and full of fire; the listless motion in the stall, when made to shift from side to side, will be exchanged for an agile spring; the appetite will become more keen, and the temper, perhaps, a little more fractious: in short, every action, even the motion of the ears backwards and forwards, will exhibit more and more alertness, and fire and energy will gradually usurp the place of listlessness and inactivity. By such signs shall the observing trainer know that his plan of treatment is working well. Let him, then, persevere in it, not too fast, however, and in moderate degree increase the quantum of the horse's work by so much as he finds him capable of supporting without fatigue, which he shall judge of by accompanying him in his gallops, and by noticing whether he pulls at his jockey, and exhibits a desire to run on. So soon as he begins to flag in the least, let him be pulled up, and his pace reduced to a walk, that he may have time to recover from his exertions; if he be found to sweat profusely, it is a sign that he has had enough quick work, and that the remainder of his exercise should be taken at a more moderate pace.

To reduce this treatment to something like a system, let us suppose that a racer be fed four times in the course of the day, viz., at eight in the morning, at noon, at four in the afternoon, and again at eight o'clock at night, which plan will allow four hours to elapse between each meal, and let us suppose him to have been brought by judicious treatment into such a state as will admit of his going through a fair share of work. Well, then, in the summer he should be regularly taken out soon after four in the morning, walked for half an hour or so, and then galloped for about a couple of miles at such a pace as he is well capable of sustaining. There is neither any necessity, nor is it by any means proper to race a horse for this distance for the purpose of improving his wind; indeed the strongest animal could never endure such a system of training long, although many people imagine that, without undergoing such trials constantly, no horse can run a race at full speed when required to do so. This, however, is not the fact; a horse's stamina and speed may be brought to the highest pitch of excellence by only exacting from him at stated and regular periods such a degree of work as he is perfectly capable of performing without extraordinary exertion; and when forced beyond his strength, instead of bodily power being increased, fatigue and its follower, temporary debility, are induced. After his gallop he should be walked about for an hour, when, if he be of stout constitution, and able to support a good deal of sharp exercise, he may be again gently galloped for a distance proportioned to his strength, and at such a pace as will not cause him to sweat in any considerable degree. Having gone through his second gallop he should again be walked until perfectly cool; the lad, as he sits on his back, rubbing his shoulders, neck,

head, and ears, now and then, with a horsehair glove, and by seven o'clock he may be brought into his stable, where, after having been diligently groomed, he should be left to himself until the time for feeding arrives, when he should be watered and fed according to the diet that may be proper for him. It is, at all times, highly improper to feed or water a horse immediately after strong exercise, as the stomach is not in a fit state to perform its office of digestion while the circulation remains excited. During summer, when flies prove exceedingly troublesome to horses, it is a good plan to cover those parts of the stable by which a free current of air is admitted with a gauze blind, taking care, before the stable-door be closed, to drive out as many of these annoying insects as possible. When the horse has finished his meal, he will, probably, lie down, and should not be disturbed again until noon, when his next feed is to be given to him; and, if the weather be very hot, he should have his third feed at four o'clock (these two last consisting simply of oats, or oats and beans or bran, according to the horse's constitution), and be allowed to remain at rest until five, or half past, when he may be again taken out and kept principally at walking exercise for a couple of hours. Being dressed again, and made up for the night, his last feed, with as much water as he pleases to drink, may be given at eight, after which he will have full eight hours for repose before he is again visited. Should the weather not be too sultry, those horses which require much exercise to prevent them from becoming porsy may be gently exercised from two o'clock until three, but no horse should be made to go through quick work until he have fasted at least three hours, and the stomach be almost, if not quite, empty. For this reason the gallops should always be taken the first thing in the morning, after the horse has had such moderate exercise as will induce him to empty himself, and the remaining and more gentle portion of his exercise should be reserved for the interval between his daily meals. In most cases, the longer a horse is kept out in the open air without fatigue, the more vigorous and healthy will he become, and the less obnoxious to disease from variations of temperature and atmospheric influences.

THE SPORTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

No. I.—CURLING.

“On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport,
And revelry dissolved.”—THOMSON'S SEASONS.

THE game of curling may justly be regarded as one of the national amusements of Scotland. It is practised in the winter during

frost, and consists in sliding stones along the ice to a particular mark. It has some resemblance to the game of bowls.

The stones employed in it are made from blocks of whinstone, or granite, of a close texture, and capable of taking a fine polish. They are of a spherical form, flattened above and below, so that their breadth may be nearly equal to twice their thickness. The upper and under surfaces are made parallel to one another, and the angles of both are rounded off. This under surface, or *sole*, as it is called, ought to be perfectly level, and is polished as finely as possible, that the stone may move easily along. When thus prepared, a handle is inserted into the upper surface, generally of iron, sometimes of wood. They are from thirty to sixty pounds' weight (avoirdupois), according to the strength of the person who uses them.

The *rink** is that portion of the ice which is allotted for conducting the game. The chief thing to be attended to, in choosing a *rink*, is, that the ice be level, smooth, and free from cracks. The place for the *rink* being chosen, a mark is made at each end, called a *tee* or *witter*. It is a small hole made in the ice, round which two circles of different diameters are drawn, that the relative distance of the stones from the *tee* may be calculated at sight, as actual measurement is not permitted until the playing at each end be finished. These circles are called *broughs*. A score is then drawn across the *rink* at each end, distant from the *tee* about a sixth part of the length of the *rink*. This is called the *hogscore*, and those stones which do not pass that line, are, to use the language of the turf, distanced, and thrown aside as useless. The length of the *rink* varies from thirty to fifty yards, according to the smoothness of the ice. The breadth is about ten or twelve feet. There are generally sixteen stones, each party having eight; occasionally, the players use two stones. It is necessary that each curler should have a pair of *crampits*, flat pieces of iron, with spikes, to enable him to stand firm, and to be provided with a broom, in order to sweep away anything on the ice that may impede the progress of the stone. At first the game is remarkably simple. The *lead*, or first that plays, endeavours to lay his stone as near the *tee* as possible. If it be a little short of it, upon the middle of the *rink*, it is reckoned to be fully better laid, than if it touched it. The object of the next in order is nearly the same as that of the lead. When he attempts to strike away the stone of his antagonist, if he miss his aim, his stone will pass by, and be completely useless. But if he place his stone near the *tee*, without minding that of his antagonist, it has a chance of remaining there, and gaining a shot to his party. The object of the next in order is to guard the stone of his partner, if it be near the *tee*, or to strike off that of his antagonist, if it be nearer. The one who follows, if a stone belonging to his own party be nearest the *tee*, attempts to guard it; if one of the opposite party, to strike it off, or to make the stone rest as near the *tee* as possible, if no stone be near the *tee*.

As the game advances, it becomes always more intricate. Sometimes the stone nearest the *tee*, which is called the *winner*, is so guarded, that there is no possibility of getting at it directly. It then becomes necessary, in order to get it removed, to strike another stone lying at

* Rink or renk means a course or race.

the side, in an oblique direction. This is one of the nicest parts of the game. But when the *winner* cannot be reached, even in this way, the last in order but one or two, must then endeavour to remove the opposing stones, by striking them with great force. If each curler uses two stones, the *driver* (*id est*, the last in order) may clear the ice with his first stone, in order to get at the *winner* with his last. Sometimes the stones are situated in such a critical manner, that the *driver*, to avoid the risk of losing any shots which his party may have gained, throws away his stone without attempting anything. When the stones on both sides have been all played, the one nearest the *tee* counts one; and if the second, third, fourth, &c., belong to the same side, all these count so many shots, thirty-one of which, for each side, is the number usually played for. From many concurring circumstances, there is every reason to believe that the game of curling was introduced into this country, by the Flemings, in the fifteenth, or about the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is well known that, in the reigns of Henry V. and VI. of England, and James I. of Scotland, many of them went over to Scotland, and settled as mechanics and manufacturers in the towns and villages, which had been much depopulated during the destructive wars betwixt the two kingdoms. Then, however, it must have been in a very imperfect state, and resembled more a game of quoits upon the ice.

There are few amusements which excite more interest than the game of curling. In the severest weather, a good curler, while engaged in his favourite amusement, feels no "chilling cold." In playing himself, and assisting his partners with the broom, he finds sufficient exercise to keep the blood circulating. It must, therefore, be highly conducive to health; and, being performed at a time when the labours of the field are at a stand, it gives little interruption to business. It brings men together in social intercourse, it enlarges and strengthens the ties of friendship, and enlivens the dreary hours of winter with festivity and happiness.

THE PAST RACING SEASON.

BY "CRAVEN."

"Respicere—
Et veras hinc ducere voces."—HORAT.

If, in after years, there should arise some classic chronicler of the turf, he will, probably, describe the past season as "*Olymp. bell. civ.*," or, "the year of the racing civil war;" not, indeed, that the war *was* a particularly *civil* one. From the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket (the outbreak of the domestic Canadian affair), to the resignation of the ancient dynasty in October, scarce a day passed without some personal collision or popular *emeute*. It was a dangerous affair to make any

allusion to the economy of racing; if you spoke of betting, some gentleman, as sensitive as if he were flayed, brought you to book, and if you named running, it was interpreted into running-away.

"If you mentioned taking wing,
'Twas so pat to all the ring,
Each cried, 'that was levell'd at me.'"

Having occasion to illustrate the consequences of indiscreet wagering, I did so metaphorically, and pointed out its effects in the case of a supposititious gentleman from *Green Street, i. e.*, one unripe, or inexperienced in the ways of the world: whereupon I received a letter from a party in the flesh, resident in Green Street, May Fair, complaining of my precipitation in denouncing him as a Derby defaulter: *fact!* And now, as the French say, "to our mutttons"—a phrase tolerably *à-propos* to the matter in hand.

We will start, if it so please you, with the Craven at Newmarket; for, albeit horses run before that meeting, it is there the first racing of the year takes place. It was an unpropitious beginning. On entering the railway carriage for Bishop's Stortford, the first intelligence I gleaned was the death of poor Connelly, and, before Newmarket was reached, it was evident that lots of screws were loose at head quarters. Some of the great folks were at loggerheads about one Gurney, a gin spinner, and others had got up promising *casus belli* on their private accounts. This was before the curtain drew up; but when the action of the scene commenced, and many of the stars failed to appear, then the little folks had *their* shindies. When, for example, at the last moment, it was announced that Chatham would not go for the Column—*Pol!* how the fielders did growl! Your betting biped, like Paddy Mooney's goose, "is never quiet but when he's making a noise." The Craven Meeting does not need much telling, neither did it throw much light on the future. Tiptoe, a very promising Derby colt, won, on Monday, a Twenty Pounds Handicap, D. M.; but he was dished long before the great event. The Riddlesworth—a caricature of that race—Gunter carried off, a brute not fit to draw the errand-cart of the eminent artist whose name he dared to assume. I cannot close the allusion to the first regular DAY of the season, without noticing the *début* of those celebrated *legitimists*, Eleus and Coldrenick, in the betting. "Is it lawful to get up a Derby nomination in the market after he has been turned to dog's meat?—and if not, *why not?*"

A colt, by Jerry, out of Petulance, won the Coffee Room Stakes very handsomely; and (as the *folks* would have it), just the other way, Chatham was allowed to walk over for the little Riddlesworth. What a race for Newmarket was that for the Grillon Stakes! Equation, who won, was backed at 4 to 1; the pair that ran against her would have been dear at thirty shillings apiece. On this same Tuesday Canadian made his appearance for a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, which he won, but the field was wretched. It was known of Canadian that his autumnal lameness had caused his being laid against very heavily for the Derby: his winning was a shock for his opponents—not because he won, but because he was clearly *sound*, and, consequently, a bad *spec* to hedge to. It is worthy of remark that his Grace of Rutland and Lord Kelburne divided the Rutland forfeits—of course

for the sake of their horses' ease, and not the £17 : 10s. that each brought to bag!

No more of the Column—and, saving that Dil-bar beat Equation, and something else for a "female" race, there was nothing done on Wednesday. On Thursday, Canadian made a "winter of discontent" by winning a strong 100 sovs. Sweepstakes with all ease, and, subsequently, being backed for the Derby at 14 to 1. In this race Chatham fell and broke Nat's collar-bone; and in this meeting there was no other feature whereon the interest "hinged," as Lord Castlereagh would have said. Indeed, I have given it more space than its due in consequence of Canadian, who rose there, and subsequently dragged a ruin with him elsewhere.

The First and Second Spring Meetings were very different affairs, in the matter of sport: as to prospective influence, they were on a par, save, indeed, where people chose to shut their eyes. The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes ("a sad falling-off in the *Olympic* of the thing") Meteor won; and, upon Wiseacre being beaten, John Day backed Coldrenick the more *freerer*—and, of course, the wiseacres on two legs followed his example. Canadian won the Newmarket Stakes in a very workmanlike manner, as he subsequently won a £200 Match, £2,000 the "bye," at a provincial meeting. For the One Thousand, Guineas there was a very middling field and performance: Firebrand had small claim to win such a stake on merits. Chatham—not falling for the Palace Stakes—through a providential concatenation of incidents, won them—the more his luck, or Colonel Peel's; the master, at all events, comes of a stock born to good luck. Eleus here showed he was an impostor, being beaten by Florence and Bellissima; but even *that* was not enough for the voracious. For the first time as a three-year-old, Attila showed in public—and showed and won gallantly. Who was to foresee that, after proving himself the best horse of his year in England, before that year closed he should turn out the rankest cur in this land? The Queen's Plate, R. C., The Nob won—a good achievement; and then Chatham's beating Robert de Gorham!—what glorious uncertainties are there on the turf, or in its economy! At the close of the First Spring, 9 to 1 was taken about Canadian, "as sound as a bell"—a "tinkling cymbal" as it came off: to a considerable melody, moreover.

It is difficult to determine where to start or finish the Second Spring. Chatham has become the *property* (?) of Lord George Bentinck; Canadian, that of Mr. Greville (regarded as the better investment of the twain). Seahorse, beating *the* Ballinkeelee, won the influential Rowley Mile Plate; but, for one of those reasons that nobody can discover, his party thought none the better of him. They never trained him for the Derby, nor ran him as if they meant, or thought him, to be a Leger winner. It is an invidious task to write, or speculate (save in the "rowdy," and then one don't stand for punctilio) about Handicaps, and so we will leave the Suffolk Stakes unsung. My impression of the probable issue went with the betting, but my surmise was wrong.

Chester Races, which the townfolk (truth demands one to declare indifferent specimens of their contemporaries) did all they could to ruin, have had a Phoenix-like resurrection. They are in the ascendant, but we must take them on the wing of their late flight. The Meeting,

now reduced to four days, was moist but spirited. The Cup, being in the market from the first day of the year, is, of course, a heavy betting event. Alice Hawthorne, carrying 6 st. for her four years, beat a good score, receiving *half a hundred-weight* from one, and so forth—which is racing, according to the *nouveau régime*. Lots of money (and people) were "had" by this issue; for Alice Hawthorne was tried with that locomotive, The Shadow, and found equal to her best "boil." Maria Day, the Oaks lioness, won her engagements here like a clipper, and *vice versa* showed this year's Derby nags, Fortibus and Combermere. Of Gorhambury the annals are short and simple. "Robert de Gorham" in his proper territory did his *devoir* gallantly, winning both his races in a fashion that would have been more becoming had he not left it off so soon. We will not stay to canvass matters at York or Manchester—"what business have we i'th' north?"—but plunge at once "*in medias res*," which means Epsom Downs.

Epsom Races! Saturnalia, that, for the intense excitement of one of their events, have no equal in the modern civilized world, were this year more than an *honest average* (no libel on the Derby DAY). "*Ab ovo*" (that is, from the great race) "*usque ad malum*" (which is to say, to the settling), one half of the *dramatis personæ* looked as if awaiting an indictment for felony, and the other, the last offices of Jack Ketch. As the whole interest of this Meeting centres in the Derby and Oaks, to those races I will confine my notice. The former—dark as it must or ought to be, from the vast field entered for it, and the untried ones brought to the post—offers a most available field for humbug and manœuvring, and there are never wanting labourers for the vineyard. A reference to the state of the odds in the February, March, April, and May numbers of this work, will unfold a tale of credulity that may defy fiction. Take one instance: Coldrenick, a horse that had never raced in public—one of a most unlucky stable, as regards its three-year-old stock—a horse that was as carefully shut from vulgar eyes as "The Light of the Harem"—is backed eagerly at very little better than even, in a field that it was known would be numerically strong—and with Attila, the best of the former season's two-year-olds, well, and certain to show in it! And how backed?—to win or lose fortunes for those who knew as little of him as they did of the mares of the prophet. The Derby was not a true run race: very few good for much started, and the best of those got badly off. Attila was, on the day, the best of his year, certainly; and had they kept him for Doncaster—looking at the race for the Leger—he could not have lost in his Epsom form.

Now come we to the Oaks: will any one contend that its result was a criterion of the actual pretensions of the party engaged? In my preliminary observations on this event, I said I did not like either of the fillies by Bran. They ran first and second; and, lo! the small scribblers lifted up their voices, and were exceeding glad. Now, what have they done since? What has Meal done that ran the winner to a length? What that winner herself? The Oaks field, with two or three exceptions, was shocking bad, and the tolerable ones were dead amiss. Lady Adela's place for the Cambridgeshire Stakes shows she has some running in her, though she could not have beaten a hack in the Oaks. How has Our Nell confirmed the faith in her Epsom

performance? The moral of all this is that backing horses long before events come off, save on the principle of betting round, is the worst of all dealings at long dates; yea, worse than the sixty per cent. for ninety-one days' *accommodation* of the vulture-visaged hyæna-hearted jew. At least £50,000, "beyond the capital employed," was lost on the Derby. Had it come off the other way, what a service of nice young men would have been preserved to Regent Street yet a little while longer.

Ascot, with brilliant weather, brilliant people, and brilliant sport, was all that became a courtly rendezvous; and then the hotel at the Slough station. Hotel, quotha!—palace an' ye please;—never, surely, were cockneys so done for as by Monsieur Dotesio at the Slough terminus. But this won't forward us to the heath, where the Queen and the royal family arrive punctually, and why should we be late? The defeat of Bee's-wing for the Vase, and her victory for the Cup, were among those issues which it would puzzle gods or men to account for. For the Vase, it is my opinion, that Robinson, who won with St. Francis—the horse he *did* ride—could have won on the Nob or Bee's-wing, had he ridden either. For the Cup, won so cleverly by the old mare, Lanercost ran last, a quarter of a mile; and Mr. Kirby stated that his horse was poisoned—bowl and dagger in the nineteenth century!—"common stabbers," clubbing a guinea a year to celebrate their horrid orgies in Grosvenor-place!

At Newcastle there was a course watered like a grass-plat, a capital list, and some good and important racing. Here several promising youngsters came together: A British Yeoman, on Monday, beating Semiseria, and, on the following day, running third to Winesour, and second to Nutwith. The Northumberland Plate, a splendid race, won by Heslington, brother to Charles XII., in a first-rate field, serves as another commentary on the Handicap. No one even named the winner in the ring, who was, however, done in private at 200 to 10!! For the Cup, Bee's-wing and Charles XII. ran a Match, which the mare won in a canter. A Two-year-old Sweepstakes deserves notice, because of the admirable style in which it was won by an Oaks filly of Mr. Powlet's, by Sheet Anchor, out of Miss Letty (winner of the Oaks in 1837), beating A British Yeoman, Semiseria, Winesour, and two others. It is to the north we owe the best two-year-old performers of this season.

Neither Newton or Bibury produced anything above mediocrity; but far otherwise was it at Liverpool, which, however, must give precedence to Newmarket. Very spiritless, indeed, were the midsummer sports at the metropolis of the turf. The July and Chesterfield Stakes were the events to which people looked—with this result: the former, Extempore, a nice, well-bred little filly, won; the latter, Canton carried off; but the fields in neither case were good. Murat, indeed, was in the July Stakes, but perhaps he was not fit. For the Garden Stakes *twenty-six* were handicapped, but not even *three* could be found to accept.

Liverpool July Meeting went off with great *éclat*. With Lord G. Bentinck as master of the ceremonies, of course there was the *ideal* of racing *etiquette*, and of sport, the most fastidious could not complain. Philip, a Derby favourite, since disqualified by the death of his nominator, won the Mersey Stakes, beating Maria Day (third) and three others.

The Cup, after a dead heat, in a field of twenty, between Vulcan and Rhodante, the former won, giving *nine-and-twenty* pounds. The St. Leger was won by Fireaway, beating Belcœur and Ballinkeele, and seven others. They say Belcœur could have won, had Tommy Lye been "*big enough*" to ride him: they can't say, at all events, he wasn't "*ugly enough*." It is singular that all the leading races at this meeting went to Ireland; the Trades Cup, won by Vulcan; the Stand Cup, by St. Lawrence; and the St. Leger, by Fireaway.

Goodwood—that so long as the memory of English racing endures shall win the first place in its annals for the name of Lennox—was, this year, a trysting for all that was gay and gallant in the land. For the sport these facts must speak: during the four days 174 horses started, for sums amounting, in the aggregate, to upwards of £20,000. The Two-year-old Stakes, to my mind, were indifferently filled. Caster won the Lavant; Aristides, the Ham; and Caster, again, the Molecomb. The Drawing-room Stakes, won by Envoy and Jim Robinson, with their 9 st. 1 lb. on three-year-olds, finished Attila's career as a racer, and few will fancy him in any other capacity now. I cannot here forego a little anecdote anent this catastrophe, because it is *racy* beyond most modern instances. Speaking of this race in a letter of mine in the "*Morning Herald*," I said, alluding to Attila, "the weight broke his back—and the beating his heart." This fell under the notice of a gentleman, who, taking it literally, wrote to the editor a handsome discourse on four sides of foolscap, denouncing the diabolical cruelty of loading a generous horse till his back-bone was broken in twain by the burden, and his heart burst by the beating he received in the attempt to make him support it!! Many of the characters that Bob Keeley puts upon the stage are very far from caricatures. Hyllus, receiving 5 lbs., ran Charles XII. to a neck, in a match, Cup Course; the winner's form being shown in winning the Cup on the following Thursday. The Goodwood Stakes was a rich prize for the Milesians. Retriever, an indifferent nag, won for his party a very large stake of money; but such has been the chance of the year—"Our Nell," at Epsom, and "Blue Bonnet," at Doncaster, being tolerable illustrations of it: and at this Meeting all the races were timed; and, very remarkable, the time appeared in several of them; but would it not have been as well if the distances were accurately ascertained in the first instance?

Doncaster is next on that list of notable events from which I select the materials for this notice. This Meeting the present season saw restored to something like its olden station. There was a good supply of company; a fair exchequer; and horses, of course, in the ratio of the money. The fields were numerically strong; but beyond that, bad as were the southern young ones, the *débutants* in the north were not even by such comparison good: the three-year-olds were, according to the stable vernacular, "a dickey lot." Maria Day and A British Yeoman are cried up as flyers. They have both been beaten again and again, which is not quite the sort of thing to give one confidence. I shall have more to say anon about this pair of pets. The Caster was shorn of his Goodwood laurels, both in the Champagne and Two-year-old Stakes; as Aristides was in the Municipal. The best of the juveniles here were the Yeoman and Napier; the latter is beaten,

presently, by Murat, himself a very bad summer performer: a fine open Derby is that for 1843, *malgre* the 8 to 1. The Great St. Leger was a small affair, as it fell out. Attila couldn't run; Fire-away wouldn't; Seahorse didn't—till it was too late; and so Blue Bonnet won. Blue Bonnet is an odd-looking mare: her jockey, Lye, is an odd-looking man: to get faithful presentments of the twain was no every-day affair. A drawing (containing fac-similes of both) has at length reached me; and if, on new year's day, the patrons of the SPORTING REVIEW have not something in the engraving way out of the common set before them, it will be no fault of mine. The running of the Leger winner for the Park Hill and Cesarewitch Stakes, went to prove that either the lot in the great north country race was very indifferent, or that it was a mistake, or *both*. For the Cup, Bee's-wing ran as Eclipse is reported to have done in old world stories.

The Autumn Meeting, at Liverpool, may be passed over without injury to our retrospect; and so might the First October at Newmarket. The Buckenham, indeed, brought out Murat somewhat improved upon his summer form, a pleasant prospect for his gallant owner, as he is rather heavily engaged *in futuro*. The Grand Duke Michael put the finishing touch to Canadian's career; he died the week following his appearance for those Stakes. Pickpocket's race for the Hopeful was a hopeful race; he was much better, as to temper, than in July, and has a racing-like "go" with him. Testy won the Rutland at her ease; but, as I have before said, there is not enough of her. The Second October week was full of interest, as well as sport. One of its most important results was the announcement that the Jockey Club "had come to a resolution to have nothing more to do with disputed bets." Does this mean that in future they will not legislate in cases where people lose and won't pay? because "*disputes* about bets" generally arise on such occasions. Also the question was mooted as to the racing interpretation of the term "lot," applied to horses trained by, or belonging to particular individuals. I believe the understanding arrived at is, that the "lot" consists of such animals only as actually belong to such parties, or are in *bond fide* training by them, at the time the lot is backed. If this be the arrangement, *certes* it opens the finest field for wrangle and chicane that modern legs have had the chance to disport in. I am not going, however, to play the priest, in Pindar's story of the Ostler and the Horse's Teeth. Enough was said in the account of the Meeting, last month, of the pretensions of the rival two-year-olds. Napier being as good as Murat, *quoad* themselves, and better, from his performances on paper, is a hundred per cent. the worst of the two in the Derby betting, of course:—what would Derby betting be without a mystery? Cooper has had little luck with his three-year-olds; none great in Stakes:—is it all to come, and next year? The Houghton Meeting, with racing enough for a glutton, drew together a large company. The course was in excellent order, but heavy, comparatively; the sport really capital, bad horses run on such equal terms. The Criterion made ducks and drakes of the summer running; if it was all true, Gaper ought to be a paying nag, looking at his heavy engagements. One of the least fancied won the Cesarewitch; a fourth-rater in the betting ought to have won the Cambridgeshire: the Handicap is, emphatically, the race

which is not for the swift. Beyond the sport it afforded, the remainder of the running was of no concern; the first and second classes of the Nursery Stakes produced good races, but not particularly good fields. Gaper was declared not to be intended for the Derby: should his owner alter his intention, it will alter the case—in the ring. . . . Such is a brief summary of a stirring and important season: it is but an outline sketch, but the subject makes ample amends for the slight manner in which it has been treated.

THE CHASE.

THE hunting season cannot be said to commence till late in November; but the genial rain which set in about the middle of last month made all on the *qui vive* for the field. From the following notices it will be seen, that the leaders are doing their work handsomely.

A DAY WITH HER MAJESTY'S BUCKHOUNDS.

To the Editor of the SPORTING REVIEW.

SIR,—If you can afford room in your December Number for a brief account of a day's sport which I enjoyed with the above hounds, you will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

On the 18th November the meet of her Majesty's Buckhounds took place at Salthill, when a good muster was made, consisting principally of military men, who were all, on this occasion, "up in arms, and eager for the *chase*." In the vicinity of Baylis House, the uncarting was performed, the deer, at first, taking the direction of Farnham Church, but eventually bounding the timber into Penn's Park. A capital run now ensued; the deer making egress at the Pound, crossed the country in Wexham Street direction, making head to the Red Lion, and then by the Slough road (which was anything but the "*slough* of despond," as we were all in the very best of spirits), to George Green. Now for the railway, I thought, and *thought* only, for Richings was not the steam concern, but our line took by Yeadling Green to Iver, where the chase came to a conclusion. This was a sample of hunting to suit the ruling passion for the "short, sharp, and decisive," an excellent thing in the field, as well as in "camp and grove."

THE QUORN HOUNDS.

Monday, November 7th.—Kirby Gate; rather a small field, considering the day; noblemen and gentlemen not fancying the hardness of the ground, and I determined not to leave the pleasures of London until "the gathering clouds should discharge themselves in rain." Found a brace of foxes at Cream Gorse, went away immediately, very fast, through Ashby Pasture, to Thorpe Trussel's, took a ring back, turned to the left, away to Burrow Hill, two foxes on foot, and got to

slow hunting. Found again at Gartree Hill; away by Little Dalby, to Burrow Hill, was headed several times, back by Dalby, and lost. Found again at Burdett's Gorse; run him to ground, dead beat, after a ringing run of one hour. Five foxes found on that day.

Tuesday, 8th.—Steward's Hay; a first-rate forest day; a great deal of hard running, and good hunting.

Thursday, 10th.—Rolleston Hall; found a brace of foxes at the Gorse, went away very fast to Nosely, back by Rolleston, New Inn, away over the finest grass country to Norton; three foxes on foot, and the hounds divided; run down to Houghton Brook, turned back, down wind, and the scent became indifferent; hunted him back to Rolleston, by Nosely, and run him to ground at New Inn. Found two brace of foxes at Shangton Holt, killed one in the covert, and went home. Seven foxes found that day, "mark that, my masters!"

Friday, 11th.—Six Hills; found at Mundy's Gorse, had a long hunting run; found again at Ella's Gorse, away very fast, turned back to Mundy's Gorse, on to Thrussington Wolds, away to Ragdale, Shoby Scoles; three foxes on foot, made a ring back to Thrussington Wolds, and stopped the hounds in the evening, after a very severe but most capital day's sport. There were lots of rattling falls, and some very prime horses dead beat. It is taken for granted, that those who were out, and can go the pace, did; you know the old hands too well for me to enumerate them here, and no new ones had arrived then. Since which, however, I am happy to record the appearance of Lord Gardiner in the field, to "witch the world with noble horsemanship," as it was more than whispered, that it was not his lordship's intention to honour Leicestershire with his presence this season. The Lord of the Isles, too—the *brav* Macdonald, is also coming again, with a splendid stud. Hail to the bonnie *chiel*! H. Stracey, Esq., has taken the commodious house lately in the occupation of I. Hodgson, Esq., at Thurnby. Hunting-boxes are in request, and a glorious season is anticipated, which the last few fine rains will do much to fulfil. The extraordinary number of foxes, and the general distribution of them, speaks folios for the popularity of the present "master," and the honourable feeling of the yeomen and others of the county.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

BETTINGS FOR NOVEMBER.

INDUSTRY cannot prosper without a field for its efforts; therefore, albeit there were lots of labourers, the harvest at the Corner flagged sadly during the past month. There is little doubt about next year's Derby being a good—that is, a popular, betting race; but, till we turn Christmas, business cannot be calculated on. A very few changes, as the odds will show, were effected since our last quotations, and they were got up on speculation: certainly the favourite is not in quite such good favour as he was.

TATTERSALL'S LIST

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MONDAY, October 31.

DERBY, 1843.							
Sir G. Heathcote's lot.....	13	to	1 agst. —	Cotherstone	35	to	1 agst. —
A British Yeoman	8	to	1 — —	Amorino.....	35	to	1 — —
Murat.....	20	to	1 — —	Napier	40	to	1 — —
Winesour	25	to	1 — —	Languish colt	40	to	1 — —
Phillip	25	to	1 — —	Siricol.....	40	to	1 — —
Aristides	33	to	1 — —	Oxygen colt	40	to	1 — —
				Dumpling	50	to	1 — —

THURSDAY, November 3.

DERBY, 1843.							
Sir G. Heathcote's lot.....	13	to	1 agst. (tk.)	Languish colt	40	to	1 agst. —
Winesour	25	to	1 — —	Oxygen colt	40	to	1 — —
Phillip	25	to	1 — —	Dumpling	50	to	1 (tk.)
Aristides	30	to	1 — —	Delightful colt	1000	to	15 — (tk.)

MONDAY, November 7.

DERBY, 1843.							
Scott's lot	7	to	2 agst. —	Napier	40	to	1 agst. —
Sir G. Heathcote's lot.....	14	to	1 — (tk.)	Languish colt	50	to	1 — (tk.)
A British Yeoman	8	to	1 — —	Newcourt	50	to	1 — (tk.)
Murat.....	18	to	1 — —	Clara colt	50	to	1 — (tk.)
Phillip	25	to	1 — —	Lucetta colt	50	to	1 — (tk.)
Winesour	25	to	1 — (tk.)	Dumpling	50	to	1 — (tk.)
Aristides	33	to	1 — (tk.)	Queen of Trumps colt.....	1000	to	15 — —
Siricol.....	40	to	1 — (tk.)	Jamal	1000	to	15 — —
Amorino.....	40	to	1 — —	Baldersdale	1000	to	15 — —
Oxygen colt	40	to	1 — (tk.)	Delightful colt	1000	to	15 — (tk.)
Cotherstone	40	to	1 — (tk.)	Humbug	1000	to	10 — (tk.)
				Khorassan	1000	to	10 — (tk.)

THURSDAY, November 10.

DERBY, 1843.							
Sir G. Heathcote's lot.....	14	to	1 agst. (tk.)	Amorino.....	40	to	1 agst. (tk.)
A British Yeoman	8	to	1 — —	Oxygen colt	40	to	1 — (tk.)
Winesour	1000	to	45 — (tk.)	Cotherstone	40	to	1 — (tk.)
Siricol.....	40	to	1 — (tk.)	Ely	50	to	1 — —

MONDAY, November 14.

DERBY, 1843.							
Scott's lot	5	to	1 agst. —	Amorino.....	50	to	1 agst. —
Sir G. Heathcote's lot.....	14	to	1 — (tk.)	Languish colt	50	to	1 — (tk.)
A British Yeoman.....	8½	to	1 — (tk.)	Dumpling	50	to	1 — (tk.)
Murat.....	20	to	1 — —	Oxygen colt	50	to	1 — (tk.)
Winesour	22	to	1 — —	Clara colt	50	to	1 — —
Aristides	25	to	1 — —	Khorassan	66	to	1 — —
Progress colt.....	30	to	1 — —	Humbug	66	to	1 — —
Cotherstone	40	to	1 — —	St. Valentine.....	66	to	1 — (tk.)
Napier	40	to	1 — —	Cheviot	66	to	1 — (tk.)
Newcourt	40	to	1 — —	Syrian.....	100	to	1 — (tk.)
Siricol.....	40	to	1 — —	Auld Lang Syne	100	to	1 — —

MONDAY, November 21.

DERBY, 1843.							
Scott's lot	5	to	1 agst. —	Amorino.....	50	to	1 agst. —
Col. Peel's lot	12	to	1 — —	Jamal.....	50	to	1 — —
Sir G. Heathcote's lot.....	14	to	1 — —	Mahomet	66	to	1 — (tk.)
A British Yeoman	8½	to	1 — —	Brocard colt	66	to	1 — (tk.)
Murat.....	19	to	1 — (tk.)	Chesterfield	66	to	1 — —
Winesour	20	to	1 — (tk.)	Prizefighter	100	to	1 — (tk.)
Aristides	30	to	1 — —	Syrian.....	100	to	1 — (tk.)
Progress colt.....	30	to	1 — —	Fox	100	to	1 — (tk.)
Napier	40	to	1 — —	Queen of Trumps colt...	100	to	1 — —
Siricol.....	40	to	1 — —	Blackdrop	100	to	1 — —
Newcourt	45	to	1 — (tk.)	A British Yeoman and			
Oxygen colt	50	to	1 — —	Winesour	6	to	1 — —
Dumpling	50	to	1 — —	Parthian agst. Napier.....	500	even.	
				Cotherstone agst. Napier.....	1000	even.	

THURSDAY, November 24.

DERBY, 1843.					
Scott's lot	5 to 1	agst. —	Aristides	23 to 1	agst. —
Sir G. Heathcote's lot.....	15 to 1	(tk.)	Mahomet	66 to 1	— —
A British Yeoman	8½ to 1	— —	Brocarde colt.....	66 to 1	— —
Murat.....	20 to 1	— —	Auld Lang Syne	100 to 1	— —
Winesour	20 to 1	(tk.)	A British Yeoman and Winesour	6 to 1	(tk.)

HANDSOME TROTTING IN AMERICA.

ON the 26th of October last, there came off a trotting-match on the Beacon Course, hard by New York, between a pair of harness nags—hight Ripton and Americus—for 1000 dollars a-side, in which the rate of travelling was certainly very good, considering the prevalence of the rail. It was the best of heats, three miles—the first done in 8 m. 2 s.—the second in 8 m. 1 s.—the last in 8 m. 4 s.—the course heavy. Americus won the first heat, and Ripton the two last. We copy the following characteristic description of the conquering game.

“*Third Heat.*—A good start at the first trial again, a circumstance of rare occurrence. Ripton gave up the track on the first quarter, but before reaching the half mile post Americus broke up, and, of course, lost his lead. Ripton led around the turn and down the quarter stretch at a stroke that looked very business like; he came through so fresh, handling his fore feet, as some one remarked, in a high-top loftical style, that it was an eye opener to many knowing ones who were ‘lying low for snaps.’ They ‘gobbled up’ what they could of the odds, which were still 4 to 1, as Americus had locked him at the stand. Ripton was pulling entirely on one rein with his neck double as they dashed past the stand. He got nearly clear on the turn, but Americus, like a trump as he is, came again, upon getting into straight work, but though he lapt Ripton, he could not fairly collar him. Neither Hiram nor George ever displayed more consummate jockeyship. Each nursed his horse and took advantage of every rod of ground favourable to him. The pace down the backstretch was a tell-tale, but neither horse hung out a signal of distress. On going around the turn, however, Ripton broke and Americus took the track from him. It was again ‘100 to 5 on Americus!’ As they swung into the quarter-stretch Ripton came up again on the inside, but did not attempt to pass. Hiram gave him a little respite, and bottled him up for a rush on the last mile. Americus led in three lengths ahead, but soon after Hiram called on Ripton; he was bearing hard on the off rein, and could scarcely be pulled out to pass. Hiram spoke sharply to him, and he broke up for an instant, but just as he had recovered his legs, one of the iron braces for the feet (fastened to the shaft and the cross bar), gave way, and came nigh precipitating Hiram from the sulky. He soon recovered his seat, and got Ripton at his work again.

“The pace for the next half mile was bang up; Ripton nearly closed the gap before reaching the turn beyond the half mile post, notwithstanding which the odds were about dollars to pennies. Hiram determined to do or die, however. He got his horse well settled to his

work, and made a most desperate effort to take the track. For half a dozen strokes Americus stood up to his collar like nothing but a good one, but he was at length over-marked, and he broke. There was a shout when Ripton headed him—but the race was not yet over. Ripton came first into the quarter-stretch, but Americus was well up, and doing his best. He seemed to be in difficulty, however, as the event proved, for, when called upon, he again broke, having choked up from sheer exhaustion. The invincible game of the gallant Ripton had fairly worn his life out. Spicer would not throw away a chance though, and again brought up his horse. ‘Keep still, everybody!’ was the cry about the stands, at this critical moment; but a fine looking fellow standing just behind us, with the tears running down his cheeks like rain, made noise enough to awake the dead. He excited a roar in the crowd about him, by crying, ‘D—n it, I can’t be quiet—Ho-o-o-r-a-h for Ripton!’ Some one else near him was also shouting, ‘Hiram for President!’ with an earnestness and power of lungs that quite convinced us that neither Mr. Clay nor Mr. Calhoun need calculate on obtaining his vote. At the drawgate Spicer tried it on again, but his horse was knocked up—‘the gism’ and the starch were effectually taken out of him by the long and desperate struggles he had been obliged to maintain, so that ‘he couldn’t come it.’ He broke at the gate, and ‘the race was over all but the shouting!’ The little game cock, Ripton, came in a gallant winner by several lengths in 8m. 4s., after one of the severest and most exciting contests ever seen on the course.

“Those that had screeched until they lost their voices—and many flattered themselves they were shouting long after they were unable to ‘raise a whisper’—threw up their hats, or kicked in the crowns. We will add nothing more than the simple remark, that among the ‘illustrious strangers’ present, two or three from Boston went home with ‘shocking bad hats.’—Recapitulation:—

“Beacon Course, N. J., opposite New York City.—Wednesday, October 26, 1842. Match 1000 dollars aside. Jockeys’ weight, 145 lbs. each. Three mile heats, in harness—sulkies.

T. Moore’s br. g. Ripton	(Hiram Woodruff)	2	1	1
E. M’s b. g. Americus	(George Spicer)	1	2	2
Time 8m. 2s.—8m. 1s.—8m. 4s. Course heavy.				

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

[THE following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Perley, of New Brunswick, whose connexion with this work, from its commencement, has been alike the source of gratification to its editor, as of amusement and information to its readers.]

“To-morrow I set out for the Forest, to ‘locate’ about 200 settlers on wilderness land, under a Government order. I shall be some time in the bush, *founding a town*. This may sound odd to you, but we think nothing of it in this country, where we are accustomed to begin everything at the beginning, or, in bush-phrase, ‘commence from the

stump.' In a week I shall be engaged in a dense forest, marking out roads, sites for schools, chapels, and other public buildings, sleeping every night in a shanty, upon a spot which, a twelvemonth hence, will, perhaps, be the centre of a populous and thriving settlement, and the site of a dashing inn, built of wood, and as fine as paint can make it, but comfortable withal.

"On the 25th of this month there is to be a grand *battée* in the County of King's, not far from where I shall be engaged, and I enclose you a 'bill of the play.' The ground to be hunted is wedge-shaped, lying between two broad and deep rivers. The distance across where the line will first form, is about ten miles; and, for thirty miles, the land gradually diminishes to a point, thus affording the most admirable opportunity for scouring every part of it. Just at this time it is infested with bears and other beasts of prey, and, being but partially settled, there is abundance of cover for them, which will be thoroughly beaten, as the hunting party will consist of about 500 men. If it comes off well, I will send you the particulars.

"St. John's, Oct. 6, 1842.

"*King's County Hunting Party.*—It is proposed to have a grand hunting party in that part of the County of King's, between the Bellisle and the Kennebecasis River, to commence on Tuesday, the 25th of October inst., and to sweep the whole of the country, from the Finger-board Road down to Harding's Point, at the foot of the Reach. All persons willing to take part in the hunt to rid the country of bears and troublesome animals, and obtain a share of the sport, will assemble at Simon Baxter's Tavern, at the Finger-board, at nine o'clock in the morning of the 25th, with arms and ammunition, and sufficient provision for three days. They will then choose their leaders, and be told off into companies or divisions, and form a line across the to Bellisle; when the line is formed, they will advance westerly, and beat regularly until nightfall, when all will encamp on the ground, keeping up watch-fires and sentries during the night, to prevent the game returning to the ground beat over.

"The hunt will recommence the following morning, and be continued, the party advancing in line until the whole reach Harding's Point, where the hunt will terminate.

"It is expected that all who join the hunt should do so on the first day, in order that they may take their portion of the work, and enjoy a share in the division of the game; and it is hoped that none will pretend to join the party when the hunt is nearly finished, as such would be both unfair and unjust.

"Further directions to be given, and arrangements made, when the party meet on the ground. The following persons have agreed to take the temporary management, until others are chosen, or added to their number:—James Peters, of Bellisle; M. H. Perley, of St. John; Daniel Hatfield, of Norton; David Wetmore, of Hampton, and James Scovil, of Springfield.

"Oct. 5."

QUEENLY HUNTINGS: Ancient and Modern.—Our fair and illustrious sovereign is not the only one whose royal progress in North Britain

has been attended with deer-huntings and other such amusements. Queen Margaret of Anjou killed a buck with the broad arrow, a missile peculiar to the long-bow, at Alnwick Park, during her passage into Scotland; and the beautiful and unfortunate Mary, in a similar excursion, was exposed to some peril in a grand hunting, in which she took part, in the Highlands of Perthshire, as may be seen by the following extract from Barclay (*Monarchomacus*):—"In the year 1563, the Earl of Athol, a prince of the blood royal, had, with much trouble and vast expense, a hunting-match for the entertainment of our most illustrious and most gracious queen. Our people call this 'a Royal Hunting.' I was then a young man, and was present on the occasion. 2,000 Highlanders, or Wild Scots, as you call them here, were employed to drive to the hunting-ground all the deer from the woods and hills of Athol, Badenoch, Mar, Moray, and the counties about. As these Highlanders use a light dress, and are very swift of foot, they went up and down so nimbly, that in less than two months' time they brought together 2,000 red-deer, besides roes and fallow-deer. The queen, the great men, and others, were in a glen when all the deer were brought before them. Believe me, the whole body of them moved forward in something like battle order. This sight still strikes me, and ever will, for they had a leader, whom they followed close wherever he moved. This leader was a very fine stag, with a very high head. The sight delighted the queen very much; but she soon had occasion for fear, upon the earl, who had been accustomed to such sights, addressing her thus:—"Do you observe that stag who is foremost of the herd? There is danger from that stag; for if either fear or rage should force him from the ridge of that hill, let every one look to himself, for none of us will be out of the way of harm; for the rest will follow this one, and, having thrown us under foot, they will open a passage to this hill behind us." What happened a moment after confirmed this opinion; for the queen ordered one of the best dogs to be let loose on one of the deer; this the dog pursues—the leading stag is frightened; he flies by the same way he had come there; the rest rush after him, and break out where the thickest body of the Highlanders was. They had nothing for it but to throw themselves flat on the heath, and allow the deer to pass over them. It was told the queen that several of the Highlanders had been wounded, and that two or three had been killed outright; and the whole body had got off, had not the Highlanders, by their skill in hunting, fallen upon a stratagem to cut off the rear from the main body. It was of those that had been separated, that the queen's dogs and those of the nobility made slaughter. There were killed that day 360 deer, with 5 wolves, and some roes."

Queen Elizabeth, we believe, though so frequently entertained with the rude grandeur of that age by her chief nobility, never enjoyed these hunting journeyings in the Sister Kingdom of the North. We have all read, however, of her exploits within Cadenham's great oak, and the hunting matches of herself and friend, the Lady Desmond, within the sylvan recesses of Crowday Park, where many a fair-headed buck fell a victim to royal adroitness.

We give the following case, because it may be of use as an authority—we offer our comment, because we think the turn given to it was not in good taste. The sarcasm in the summing-up came with a bad grace from a lawyer. More men have been ruined in Westminster Hall, *perforce*, than ever of their will and for their pleasure sported a *rouleau* at Tattersall's on a horse-race.

“ THE TURF.—ATKINS v. ANDERSON.—This was an action brought to recover the amount of an I O U for £50 under the following circumstances :

“ It appeared that the plaintiff is a person connected with the turf, and a frequenter of races, as a sporting character ; and the defendant, Mr. Anderson, is the celebrated vocalist, and an amateur of sporting on the turf. The present action was brought to recover the amount of the defendant's I O U for £50, passed, as it was alleged in the declaration, for money lent. To which the defendant pleaded that it was a gambling transaction, and passed under a special agreement, which was, that, if the plaintiff did not pay his lost bets on the Derby Stakes at Epsom races (in 1841, Ed.), he was not entitled to receive his winnings. For the plaintiff a witness of the name of Davis was examined, who stated that he was present at Epsom in 1841, when the plaintiff changed a £200 note, and gave the defendant £150, which he (defendant) promised to return when they met in London. On his cross-examination he admitted that he was forbidden Tattersall's, as also was the defendant. A note of the defendant's was put in, stating the existence of an I O U for £50, and promising payment, but it did not state upon what account.

“ For the defendant, a witness of the name of Foster, a portrait painter, stated that he was present, on a Sunday, in September, 1841, when the plaintiff called on the defendant and demanded £50, which he refused to pay unless Atkins (plaintiff) would undertake to pay his losings at Epsom. Plaintiff said, ‘ Oh, to be sure, I'll make all right.’ Defendant then gave him the I O U in question.

“ Cross-examined by Mr. Platt.—‘ Pray where was this ?’

“ Witness.—‘ In the defendant's house.’

“ ‘ What, do you paint on a Sunday ?’—‘ Yes ; Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence did.’

“ ‘ A very bad example : yet they were good models (laughter). Pray, what were you doing when you heard the conversation you have stated ?’—‘ I had my brush in my hand, and I was colouring.’

“ ‘ No doubt you were, and, I fear—as you are now—colouring rather too highly.’—‘ That is my trade, and I believe it is your trade’ (loud laughter).

“ Mr. Platt having replied,

“ His Lordship told the jury that there was sufficient evidence to justify their finding a verdict for the plaintiff ; and as to the witness Davis and the defendant Anderson being excluded from Tattersall's, it was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other (loud laughter) ; and it would no doubt have been fortunate for both of them if they never got admittance into such a place (continued laughter).

“ Verdict for plaintiff—£50 : 10s.”

KISSING.—Beautiful is the love and sweet the kiss of a sister; but when you haven't a sister handy, try your cousin—'tisn't much worse.

LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

“*Materiem superabat opus.*”—OVID.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1843.

RICH and rare as were the materials of which the gates of the Palace of the Sun were composed, their workmanship, we are assured by the author of the *Metamorphoses*, was of infinitely more value and excellence. Thus, in those costly tomes wherewith yearly the press endows, in its prodigality, the tables of our libraries and drawing-rooms, notwithstanding each is well found in literary and pictorial talent, the mechanical portions are the most attractive, to say nothing of their being the most excellent.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY for 1843, edited by the Countess of Blessington, and published by the Messrs. Longmans, claims first attention, upon that undisputed plea of precedence—*place aux dames*. Its embellishments comprehend twelve portraits of ladies passing fair, the Queen leading, as it is so fitting, the van of the lovely and gentle. Her Majesty is represented with the royal infants, and the group is a charming one. The look of loving maternity in the illustrious lady, and the cherub softness of the innocents, on whom that look is bent, are true to nature—could there be higher eulogy? Drummond is the painter, and Mote the engraver, from whose burin we have two other portraits very admirably executed. These are the Hon. Mrs. Craven and Miss Meyer, excellent as works of art, and faithful likenesses. Their character is that of strict simplicity—an excellent thing, as well in the portrait as the original. Edwin Landseer, Chalon, Hayter, and other eminent hands, have contributed their quota of loveliness to this volume, that is indeed well entitled “A Book of Beauty.” The literature is quite equal to the average of works of the kind. The fair editress (if there be not, it is high time there were a feminine for editor) has a pleasant trifle—“Railroads and Steamboats,” and Walter Savage Landor has put forth much classic force in his imaginary conversation between Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo Buonarotti. Sir Lytton Bulwer has a clever tale on the lust of gold, and Barry Cornwall some fine lines on a fine subject—the *Mens Divinior*. We subjoin the following little poem, by Mr. Johns, as most germane to our page.

“ON THE LAUNCHING OF LORD CLARENCE PAGET'S YACHT.

“Speed thee, Pearlina fair! over the waters glide,
 Like fairy nautilus floating the ocean tide;
 Light though thy timbers be, strong hands have fashioned thee;
 Bold hearts shall pilot thee over the stormy sea.

“Speed to thee, pleasure-bark! go forth in pride elate;
 Health be in every breeze, light hearts thy happy freight;
 Dancing waves sing to thee, mad in their ocean glee;
 Joy keep thy canvass free over the bounding sea.

“Joy to thy noble crew, while the breeze wafts along
 Music and revelry, blending in joyous song;
 Thus let the numbers flow, care to the waters throw,
 Grief to the troubled sea, let the winds sigh for thee.

“Let not the tempest-burst fall on thy ocean track;
 Favouring the breezes blow, swift may they waft thee back;
 Bright eyes shall watch for thee, bark of the bold and free;
 After the changing sea calm shall thy haven be.”

THE KEEPSAKE. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Longman and Co.

HERE, too, we have beauty, if not a galaxy—at least enough for mortal man to be content withal. The frontispiece—the Duchess de Nemours—represents as much of sweetness, sensibility, and unaffected elegance, as we have ever seen collected in a portrait. Mrs. Fairlie is another gem of nature;—we were going to say—we *do* say—a brilliant copy of a rare jewel. Creswick’s “View on the Hudson” is a noble conception of a noble subject. “The Haunted Spring,” by Poole, and Cattermole’s “Brother’s Revenge,” are, to our liking, the most excellent of the embellishments. In the prose department of the literature there are some pleasing compositions by Lord John Manners and Walter Savage Landor; and the portion of it dedicated to the Muses is not destitute of merit, but the character of the pieces is very unequal. It must be said many of them might very conveniently have been omitted. We quote one specimen, a lovely lyric, whose every line finds its response in the heart.

“THE FIRST.

“BY FRANCES BROWN.

“The first, the first!—oh! nought like it
 Our after years can bring,
 For summer hath no flowers so sweet
 As those of early spring.
 The earliest storm that strips the tree
 Still wildest seems and worst,
 Whate’er hath been again may be,
 But never as at first.

“For many a bitter blast may blow
 O’er life’s uncertain wave,
 And many a thorny thicket grow
 Between us and the grave;
 But darker still the spot appears
 Where thunder-clouds have burst
 Upon our green unblighted years—
 No grief is like the first.

“ Our first-born joy,—perchance 'twas vain,
 Yet that brief lightning o'er,
 The heart, indeed, may hope again,
 But can rejoice no more.
 Life hath no glory to bestow
 Like it—unfallen, uncursed;
 There may be many an after glow,
 But nothing like the first.

“ The rays of hope may light us on
 Through manhood's toil and strife,
 But never can they shine as shone
 The morning stars of life;
 Though bright as summer's rosy wreath,
 Though long and fondly nursed,
 Yet still they want the fearless faith
 Of those that blest us first.

“ Its first love, deep in memory
 The heart for ever bears;
 For that was early given and free—
 Life's wheat without the tares.
 It may be death hath buried deep;
 It may be fate hath cursed;
 But yet no later love can keep
 The greenness of the first.

“ And thus, whate'er our onward way,
 The lights or shadows cast
 Upon the dawning of our day
 Are with us to the last.
 But, ah! the morning breaks no more
 On us, as once it burst,
 For future springs can ne'er restore
 The freshness of the first.”

HEATH'S PICTURESQUE ANNUAL. The American in Paris. Longman and Co.

THIS splendid tome, all over French, from pen to pencil, consists, we are told, so far as concerns its literary portion, of an Anglo-French translation of an American work on Paris. Who the American author was, does not transpire—neither who did it into English; but Mr. Jules Janin is represented as the French *traducteur*, the English of which is that he wrote the book himself—and wrote it well, saving the “affectations.” First in order (*sic omnino*) come the illustrations (exquisitely put upon steel, of course), designed by M. Eugene Lami. They are full of French grandeur(?), French ease (?), French conventionalisms, and French simplicity (??): altogether there could hardly have been constructed a truer memorial of the *grande nation*. “A Parisian Family”—“Interior of the Italian Theatre”—“A Soirée at the Duke of Orleans”—“A French Marriage”—“Entrance of an Ambassador into Paris”—“Interior of the Trois Frères Provençaux”—and “The Green Room at the Opera,” though, perchance, the subjects are not novel, make very delightful plates nevertheless; and so, indeed, do M. Janin's descriptions, from which we regret our space forbids our making many a pleasant extract. Byron has

assured us that the life of a young noble is anything but one of unmitigated pleasure: in the case of Louis Philippe we shall see that the career of a constitutional monarch is far from passing upon velvet.

“His life is grave, industrious, and serious. He often rises before day-break; as soon as he awakes, his work begins. He reads the despatches of his ambassadors; he prepares the labour of the day, you see that he acts from a knowledge of the importance of one additional day in his reign. He reads very few newspapers, except the English ones, but he tolerates them all. You would find, in the king's ante-chamber, by the side of the sheets which defend his government, with the greatest amount of conscience and courage, the vile and most atrocious pamphlets against his person. He says that every one must live—that a pamphlet never killed any but dead men, and that he accepted the inconveniences of the liberty of the press, in accepting its advantages. His breakfast is soon finished, after which it is his ministers' turn: with these he lives in the greatest familiarity. The man whom he adopts has, at once, at all times, a free admission to the king; he is received at any hour of the day or night. The king espouses the cause of his minister, as he would his own; he takes an interest in his success in the rostrum—in his success of every kind. He defends him warmly and sincerely, and, when he is obliged to displace him, he never says *adieu*, but *au revoir*. These gone, he adopts those who come as he had adopted their predecessors, so accustomed is this constitutional king to the complicated and difficult mechanism of a representative government.”

WHIST: ITS HISTORY AND PRACTICE. By an Amateur. London: Bell and Wood, Fleet-street. 1842.

In our last we gave a sample of the literary contents of this clever *brochure*; we now offer some specimens of its illustrations, which, for point of conceit and delicacy of execution, reflect the highest credit on the artists. They were designed by Kenny Meadows, and graven on the wood by Orrin Smith, and are, certainly, not among the least worthy of the many good works performed by those gentlemen.



PLAYING FOR LOVE.



DON'T COUNT.



QUEEN OF HEARTS.

THE COMIC ALMANACK, for 1843. London: Tilt and Bogue.

THAT "the earth again has gone its destined course!" we are reminded by this little register of the twelve months, and by the quotation in Rowland's announcement of his macassar oil. "Time was made for slaves," if so, we opine that there is not one amongst us who fails to go the whole *blackee*. One little month and we shall bid adieu to the past year, with all its happy associations; foremost amongst which shall we include the Income Tax?—an *imposition* in the true sense of the word. We should like to be informed of anything that can contribute more to the happiness of the new year, than the sight of this calendar. "We pause for a reply!" Here, indeed, George Cruikshank reigns triumphant; rich and humorous are his designs—so grotesque, that any miserable, troubled with the blue devils, has only to "look on this picture, and on this," and he will soon rejoice to find that the very sight of the inimitable George's illustrations will consign his disorders—albeit "their name is legion"—to *blazes*, in a pretty particularly short *nick* of time. Look at the "palpable hit" at the present *shop-lifting* mania in the plate of the Tripe and Trotter Emporium. The New Tariff, it appears, has done wonders for our country, if we only look at the number of the *genus ass* it had caused to disport themselves on the shores of our "happy land." The illustration we subjoin is, as our readers will perceive, of *foreign extraction*.



"IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN ASSES UNDER THE NEW TARIFF.

" Oh ! what on earth induced Sir Robert Peel,
 Such wondrous sympathy to feel
 For that unprofitable class—the foreign ass ?
 When we have native asses by the score,
 How could Sir Robert think we needed more ?
 But the provision is not worth a pin,
 Which now, for twenty shillings, lets them in ;
 When they have all along been coming over,
 For half a guinea, in the boats to Dover.
 If with the common donkey we compare
 The foreign asses—they display
 A trifling difference of bray,
 With coats peculiar, and lengthy hair.

Zoologists the jackass would describe
 As of the vertebrated tribe,
 But then there's so much softness in the head,
 To the molluscous class, it might be said,
 The foreign donkey throng—belong.
 With further information all may meet,
 On any afternoon, in Regent-street."

THE RECREATIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH. Vol. III. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1842.

WE were sorry to read the two little words of the last page of this last volume; *viz.*, "the end." Good writing should never end. Let Christopher North continue his Recreations till the world grows tired of them; then will his chapters increase and multiply in immortal succession. Albeit exclusively Scottish in his productions, as well as somewhat of an egotist in his mode of treating his subjects, they are always handled with the skill, the force, and the genius of a great epic painter. Indeed, to our "mind's eye" his conceptions ever assume the form and outline of dramatic pictures. His Pegasus sets off, at times, at a most unruly pace, with strange fantastic tricks, and unaccountable curvettings, often seeming as if about to throw his rider, but he is sure to settle, at last, into a quiet amble or gentle trot, and there is "method" and meaning in "his madness." The Professor's "fyttes" remind us of the monologues of the old prophet-poet, Coleridge, whom we heard in the olden time, when stores of wisdom fell from human lips with the wide-spreading and shore-searching freedom of the resistless ocean itself.

This third volume contains much of ornithological lore, acceptable to a sportsman; practical treatises on lunar and sublunar things; and one most beautiful and stirring episode—the story of Hannah Lamond's bairn. The sportive chapters on Dr. Kitchiner are admirably humorous. Our limits will not allow us to quote according to our inclination, but we transcribe the following sketch from the "Life and Adventures of a Golden Eagle"

"Oh for the Life of an Eagle written by himself! It would outsell the Confessions even of the English Opium-Eater. Proudly would he, or she, write of birth and parentage. On the rock of ages he first opened his eyes to the sun, in noble instinct affronting and outstaring the light. The Great Glen of Scotland—hath it not been the inheritance of his ancestors for many thousand years? No polluting mixture of ignoble blood, from intermarriages of necessity or convenience with kite, buzzard, hawk, or falcon. No, the Golden Eagles of Glen-Falloch, surnamed the Sun-starers, have formed alliances with the Golden Eagles of Cruachan, Benlawers, Shehallion, and Lochnagair—the Lightning-Glints, the Flood-fallers, the Storm-wheelers, the Cloud-cleavers, ever since the deluge. The education of the autobiographer had not been intrusted to a private tutor. Parental eyes, beaks, and talons, provided sustenance for his infant frame; and in that capacious eyrie, year after year repaired by dry branches from the desert, parental advice was yelled into him, meet for the expansion of his instinct, as wide and wonderful as the reason of earth-crawling man. What a noble naturalist did he, in a single session at the College of the Cliff, become! Of the customs, and habits, and haunts of all inferior creatures, he speedily made himself master—ours included. Nor was his knowledge confined to theory, but reduced to daily practice. He kept himself in constant training—taking a flight of a couple of hundred miles before breakfast—paying a forenoon visit to the farthest of the Hebride Isles, and returning to dinner in Glenco. In one day he has flown to Norway on a visit to his uncle by the mother's side, and returned the next

to comfort his paternal uncle, lying sick at the head of the Cambrian Dee. He soon learned to despise himself for having once yelled for food, when food was none; and to sit or sail, on rock or through ether, athirst and an hungered, but mute. The virtues of patience, endurance, and fortitude, have become with him, in strict accordance with the Aristotelian Moral Philosophy—habits. A Peripatetic Philosopher he could hardly be called—properly speaking, he belongs to the Solar School—an airy sect, who take very high ground, indulge in lofty flights, and are often lost in the clouds. Now and then a light chapter might be introduced, setting forth how he and other youngsters of the Blood Royal were wont to take an occasional game at High-Jinks, or tourney in air lists, the champions on opposite sides flying from the Perthshire and from the Argyleshire mountains, and encountering with a clash in the azure common, 6,000 feet high. But the fever of love burned in his blood, and flying to the mountains of another continent, in obedience to the yell of an old oral tradition, he wooed and won his virgin bride—a monstrous beauty, wider-winged than himself, to kill or caress, and bearing the proof of her noble nativity in the radiant iris that belongs in perfection of fierceness but to the Sun-starers, and in them is found, unimpaired by cloudiest clime, over the uttermost parts of the earth. The bridegroom and his bride, during the honey-moon, slept on the naked rock—till they had built their eyrie beneath its cliff-canopy on the mountain-brow. When the bride was ‘as Eagles wish to be who love their lords’—devoted unto her was the bridegroom, even as the cushat murmuring to his brooding mate in the central pine-grove of a forest. Tenderly did he drop from his talons, close beside her beak, the delicate spring lamb, or the too early leveret, owing to the hurried and imprudent marriage of its parents before March, buried in a living tomb on April’s closing day. Through all thy glens, Albin! hadst thou reason to mourn, at the bursting of the shells that Queen-bird had been cherishing beneath her bosom. Aloft in heaven wheeled the Royal Pair, from rising to setting sun. Among the bright-blooming heather they espied the tartan’d shepherd, or hunter creeping like a lizard, and from behind the vain shadow of a rock watching with his rifle the flight he would fain see shorn of its beams. The flocks were thinned—and the bleating of desolate dams among the woolly people heard from many a brae. Poison was strewn over the glens for their destruction, but the Eagle, like the lion, preys not on carcasses; and the shepherd dogs howled in agony over the carrion in which they devoured death. Ha! was not that a day of triumph to the Sun-starers of Cruachan, when, sky-hunting in couples, far down on the greensward before the ruined gateway of Kilchurn Castle, they saw, left all to himself in the sunshine, the infant heir of the Campbell of Breadalbane, the child of the Lord of Glenorchy and all its streams! Four talons in an instant were in his heart. Too late were the outcries from all the turrets; for ere the castle-gates were flung open, the golden head of the royal babe was lying in gore, in the eyrie on the iron ramparts of Ben Slarive—his blue eyes dug out—his rosy cheeks torn—and his brains dropping from beaks that revelled yelling within the skull! Such are a few hints for ‘Some Passages in the Life of the Golden Eagle, written by Himself,’—in one volume crown octavo—Blackwoods, Edinburgh and London?”

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF CHARNWOOD FOREST. By T. R. Potter. With an Appendix on the Geology, Botany, and Ornithology of the District.

WE confess to a partiality for these locally descriptive and illustrated works. They remind us of the historical value of the neighbourhood in which we live, or intend to live; of the harsh laws and harsh task-masters of “times” so falsely called “good,” and of the inestimable privilege enjoyed by ourselves in entering the world as late as the nineteenth century. This book in particular is well and industriously gotten up,

and is the history of a country dear to the sportsman's memory and hopes. Its heath-clad hills, its tracts of furze and fern, and its trout-streamlets, are the portions of Charnwood Forest we more especially favour with our love. The more exclusive reader will find abundant sources of gratification opened to him, in the various anecdotes which emanate from the records of the ruins, former sites, and buildings within this vast space ; as well as from the royal and ancient pedigrees which figure largely in the pages of this elegant quarto. The scientific department has been ably treated by three gentlemen favourably known, if we mistake not, in the learned world. The following extracts are given, more to show the general tendencies of the work, than as samples of its excellence :

“ Ancient Charnwood :—The courts on Charnwood were—the justice seat ; the swanimote, or swainmote ; the court of attachment, and court of regard. The justice-seat was presided over by one of the justices in eyre (justices in eyre were instituted by Henry the Second, in 1184, and their courts were formerly held very regularly ; but the last court of justice-seat, of any note, was that holden in the reign of Charles the First, over which the Earl of Holland presided—the rigorous proceedings at which are reported by Sir W. Jones. After the Restoration another was held, *pro forma* only, before the Earl of Oxford ; but, since the Revolution of 1688, many of the forest laws have fallen into disuse), and the justice-seat was the superior, or court of appeal.

“ The swainmote (as Nichols prefers spelling the word, from its supposed derivation—a meeting of the swains) was assembled three times a year ; and Spelman describes it to be ‘ *Curia Forestæ de rebus et delictis in Forestâ accidentibus.*’ The owners of the lordships of Whitwick, Groby, and Sheepshed, only, held these courts ; but whether the other lords of the forest were subordinate to these, or held other courts, taking cognizance of similar matters, does not appear. Like all courts of high antiquity, the swanimote was held in the open air ; that of Whitwick, near Sharpley Rocks, where the place may still be traced ; that of Groby, at Copt Oak ; and that of Sheepshed, on Ives Head.

“ The Court of Attachment, or Woodmote, was kept every forty days ; at which the foresters brought in the *attachment de viridi et venatione*, and the presentments thereof, which the verderors received and enrolled ; but that court could only inquire, not convict.

“ The Court of Regard, or survey of dogs, was holden every third year, for expedition, or lawing of dogs, by cutting off to the skin three claws of the fore-feet, to prevent their running at, or killing the deer. No other dogs but mastiffs were to be thus lawed, because it was supposed these only were necessary for the defence of a man's house (4 Inst. 308).

“ The chief officer of the forest was the lord warden. I have never met with the mention of this officer, with reference to Charnwood ; but as the constable of any castle in a forest was the lord warden, it is probable that the office was held by the lords of Whitwick, Mountsorrel, or Groby Castles. A verderor was a judicial officer of the forest, chosen by the freeholders of the county, by the king's writ ; his office was to observe and keep the assizes, or laws of the forest, and view, receive, and enrol the attachments and presentments, and make presentments of all trespasses of the forest, of vert and venison, and to do equal right and justice to the people. The verderors were the chief judges of the swanimote, although the chief warden or his deputy sat there (4 Inst. 292).

“ The regarders were to make regard of the forest, and to view and inquire of offences, concealments, defaults of foresters, &c. Before any justice-seat was holden, the regarders had to make their regard, and go through the whole forest. They were ministerial officers, appointed by letters patent of the king, or chosen by writ to the sheriff.

“ The foresters were sworn officers, and their duty was to watch over vert and venison, and to make presentments of all trespasses. A forester was also

taken for the wood ward; and every forester, when called at a justice-seat, had to kneel and present his horn, while the wood ward knelt and presented his axe.

"An agister's office was to attend upon the king's woods and lands, and receive and take in cattle by agistment, that is, to depasture within the forest, or to feed upon pannage.

"A ranger's proper office was to rechose the wild beasts from the purlieus into the forest.

"The proper times for hunting the various beasts of the forest were limited thus:—That of the hart, or buck, began at the feast of St. John the Baptist, and ended at Holyrood Day; that of the hind and doe began at Holyrood and ended at Candlemas; the chase of the boar began at Christmas, and ended at Candlemas; that of the fox began at Christmas and continued till Lady-day; and that of the hare began at Michaelmas and ended at Candlemas (Dyer, 169).

"I have somewhere read, but regret that I cannot now recollect my authority, that when William the Conqueror first broached his design of making the New Forest, some courtier, out of pity to the Hampshire villagers, urged the king to make Charnwood his hunting forest; and that William sternly asked the remonstrant 'whether it was wished that he should break his neck? as he understood Charnwood was full of rocks and cones.' Doubtless, the forest was of great note in feudal times, when hunting the deer was the chief pastime of the nobles, and when laws much more stringent than our present game laws were in force with regard to forests. The killing of a boar, a deer, or even a hare, indeed, was punished with the loss of the delinquent's eyes, at a time when the killing of a man might be atoned for by paying a moderate fine. Outlawry was also a very frequent punishment for offences of this nature. Scott makes John of Brent say—

'An outlaw I to forest laws,
And merry Needwood knows the cause.'

"Robin Hood may often have tried the quality of the deer on Charnwood, when Sherwood had too many of the king's men.* At all events, the forest was in those times frequently enlivened by the hunter's horn, and relieved by the 'Lincolne green.' Deer, goats, wild hogs, wild sheep, and wild cattle, with all the varieties of the feathered tribe, abounded in the forest; and, previous to the time of Edgar, the district was greatly infested with wolves.

"Bordon Hill, which has been styled the 'Olympus of Leicestershire,' demands something more than a passing remark. Burton thus describes it:—'This hill is in the bottome of a large circumference, rising up (not very steeply) to a great height, being, as I take it, one of the highest of that ranke, very rough and full of wood; within which are quarries of hard stone, which some take to be a kind of lime stone. The top thereof yieldeth a very pleasing and delicate prospect, especially to the west and south-west: this hill having been seene not farre from Gloucester, about forty miles distance.' To this tolerably accurate description, the old historian adds his opinion of 'the natural cause of hills,' which was, '*that a vegetative substance, or matter, being naturally united or drawne together, hath, by the force of the sunne and other planets, growne to that proportion.*'!!!"

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THE BOOK OF THE FARM. Part VIII. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1842.

WE have the same opinion to offer of the present as of the preceding numbers of this work, namely, that it is full of useful instruction, conveyed in the most perspicuous manner, by means of plain but expressive language and practical illustrations. The economy of

* "It is remarkable that there is a spot on the south of Bordon Hill still called Robin, or Robin's Butts."

sheep-farming is the subject treated of, and it is given with ample details and sound rules of practice. True, these details relate almost wholly to the transmutation of turnips into mutton, a custom we humbly suggest, in the capacity of consumer, "more honoured in the breach than the observance," yet, despite our objection to the bulbously constructed haunch, we read the process whereby it is brought about with considerable interest. In our list of creature comforts, foremost stands the saddle (joint congenial!) of a six-year-old wether, that hath lived and died in ignorance of turnip and the whole tribe of esculent roots. Such being the case, the reader will understand our reason for selecting, in lieu of recipes for amalgamating the old contrivances of a leg and trimmings into the limb simple, the following directions for turning the body and its members to the best account:

"The many casualties incidental to sheep on travel, more especially in winter, require consideration from the farmer, before undertaking to send his stock to a distant market-town, in preference to taking them to a fair, or accepting an offer for them at home. A long journey in winter will cost at least 1s. a head, and their jaded appearance may have the effect of lowering their market price 2s. or 3s. a head more. Under any circumstances, when you have determined on sending your sheep to a market-town, it is, I believe, the best plan, after the journey, to entrust them to a salesman, rather than stand at market with them yourself, as you cannot know the character of the buyers so well as he does, nor can you know what class of purchasers your lot may best suit. The convenience attending the employment of a salesman is now generally felt, because it not only saves the personal annoyance of attending a market, but your money is remitted to you through a bank in the course of the day. The only precaution requisite in the matter is to become acquainted with a salesman of judgment, for as to honesty, if he have not *that*, he is, of course, quite worthless. In attending country fairs the case is otherwise; there being no salesman, you yourself must stand by your lot. Before attending the fair, you should make up your mind what to ask for your stock, in accordance with the current market prices; but, notwithstanding this, you may come away with more or less cash than you anticipated, because the actual state of *that* market will be regulated by the quality and quantity of the stock brought forward, and by the paucity or numbers of buyers who may appear. After your sheep are fairly placed you should inquire of friends of the state of prices before you sell, and on doing this you will frequently find the market in a most perplexing state from various causes. Thus, there may be too many sheep for the buyers, when the market will be dull, and remain so all day. On the other hand, the stock may be scanty for the buyers, when a briskness may start in the morning, and continue even till the whole stock is sold off. There may be briskness in the morning, the buyers purchasing, dulness at mid-day, buyers declining, and briskness again in the afternoon, buyers again purchasing. There may be excessive dulness in the morning, occasioned by the buyers lying off and beating down prices, and, finding they cannot succeed, buy briskly all afternoon. There may be dulness in the morning, arising from the dealers finding the condition of the stock below their expectation. The markets are never better for the farmer than when they begin brisk early in the morning, and the stock are all sold off early. These are the vicissitudes of a market; they are interesting, demand attention, and are worth examination. You will frequently observe a trifling circumstance give a decided tone to a market. A dealer, for instance, who generally buys largely, and having bought for many years respectably in that particular fair, will mark the prices of the day by his purchases; so that other people, particularly sellers, observing the prices giving by him, will sell briskly and with

confidence. There is no use, at any time, of asking a much higher price than the intrinsic value of your stock, or than you will willingly take, for, although your stock may be in particularly fine condition, and of good quality, and therefore worth more than the *average* price of the market, still their value must conform to the *rate* of the market, be it high or low, and it is not in your power to control it, though, if prices dissatisfy you, you have it in your power to take your stock home again. There is a common saying applicable to all public markets, and is now received as a maxim, because indicating the truth, that "the first offer is the best," that is, the first offer from a *bonâ fide* buyer; for there are people to be found in all markets who, having no serious intention of buying at market price, make a point of offering considerably below it, with the view of catching a bargain from a greenhorn, or from one tired of standing longer in the fair, and they sometimes succeed in their wishes; but such people are easily discovered, and therefore cannot *deceive* any but inexperienced sellers.

"There are certain *rules* which, by tacit consent, govern the principles upon which all public markets of stock are conducted, and they are few and simple. There is a *custom* payable for all stock presented at fairs, exigible by the lord of the manor, or other recognised authority. After entering the field, your stock can take up any unoccupied position you choose, appointed for the particular kind of stock you have to show. No one, on pretence of purchasing, has a right to interfere with a lot which is under inspection by another party. Neither have you any right to show your lot to more than one party at a time, unless each party consent to it. When a bargain is made, there is no necessity for striking hands, or exchanging money, as an earnest of it. When a bargain is made, a time may be stipulated by the purchaser for lifting the stock; and until they are delivered to him, or his accredited agents, they continue at the risk of the seller. When counted over before the purchaser, the price becomes immediately due. When the money is paid, there is no obligation on the seller to give a discount off the price, or a *luck-penny*, as it is termed; but purchasers sometimes make offers, in a way to humour the prejudices of the seller, that is, they offer the price demanded, on condition of getting back a certain sum, or amount of luck-penny, to bring the price down to their own ideas; in such a case, when such an offer is accepted, the seller must return the luck-penny conditioned for, when he receives the money. Sometimes, when parties cannot agree as to price, the offerer proposes to abide by the decision of a third party, but in doing this, you virtually relinquish your power over your own stock. Sometimes bills, and bank-post-bills, are tendered by dealers in part or entire payment of what they purchase; but it is in your power to refuse any form of cash but the legal tender of the country, such as Bank of England notes, or gold, or silver. If a bill of exchange or promissory note is preferred instead of ready money, you are quite entitled to refuse the bargain; for the usage of trade in a fair implies the condition of ready money; or you may demand a higher price to cover the risk of the bill being dishonoured. The notes of any bank you know to be good you will of course not refuse. After the stock are delivered, they are at the risk of the purchaser. Some dealers' *top's-men*, that is, the men who take charge of their master's lots after delivery, demand a gratuity for their trouble, which you are at liberty to refuse. All these rules, in as far as relates to money, and the delivery of stock, apply to the stock purchased by dealers on your own farm. When you *purchase* stock at a fair, people will be found on the ground willing to render your drover assistance in taking them out of it, and of setting them fairly on the road. Such people are useful on such occasions, as it may happen, especially in the case of sheep, that one or more may break away from their own flock, and mix with another, when there may not only be difficulty in shedding them out, but those into whose lot yours have strayed may show unwillingness to have their stock disturbed for your sake, though it is in your power to follow your strayed stock, and claim it anywhere by the wool-mark."

TURF REGISTER.

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

DONCASTER RACES.

MONDAY, September 12th.—The Champagne Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; the second to save his Stake; the winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Doncaster Racing Club; Red House in (thirty-four subscribers).

Mr. Blakelock's b. c. A British Yeoman, by Liverpool, out of Fancy (S. Templeman) ...	1
Lord Maidstone's b. c. The Caster, by Emilius—Castaside (W. Scott) ...	2
Lord Westminster's b. f. Maria Day, by Physician, out of Young Lady Ern (Marson) ...	3
Lord Silgo's br. f. Winter, by Wedge, out of Isora (J. Day) ...	4
Mr. Ramsay's b. f. Lady Skipsey, by Inheritor—Lady Easy (W. Noble) ...	5

Betting: even on the Caster, 7 to 2 agst. Maria Day, 4 to 1 agst. A British Yeoman, 10 to 1 agst. Lady Skipsey, and 10 to 1 agst. Winter. Won in a canter.

The Great Yorkshire Handicap of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 200 added by the Corporation; the second to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the third to save his Stake; the winner to pay 20 sovs. to the Judge; St. Leger Course (one hundred and six subscribers, sixty-five of whom declared).

Sir C. Monck's b. c. Brother to Garland, by Langar, three years old, 5 st. 12 lb. (W. Abdale) ...	1
Mr. Powllett's br. f. Disclosure, by Muley Moloch, four years old, 7 st. (T. Lye) ...	2
Mr. Robertson's b. h. Little Wonder, by Muley, five years old, 9 st. (Robinson) ...	3
Mr. Johnstone's br. h. Charles XII., by Voltaire, six years old, 9 st. 12 lb. (J. Marson) ...	0
Mr. Crawford's br. f. by Langar, out of Mermaid, three years old, 5 st. 8 lb. (Arthur) ...	0
Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Galsor, by Muley Moloch, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Cartwright) ...	0
Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, by Recovery, six years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Murphy) ...	0
Col. Cradock's b. c. Pagan, by Muley Moloch, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (W. Oates) ...	0
Mr. Clarke's b. c. William le Gros, by Velocipede, three years old, 6 st. 3 lb. (J. Howlett) ...	0
Mr. Peck's b. c. Paragon, by Muley Moloch, three years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (Bell) ...	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. c. Devil-among-the-Tailors, by The Saddler, three years old, 5 st. 12 lb. (Simpson) ...	0
Mr. Bell's b. c. Thirsk, by Voltaire, four years old, 7 st. (Bumby) ...	0
Lord Palmerston's b. m. Illona, by Priam, five years old, 8 st. (W. Day) ...	0
Mr. Jones's b. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, six years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Copeland) ...	0

Betting: 4 to 1 agst. Charles XII. (taken), 5 to 1 agst. Disclosure, 6 to 1 agst. Retriever, 8 to 1 agst. Illona, 9 to 1 agst. Brother to Garland, 10 to 1 agst. Devil-among-the-Tailors, 12 to 1 agst. Pagan, 12 to 1 agst. William le Gros, 12 to 1 agst. Thirsk, 15 to 1 agst. Little Wonder. The lead was taken in right earnest by Retriever, who kept it until reaching the mile post, when Illona passed him. When nearing the Red House, Brother to Garland and Disclosure began to show in front. Soon after gaining the road Brother to Garland took the lead, followed by Disclosure, Galsor, Little Wonder, and Charles XII. Won very easily by a length.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; three-year olds 7 st 9 lb.; four, 9 st.; five, 9 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 10 st.; four miles.

Mr. Ramshay's br. c. Moss Trooper, by Liverpool, three years old (T. Lye) ...	1
Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Jack Sheppard, by Voltaire, four years old (Templeman) ...	2
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. c. Woldsmen, by Hampton, three years old (Wakefield) ...	3
Lord George Bentinck's b. f. Yorkshire Lady, by Voltaire, three years old (W. Abdale) ...	4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Jack Sheppard, and 3 to 1 agst. Woldsmen. Won in a canter by two lengths.

The Four-Year-Old Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; 3 lb. allowed, &c.; two miles (three subscribers).

Gen. Sharpe's ch. c. Lara, by Langar, out of Myrrha, 3 lb. ...	walked over.
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TUESDAY, 13th.—The Two-Year-Old Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; Red House in (four subscribers).

Mr. Clarke's b. f. Amiene, by Bay Middleton, out of Imogene's dam ...	walked over.
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A Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; one mile and a half (three subscribers).

Mr. Bowes's f. The Lady of Silverkelde Well, by Velocipede, out of Emma (N. Flatman)	1
Mr. Mostyn's c. by Bay Middleton, out of Her Highness (S. Darling)	2

The Great St. Leger Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; 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 (one hundred and thirty-three subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's b. f. Blue Bonnet, by Touchstone, out of Maid of Melrose (T. Lye)	1
Gen. Yates's br. c. Seahorse, by Camel, out of Seabreeze (Chapple)	2
Mr. Kitching's br. f. Priscilla Tomboy, by Tomboy, out of Catalini (Oates)	0
Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. Fireaway, by Freney, out of Taglioni (Jaques)	0
Mr. Maher's c. Ballinkeeke, by Birdcatcher, out of Perdita (J. Robinson)	0
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Cabrera, by Tomboy, out of Dirimid's dam (Noble)	0
Col. Anson's b. c. Attila, by Colwick, out of Progress (W. Scott)	0
Mr. Thompson's br. f. Pharmacopeia, by Physician, dam by Muley, out of Mussulman's dam (N. Flatman)	0
Mr. Dixon's b. c. Policy, by Bustard, out of Lacerta (J. Butler)	0
Mr. Bell's b. c. Eboracum, by St. Nicholas—Vermilion's dam (R. Heseltine)	0
Mr. G. Clarke's b. c. Master Thomas, by Tomboy—Mamsel Ots (Holmes)	0
Mr. Combe's br. f. Rosalini, by Touchstone, out of Harmony (Rogers)	0
Mr. S. King's b. c. Cattonite, by Muley Moloch, out of Jubilee (J. Day)	0
Mr. Meiklam's b. c. Aristotle, by Physician, out of Solace (Templeman)	0
Mr. Owsley's b. c. Happy-go-Lucky, by Young Enilius, out of Catherina (Bradley)	0
Mr. Price's b. f. Mariah, by The Mole, out of Agnes (Cartwright)	0
Lord Milltown's ch. c. Scalteen, by Philip the First—Brandy Bet (Calloway)	0

Betting: 11 to 8 agst. Attila, 7 to 1 agst. Ballinkeeke, 8 to 1 agst. Blue Bonnet, 10 to 1 agst. Cabrera, 12 to 1 agst. Rosalini, 13 to 1 agst. Eboracum, 14 to 1 agst. Fireaway, 15 to 1 agst. Policy, 20 to 1 agst. Seahorse, 25 to 1 agst. Master Thomas, 25 to 1 agst. Scalteen, 50 to 5 agst. Cattonite (tk.), 1000 to 10 agst. Priscilla Tomboy (tk.), 1000 to 5 agst. Happy-go-Lucky (tk.). The running was made by Attila, followed by Eboracum, Master Thomas, Priscilla Tomboy, Marion, Cabrera, Happy-go-Lucky, and Fireaway, being close behind, Cattonite and Ballinkeeke next, and Seahorse last. At the mile post the crack and Eboracum were quite away from the second rank, which consisted of Happy-go-Lucky, Cabrera, Pharmacopeia, Fireaway, and Rosalini, Blue Bonnet being ninth. The pace now was tremendous, caused by the forcing of Eboracum. When at the Red House the favourite "gave up the ghost." Soon after the running was taken up by Fireaway, and at the two-mile post Blue Bonnet was second, Priscilla Tomboy third, Cabrera fourth. At about two distances from home, Seahorse, who had been gradually gaining ground from the Red House, was next to Cabrera. At the distance post Fireaway had the lead by half a length, Blue Bonnet second, Priscilla Tomboy third, and Seahorse fourth. At a very little way past the distance post Blue Bonnet took the lead, and maintained it to the finish, winning by a length.

The Cleveland Handicap of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 60 added by the Corporation; the owner of the second horse to receive 30 sovs. out of the Stakes; the winner of the Great Yorkshire Handicap, 7 lb. extra; one mile (twenty-five subscribers, thirteen of whom declared).

Mr. Walker's b. f. Billingham Lass, by Langar, four years old, 7 st. (Bumby)	1
Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Knight of the Whistle, by Velocipede, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Nat)	2
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Retainer, dam by St. Patrick, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (Bell)	3
Mr. Brooks's br. f. Idolatry, by Muley Moloch, out of Lunatic, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (J. Howlett)	4
Mr. Denham's b. g. Compensation, by Emancipation, aged, 8 st. (Whitehouse)	5
Mr. Bell's b. f. Frea, by Romulus, three years old, 6 st. (Abdale)	6

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Billingham Lass, 5 to 2 agst. Frea, and 4 to 1 each agst. Knight of the Whistle, Compensation, and the Retainer colt.

The Chesterfield Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation, for four-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; maiden horses at the time of naming allowed 5 lb.; a winner of the Derby or St. Leger, 4 lb. extra; one mile and a half (three subscribers).

Col. Cradock's b. c. Pagan, by Muley Moloch—Fanny (Templeman)	1
Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Jack Sheppard, by Voltaire, dam by Whisker (Oates)	2

Betting: 5 to 4 on Jack Sheppard.

WEDNESDAY, 14th.—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 (three subscribers).

Mr. G. Clarke's b. g. Master Thomas, by Tomboy, three years old	walked over.
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The Foal Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; one mile and a half (nine subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Cabrera, by Tomboy (W. Noble)	1
Lord Westminster's c. Auckland, by Touchstone (Marson)	2
Mr. Goodman's ch. c. Rover, by Muley Moloch (Rogers)	3

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 (six subscribers).

Gen. Sharpe's ch. g. Lara, by Langar, four years old (Templeman)	1
Mr. Jones's h. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, six years old (Copeland)	2
Mr. Dawson's ch. f. The Biddy, by Bran, three years old (Lye)	3
Mr. Eddison's ch. f. Slipshod, by Augustus, three years old (Bumby)	4

The Municipal Stakes of 500 sovs. each, 200 ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; Red House in (six subscribers).

Col. Anson's ch. c. Napier, by Gladiator, out of Marion (Nat)	1
Lord Eglington's b. c. Aristides, by Bay Middleton (Lye)	2
Mr. Wreford's b. c. by Camel, out of Monimia (J. Day)	3

The Corporation Plate of 60 sovs.; 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 27 gs.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Goodman's b. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old (Rogers)	...	1	1
Mr. Orde's b. f. Bee's-wax, by Liverpool, three years old (J. Howlett)	...	4	2
Mr. Greville's br. m. Welfare, by Priam, five years old (Nat)	...	2	dr.
Mr. G. Clarke's gr. c. Baronet, by Hampton, three years old (Foster)	...	3	dr.

THURSDAY, 15th.—The Three-Year-Old Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; St. Leger Course (eleven subscribers).

Lord Chesterfield's br. c. The Artful Dodger, by The Saddler ... walked over.

The Two-Year-Old Stakes of 20 sovs. each; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the second horse to save his Stake; T.Y.C. (thirty-six subscribers).

Mr. Blakelock's br. c. A British Yeoman, by Liverpool, out of Fancy (S. Templeman)	1
Lord Westminster's b. f. Maria Day, by Physician, out of Young Lady Erne (Marson)	2
Mr. Clarke's br. c. The Æra, by Plenipo, sister to Memnon (J. Holmes)	3
Mr. R. G. Walker's b. c. Merry Andrew, brother to Arcanus, by Sheet Anchor (Cartwright)	0
Mr. Mostyn's ch. c. by Velocipede, out of Birdlime (S. Rogers)	0
Lord Maidstone's b. c. The Caster, by Emilius—Castaside (N. Flatman)	0
Mr. Bristow's br. or b. c. Pharaoh, by The Mummy—Languid (Chapple)	0
Mr. Ramsay's b. f. Lady Skipsay, by Inheritor—Lady Eastby (J. Noble)	0
Mr. Cooke's br. c. Trueboy, by Tomboy, out of Muleteer's dam (T. Lye)	0
Mr. Craufurd's b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Mermaid (J. Day)	0
Mr. White's b. c. Judex, by Jereed—Ganymede, by Mulatto (J. Howlett)	0

Betting: 6 to 5 on A British Yeoman, 4 to 1 agst. Scott's three, 5 to 1 agst. Bay Middleton colt, 6 to 1 agst. The Caster, 6 to 1 agst. Pharaoh, 10 to 1 agst. Æra, 10 to 1 agst. Trueboy, 10 to 1 agst. Judex, and 20 to 1 agst. Maria Day. The lead was taken by The Mermaid colt, Maria Day second, and Pharaoh third, A British Yeoman, The Caster, and the Birdlime colt following. Maria Day soon passed the Mermaid colt. When making the bend A British Yeoman passed Pharaoh, and very soon after went by the Mermaid colt, and at the distant post was up to Maria Day. For the rest of the distance it was a neck and neck race between Maria Day and A British Yeoman, which terminated by the latter coming in first by a head.

The Cup of 300 sovs., with 50 added, for the owner of the second horse, the gift of the Corporation; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the winner of the St. Leger to have carried 5 lb., and the second, 2 lb. extra (about two miles and five furlongs).

Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, aged (J. Cartwright)	...	1
Mr. Johnstone's br. h. Charles XII., by Voltaire, six years old (J. Marson)	...	2
Col. Anson's b. c. Attila, by Colwick, three years old (Chapple)	...	3
Mr. Goodman's b. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler (S. Rogers)	...	4

Betting at starting: 7 to 4 on Bee's-wing, 3 to 1 agst. Charles XII., 7 to 1 agst. Attila, 12 to 1 agst. The Shadow. Bee's-wing took the lead, and maintained it throughout the race, winning in a canter.

The Gascoigne Stakes of 100 sovs. each, 30 ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the winner of the St. Leger, 5 lb. extra; St. Leger Course (four subscribers).

Col. Anson's br. c. Attila, by Colwick ... walked over.

FRIDAY, 16th.—The Scarborough Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the winner of the St. Leger, 7 lb. extra; one mile (nine subscribers).

Sir C. Monk's b. c. Brother to Garland, by Langar (T. Lye)	1
Mr. Clarke's b. g. Master Thomas, by Tomboy (J. Holmes)	2
Mr. Ramshay's br. c. Moss Trooper, by Liverpool (Marson)	3

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Brother to Garland, 6 to 4 agst. Master Thomas, and 6 to 1 agst. Moss Trooper.

The Park Hill Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 7 lb. each; the second received 100 out of the Stakes; St. Leger Course (twenty-nine subscribers).

Col. Cradock's b. f. Sally, by Sheet Anchor (S. Templeman)	1
Lord Eglinton's b. f. Blue Bonnet, by Touchstone (T. Lye)	2
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dilbar, by Touchstone (Nat)	3
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. f. Firebrand, sister to Phosphorus (S. Rogers)	4
Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Adriana (S. Darling)	5

Betting: 5 to 4 on Blue Bonnet, 2 to 1 agst. Sally, 5 to 1 agst. Dilbar, and 10 to 1 agst. each of the other two. Won by a neck.

The Innkeepers' Plate of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., for horses of all ages (two-year-olds excepted), with 100 added by the Innkeepers of Doncaster; Red House in (twelve subscribers).

Mr. H. Stebbing's ch. c. Edmond, by Muley Moloch, three years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (G. Francis)	1
Mr. F. Walker's b. f. Billingham Lass, by Langar, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (S. Templeman)	2
Mr. Dawson's ch. f. Our Nell, by Bran, three years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (T. Lye)	0
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Cerito, by Birdcatcher, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (S. Rogers)	0
Lord Milltown's b. f. L'Uccello by (Irish) Birdcatcher, three years old (N. Stagg)	0
Mr. Clarke's b. c. William le Gros, by Velocipede, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Howlett)	0
Mr. Peck's b. c. Paragon, by Muley Moloch, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Bumby)	0
Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. Marion, by The Mole, three years old, 8 st. (Cartwright)	0
Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Yorkshire Lady, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (W. Abdale)	0

Betting: 7 to 2 agst. Marion, 4 to 1 agst. Billingham Lass, 5 to 1 agst. Edmond, 7 to 1 agst. William le Gros, 7 to 1 agst. L'Uccello, and 7 to 1 agst. Cerito. Won by a neck.

The Town Plate of 100 sovs.; 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., and maiden horses at the time of starting, 3 lb.; the second received 48 gs.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Goodman's b. m. The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old (S. Rogers)	1	1
Gen. Sharpe's ch. g. Lara, by Langar, four years old (S. Templeman)	...	2
Capt. Harcourt's b. c. Arnagill, by Muley Moloch, four years old (T. Lye)	3	dr.

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN MEETING.

Stewards: Lord G. Bentinck, Sir R. W. Bulkeley, Bart., and Lord Stanley.

THURSDAY, September 22nd.—The St. Leger Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the winner of the Derby, or Doncaster St. Leger, 12 lb.; second for either, or winner of the Oaks, or of the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood, or Cup at Doncaster, 7 lb. extra; maidens allowed 4 lb.; the second to save his Stake; one mile and three quarters (four subscribers).

Colonel Cradock's b. f. Sally, by Sheet Anchor (Templeman)	1
Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. Fireaway, by Freney (Jaques)	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Sally.

The Knowsley Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; winners once before starting, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb. extra; those beaten twice allowed 4 lb., unless they have run second; T.Y.C. (five subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's b. c. Pompey, by Emilius, out of Variation (Lye)	...	0	1
Mr. Allen's br. c. Erin Lad, by Sheet Anchor, out of Erin Lass (Darling)	...	0	dr.
Mr. Ongley's bk. f. The Queen of the Gipsies, late Gipsy Queen (Sly)	...	3	
Colonel Craufurd's b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Mermaid (Templeman)	...	4	
Sir J. Gerard's b. c. Prince, by Physician—Margrave's dam (Oates)	...	5	

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. The Queen of the Gipsies, and 6 to 4 agst. the Mermaid colt.

The Heaton Park Stakes (Handicap) of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, with 100 sovs. added by the Racing Fund for the second; the winner of the Doncaster Cup, 4 lb.; and the second, 2 lb. extra; the winner to pay 10 sovs. for the Judge; two miles (sixty-one subscribers, forty-nine of whom declared).

Mr. Bowers's b. f. Collins, by Langar, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Marlow)	...	1
Mr. Goodman's b. m. The Shadow, six years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Templeman)	...	2
Mr. Worthington's b. f. Lady Mary, four years old, 7 st. (Coupland)	...	3
Duke of Richmond's br. h. Mus, aged, 8 st. 4 lb. (Rogers)	...	0
Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, six years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Murphy)	...	0
Mr. Graydon's ch. h. Clinker, six years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (N. Stagg)	...	0
Colonel Cradock's b. c. Pagan, four years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Oates)	...	0
Lord Eglinton's br. h. The Young-un, five years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Lye)	...	0
Mr. W. H. Hornby's br. h. Champagne, five years old, 7 st. (W. Howlett)	...	0
Sir J. Gerard's ch. f. Meal, three years old, 6 st. 1 lb. (Clarke)	...	0
Mr. Melkiam's b. c. Aristotle, by Physician, three years old, 6 st. (J. Howlett)	...	0
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Proof Print, three years old, 5 st. 4 lb. (Abdale)	...	0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. The Shadow, 5 to 1 agst. Retriever, 5 to 1 agst. Mus, 7 to 1 agst. Aristotle, 7 to 1 agst. Collins, 8 to 1 agst. Champagne, 8 to 1 agst. The Young-un, 10 to 1 agst. Pagan, and 15 to 1 agst. Clinker.

The Selling Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; the second to save his Stake; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs.; heats, one mile and a quarter (eight subs.)

Mr. Merry's ch. c. Smike, by St. Nicholas, three years old (Lye) ...	5	2	1	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. St. Jean d'Acre, three years old (W. Howlett) ...	1	5	3	2
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. Cerito, four years old (Darling)	4	1	2
Mr. Skerratt's b. c. Hudibras, four years old (Marlow)	2	dr.	
Mr. Melkiam's b. c. Aristotle, three years old (J. Howlett)	3	dr.	

FRIDAY, 23rd.—The Eglinton Stakes (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for three-year-olds; one mile (six subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. St. Jean d'Acre, by Bizarre, 7 st. 9 lb. (W. Howlett) ...	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. The Yorkshire Lady, 8 st. (Rogers) ...	2
Colonel Craufurd's b. f. Langar, out of Mermaid, 8 st. 3 lb. (Oates) ...	3
Mr. Melkiam's b. c. Aristotle, 8 st. 7 lb. (Templeman) ...	4
Mr. Holker's bk. f. Tariff, 7 st. 2 lb. (J. Howlett) ...	5
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Adriana, 8 st. (Marlow) ...	6

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. the Adriana filly, 3 to 1 agst. Lord George's two, and 4 to 1 agst. Tariff.

The Palatine Stakes, with 100 sovs. added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared before six o'clock in the evening before running; the winner to pay 10 sovs. for the Judge, 30 for the owner of the second horse, and 10 for the third; one mile and a half (thirty-four subscribers, of whom twenty-five declared).

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Proof Print, by Birdcatcher, three years old, 5 st. (Abdale) ...	1
Mr. Orde Powlett's b. f. Disclosure, four years old, 8 st. (Templeman) ...	2
Mr. R. J. Mostyn na. Ernest the First, six years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Marlow) ...	3
Mr. Goodman's br. m. The Shadow, six years old, 9 st. (Darling) ...	0
Duke of Richmond's br. h. Mus, aged, 8 st. 2 lb. (Rogers) ...	0
Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Henri Quatre, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Oates) ...	0
Mr. W. H. Hornby's br. h. Champagne, five years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Joy) ...	0
Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. Fireaway, three years old, 7 st. (Lye) ...	0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. Disclosure, 3 to 1 agst. Proof Print, 4 to 1 agst. Fireaway, 5 to 1 agst. The Shadow, and 8 to 1 agst. Mus.

The Meggernie Castle Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Earl of Sefton; two-year-olds, 6 st. 4 lb.; three, 8 st. 7 lb.; four, 9 st. 3 lb.; five, 9 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 11 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 2 lb.; a winner once in 1842 (matches and handicaps excepted), 2 lb.; twice, 4 lb.; and thrice, or more, 6 lb. extra; the owner of the last horse to pay 5 sovs. to the owner of the second horse; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs.; to pass saddled and mounted in front of the Grand Stand before starting; not less than three horses, the property of different owners, to start, or the 50 sovs. will not be given; to start from the Bridge-turn, and run in.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Adriana, three years old (Darling) ...	1
Mr. J. Osborne's br. f. by Physician, out of Duchess, by Walton, two years old (Abdale) ...	2
Captain Crofton's b. h. Muleteer, five years old (Wakefield) ...	3
Mr. G. Pott's br. g. Short Bob, three years old (Harrington) ...	4
Mr. James's ch. f. Wide-awake, three years old (Stagg) ...	5

Betting: 15 to 10 agst. Osborne's filly, 3 to 1 agst. Adriana filly, and 4 to 1 agst. Muleteer.

The Option Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., 30 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; the winner to be sold for £150, if demanded, with the option of not being sold for less than £200, £250, or £300, carrying, if for £200, 5 lb.; if for £250, 10 lb.; and for £300, 14 lb. extra; heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Merry's ch. c. Smike, by St. Nicholas, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Lye) ...	3	1	1
Mr. Skerratt's b. c. Hudibras, four years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Marlow) ...	1	2	2
Mr. Dawson's ch. f. The Bidy, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Joy) ...	2	3	3

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 27th.—The Trial Stakes not having filled, the racing commenced with—

Match, 200, h. ft.; T. Y. C.

Duke of Bedford's Oakley, by Taurus, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson) ...	1
Lord Exeter's Abydos, by Sultan, four years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Pettit) ...	2

The Buckenham Stakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; one to the post; T. Y. C. (four subscribers).

Colonel Peel's br. c. Murat, by Slane (Nat) ...	1
Lord Exeter's br. c. by Velocipede, out of Galata (Darling) ...	2

The Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; A. F. (twenty-two subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Misdeal, by Camel (Rogers)	1
Lord Exeter's br. c. Revocation, by Reveller (Darling)	2
Lord Albemarle's b. c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Antiope (Robinson) ...	3
Mr. Greville's b. c. Canadian, by Jerry (Nat)	4

Match, 200, h. ft.; A.F.

Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, by Taurus, four years old, 9 st. (Robinson) ...	1
Mr. Osbaldeston's The-Devil-among-the-Tailors, by The Saddler, three years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (owner)	2

The Hopeful Stakes of 40 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; the winner of the July or Chesterfield Stakes to carry 6 lb.; of both, 9 lb. extra; the winner of any other Sweepstakes or Plate to carry 3 lb. extra; those got by Arabians or out of Arabian mares, allowed 5 lb.; the last half of Ab. M. (thirteen subscribers).

Captain Colquitt's br. c. Pickpocket, by Camel (E. Edwards)	1
Duke of Rutland's ch. f. by Bizarre, out of Minx's dam (Robinson)	0
Mr. Ford's Poison, by Plenipotentiary, out of Arsenic (F. Butler)	0
Lord Albemarle's bk. c. Tilcho, by Jerry (Whitehouse)	4
Colonel Peel's ch. c. by Slane, out of Vulture (Nat)	5
Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan or Reveller, out of Rhodacantha (Mann)	6

Match.—Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb., received 25 sovs. ft. from Mr. Osbaldeston's Skipton, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb., A.F., 200, h. ft., and only 25 if declared on or before Monday, the 12th of September.

WEDNESDAY.—Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Mr. Gregory's Una, by Glaucus, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Chapple)	0
Duke of Bedford's Magog, by Mundig, out of Misnomer's dam, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (E. Edwards)	0

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.

Mr. Rogers's Bridegroom, by Hymen, three years old (Bartholomew)	1
Mr. Pettit's Everilda, by Emilius, three years old (Pettit)	2
Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, by Taurus, four years old	dr.

Match, 200, h. ft.; D.M.

Lord Albemarle's Ralph, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb.	received.
Mr. Payne's Johnny, by Elvas, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb.	paid.

THURSDAY.—The Town Plate of 50 sovs., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; D. I.

Mr. Combe's Rosalind, by Touchstone (Rogers)	1
Mr. Stephenson's Ma Mie, by Dr. Syntax (F. Butler)	2
Mr. T. B. Charlton's Lasso, by The Saddler (Darling)	3
Duke of Rutland's br. f. by Bizarre, out of Flambeau's dam (W. Bowes)	4
Mr. Pettit's Everilda, by Emilius (Pettit)	5

The Rutland Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 st.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; the winner of the July or Chesterfield Stakes to carry 7 lb. extra; all other winners previously to the day of running to carry 3 lb. extra; from the Turn of the Lands in (twelve subscribers).

Mr. I. Sadler's b. f. Testy, by Venison, out of Temper, 8 st. 3 lb. (Rogers)	1
Lord Exeter's f. by Jerry, out of Macremma, 8 st. 3 lb. (Darling)	2
Mr. Troen's Bastile, sister to Barrier, by Defence, 8 st. 3 lb. (Chapple)	3

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.

Lord Albemarle's c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Antiope, three years old (E. Edwards)	1
Mr. Rogers's Bridegroom, by Hymen, three years old (Rogers)	2
Mr. Osbaldeston's Woldaman, by Hampton, three years old (F. Butler)	3
Mr. Gregory's Una, by Glaucus, four years old	dr.

Match, 200, h. ft.; A.F.

Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	received.
Mr. Osbaldeston's The-Devil-among-the-Tailors, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb.	paid.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 10th.—Match, 100; 8 st. 7 lb. each; T.Y.C.

Lord Albemarle's bk. c. Tilcho, by Jerry (Robinson)	0
Mr. Goodman's bk. c. Bother'em, by Voltaire (Rogers)	0

Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards; T.Y.C.; those who declared forfeit by ten o'clock paid only 5 sovs., to go to the owner of the second horse (eleven subscribers, four of whom declared).

Lord Stradbroke's Jeremy Diddler, by Jerry, three years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Wakefield)	1
Mr. Boyce's c. by Hymen, dam by Perchance, grandam by Walton, three years old, 7 st. (Pettit)	2
Col. Peel's Chameleon, by Camel, four years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Chapple)	0
Duke of Portland's g. by Glencoe, out of Tragedy, five years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Nat)	0
Mr. Etwall's Pelerine, by Tomboy, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (J. Howlett)	0
Mr. Gratwicke's Clementina, by Actæon, four years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Bell)	0
Mr. Payne's Rapture, by Freney, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Abdale)	0

Match, 500, h. ft.; A.F. 7

Lord Eglington's Dr. Caius, by Physician, five years old, 8 st. (Lye)	1
Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick, aged, 8 st. 7 lb. (Chifney)	2

Match, 200, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Col. Peel's Garryowen, by St. Patrick, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Nat)	1
Lord Albemarle's Ralph, by Doctor Syntax, four years old, 8 st. (Whitehouse)	2

Fifty Pounds, for Two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; T.Y.C.

Mr. Ongley's The Queen of the Gipsies, by Camel (Sly)	1
Captain Daintree's Brother to African, by Mulatto (E. Edwards)	2
Mr. Payne's f. by Muley Moloch, out of Bessy Bedlam (Nat)	0
Mr. Stephenson's ch. c. by Hornsea, out of Balance (Stephenson)	0
Mr. G. Clarke's b. f. Amiene, by Bay Middleton (Holmes)	0
Lord Stradbroke's br. c. Nilghau, by Bizarre, out of Memina (Wakefield)	0
Mr. Eddison's b. c. Prince of Wales, by Jerced or Langar (Chifney)	0
Gen. Yates's b. c. Rook's-nest, by Rockingham (Chapple)	0
Lord Exeter's c. by Beiram, dam by Emilius—Augusta's dam (Darling)	0
Mr. Jones's c. Master Harry, by Glaucus, out of Ticket's dam (P. Prince)	0
Col. Peel's br. f. Seringo, sister to Siroc, by Camel (F. Butler)	0
Lord Lowther's b. c. by Bay Middleton, out of Silvertall (Rogers)	0
Col. Anson's b. f. Marquise, by Bay Middleton	dr.
Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan or Beiram, out of Fanny Davies	dr.

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.; entrance, 2 sovs.

Mr. Etwall's Discord, by Mulatto, five years old (J. Day)	1
Mr. Combe's Rosalind, by Touchstone, three years old (Bartholomew)	2
Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, by Taurus, four years old (Robinson)	3
Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick, aged (Chifney)	4
Mr. Stephenson's c. Ghuznee, by Glaucus, three years old (Stephenson)	5
Mr. Batson's f. Barbara, sister to Barbakin, by Plenipotentiary, three years old (Wakefield)	6
Lord Jersey's b. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Trampoline, three years old	dr.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; first half of Ab.M. (three subscribers).

Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, by Taurus, five years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (E. Edwards)	1
Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe, by Merchant, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Chifney)	2

Matches.

Duke of Bedford's Oakley, by Taurus, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb., received forfeit from Lord Eglington's Mellor, by Velocipede, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb.; 300, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Match, 200, h. ft., and only 25 if declared on or before Monday, the 12th of September.

Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, by Taurus, four years old, 9 st., received 25 sovs. from Mr. Osbaldeston's Skipton, three years old, 10 st. 7 lb.

TUESDAY.—Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Lord Albemarle's Minaret, by Ibrahim, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson)	1
Lord Kelburne's c. He-has-a-Name, by Retainer, dam by St. Patrick, three years old, 7 st. (Pettit)	2

Match, 150, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Mr. Payne's Cecll, by Camel, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	1
Duke of Bedford's Magog, by Mundig, three years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (E. Edwards)	2

The Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. lb.; the winner of the July Stakes to have carried 7 lb. extra T.Y.C.; (twenty-six subscribers).

Col. Anson's ch. c. Napier, by Gladiator, out of Marion (F. Butler)	1
Col. Peel's br. c. Murat, by Slane, out of Hester (Nat)	2
Mr. Watt's b. c. Fine Apple, by Yaxley, dam by Blacklock—Muta (Chifney)	0
Mr. Sadler's b. f. Testy, by Venison, out of Temper (Rogers)	0
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Jerry, out of Macremma (Mann)	0
Mr. Bouverle's b. c. by Bolero, dam by Walton, grandam by Shuttle, great grandam by Obeson—Phenomenon, out of Calliope, by Slouch (J. Day)	0

Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's Celia, by Touchstone, three years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Darling) ... 1
 Lord Albemarle's Nuncio, by Plenipotentiary, three years old, 8 st. (Whitehouse) ... 2

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, or Great Yorkshire Handicap, to have carried 10 lb. extra; the winner of any Handicap Race between the day of publishing the weights and the time of running, both inclusive, to carry 5 lb.; of any two such races, 8 lb. extra; no horse to carry more than 10 lb. extra; Cesarewitch Course, about two miles and a quarter (thirty-one subscribers).

Mr. F. Clarke's Arcanus, by Sheet Anchor, three years old, 5 st. 4 lb. (T. Day) ... 1
 Duke of Grafton's Florence, by Langar, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Mann) ... 2
 Mr. Goodman's The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Rogers) ... 0
 Mr. Graydon's Roscius, by Turcoman, six years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (F. Butler) ... 0
 Lord Albemarle's Ralph, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (E. Edwards) ... 0
 Major Yarburgh's Healington, by Voltaire, four years old, 8 st. (Holmes) ... 0
 Mr. Etwall's Thistle-whipper, by Beagle, four years old, 7 st. 13 lb. (J. Howlett) ... 0
 Mr. Isaac Day's Tamburini, by Rubini, six years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Wakefield) ... 0
 Mr. Jones's Portrait, by Stumps, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Marlow) ... 0
 Lord Chesterfield's Rhodanthe, by Velocipede, five years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Nat) ... 0
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. Give-him-a-Name, by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon, four years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Pettit) ... 0
 Mr. W. Sadler's Bellissima, by Bizarre, aged, 7 st. 5 lb. (Bartholomew) ... 0
 Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, by Taurus, four years old, 7 st. (Whitehouse) ... 0
 Mr. Stephenson's Ma Mie, by Dr. Syntax, three years old, 6 st. 3 lb. (Hall) ... 0
 Lord Eglinton's Blue Bonnet, by Touchstone, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (including 10 lb. extra), carried 6 st. 12 lb. (Lye) ... 0
 Duke of Portland's f. The Gleaner, by Dr. Syntax—Ruth, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (Abdale) ... 0
 Mr. W. S. Stanley's f. by Bizarre—Flambeau's dam, three years old, 5 st. 8 lb. (Arthur) ... 0
 Duke of Beaufort's Anspach, by Camel, three years old, 5 st. (Sharpe) ... 0

Match.—Lord Exeter's Albion, by Beiram, 8 st. 4 lb., received forfeit from Mr. Greville's Gunter, by Bay Middleton, 8 st. 7 lb.; 200, h. ft.; A.F.

WEDNESDAY.—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 sovs. if demanded, &c.; T.Y.C. (nine subscribers).

Mr. Rogers's b. c. by Hornsea, out of Antelope's dam, two years old (Bartholomew) ... 1
 Mr. G. Clarke's Ameine, by Bay Middleton, two years old (Chapple) ... 2
 Mr. Pettit's Sweetmeat, by Camel, three years old (Pettit) ... 0
 Mr. Shelley's Blazer, by Bubastes, three years old (F. Butler) ... 0
 Mr. S. Smith's ch. f. Miniature, by Nonsense, dam (foaled in 1826), by Phantom, out of Discord, two years old (Ealing) ... 0
 Lord Albemarle's Rowland, by Hornsea, two years old (Whitehouse) ... 0
 Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. by The Saddler, dam (foaled in 1834), by Partizan, out of Pomona, two years old (Baker) ... 0
 Mr. Boyce's ch. c. King of Trumps, by Bizarre, out of The Odd Trick, two years old (Darling, jun.) ... 0
 Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan or Reveller, out of Rhodacantha, two years old (Mann) ... 0

The Town Plate of 50 sovs.; for 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 sovs. if demanded, &c.; T.M.M.

Mr. Rogers's Prosody, by Dr. Syntax, three years old (Bartholomew) ... 1
 Mr. Dawson's ch. f. The Bidy, by Bran, three years old (Lye) ... 2
 Mr. Osbaldeston's Woldsman, by Hampton, three years old (Nat) ... 3
 Mr. W. Bignold's Camille, by Camel, six years old (Ling) ... 0
 Sir S. Spry's bk. m. The Jewess, by Actæon, five years old (Treen) ... 0
 Mr. J. Day's Viola, by Dr. Syntax, four years old (Wakefield) ... 0
 Mr. Key's Image, by Langar, four years old (F. Butler) ... 0
 Duke of Grafton's bk. f. Utopia, by Jerry, three years old (Chapple) ... 0

'Match.—Col. Peel's Chameleon,' by Camel, four years old, 9 st., received forfeit from Lord Eglinton's Augury, by Liverpool—Spae-wife, two years old, 6 st. 12 lb.; 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

THURSDAY.—Match, 200; last three miles of B.C.

Lord Kelburne's c. Give-him-a-Name, by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon, four years old, 8 st. (Nat) ... 1
 Lord Eglinton's Jamie Forest (late The Young-un), by Satan, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Lye) ... 2

Match, 100; Ab. M.

Lord Eglinton's Pompey, by Emilia, two years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Lye) ... 1
 Lord Kelburne's He-has-a-Name, by Retainer, three years old, 8 st. (Nat) ... 2

Handicap Plate of 100 sovs., for three-year-olds and upwards; A.F.; entrance, 3gs.

Mr. Stephenson's Ma Mie, by Dr. Syntax, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb. (Hall)	...	1
Lord Chesterfield's Rhodanthe, by Velocipede, five years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	...	2
Mr. Charlton's Lasso, by The Saddler, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Ealing)	...	3
Lord Orford's Young Quo Minus, by Buzzard, four years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Whitehouse)	...	0
Mr. Etwall's Palladium, by Defence, three years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (J. Howlett)	...	0
Mr. Wright's Apatria, by Buskin, four years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (Cassidy)	...	0
Mr. Francis's Clolster, by a son of Walton, out of a sister to Crusader, four years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (Green)	...	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's Woldaman, by Hampton, three years old, 6 st. 5 lb. (Baker)	...	0
Mr. Boyce's c. by Hymen, dam by Perchance, three years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Darling, jun.)	...	0
Mr. Goodman's f. by Ishmael, out of Balance, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (Arthur)	...	0
Mr. Bradford's Sister to Confusionée, by Emilius, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (Abdale)	...	0
Lord Exeter's Revision, by Reveller, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (R. Cotton)	...	0
Lord Exeter's Bosphorus, by Reveller, six years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	...	dr.
Mr. Pettit's Ends and Odds, by Emilius, three years old, 6 st.	...	dr.
Mr. Etwall's Discord, by Mulatto, five years old, 9 st. 4 lb.	...	dr.
Mr. Goodman's The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	...	dr.
Mr. F. Clarke's Currycomb, by The Saddler, five years old, 8 st.	...	dr.
Mr. F. Clarke's Arcanus, by Sheet Anchor, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.	...	dr.
Mr. Forth's Lucy Banks, by Elis, three years old, 6 st. 11 lb.	...	dr.

Match.—Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, by Taurus, four years old, 8 st. 12 lb., received forfeit from Mr. Payne's Johnny, by Elvas, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb.; 200, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

FRIDAY.—Match, 200, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Lord Eglinton's Melior, by Velocipede, three years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Lye)	...	1
Lord Albemarle's Nuncio, by Plenipotentiary, three years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Robinson)	...	2

Match, 200, h. ft.; R.M.

Lord Albemarle's Ralph, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Robinson)	...	1
Lord Eglinton's Dr. Caius, by Physician, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Lye)	...	2

Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Duke of Bedford's Oakley, by Taurus, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson)	...	1
Lord Rosslyn's Camellino, by Camel, aged, 8 st. (F. Butler)	...	2

The Prendergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; T.Y.C. (seventeen subscribers).

Col. Peel's Murat, by Slane (Nat)	1
Col. Anson's Napier, by Gladiator (F. Butler)	2
Lord Exeter's c. by Beiram, out of Marinella (Darling)	3

Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards; T.Y.C. (nine subscribers, three of whom declared, &c.)

Mr. Etwall's Discord, by Mulatto, five years old, 9 st. 4 lb. (J. Day)	...	1
Mr. F. Clarke's Currycomb, by the Saddler, five years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Sly)	...	2
Mr. Pettit's Langolee, by Langar, four years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Pettit)	...	3
Mr. Forth's Lucy Banks, by Elis, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Bell)	...	4
Captain Ives's Folly, by Nonsense, five years old, 7 st. 2 lb., carried 7 st. 4 lb. (Nat)	...	5
Lord Exeter's Abydos, by Sultan, four years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Mann)	...	6

Match, 100, h. ft.; half of Ab. M.

Lord Eglinton's Pompey, by Emilius, two years old, 7 st. (Lye)	1
Mr. Payne's Cecil, by Camel, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Nat)	2

Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, by Taurus, four years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (Robinson)	...	0
Mr. Payne's f. by Muley Moloch, out of Bessy Bedlam, two years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Nat)	...	0

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., for two and three-year-olds; T.Y.C. (nine subscribers).

Mr. Etwall's Palladium, by Defence, three years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (J. Day)	...	1
Mr. Pettit's Ends and Odds, by Emilius, three years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Pettit)	...	2
Mr. Phillimore's Solomon, by Wiseacre, three years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Sly)	...	3
Col. Peel's Archy, by Camel, three years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Nat)	...	0
Mr. Bowes's The Lady of Silverkelde Well, by Velocipede, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Chapple)	...	0
Mr. W. S. Stanley's f. by Bizarre, out of Flambeau's dam, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Wakefield)	...	0
Lord Eglinton's Augury, by Liverpool, two years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (J. Howlett)	...	0
Lord Jersey's b. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Trampoline, three years old, 8 st.	...	paid.
Lord Eglinton's Pompey, by Emilius, two years old, 7 st.	...	paid.

Matches.

Lord Exeter's Celia, by Touchstone, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb., received forfeit from Mr. Thornhill's Eringo, by Emilius, four years old, 8 st. 9 lb.; T.Y.C.; 200, h. ft.

Mr. Phillimore's Solomon, by Wiseacre, received forfeit from Duke of Bedford's Magee, by Mundig, 8 st. 7 lb. each; T.Y.C.; 100, h. ft.

Lord Eglington's Augury, by Liverpool, two years old, 7 st., received forfeit from Lord Kelburne's c. He-has-a-Name, by Retainer, three years old, 8 st.; first half Ab. M.; 100.

The Whip was not challenged for this Meeting. A

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

MONDAY, October 24th.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft.; the forfeits to be divided between the owners of the first and second horses; D.M. (eight subscribers, three of whom declared).

Mr. Boyce's c. Coranna, by Hymen, dam by Perchance, three years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (Pettit) ...	1
Mr. Erwall's Discord, by Mulatto, six years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (J. Day) ...	2
Mr. Goodman's The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (Rogers) ...	3
Lord Exeter's Bosphorus, by Reveller, six years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Mann) ...	4
Colonel Peel's Archy, by Camel, three years old, 7 st. (Chapple) ...	5

Match, 50, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Lord Roslyn's Cameline, by Camel, six years old, 9 st. 7 lb. (F. Butler) ...	0
Col. Anson's f. Marquise, by Bay Middleton, two years old, 6 st. (S. Darling, jun.) ...	0

Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Mr. Osbaldeston's The-Devil-among-the-Tailors, by The Saddler, three years old, 8 st. (F. Butler) ...	1
Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, by Taurus, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (E. Edwards) ...	2

Match, 300, h. ft.; D.M.

Duke of Bedford's Monarda, by Taurus, six years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (E. Edwards) ...	1
Mr. Payne's Johnny, by Elvas, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat) ...	2

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 Prendergast Stakes, 7 lb.; of any two of those Stakes, 9 lb. extra; all other winners previously to the day of running, 2 lb. extra; the owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake; from the Turn of the Lands in (twenty-four subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Gaper, by Bay Middleton (Rogers) ...	1
Mr. Watts's c. Pine Apple, by Yaxley, dam by Blacklock—Muta (Chifney) ...	2
Mr. I. Sadler's b. f. Testy, by Venison, out of Temper, 2 lb. extra (J. Day) ...	3
Lord Exeter's br. f. by Jerry, out of Macremma (Mann) ...	0
Lord Orford's b. f. by Emilius, out of Fidelity (Bartholomew) ...	0
Colonel Peel's c. Canton, by Cain—The Dey of Algiers's dam, 2 lb. extra (Nat) ...	0
Mr. Bowes's b. c. Cotherstone, by Touchstone, out of Mundig's dam (Holmes) ...	0
Mr. Goodman's bk. c. Bother-em, by Voltaire, 2 lb. extra (E. Edwards) ...	0

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 Great Yorkshi Handicap, the Doncaster St. Leger or Cup, or the Cesarewitch Stakes, 7 lb.; of any two of the Stakes, 10 lb. extra; last mile and a distance of B.C. (eighty-eight subscribers, thirty-four of whom were declared).

Mr. Ralph, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson) ...	1
Mr. Langar, four years old, 7 st. 1 lb. (Mann) ...	2

Betting: 4 to 1 agst. Florence, 7 to 1 agst. Bellissima, 11 to 1 agst. Ralph (tk.), 12 to 1 agst. lelior, 12 to 1 agst. Knight-of-the-Whistle, 15 to 1 agst. Lady Adela, 15 to 1 agst. Garryowen (tk.), 5 to 1 agst. Cabrera, 16 to 1 agst. Roscius, 20 to 1 agst. Forester, 25 to 1 agst. Vulcan, 25 to 1 agst. Buak, and 25 to 1 agst. I-am-not-aware.

Match.—Lord Exeter's Albion received forfeit from Mr. Shelley's Daddy Longlegs, 8 st. 7 lb. each; T.M.M.; 100, h. ft.

TUESDAY.—Handicap Plate of 100 sovs., for three-year-olds and upwards; D.I.

Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick, aged, 9 st. 2 lb. (Chifney) ...	1
Mr. Gregory's Una, by Glaucus, four years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Chapple) ...	2
Mr. W. Sadler's Bellissima, by Bizarre, aged, 7 st. 12 lb. (J. Howlett) ...	3
Mr. I. Day's Tamburini, by Rubini, six years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Wakefield) ...	4
Mr. F. Clarke's Arcanus, by Sheet Anchor, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Whitehouse) ...	5
Lord Jersey's Snowdrop, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 7 st. (Bartholomew) ...	6
Mr. Ongley's Fama, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 7 st., carried 7 st. 1 lb. (Mann) ...	7
Mr. Graydon's Roscius, by Turcoman, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Kennedy) ...	8
Mr. Stephenson's Ma Mte, by Jerry, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb. ...	dr.
Mr. Bowes's Ladye of Silverkeide Well, by Velocipede, three years old, 6 st. 3 lb. ...	dr.
Mr. Etwall's Discord, by Mulatto, five years old, 9 st. 2 lb. ...	dr.
Mr. Rogers's Prosody, by Dr. Syntax, three years old, 6 st. 7 lb. ...	dr.

Match, 300, h. ft.; A.F.

Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, by Taurus, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson) ...	1
Lord Eglinton's Dr. Caius, by Physician, five years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Lye) ...	2

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five and upwards, 8 st. 8 lb.; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.; last half mile of Ab.M. (ten sub.)

Mr. Payne's Rapture, by Freney, three years old (Nat) ...	1
Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, by Taurus, five years old (E. Edwards) ...	2
Mr. Kimber's b. h. Chilson, by Fungus, six years old (Wakefield) ...	0
Sir S. Spry's The Jewess, by Actson, five years old (Horsley) ...	0
Mr. E. R. Clarke's Sister to Glenoe, by Sultan, four years old (Cohen) ...	0
Mr. Etwall's Pelerine, by Tomboy, four years old (J. Howlett) ...	0
Lord Orford's Bridal, by Bay Middleton, three years old (Bartholomew) ...	0
Mr. Pettit's Sweetmeat, by Camel, three years old (Pettit) ...	0
Mr. Rush's c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Maresfield's dam, three years old (Chapple) ...	0
Mr. Sare's Badwell Ash, by Colwick, three years old (Whitehouse) ...	0

Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Lord Eglinton's Pompey, by Emilius, two years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Lye) ...	1
Lord Orford's Barmald, by Clearwall, two years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Nat) ...	2

Match, 100, h. ft.; 8 st. 7 lb. each; T.Y.C.

Lord Orford's b. c. by St. Patrick, out of Wild Duck, two years old (Nat) ...	1
Captain Ives's br. c. by Onus, out of Mopsy, two years old (E. Edwards) ...	2

Fifty Pounds; 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, with his engagements, to be sold for 300 ga. if demanded, &c.; at three miles of B.C.

Mr. Nightingale's Ajax, by Dr. Syntax, four years old (Sly) ...	1
Duke of Rutland's br. f. by Bizarro—Flambeau's dam, three years old (Wakefield) ...	2
Mr. Bouverie's b. c. by Bolero, out of Captain Rock's dam, two years old (W. Marson) ...	3
Mr. Dawson's The Biddy, by Bran, three years old (Lye) ...	0
Mr. Bowes's The Ladye of Silverkeide Well, by Velocipede, three years old (Nat) ...	0
Mr. Rogers's Prosody, by Dr. Syntax, three years old (Bartholomew) ...	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Topsail, by Sheet Anchor, three years old (Arthur) ...	0
Lord Stradbroke's br. c. Nylghau, by Bizarre, two years old (T. Prince) ...	0
Lord Chesterfield's Barbarina, by Plenipotentiary, two years old (Sharp) ...	0
Mr. Ongley's Fama, by Dr. Syntax, four years old ...	dr.
Lord Exeter's gr. f. Rice, by Reveller, out of Rhodacantha, two years old ...	dr.

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

Mr. Etwall's Palladium, by Defence, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (J. Howlett) ...	1
Captain Berkeley's Portrait, by Stumps, four years old, 7 st. 13 lb. (Wakefield) ...	0
Lord Chesterfield's Knight-of-the-Whistle, by Velocipede, four years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Nat) ...	0
Mr. F. Walker's Billingham Lass, by Langar, four years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (Lye) ...	4
Mr. Stephenson's Ghurnee, by Glaucus, three years old, 7 st. (Hall) ...	5
Mr. Gregory's Una, by Glaucus, four years old, 7 st. 13 lb. ...	dr.
Mr. Etwall's Discord, by Mulatto, five years old, 9 st. 5 lb. ...	dr.
Mr. Pettit's Ends and Odds, by Emilius, three years old, 6 st. ...	dr.

Match, 50; T.Y.C.

Lord Albemarle's Minaret, by Ibrahim, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson) ...	1
Mr. Phillimore's Solomon, three years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Sly) ...	2

Subscription Plate of 50 sovs. ; for two-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb. ; three, 8 st. 10 lb. ; T.Y.C.

Lord Stradbroke's Jeremy Diddler, by Jerry, three years old (Nat)	...	1
Mr. Eddison's Prince of Wales, by Jereed or Langar, two years old (S. Darling, jun.)	...	2
Mr. Dixon's ch. c. Hawk, by (Irish) Birdcatcher, three years old (F. Butler)	...	3
Baron Rothschild's ch. c. by Sir Hercules, out of Worthless, three years old (Sly)	...	0
Mr. Stebbing's ch. c. Edmund, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Chifney)	...	0
Mr. Crockford's ch. f. by Buzzard, out of Emma, three years old (Rogers)	...	0
Lord Exeter's c. by Beiram, out of Marinella, two years old (Pettit)	...	0
Lord Jersey's f. by Bay Middleton, out of Trampoline, three years old	...	dr.
Lord G. Bentinck's Topsall, by Sheet Anchor, three years old	...	dr.
Mr. Payne's br. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Bessy Bedlam, two years old	...	dr.
Lord Eglinton's Melior, by Velocipede, three years old	...	dr.

Match, 100, h. ft. ; first half of Ab. M.

Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, by Taurus, four years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Robinson)	...	1
Lord Eglinton's f. Augury, by Liverpool, two years old, 7 st. (Lye)	...	2

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each ; for two-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb. ; three, 9 st. ; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c. ; T.Y.C. (twelve subscribers).

Mr. Dixon's Hawk, by (Irish) Birdcatcher, three years old (Nat)	...	1
Lord Jersey's f. by Bay Middleton, out of Trampoline, three years old (E. Edwards)	...	2
Lord Lowther's c. by Bay Middleton, out of Silvertail, two years old (Bartholomew)	...	3
Mr. Phillimore's Solomon, by Wisecre, three years old (Sly)	...	0
Mr. Dawson's The Biddy, by Bran, three years old (Lye)	...	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's Woldsman, by Hampton, three years old (F. Butler)	...	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Topsall, by Sheet Anchor, three years old (Rogers)	...	0
Mr. E. R. Clarke's Lady Harriet, by Sir Hercules—Octina, three years old (Corven)	...	0
Lord Exeter's The Buck, by Beiram, dam by Emilius, two years old (Mann)	...	0
Mr. Boyce's c. by Gilbert, out of Gitana, by Tramp, two years old (Pettit)	...	0
Colonel Peel's Hartshorn, by Hornsea, two years old (Chapple)	...	0
Mr. Goodman's Bother'em, by Voltaire, two years old (Whitehouse)	...	0

Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft. ; for three-year-olds, 8 st. 10 lb. each ; R. M. (four subscribers).

Lord Exeter's br. f. Valance, by Sultan	walked over.
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THURSDAY.—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each ; for two-year-olds, 7 st. ; three, 8 st. 12 lb. ; fillies allowed 2 lb. ; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c. ; T.Y.C. (five subscribers).

Mr. J. Aplin's br. f. by Ishmael or Achmet—Dewdrop, two years old (S. Darling, jun.)	1
Mr. Bower's The Ladye of Silverkelde Well, by Velocipede, three years old (Nat)	2
Mr. Shelley's Blazer, by Buhastes, three years old (F. Butler)	3
Mr. Stebbing's Edmund, by Muley Moloch, three years old (Chifney)	4
Mr. Stevens's b. f. by Carew, dam by Lambtonian, out of Zingaree, two years old (Bell)	5

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds ; colts, 8 st. 7 lb. ; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb. ; Ab.M. (nine subscribers).

Colonel Peel's Murat, by Slane (Nat)	1
Mr. Sadler's Testy, by Venison (Rogers)	2

Match, 200, h. ft. ; Cesarewitch Course.

Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, by Taurus, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson)	...	1
Lord Eglinton's Jamie Forest, by Satan, five years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Lye)	...	2

Subscription Handicap Plate of 50 sovs., for three-year-olds and upwards ; D.I.

Sir W. Stanley's Forester, by Verulam, four years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (T. Lye)	...	1
Mr. I. Day's Tamburini, by Rubini, six years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Wakefield)	...	2
Mr. Nightingale's Ajax, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 7 st. 8 lb., carried 7 st. 10 lb. (Sly)	...	3
Mr. E. R. Clarke's b. f. Ellen, by St. Patrick, three years old, 5 st. 8 lb. (Cassidy)	...	4
Lord Jersey's Snowdrop, by Dr. Syntax, four years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (Ealing)	...	5
Mr. W. Sadler's Bellissima, by Bizarre, aged, 7 st. 10 lb. (J. Howlett)	...	6
Mr. Stephenson's Ghuznee, by Glaucus, three years old, 6 st. (May)	...	7
Mr. Gregory's Una, by Glaucus, four years old, 7 st. 10 lb.	...	dr.
Mr. Etwall's Discord, by Mulatto, five years old, 9 st. 6 lb.	...	dr.

Match.—Colonel Peel's Canton, two years old, 7 st. 5 lb., received forfeit from Lord Kelburne's He-has-a-name, three years old, 8 st. 1 lb. ; first half of Ab.M. ; 200, h. ft.

FRIDAY.—The Audley End Stakes of 30 sovs. each, for horses of all ages (two-year-olds excepted) ; A.E.C. (four subscribers).

Lord Chesterfield's Rhodanthe, by Velocipede, five years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Nat)	...	1
Mr. Gregory's Una, by Glaucus, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Chapple)	...	2
Mr. I. Day's Tamburini, by Rubini, six years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Chifney)	...	3
Sir W. Stanley's Vakeel, by Planipotentary, three years old, 7 st. 9 lb.	...	4

First Class Nursery Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds ; D.M. (eight subscribers).

Mr. Bowes's Cotherstone, by Touchstone, 8 st. 4 lb. (F. Butler) ...	0
Mr. Payne's br. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Bessy Bedlam, 7 st. 13 lb. (Nat) ...	0
Duke of Rutland's f. by Bizarre, out of Minx's dam, 7 st. 10 lb. (W. Boyce)	0
Mr. Sadler's Testy, by Venison, 8 st. 8 lb. (Rogers) ...	0
Colonel Peel's Rook's-nest, by Rockingham, 7 st. 13 lb. (Chapple) ...	0
Lord Exeter's c. by Velocipede, out of Galata, 7 st. 11 lb. (Mann) ...	0
Lord Stradbroke's Nyghau, by Bizarre, 7 st. 7 lb. (Wakefield) ...	0
Mr. Goodman's Bother'em, by Voltaire, 7 st. 6 lb. (Whitehouse) ...	0

Second Class Nursery Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds ; D.M. (seven subscribers).

Mr. W. Sadler's Sister to Combat, half-bred, by Defence, 8 st. 4 lb. (Rogers) ...	1
Mr. Bradford's f. by Emilius, out of Fidelity, 7 st. 5 lb. (Bartholomew) ...	2
Mr. Ongley's Queen of the Gipsies, by Camel, 8 st. 10 lb. (Sly) ...	3
Lord Exeter's f. by Belram or Sultan—Fanny Davies, 7 st. 11 lb. (Mann) ...	0
Mr. Bird's ch. c. by Redshank, dam by Amadis, 7 st. 11 lb. (E. Edwards) ...	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's f. by The Saddler, dam (foaled in 1834) by Partisan, out of Pomona, 7 st. 6 lb. (Nat) ...	0
Colonel Anson's Marquise, by Bay Middleton, 7 st. (Chapple) ...	0

Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards ; T.Y.C. (eight subscribers, three of whom declared, &c., and paid 5 sovs. forfeit to the owner of the second horse).

Lord Eglinton's Dr. Caius, by Physician, five years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Lye) ...	1
Mr. Thornhill's Equation, by Emilius, three years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (Pettit) ...	2
Mr. Erwall's Palladium, by Defence, three years old, 8 st. (J. Howlett) ...	3
Sir W. Stanley's Vakeel, by Plenipotentiary, three years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Nat) ...	4
Mr. Ramsay's Cabrera, by Tomboy, three years old, 7 st. 12 lb. ...	paid.

Match, 200 sovs., h. ft. ; T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's Celia, by Touchstone, three years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Mann) ...	1
Colonel Peel's Garryowen, by St. Patrick, five years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Nat) ...	2

Matches.

Mr. Bowes's The Ladye of Silverkelde Well, by Velocipede, three years old, 8 st. 8 lb., received 10 sovs. forfeit from Duke of Bedford's Magog, by Mundig, three years old, 8 st. 11 lb. ; T.M.M. ; 00 sovs., h. ft.

Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, by Taurus, four years old, 8 st. 12 lb., received forfeit from Captain Price's Retriever, by Recovery, six years old, 8 st. ; the last three miles of B.C. ; 200 sovs., h. ft.

SATURDAY.—Match, 100 ; first half of Ab. M.

Lord Exeter's Celia, by Touchstone, three years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Mann) ...	1
Colonel Peel's Chameleon, by Camel, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat) ...	2

Match, 100, h. ft. ; T.Y.C.

Colonel Peel's Canton, by Cain, two years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (Nat) ...	1
Lord Eglinton's Augury, by Liverpool, two years old, 7 st. (J. Howlett) ...	2

Match, 100 ; T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's Celia, by Touchstone, three years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Mann) ...	1
Lord Stradbroke's Jeremy Diddler, by Jerry, three years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Nat) ...	2

Match, 100 ; first half of Ab. M.

Colonel Peel's Chameleon, by Camel, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat) ...	1
Mr. Osbaldeston's f. by The Saddler, dam (1834) by Partisan, out of Pomona, two years old, 5 st. 7 lb., carried 5 st. 13 lb. (Baldrick) ...	2

Match, 100, h. ft. ; T.Y.C.

Lord Eglinton's Pompey, by Emilius, two years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Lye) ...	1
Colonel Peel's Rook's-nest, by Rockingham, two years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Nat) ...	2

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

Mr. Goodman's The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Rogers) ...	1
Colonel Peel's Garryowen, by St. Patrick, five years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Nat) ...	2

Match, 50 ; D.M.

Colonel Peel's Hartshorn, by Hornsea, two years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Nat) ...	1
Mr. Goodman's Bother'em, by Voltaire, two years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Bartholomew) ...	2

Match, 100, h. ft. ; T.Y.C.

Lord Eglinton's Mellor, by Velocipede, three years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Lye) ...	1
Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, by Taurus, four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson) ...	2

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

Colonel Peel's I-am-not-aware, by Tranby, aged, 7 st. 12 lb. (Nat) ...	1
Lord Eglinton's Jamie Forest, by Satan, five years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Lye) ...	2

The Houghton Handicap of 15 sovs. each, and only 5, &c., to go to the owner of the second horse; D.M. (thirteen subscribers, five of whom declared, &c.)

Mr. Newton's Ma Mic, by Dr. Syntax, three years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Mann)	...	1
Mr. Boyce's Coranna, by Hymen, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Ealing)	...	0
Lord Eglinton's c. by Reveller, out of Revocation, three years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Pettit)	0	0
Lord Chesterfield's Rhodanthe, by Velocipede, five years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Nat)	0	0
Mr. F. Clarke's f. The Currycomb, by The Saddler, five years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Sly)	0	0
Lord Eglinton's Mellor, by Velocipede, three years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (Lye)	...	0
Mr. Payne's Cecil, by Camel, four years old, 7 st. (Chapple)	...	0
Mr. Kimber's Chilson, by Fungus, six years old, 6 st. 13 lb. (J. Howlett)	...	0

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 6 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; five, six, and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; the winner to be sold for 25 sovs., &c.; first half of Ab. M. (eight subscribers).

Lord Chesterfield's Henri Quatre, by Voltaire, four years old (Nat)	...	1
Mr. Beresford's Indolence, by Rococo, three years old (Bell)	...	2
Mr. G. Clarke's Amelne, by Bay Middleton, two years old (Simpson)	...	3
Mr. Bowes's The Ladye of Silverkelde Well, by Velocipede, three years old (Lye)	0	0
Mr. Shelley's Blazer, by Bubastes, three years old (F. Butler)	...	0
Mr. Goodman's f. by Ishmael, out of Balance, three years old (Maley)	...	0
Mr. Sars's Badwell Ash, by Colwick, three years old (E. Edwards)	...	0
Lord Eglinton's Augury, by Liverpool, two years old (J. Howlett)	...	0

Match, 200, h. ft.; Ab. M.

Mr. Goodman's The Shadow, by The Saddler, six years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Rogers)	...	1
Mr. Ramsay's Cabrera, by Tomboy, three years old, 7 st. (Lye)	...	2

LEICESTER RACES.

Steward: Lord C. S. Manners.

WEDNESDAY, September 14th.—The Leicestershire Handicap of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, with 100 added; twice round and a distance (thirty-four subscribers, twelve of whom declared).

Lord Eglinton's br. h. The Young-un, by Satan, five years old, 8 st. (G. Noble)	...	1
Duke of Rutland's b. h. The Genius, five years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Wakefield)	...	2
Mr. Collins's br. c. Rochester, three years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (S. Darling)	...	3
Duke of Rutland's b. f. by Bizarre—Flambeau's dam, three years old, 6 st. 2 lb. (Cassidy)	...	4
Mr. Berrington's br. m. Chance, five years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (H. Darling)	...	5

The Belvoir Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by his Grace the Duke of Rutland, for hunters; heats, twice round (five subscribers).

Mr. E. Langley's b. c. Rancour, by Revenge, four years old, 10 st. 12 lb. (Mr. W. Saunders)	...	1	1
Mr. Wheelton's b. c. Robin Hood, four years old, 10 st. 12 lb.	...	4	2
Mr. F. Smith's br. g. Balugani, six years old, 12 st.	...	2	3
Mr. Pank's b. f. Fancy, four years old, 10 st. 12 lb.	...	3	dr.
Mr. Bunting's br. m. Prosperity, five years old, 11 st. 7 lb.	...	5	dr.

Both heats won in a canter.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added; heats, twice round (three subscribers).

Mr. Collins's gr. g. Isaac, by Figaro, aged, 9 st. 1 lb. (Darling, sen.)	...	2	1	1
Hon. F. Ongley's ch. g. Roderick, three years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Whitehouse)	...	1	2	2
Mr. Bradley's b. c. Cottonian, four years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Bradley)	...	3	3	dr.

THURSDAY.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; three times round.

Duke of Rutland's b. f. by Bizarre, out of Flambeau's dam, three years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Boyce)	...	1
Duke of Richmond's br. h. The Carrier, six years old, 10 st. (W. Howlett)	...	2
Mr. Collins's gr. g. Isaac, aged, 10 st. (S. Darling)	...	3
Mr. Wildman's b. f. by Mundig, two years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Mason)	...	4

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added; the second to save his Stake; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. on the usual terms; heats, three times round (four subscribers).

Mr. Jackson's b. g. Wings, by Skylark, six years old, 8 st. 13 lb. (Whitehouse)	...	1	1
Mr. Bradley's b. c. Cottonian, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Bradley)	...	2	dr.
Mr. Robins's br. h. President, four years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (S. Darling)	...	3	dr.

The Cup Stakes of 10 sovs. each; three times round (eight subscribers).

Duke of Rutland's b. h. The Genius, by Falcon, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Boyce)	...	1
Mr. Facke na. b. m. Chance, five years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	...	2

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